

illic hou miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

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JULY 1984



5

THE HOUNDING OF ARCHBISHOP TRIFA

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.

What is this absurd figure of 10% of the population being gay that we're always hearing bandied about in the establishment media? How was such a number arrived at? Is there even the slightest degree of proof that this number has any meaning whatsoever? Does America contain a vast army of 23.5 million swishing fairies? Or is it just inflated rhetoric used by gay leaders to puff up their claim in the nation-wrecking sweepstakes?

933

Instauration was right to smell a rat vis-à-vis that Census Bureau report which proclaimed that German Americans were the most numerous single ethnic group. It was obviously a lib-min ploy aimed at continuing the century-long practice of making the American Anglo-Saxon feel that he has no identity, no special claim here in contrast with other ethnic groups -- particularly unassimilable minorities. By advancing the claim that Germans were more numerous than Anglo-Saxons, they were trying to deny the undeniable fact of the latter's numerical predominance.

775

Have you ever wondered how Japan could have a film industry, especially one which has produced such classics as *Ikiru*, *Rashomon* and *Seven Samurai*? I mean, don't they need you-know-who to produce, direct and write their films, to interpret their history and their modern society for them through the cinematic medium? Pray tell, how do they do it all by themselves? We certainly can't.

804

The liberal-minority coalition during the Reagan presidency is like a momentarily caged beast, relentlessly probing here and there for a weakness, a point of attack. As it does not now have a Vietnam to denounce, it resurrects the Ban the Bomb protests of the 1950s, giving it a brand new name, "The Freeze." Even the slightest anti-Communist gestures in Central America elicit the familiar anti-anti-Communist howlings of the late 1960s. Without any overt domestic conflict and rioting, we suddenly find "hunger in America" to be a hot media topic again -- at a time when food stamps are handed out by the billions of dollars worth. Without the white South and the Klan to bellow about as in the glory days of Selma, innocuous ethnic "slights" and Meese's loans are blown up into mammoth outrages requiring penitence and/or resignation.

333

Make the Spanish-American War another disastrous fiasco for the U.S. Besides setting the precedent for America as world policeman and busybody, it has served to inject over 4 million (and counting) Cubans, Puerto Ricans and Filipinos into our gene pool, making everyone on a backward island of Spanish-speaking mulattoes an American citizen (thus corrupting that already corrupted term even further). It fostered anti-Americanism in Cuba (which Castro translated into pro-Marxism), and involved us, through our Filipino interlude, into the bottomless quagmire of Asian politics, which in turn helped get us into the fiascos of World War II, Korea and Vietnam. Every war since the Mexican-American War has been contrary to U.S. interests in the long run; each has contributed in one way or another to the Majority's dispossession.

887

Liberal-minority Oxymoron #41: Black Englishman. Liberal-minority Oxymoron #42: Israeli democracy.

013

Graffiti seen in a Zoo City subway station: Vote for Mayor Keep Our City Homosexual.

100

Majority activists should read nutrition magazines. The better we feel and the longer we live, the more effectively we can fight our Puppet Masters.

300

If the American Majority could react to its dispossession the way Poles have reacted to their Communist government, our minority masters would soon be in a panic. Picture sullen crowds in the tens of thousands confronting largely black and Hispanic government troops. Imagine Majority assets drawn from U.S. banks and funneled into a barter system the government couldn't tax. Visualize establishmentarians being intimidated into silence by audiences who gather just to laugh at what they say. Non-cooperation of this magnitude would send shock waves of fear through every corridor of power. Like the military rulers of Communist Poland, America's rulers would soon know they were hated. All we require is solidarity.

113

I faithfully read Instauration from cover to cover, even though some of the articles are a bit over my head. I do wish that someday it will give step-by-step instructions to get us back on our feet. People like me need good guidance, are not ashamed to admit it, and would like to see our race back in the driver's seat.

972

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□ In his book *The Jew in American Politics*, Nathaniel Weyl presents an interesting variation on that great and fundamental law which states that Jews can do no wrong. Weyl, a kosher conservative and minority racist from way back, admits that Jews played a "significant role" in the Bolshevik Revolution, but says that they "weren't really Jews" because of their rejection of Judaism in favor of Marxist atheism. Oh, brother! And I thought that only Burger King served Whoppers!

808

□ The drug plague is an integral and organic part of the total spiritual crisis of Western man. All the Nancy Reaganish-type do-good campaigns to "fight against drugs" are part laughable, part pathetic and doomed to complete failure. This issue cannot be understood or solved in isolation, for it is really only a relatively minor symptom of a terminal cultural illness. Related symptoms include TV and Hollywood values, the drug-oriented approach of modern medicine, increased amounts of racial integration at all levels of American society, artistic degeneracy, narcissism, and the utter bankruptcy of liberal quasi-capitalist democracy in late 20th-century Western civilization. Fighting against drugs by choking off their supply is the same sort of shallow, stupid, liberal thinking which advocates gun control as the solution to the problem of violent crime. In both instances, the evil is externalized onto an inanimate object -- a packet of drugs, a handgun -- while, for a variety of reasons (including taboo racial ones), the condition of the human being employing the objects for nefarious purposes is overlooked. Change the condition of that person (and the culture he lives in) and object availability becomes an irrelevant issue.

503

□ It is virtually impossible to read any reportage by Western liberals concerning lands which the white man and the black man share -- the U.S., South Africa and now England itself -- without encountering lengthy passages concerning the black man's sorry economic plight in comparison to the white population. White racism is invariably the culprit. For all their enlightenment, these journalistic fellow travelers curiously ignore one of the primary prerequisites of the Western scientific method when confronting an observable phenomenon. If it is white racism which has caused the black man's poverty in the white man's lands, as they maintain, then surely we must examine a control group of the black man's socio-economic performance in a land free of the white man, and thus white racism. How does the black man fare there? When we find out, we can then properly evaluate his performance under multiracialism. Fortunately, we have such a control group. It goes by the name of Haiti.

113

□ Now that the Bible has been rewritten by a group of trendy theologians in an effort to eliminate sexist language, shouldn't *Genesis* be rewritten as the story of Adam and Steve in order to appease militant gay rights activists?

067

□ Of all the many things I as father, husband, family man, white male working man, Christian, Southerner, Southern Nationalist, Instaurationist, American and human hold against the U.S. government, school integration is the greatest. There is no anguish on earth which causes me more pain than to envision my six-year-old daughter's blonde hair, blue eyes, fairer than fair face, and Nordic personality being condemned to close quarters with "them." That is why I curse that God-damned striped flag every time I see it. If I were the master of all hells, there would still be no pit deep enough, no fire hot enough, no torture severe enough, no damnation black enough and no eternity long enough to punish the federal government for what it will do to my daughter.

207

□ White women (or men) who cohabit with blacks are defective -- one way or another. Instauration, which seems preoccupied with imagining this trash to be physically desirable, should sidle up real close for a good look.

Canadian subscriber

□ Martin Feldstein, Reagan's chief economic advisor (and chief economic critic), has an Irish wife. He'll regret it.

306

□ A severe charge against a Lapp herder in Finland was recently dropped by a local judge when the defense lawyer submitted an affidavit from a shrink stating the accused has violent, uncontrolled, paranoid seizures when in the presence of policemen, lawyers or judges.

Finnish subscriber

□ Knowing we'd sooner die than be challenging or unconventional, our minority masters have taken great pains to set the agenda for polite society. Obsessed with respectability and terrified of social ostracism, we have thoughtlessly accepted the guidelines they've established. It is time for Instaurationists to set their own agenda. Let's concentrate on those types who slip out of focus whenever moral courage is required of them. Let's articulate the arguments of scholars and scientists whose thinking and research bears directly on our future. Let each of us make the effort to become a teacher of his people. From the humblest workplace to the most exclusive social gathering, let us dare to be unfashionable and unpopular. Should all of this sound like too great a sacrifice, then you are part of the problem.

113

□ The urban crisis we've been hearing about for a goodly portion of our lives is not really an urban crisis. Nor is it an economic crisis, a fiscal crisis, a taxation crisis, a sociological crisis, an educational crisis, a mass transit crisis, a welfare crisis, a criminal justice crisis, or any of the thousand and one other explanations we hear offered up daily by journalistic pundits, academic experts and political prostitutes. You know what it really is. It's a biological crisis.

886

□ The March Instauration arrived and, as usual, I could hardly put it aside until I had read nearly all of it. Congratulations on the 100th issue! I say this because perhaps you are inclined to underestimate the effect of your efforts. I was especially moved by the piece, "The Break-up of a Majority Family," since it is not entirely unrelated to developments in my own family. Just the fact that Instauration lets concerned people know that there are others who are concerned is strengthening in itself. I sincerely think that there will be people reading quotations from Instauration a century from now.

741

□ Zip 721 (Feb. 1984) made an excellent and invariably overlooked point about Big Media's tendency to ignore the electoral chicanery in Cook County which did so much to usher in Camelot. But perhaps equally as important, and almost completely overlooked, is the relationship between this thievery and the Watergate fiasco 12 years later. Nixon knew that he had been robbed in the 1960 election but, much to his credit, chose not to make a stink about it in a way that would paralyze the American presidency (and thus the leadership of the West). But you can bet that deep within his soul he vowed that this kind of thing would never happen again. Enter the Liddys, the Hunts, the Creep Crowd: all essentially expressive of Nixon's determination that he would play hardball from now on. Unhappily, Messrs. Bernstein, Rosenfeld, Simons and Sussman of the *Jerusalem Post* lynched him with his own rope. The rest is history. This is why I gagged when I heard a radio interview with Woodstein in which they piously pronounced that Nixon's politics had absolutely nothing to do with the *Post's* relentless pursuit of its ancient enemy.

787

□ Too bad we didn't have an Affirmative Action Army during World War II. We might have lost.

066

□ A recent *Nightline* program featured a debate on some legal issue between Roy Cohn and constitutional law "expert" Alan Dershowitz of Harvard. After this came a report on the Democratic presidential race by ABC media critic Jeff Greenfield. Host, of course, was Ted Koppel. Watching these proceedings I had once again that powerful, visceral realization that it is indeed their show now, their country. The land of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, William Walker, Herman Melville, John Adams and Henry Adams is now the land of Cohn, Dershowitz, Koppel, Greenfield and Goldenson.

673

□ George Bush is our most prominent male impersonator.

100

□ In the through-the-looking-glass world of liberalism, the only thing wrong with the Castro regime in Cuba is that it persecutes gays.

398

The Safety Valve

□ If one were to visit the graveyard of fallen Western nations, one would come to an open grave already dug and waiting for South Africa. If one were to kneel by this grave and listen closely, one would hear a distant and sad voice whisper the words carved on the headstones of the Confederacy, Rhodesia, original America, and countless colonies of white empires: Beware the striped flag. It put me here. In 1776 America held the potential of being the West's crowning achievement. By 1976 it was the West's worst enemy.

293

□ If we ever get to the point of deporting the mudders, I wonder who will try hardest to stop us: Christians, capitalists, Communists or conservatives? Who knows, they might just unite. They have done so before.

365

□ Every attempt to disprove our superiority winds up proving it. We are invariably the yardstick by which all other races are measured, the model to which all other races are compared. We are the standard and the target of the world. Sadly, the equalitarians seem to feel that that which cannot be equaled must be destroyed. If the nonwhites had any of the intelligence they claim, they would hope we lived long and prosperously, for the scraps from our table are better than their best meals.

936



□ What is the cosmic significance of the relatively high degree of differentiation within the Caucasoid race? For instance, Caucasian hair coloring can run the gamut from light blond to jet black, whereas virtually all the other races and subraces are reminders of Henry Ford's marketing principle: any color you want, as long as it's black.

111

□ There's something so profoundly repugnant in that photo of Nancy Reagan on Mr. T's lap (March 1984) that I can't seem to look at it with anything but a brief sideways glance. Everything cheap, phony and destructive in American politics and American life is right in that picture.

080

□ Knowing that one of the following three men -- Hart, Mondale, Reagan -- will be president after the next election, Instaurationists must despairingly ask, "Where's the beef?"

115

□ In spite of all the high-blown fairy rhetoric about pairs of "lovers" in Greek armies and Alexander the Great's sexual foibles (How they love to trash Greek history!), no army or military force of whatever time or place could allow unchecked homosexual perversions to take place. In a situation of enforced intimacy, it is not only the right but the duty of military leadership to protect its membership from the depredations of queers. The innocent-sounding efforts of gay liberationists to secure the civil rights of homosexuals in the military is, like their larger efforts in society as a whole, a prelude to chaos and collapse.

944

□ Now is the time for all fellow crotchety, rug-chewing, demented, "insensitive" cranks to get busy and record the necessary verboten thoughts and ideology on both audio and video cassettes. Local crank cells can now make propagandistic plays, skits and lectures with video camera and recorder packs. The equipment costs as little as \$800. The video tape is dirt cheap (under \$10 a cassette). The duplicating process is inexpensive.

208

□ The Roots matter discloses that the generality of historians are morally bankrupt. I recognized it as nonsense before I knew that Haley had paid off Harold Courlander, the obscure novelist, in a plagiarism suit. I find it amusing that Clifford Irving, who tried to fake a relatively harmless biography of Howard Hughes, was sent to jail; but the man who faked the vicious Roots is lionized. Every time the damn thing is rerun, the fawning critics give it four stars. Roots is being taught as gospel truth in Lord knows how many schools, in large part because historians who know better remain silent. This is akin to a doctor looking on calmly while students eat tainted meat.

800

□ It would prove most interesting to take a resurrected Abraham Lincoln on a lengthy, in-depth tour of present-day New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit. Lunch and a chat with the respective mayors would be on the schedule. What would be his reaction? And how would he feel when we told him that what he saw had been done, at least in part, in his name?

776

□ I see where Tom Wicker has just written a Civil War historical novel, which he is faithfully out plugging on all the talk shows with his best "good ole boy" accent. I am filled with a white hot rage. Here is Wicker, cashing in on his Southern persona and his professed interest in Civil War battles; Wicker, who has spent his entire journalistic career trashing the white race, fronting for the New York Times crowd and pushing his putrid brand of liberalism. Now he wants to cash in on the Confederacy. Perhaps it's only fitting that one of the chief instigators of the death throes of Anglo-Saxon America should write a book about an event that triggered those death throes.

104

□ Paul Snider, the sordid little creep who murdered Playboy Playmate Dorothy Stratten, was Jewish. In the film Star 80, he was played by Eric Roberts, a Majority actor originally from Mississippi. Gee, wouldn't you have thought that in a film which otherwise strove for cinema verité authenticity they would have given such Jewish thespian giants as Richard Dreyfuss or Dustin Hoffman a crack at this seamy role?

201

□ The folk song was a solid bastion of Majority culture. For example, many musicologists have commented upon how closely linked the contemporary Appalachian ballads have remained to those of Elizabethan England. How sad then that the past decades have seen folk singing become just another weapon in the anti-Majority arsenal. Woody Guthrie became the balladeer of soft-sell Marxist class war, Pete Seeger of weepy, self-righteous liberal pacifism, Joan Baez of 60s-ish civil rights and anti-Vietnamism, and Bob Dylan (Zimmerman) of surrealistic urban-Jewish-Bohemian angst. Mention folk singing now and some aging groovy à la Seeger belting out a rousing protest song comes to mind. What is completely forgotten is the fact that folk songs were once a healthy, participatory expression of the culture of our ancestors. They were the pop music of their day, as opposed to the electrified and Negrified junk of modern Top 40 radio.

588

□ The Vikings left America because of the Indians. They wanted to stay, and with guns, they could have.

032

□ The world has only one fault; it needs more blonds.

Canadian subscriber

□ Thank you for the article on H.P. Lovecraft (March 1984). He and Robert E. Howard have long been favorites of mine. I hope you will devote an article of equal length to Howard and his works, which should have great appeal to Majority activists.

900

□ What can be done? While reading and hearing about Rev. Jackson's gaffes regarding Hymie and Hymietown, I realized that it's not necessary to do anything. All the forces have been set in motion. Sure, individuals and groups can moderate, accelerate or retard things a bit. Sure, activists will continue to be activists, wallflowers will continue to be wallflowers, thinkers thinkers, closeters closeters, and men of violence will continue to storm the Kingdom of Chaos by force, as the Great White Ostrich hopes for political deliverance. But for the moment we no longer have to worry about our acedia. While our enemies do our work for us, we can afford to adopt the Chinese concept of *wu-wei*, the concept of doing without doing.

915

□ The other day I was at a family gathering, a funeral. One of my brothers brought one of his little boys, a blue-eyed little towhead. My sister-in-law, who is half Italian, was fondling his head and saying, "Can I have your hair? Will you give me your hair?" It took the editor's formulation of "The Politics of Envy" for me to understand that. A year ago it would have passed me by.

662

□ I remember once talking to a party-line feminist of the white-male-is-the-root-of-all-evil school who lived in Zoo City. In an unguarded moment she casually remarked that she usually tried to sit near a white male (if possible) when riding the subway in the evening. Somehow this confession captured perfectly the fundamental internal contradiction of late 20th-century feminism.

684

□ As for H.P. Lovecraft, his marriage to a Jewess was due less to hypocrisy and more to Sonia latching onto a naive New England boy with zilch experience with women. She got him by the oldest form of magic, though she probably came to rue the day she set her sights on him.

601

□ At this stage of the game, Race Rock has a real potential in serving the cause. There's no use in trying to deny that rock 'n' roll has played a major roll in young people's lives since the 50s. The Christians, like their spiritual brothers-under-the-skin, the Communists, are always adaptable to the times. For quite some time they have been producing Jesus Rock records; Christian lyrics with a rock beat. We should take this lesson to heart. A good, successful Race Rock band could draw thousands of white kids out of the closet of incipient liberalism.

441

□ Jaffa oranges in my grocery story were going for 20¢ each and the equally large American oranges 25¢. So I perversely bought a couple of the former. My reward was the thickest skins ever, with tiny oranges deep inside.

221

□ Although some people who opposed our involvement in World War II in Europe nonetheless saw our defeat of Japan as a victory for the West, I believe that the Pacific war resulted in a great long-term loss for the U.S. The defeat and subsequent demilitarization of Japan left a vacuum in the traditional power relationships of East Asia, which was then filled by the USSR and Communist China. The U.S. had to get in the game with a vengeance after the North Korean attack on South Korea. This would never have happened with a strong Japan. Any threat to the U.S. from Japan would have been counterbalanced by Japanese involvement in the Chinese morass and the growing strength of the USSR. It's also a very open question as to whether the Communists could have taken over all of China without the Japanese defeat. The East Asian power vacuum also sucked us into Vietnam. How does our "victory" over Japan stack up in relation to all of this?

991

□ Good grief! What a slithering thing is Walter Mondale!

605

□ Thank God, I never had to sweat it out in a fire trench with Zip 317, who cries in confusion, "I can't see how the situation will be saved." Hell, this is a great scrap we're in, and we'll win it. The enemy has centuries of momentum behind him. Our retreat has been headlong, our depleted ranks discouraged and in disarray. But the enemy is in an extended position in unknown terrain. And while he has us pinned down for the moment, he is becoming, by the very nature of the conflict, vulnerable. At the same time, you can see about you every day our growing anger, our growing resolve and our growing numbers. The enemy sees this, too. That's why he's pouring all his firepower at us right now. But he's also taking fire. It may take us another 10 or 20 years -- and millions of casualties. But we'll be going on the offensive. The enemy is mortal. And we'll damn well whip him. Just keep firing away with whatever ammo you've got. Don't let up. Don't get down. Anything can happen now. This is a helluva fight and I'm enjoying every minute of it. And to all #317s: Stand up and whoop and holler and join in the fray.

Canadian subscriber

□ A good example of the nebulousness and misconception in the Holocaust pantheon is the ongoing usage of the term, "gas ovens." What is evoked is the vision of dark Satanic mills in which SS goblins with pitchforks prod people into the maw of death. It is a strange amalgam of two separate components of the lore -- gas chambers and crematoria. Isn't it odd the way this inaccurate and misleading term is rarely if ever corrected in the media?

660

□ There have been some letters in the Safety Valve concerning that mulatress who won the Miss America Pageant. The writers felt it was a bad thing. I don't see it that way. Those Majority women in beauty contests are, for the most part, healthy, intelligent, ambitious and aggressive -- not to mention disciplined. In short, they have something going for them. The message was not lost on them -- and you can believe it wasn't lost on many Majority women throughout the land who are hoping to compete on local and state levels. They understood what happened, and they won't forget. We just won ourselves a whole bunch of converts in embryo. Let a Negress or a Chicana win the Miss America; let Shirley Chisholm be Mrs. America; let Eddie Murphy be Mr. America; let Mr. T be Mr. Megalocosmos. It all works to our benefit. One of life's painful little lessons is the truth of the saying, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

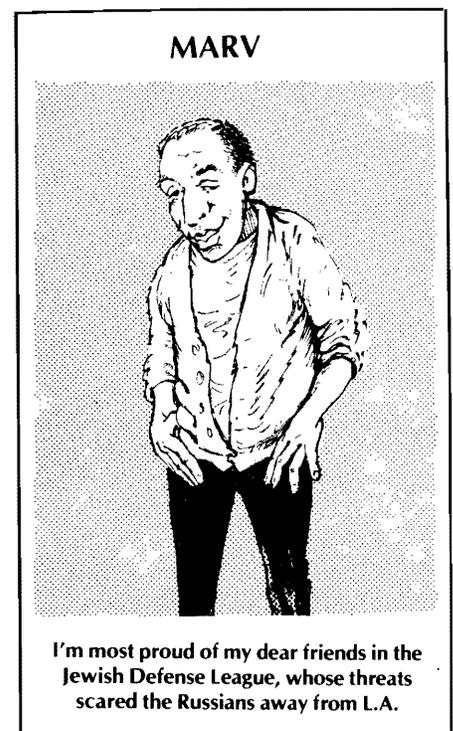
886

□ In your reference to TV superstar Leo Buscaglia (March 1984), surely you meant either "Dr. Love" or "Dr. Hug," not "Dr. Hung" -- that is, unless you know something about him usually hidden from the viewing public.

500

□ Negro author James Baldwin once stated that to be a black in America was to be in a perpetual state of rage. Well, we've had a good quarter century of living in a society, one of whose chief aims is apparently to assuage the "perpetual rage." And lo and behold, we find that one of the chief byproducts of this endeavor is the creation of a bona fide perpetual state of rage within the souls of an ever increasing number of Majority members. The enraged have become the enragers.

441



Whatever happened to American justice?

THE MARTYRED ARCHBISHOP

In bygone times, when knighthood was in flower and Christianity was a faith, not an umbrella group of doddering literalists and cloying class warriors, a vendetta by non-Christians against a Christian archbishop would have spurred red-blooded believers in Jesus Christ to rally to his defense. No more. The intercontinental witch-hunt against Archbishop Valerian Trifa of the Romanian Orthodox Church proceeds unabated. America's Christians want to see no, hear no and speak no evil, leaving the field wide open to the frothing, persecutory zeal of Jewish organizations, the Romanian Communist government and, most distressing of all, the United States Justice Department.

The history of the legal and extralegal proceedings against Trifa is emetic from the stomach up. Just the bare facts should make any decent human being ashamed to be a Jew, a Romanian, an American or, yes, a Christian.

Trifa was born, the eldest of seven children, in 1914 into a fairly prosperous Romanian peasant family. A bright kid with ascetic ways, he easily won a scholarship to a university, where he developed an interest in theology, journalism and student activism, graduating cum laude with a degree in theology. In 1936 he moved to Bucharest and began to study for a doctoral degree.

Pre-World War II days in Romania were chaotic. The Fascist-Communist clashes taking place almost everywhere did not leave the Balkans unscathed. King Carol II of Romania, with his Jewish mistress, Magda Lupescu, was one of the most corrupt monarchs ever to wear a crown. Since Jews had a stranglehold on trade and the professions, ordinary Romanians could be forgiven for looking upon themselves as little better than serfs in their own country.

About the only ray of hope for Romania in those days was the Legion, a group of nationalistic idealists and romantics, founded and led by a handsome, young visionary named Corneliu Codreanu. When he was conveniently murdered by the government, the reins of the Legion's dwindling power were seized by an opportunist named Horia Sima, whose wild maneuverings weakened the organization to the point where it collapsed under the impact of a massive government purge in 1939 and a failed uprising two years later.

Trifa, who had been a prominent organizer of student activities for the Legion and who had once been jailed for his pains, lost a great deal of interest in the group after Codreanu's death, but his previous association with nationalist groups left him no choice but to take flight or be killed or imprisoned during the crackdown instituted by King Carol in 1939. When Carol abdicated in 1940, Trifa returned from his exile in Germany and again took up his interrupted studies. When the 1941 revolt of the Iron Guard, the gung-ho military wing of the rightists, was crushed by General Antonescu, the military dictator, Trifa again had to leave Romania -- this time for good. Because

Hitler looked down upon the Legion and its supporters as wild-eyed political dilettantes, Trifa spent almost the whole war in the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Dachau. In the latter camp, he had the cell next to that of Martin Niemöller, the onetime German U-boat commander turned anti-Nazi religious fanatic.

When the guns of World War II were finally spiked, Trifa managed to get to Italy (anything was better than returning to a country under the heel of pro-Soviet trucklers and the raging Communist Jewess, Ana Pauker). After teaching in Catholic schools there for five years, he decided to head for the New World. To be allowed into the U.S., Trifa had to undergo a long series of comprehensive examinations and investigations, which he passed with flying colors. After all, he was a genuine political refugee who faced death if he returned to the country of his birth. Moreover, he was a staunch anti-Communist at a time (the cold war) when at least a few unbrainwashed souls here and there were finally beginning to understand that despite the media Stalin was really the opposite of what he was cracked up to be.



Trifa in 1950, editor of Solia

More important, Trifa was one of those disappearing human rarities -- an honest man of God.

Once in the U.S., Church World Service Displaced Person #84, otherwise known as Viorel (Valerian was a religious first name he adopted later) Trifa, was able to concentrate on his theological interests. He was ordained a priest, something he had always put off in Romania, elected bishop in 1951, consecrated a year later, and eventually was elevated to archbishop. Unfortunately, the moment he became a priest, his troubles began. The Romanian government, as all Communist regimes everywhere, wanted to hold all its Christian clergy on a short leash. After communism had come to their homeland, most members of the Romanian Orthodox Church in America -- today it is 40,000 strong -- had opted for a church independent of Bucharest and Moscow. To counter this, the Romanian Communist leaders supported and helped to organize a small faction led by priests in the pay of or with close connections to the state-run church of Romania.

Trifa, being an influential member of the independent church and editor of the church's newspaper, *Solia*, quickly came under the fire of Romanian Communist leaders who hoped that if this troublesome anti-Communist clergyman could be thoroughly smeared, the cause of his church would suffer. Accordingly, Trifa, the churchman and political refugee, was miraculously transformed by Communist and leftist propaganda into Trifa the Nazi, the monster who personally ordered the killing of 1, 2, 200, 300 or 2,000 Jews, who deserted his wife and children in Italy, an AWOL soldier who, having been excommunicated, was not even a member of the church he claimed to serve. That every one of the charges was a lie did not blunt the attack, since what the media asserted in large print could only be denied by Trifa in small print, if it all. In the end, all Trifa's enemies had to go on was his associations with nationalist groups in prewar Romania, his ideological affection for Codreanu, a few speeches and his signature on a couple of rabble-rousing manifestos. But that was enough. Guilt by association is a universally approved and accepted strategy when applied against non-Reds and non-liberals. Though he had never so much as lifted a finger against a Jew, Trifa, the man who had spent the war years in German concentration camps, now became known as a fomenter of pogroms.

As a result of the Romanian government's continuous sniping, Jews became more and more aware of Trifa and soon jumped into the case on all fours. Walter Winchell in his radio network broadcast of Sept. 9, 1951, called Trifa a madman, one of the "Nazi leaders who helped Hitler kill American GIs." A Communist rabbi was flown over from Romania from time to time to keep the pot boiling, and the ADL outdid itself with reams of mendacious press releases which were dutifully picked up and printed by the hate sheets which go by the name of the "free press." It was not long before he was transformed into one of the world's most dangerous war criminals.

Activated by all this clamor, the lickspittle U.S. Department of Justice obediently entered the case. Without knowing more than a few words of English, Trifa was forced to undergo two searching inquisitions from INS examiners. All he could do was to point to the copious

information in his immigration papers and his previous examinations in Europe and upon his arrival in the United States. Since nothing of substance could be found against him, he foiled his enemies by becoming a citizen in 1957. Two years earlier, on May 11, 1955, he had even delivered the opening prayer in the U.S. Senate, to the consternation of Drew Pearson, who proceeded to write a vitriolic column which represented a new attempt to Nazify him. Trifa also served on the board of the National Council of Churches, which enraged a retired Jewish dentist, Dr. Kremer, who had been working night and day for years to try to hound him out of the country. Thanks to Winchell, Pearson and Kremer and various Communist and Jewish organizations, Trifa's home was firebombed and his mail was full of death threats. Meanwhile, Congresswoman Elizabeth Holzman stirred up Romania to "provide more evidence" or lose its most favored nation status in U.S.-Romanian trade. Considering all this, it is a miracle that Trifa, never in the best of health, suffered only one heart attack during the witch-hunt.

In 1980, to prevent his flock from further harassment by the press and to stop further financial outlays by his friends and church members on his behalf (some \$200,000 had been spent on his defense from 1951 on), Trifa himself went to a federal judge, voluntarily gave up his U.S. citizenship, and asked to be deported. As expected, the surrender was not enough for his insatiable enemies. The persecution of Trifa had become a big game, which was not going to be allowed to stop because the accused had thrown in his cards. If necessary, he would still be dragged into court where it would be proved that he had lied on his original immigration forms. There was even an attempt to get him deported to Israel, but that country surprisingly refused to take him unless there was definite proof he was a war criminal. About the same time, Switzerland turned down his request for asylum.

So the Trifa affair still hangs fire. The 20th-century man without a country, a martyr for all seasons, is forced to remain in a nation whose power elite is out to "get him." Some of his enemies are probably glad this 70-year-old churchman cannot find a sanctuary anywhere. If he did, they might not have a Christian archbishop to kick around anymore.



The archbishop without a country

WE NEED A FIXED CEILING ON IMMIGRATION

The natural growth of the U.S. population has been steadily declining since the 1960s. According to the Census Bureau, the *counted* population of the United States in 1983 was around 235 million. In the same year there were 3.6 million births and 2 million deaths, for a net natural gain of 1.6 million.

One-third of this natural increase was provided by the births of American minority groups of Third World background -- Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, American Indians, blacks and Orientals. For the most part these groups, who are not fully integrated into middle-class America, have higher birthrates, as well as special entitlement claims under programs like Affirmative Action hiring, bilingual/bicultural education, bilingual voting (in some "impacted" areas) and special social assistance programs.

Since the late 1960s Third World minorities in America have been heavily reinforced through legal immigration, predominantly of the extended family, called "chain migration." In 1981, of the 596,000 immigrants legally admitted, approximately 90% came from part of the Third World. (See Table 1)

A large segment of the growing immigration from underdeveloped and overpopulated Third World countries is commonly attributed to the immigration reform act of 1965. That law abolished the strict national origins quota system in force from 1921 to 1968, which had favored Great Britain and Western Europe on grounds of cultural and biological affinity, and which virtually excluded Third World immigrants (though not Mexicans and other Latin Americans, who were exempted from the quota system).

Most federal legislators do not seem to comprehend that the 1965 act made family reunification -- not needed immigrant skills -- the supreme goal of U.S. immigration policy. For one thing, the act set up a preference system that reserved 80% of numerically limited visas for family members, thereby institutionalizing preferences for extended-family migration by reserving 24% of all such visas for brothers and sisters of citizens, naturalized or native born, together with spouses and children, if any. In a word, the 1965 act was made to order for immigrants from Third World societies, where looking after family members is the highest social obligation, and often the limit of the social horizon. (See Table 2)

The 1965 law, which went into effect in 1968, allowed every country in the world a potential quota of 16,000

Table 1 -- Immigrants Admitted by Country or Region of Birth*

Fiscal Year	All countries	Mexico, Canada Central America				Only Mexico
		Asia	Caribbean	Europe	Other	
1971	370,478	103,459	140,126	96,498	30,395	50,105
1972	384,685	121,058	144,377	89,993	29,267	64,040
1973	400,063	124,160	152,788	92,870	30,245	70,141
1974	394,861	130,662	151,445	81,212	31,542	71,586
1975	386,194	132,469	146,669	73,996	33,060	62,205
1976	398,613	149,881	142,307	72,411	34,014	57,863
1976TQ	103,676	39,184	36,807	18,166	9,519	16,001 TQ
1977	462,315	157,759	187,346	40,010	47,200	44,079†
1978	601,442	249,776	220,784	73,198	57,684	92,367‡
1979	460,348	189,293	157,579	60,845	52,631	52,096
1980	530,639	236,097	164,772	72,121	57,649	56,680
1981	596,600	264,343	210,427	66,695	55,135	101,268‡
1982	617,000	n.a.				57,560

* Adapted from INS, 1980 *Statistical Yearbook*, Table 13, and from INS statistical data, March 1984. Mainly for lack of personnel, the INS is unable to provide detailed statistics beyond fiscal 1981.

† The preference system ceiling of 20,000 numerically limited immigrants is applied to Western Hemisphere countries for the first time, immediate relatives excepted.

‡ Includes large number of "Silva" numbers resulting from *Silva v. Levi* decision of 1976 in favor of backlogged Western Hemisphere immigrants, mainly from Mexico, caused by large number of visas given Cuban refugees.

TQ: Transitional quarter to new fiscal year, from June 30 to September 30.

Table 2 -- The Current Preference System

Preference	Visa numbers allocated up to:	Immigrants included:
1	20% of 270,000	Unmarried adult sons and daughters of citizens, naturalized and native-born, and their children.
2	26% of 270,000	Spouses, unmarried sons and daughters of permanent resident aliens, and their children, plus unused in preference 1 category.
3	10% of 270,000	Persons of exceptional ability in the arts, sciences and professions, and their spouses and children.
4	10% of 270,000	Married sons and daughters of citizens and their spouses and children, plus unused in preferences 1 and 2.
5	24% of 270,000	Brothers and sisters of citizens, naturalized and native-born, and their spouses and children, plus unused in preferences 1, 2 and 4.
6	10% of 270,000	Skilled or unskilled workers in short supply, their spouses and children.

Outside Current Preference System

Immediate relatives of citizens	Unrestricted
Special immigrants (small number usually associated with international agencies)	Unrestricted
Refugees, theoretically limited to 50,000 per year by the Refugee Act of 1980	Unrestricted, in ad hoc fashion
Doctors, investors and other small groups	Unrestricted

To give a statistical example of exemptions from the preference ceiling, in fiscal 1982 an estimated total of 617,000 immigrant visas were issued, but note that the following groups were outside the preference ceiling of 270,000:

Immediate relatives	155,392
Adjustment of refugees and family members	173,000
Special immigrants (estimate)	3,000
Aslyees	2,000
Fiances	5,700
Doctors and investors (up to 5,000)	3,400
"Silva numbers"	152

preference system immigrants, and, in addition, unlimited numbers of immediate relatives.

As before, Canada, Mexico and other Western Hemisphere countries were exempt from the 1965 ceilings, mainly to please U.S. agribusiness interests and State Department Pan Americanists. However, by the law of 1976 all countries were placed under a 20,000 ceiling within the preference system, although immediate relatives were again exempted.

As a result of the 1965 law and other liberal reforms, scores of poverty-stricken Third World countries, outside Latin America and the Caribbean, discovered -- in a remarkably short time -- the possibility of immigrating to America. By 1980 European immigration was relatively insignificant compared to Third World immigration. Also by 1980 it was quite evident that the preference system could not accommodate the numbers of extended-family members who sought immigrant visas. The backlog was approaching the million mark.

But, as immigration and consular officers say, that's not the half of it. Visa waits are so long in some categories, up to 8 or 9 years, that many applicants decide to enter the U.S. and wait for visa numbers as illegal aliens or as overstayed tourists and visitors. Consular officers estimate that of some 300,000 Mexican applicants who bothered to register for immigration visas, probably 80% to 90% are already here.

Federal officials have estimated that over a million illegal aliens enter the U.S. per year. Of that estimated number possibly 500,000 seek to remain permanently. Most of these are Mexicans.

In view of the massive growth of Third World minorities in the U.S. through immigration, legal and illegal, and once here through their higher birthrates, it is plain that radical demographic changes are underway, changes that have awesome implications for the future.

Aside from the fact that future U.S. population growth will be increasingly Third World in nature, it is equally plain that the emergent ideology of Third Worldism, or cultural pluralism, is rapidly displacing the historic model of the "Melting Pot."

Contemplating Table 1, one might ask, how can the numbers be so large? Were there not annual Eastern and Western Hemispheric ceilings totaling 290,000 in immigrant admissions in effect during 1968-1976? And since then hasn't there been in force a global ceiling of 270,000 (again, excepting refugees), with a per country limit of 20,000, which for the

first time included Mexico and other New World countries? The answer is: "Yes, but . . ." The "but," of course, is that U.S. immigration ceilings apply only to some categories of immigrants. The present preference system designed to limit the distribution of ceiling visas is outlined in Table 2.

It is apparent that refugee families are a big part of the immigrant numbers admitted outside the preference ceiling. Before 1980 refugee admissions were supposedly limited to 6% of the preference ceiling, then 290,000. As a result of the Refugee Act of 1980 these admissions were limited, theoretically, to 50,000 per year (while the preference ceiling was lowered to 270,000 on a global scale). Yet, as before, refugees were allowed to enter over and above the established limit.

The ad hoc admissions of refugees and asylum seekers deserve an explanatory note. In the first place, current immigration law still allows the executive branch of the government to exercise, through the Attorney General, the discretionary power to admit refugees beyond established limits, in the event of some international crisis.

Linked to the discretionary power of the executive branch is the State Department's own "immigration policy." (Thus, there are in fact two national immigration policies.) State has often used immigrant and refugee admissions as an instrument of foreign policy, with the result that the nation is suddenly committed to admit more refugees than the ceiling provides. Actually, Congress had little to say about the admission of some 600,000 Vietnamese and other South Asian refugees and "boat people" from 1975 to date. (It is worth noting that at present about 70% of recent refugee arrivals from South Asia are now on welfare.)

In 1980, 125,000 Cuban "refugees" came to these shores, together with some 18,000 Haitian "boat people." By executive fiat of the Carter administration both groups were given the unprecedented status of "Cuban and Haitian entrants," outside any ceiling whatsoever. As it turned out, they were awarded de facto permanent resident status, which points the way to a broad amnesty program for all out-of-status aliens.

Table 3 illustrates some figures on refugee admissions.

Fiscal Year	Indo-Chinese	Latin American(1)	Soviet Union	East European	Near East	Africa	Other(2)	TOTAL
1975	135,000	3,000					8,000	146,000
1976	15,000	3,000					9,000	27,000
1977	7,000	3,000	8,191	1,755				19,946
1978	20,574	3,000	10,688	2,245				36,507
1979	76,521	7,000	24,449	3,393				111,363
1980*	163,799	6,662	28,442	5,025	2,231(3)	955(4)		207,114
1981	131,139	2,017	13,444	6,704	3,829	2,119		159,252
1982	60,274	9	2,178	7,465	3,271	2,364		75,561(5)
1983								97,355(6)
								60,643

* 1980: Plus "Cuban/Haitian Entrants" totaling over 152,594, including 27,594 Haitians.

(1) Mainly Cuban, (2) Mainly East European and Soviet Union; (3) Mainly Afghans, Iraqis, Iranians, (4) Mainly Ethiopians; (5) Through June 30, 1982; (6) Through September 30, 1982

Source: Bureau of Refugee Programs, Department of State

Public indignation over the massive admission of Caribbean and Asian refugees in 1980, and the subsequent refugee ghettos and social costs to local governments, led to many proposals to limit the sweeping definition of a refugee, as originally conceived by UN officials, and incorporated into the U.S. Refugee Act of 1980. The definition reads as follows: Any person who is outside his or her own country, or having no nationality, "who is unable or unwilling to return to, and is unable or unwilling to avail himself or herself of the protection of that country, because of persecution or a well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion."

Attempts were also made, as in the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, to limit the discretionary power of the executive branch by placing refugees under a fixed cap. Intense lobbying, even "arm-twisting" by the State Department, the Attorney General and the President, combined with the vested interests of certain ethnic groups, have so far defeated attempts to redefine "refugee" and to cap the number of refugees.

Although the Simpson-Mazzoli bill provides no fixed ceiling on refugees, the bill, as originally introduced in the spring of 1982, did provide for a global ceiling on immigration, inclusive of immediate relatives. Refugees were left out partly because some sponsors of the legislation felt that the 1980 Refugee Act provided an adequate consulting mechanism whereby the President and Congress together could determine the number of refugees to be admitted annually. On the other hand, critics still maintain that in any sudden international crisis the executive power could again admit a flood of refugees and then consult with Congress ex post facto.

The proposed fixed ceiling on immigration, which is still found in the Senate version, S. 529 (Sec. 201), consists of 350,000 visas for family members and 75,000 for independent immigrants (who have needed skills but no family

connections in America). Also, and this is important, in regard to family connections, visas would be limited to unmarried brothers and sisters (a blow at chain migration). Immediate relatives would not be limited in any way, but would be under the fixed global ceiling. This means, as critics point out, that other immigrant groups in a preference-system subceiling of 20,000 for each country would, as the need arises, give up visas to immediate relatives.

On the House side, Congressman Rodino, who is one of the principal authors of the present permissive system of family preferences, had this system restored to the House version of the bill, H.R. 1510, so as to preserve the status quo.

Some members of the House Judiciary Committee want to bring back a fixed ceiling on all immigrants. Carlos Moorhead (R-CA) has sponsored an amendment for a fixed cap of 450,000 per annum that would function much like the Simpson provision. Again, refugees would not be included, but immediate relatives would count against ceiling numbers.

Meanwhile, renewed attempts to place refugees under a fixed ceiling have not been lacking. Since the refugee is, in effect, an immigrant, Senator Huddleston (D-KY) and other reform-minded senators, would treat refugees and asylees (the latter have a current backlog of some 140,000) as immediate relatives, and put them under the same fixed ceiling for all immigrants. They would use the ceiling number of 425,000 in the Simpson bill, but deduct from the ceiling the number of immediate relatives. If an exceptionally high number of refugees had to be admitted in a given year, that number would be counted against future ceiling numbers.

Congressman Sensenbrenner (R-WI) has proposed a similar refugee ceiling for the House version. In a serious international refugee crisis his amendment would also provide emergency flexibility by authorizing Congress -- not the executive branch -- to admit refugees in excess of the present ceiling of 50,000 per year.

Capping Immediate Relatives

All cap proposals thus far have conspicuously sought to avoid the hypersensitive question of placing an annual limit on the admission of immediate relatives. Yet, ultimately, there can be no fixed immigration cap unless Congress is willing to put a cap within a cap, a ceiling within a ceiling, on immediate-relative admissions.

Because of the increase of no-limit immediate relatives, Immigration Service personnel believe that eventually, under any fixed ceiling proposed so far, immediate relatives would be consuming visas reserved for other categories of immigrants, including those with needed skills.

It is worth noting that admissions of immediate relatives have grown from 142,825 in fiscal 1979 to 155,392 in fiscal 1982. It is also worth noting that some immigrant allotments consist mostly of immediate relatives. For example, the number of such immigrants admitted from Mexico in fiscal 1979 was 27,817, but rose to some 33,000 in 1983, compared to a total of 57,560 Mexican immigrants admitted in that year. Filipino immigration is another example. In fiscal 1981, 22,086 immediate relatives were admitted, compared to a total of 43,772 admissions from the Philippines.

It is clear that if Mexico were given a special high immigration limit of 40,000 under a fixed global ceiling, as S. 529 proposes, the entire allotment could soon be consumed by immediate relatives, leaving other categories of Mexican applicants without visas and with another excuse to enter illegally. What to do? In spite of the worldwide hunger for U.S. immigrant visas, the Simpson bill provides for the transfer of all unused Canadian visas to Mexican applicants exclusively! In this way Mexico could receive 25,000 to 30,000 extra visas from Canada.

There are two principal factors that produce ever-growing numbers of immediate-relative visas. First, there are frequent marriages between U.S. citizens, naturalized or native born, and foreign persons. Some of these marriages are bona fide; some are fake. They are most common along the U.S.-Mexico border, where no clear line can be drawn between Mexico and the booming Mex-America. "Matrimony for pay" between U.S. citizens and foreigners always involves one spouse whose sole motivation is to gain entry to the U.S. or to gain the right to remain here. Not infrequently the foreign bride or bridegroom brings in children by a previous marriage. In some cases, the immigrant wife or husband may become naturalized in three years and petition for the admission of the father and mother as immediate relatives. A family immigration chain is started.

More and more, according to immigration investigators, suspect marriages have become an open door for the ready admission of immediate relatives. Unfortunately for immigration control, marriage and fiancée fraud is almost impossible to control because it is so difficult to prove intent, and, in any case, there are so few INS investigators (fewer than 700 in 1983).

A second and much more important factor is the "citizen child" loophole. A "citizen child" born in the U.S. to any foreign student, tourist, bordertown shopper or illegal alien is plainly a major immigration problem, especially with respect to Mexican nationals. The number of "citizen children" born to Mexican visitors in U.S. border communities may now run as high as 15,000 to 20,000 per year. Elsewhere in the U.S., tens of thousands of "citizen children" are born annually to hundreds of thousands of Mexican mothers residing illegally in Spanish-speaking barrios, colonias and migrant camps.

The "citizen child" has legal access to virtually all entitlement programs for minorities and the disadvantaged, including food stamps and AFDC payments -- even if the parents are "undocumented." On reaching the age of 21 the "citizen child" acquires the same immigration benefits as a naturalized citizen, including the right to bring in parents, or a spouse and children from the mother country, with no wait and no visa limits.

Such visa benefits help explain why the immigration of no-limit immediate relatives rose steadily from 114,000 in 1976 to 143,000 in 1979. In the same period, 1976-1980, according to the available data, immediate relatives of

Mexican origin rose from 16,000 to over 30,000, and to 33,000 in 1983.

The peculiar privilege of the "citizen child" is based on the 14th Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1868 when the Reconstruction Congress was trying to protect the recently emancipated slaves, not immigrants, from reactionary "black codes" in Southern states after the Civil War:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and the State wherein they reside. (Amendment XIV, Sec. 1)

The same Reconstruction language appears in the current Immigration and Nationality Act (sec. 301(a)).

No immigration cap, no matter how artfully conceived, say immigration enforcement officers, can slow the migration of family members from poor, overpopulated Third World societies -- unless the consular service is given enough personnel to screen carefully Third World persons seeking tourist and visitor visas, and unless the Immigration Service is given sufficient enforcement resources, including the means to remove illegal and overstaying family residents from immigrant colonies.

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BOOK-BURNING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Some years ago, when John Lennon made his notorious crack that the Beatles were "more popular than Jesus," religious souls around the world took pious umbrage. I still recall the photograph in my local newspaper of an earnest-looking lad with a lighted match trying to set a 45-rpm record on fire in protest of the Beatles' blasphemy. Besides the question of whether a vinyl record would even burn or just melt, one thing was glaringly wrong with the picture. The label on the record bore the Liberty Records logo, although the Beatles *never* made a record on this label! VeeJay, Capitol and Apple, yes, but never Liberty. Whatever record was being called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in the picture, it couldn't have been anything by the Beatles. Perhaps the kid had slipped in a ringer: wanting to repent his sin and have it too, he may have been perfectly willing to make a stand in public against the Beatles, but not at the cost of his private enjoyment.

Around the country, fundamentalist evangelists even today hold record roasts of their own, in which freshly born-again teenagers symbolically break with their wicked pasts by casting their collection of sinful rock music records into the flames. Seen from the standpoint of information storage, records and books are simply two different ways of doing approximately the same thing, and the press, of course, is hardly reluctant to draw ominous parallels with certain more celebrated book-burners of the past.

Oddly, history's champion book-burner isn't the bad example cited with such horror by defenders of free speech. That dubious honor goes to Emperor Shih Huang Ti, who became the "First Divine Autocrat" of China about 220 B.C. Remembered today chiefly because he initiated construction on the Great Wall, he also pioneered novel methods of dealing with his critics. According to the story recounted in L. Sprague DeCamp's *The Ancient Engineers* (New York: Doubleday & Co., 1963), after a scholar had criticized Shih's harsh rule, the First Divine Autocrat's chancellor, one Li-szi, advised the following:

Beware these idling scholars! Bred on the past with senseless veneration of everything that is old, they cannot appreciate anything fresh! If you issue an edict, they criticize its language; if you order a new project, they declare it is unprecedented. Their one test is, has it been done before? They go about sowing unrest and sedition among your subjects. Their influence must be broken if the empire is to prosper. It is founded on books; destroy then the books. Their occupation will be gone, and none can arise to succeed their generation of them. Some books of course [have] value. Preserve all that relate to medicine, husbandry, and divination; preserve also the records of this illustrious reign. Let all else be destroyed. Break with the past. . . . With natural science, religion, medicine, and law be content, and let the mere literary classics cease to curse the land!

What Li-szi actually told Shih is of course lost to posterity: the above is apparently an interpolation by later generations putting words into the mouths of historical figures. But whatever the argument was, Shih agreed with the sentiments, and issued decrees accordingly. In an age before printing, when books were rare and made of strips of wood and bamboo, a ruthless leader like Shih could indeed destroy most of them, although a few were saved by hiding them away until a change of rulers improved the intellectual climate. But, as DeCamp dryly notes, "When horrified scholars protested Shih's book-burning, he had 500 of these reactionaries burned alive." Burning the authors as well as the books seems to be a creative touch last employed when the Catholic Church burned Giordano Bruno at the stake in 1600 on charges of heresy.

All through history, book-burning has proceeded with depressing regularity. Any scrolls in the famous Library of Alexandria inadvertently missed by Christian fanatics were taken care of when the Moslems captured that city in A.D. 646. According to DeCamp, "a story relates that [Muslim General] 'Amr wrote his Khalifah asking what to do with these books of the infidels. He received the reply that if they agreed with the holy Koran they were superfluous, whereas if they disagreed with it they were pernicious, so it were well in any case to destroy them."

DeCamp goes on to recite the sorry litany of other mass-scale book-burnings. "The Christian Roman emperor commanded a general burning of non-Christian books (A.D. 373). The Muslim Arabs destroyed the books of the Zoroastrian Persians when they conquered Iran (A.D. 673). The Crusaders burned the books of Muslim learning, to the number of 100,000, when they captured Tripoli (1109). The Spaniards did likewise when they reconquered Andalusia from the Moors in the 15th Century; Cardinal Jiménez, a successor to Torquemada as Grand Inquisitor, had a haul of 24,000 books burned at Granada. Diego de Landa, Bishop of Yucatán, topped off the record in the 1560s by burning the entire native literature of the Mayan Indians on the ground that 'they contained nothing in which there were not to be seen superstition and lies of the devil.' "

The final exhibit in DeCamp's gallery of literary horrors is the Crusaders' conquest of Constantinople in 1204. "Hundreds of classical works, which had survived till then, went up in flames at last. Small though the extant fraction of ancient literature is, the wonder is that any survived at all."

And so, down to our own time.

In 1955, when comic books had far overstepped the bounds of good taste and were widely thought to be a contributing factor in burgeoning juvenile delinquency, an American Legion auxiliary in Norwich, Connecticut, collected some 5,000 comic books in an anti-comics drive by trading "good books" for them. The Legionnaires were then faced with the problem of what to do with the resulting pile. Rather than let them get back into circulation, the group quietly had the comic books burned without fanfare or ceremony simply to get rid of them. The American Civil Liberties Union lost no time in issuing a statement denouncing the comic books bonfire as "an imitation of totalitarian dictatorship that is wholly contrary to the

American way of life."

The ACLU wasn't referring to the First Divine Autocrat of ancient China. Thanks to the incessant reminders of the media and such organizations as the ACLU, the thoroughly publicized book-burnings of the Nazi regime set the supreme example for the rest of the century and led to nightmares like Ray Bradbury's futuristic novel *Fahrenheit 451*, in which *all* books are burned by firemen, whose job it is to set fires rather than put them out (the title refers to the temperature at which paper ignites).

But what *really* happened in those notorious Nazi book-burnings?

Some of the story is told in Thies Christophersen's 1981 pamphlet, *Beschlagnahmt! Eingezogen! Verboten! (Confiscated! Withdrawn! Forbidden!)* (Kritik-Verlag, D-2341 Mohnkirch, West Germany), published after German police raided private homes in a nationwide blitz in March 1981 and searched for subversive literature.

I can still remember the year 1933 quite well. In my hometown of Kiel, the National Socialist Student group had a rally in the Adolf-Hitler-Platz in front of the city hall. Those of us in the Hitler Youth were on hand, too. There was a torchlight parade. We beat the drums and blew the trumpets. Then the NS Student leader -- who was at the same time the leader of the Hitler Youth -- gave a speech. We piled up our torches into a bonfire. Then it began -- the book-burning. With fiery imprecations: "Let the fire consume the works of Karl Marx"; "I consign the writings of Friedrich Engels to the flames"; "To hell with the works of Ferdinand Lassalle."

The drawback was that we really didn't have the books we were supposed to be burning -- but who could see that? At home my family had a box of old books in the storeroom, books that no one ever read or seemed to care about anymore. So we burned those. My reward was a whipping from my father. In the first place, he was opposed to burning books, and in the second place the old books were quite valuable That was 1933 and I must admit that what we did then was hardly a heroic deed. The book-burning is even today still widely condemned, and rightly so. But the book-burning of 1933 was only a symbolic event. In the years after 1933, I never knew the Gestapo to search the bookshelves in private homes for forbidden literature.

Today it's different. There aren't any more book-burnings, but the home searches and seizures are without end. Again and again books are confiscated and forbidden. The justification for it is a law that punishes propaganda for an outlawed party. The odd thing is that the standard works of that particular party, Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Gottfried Feder's *The Program of the NSDAP*, are *not* forbidden.

But books that contest matters such as German war-guilt or wartime atrocities are also on the forbidden list. They come under the category of "Agitation." Whoever doesn't believe in the sufferings of the Jews or attempts to dispute or disprove their claims, insults every single one of them -- or at least that's how the German federal court ruled. Any comment would be superfluous (and probably punishable by law).

There's something rather touching in Christophersen's account. The media have portrayed Nazis as soulless, jackbooted robots programmed for total viciousness for so long that it's easy to lose sight of the fact that they were

people, too. The human element of burning the wrong books and being punished for it at home by Papa is somehow refreshing. But it's clear that burning undesirable books is the least effective way to clear them out of existence. The current government of West Germany has hit on a much more ingenious way, something Heinrich Himmler and Emperor Shih never even thought of, a clever ruse that doesn't raise the blood pressure of dewy-eyed liberals outside the country the way the Nazis' spectacularly ceremonial book-burning did. In brief, buying books and other items by mail order in most countries in Western Europe can be done at any post office branch by depositing the payment to the seller's account with the post office. West German authorities merely looked at the records (even though such records are theoretically supposed to be confidential) to see who had ordered books from companies known to deal in "neo-Nazi" literature, then sent the police to the customers' homes to look for contraband. Even the bad publicity of invading a 70-year-old woman's home with 18 policemen or sending squads of three to six policemen to the homes of women in their 80s didn't seem to particularly bother the government. Christophersen reported that as a result of the publicity, some two dozen customers of his own publishing operation wrote urgently requesting to be dropped from his mailing list, unquestionably out of fear of the police coming to call.

And, at this writing, Christophersen himself is in jail on various charges related to spreading "neo-Nazi" propaganda, such as writing and publishing his book, *The Auschwitz Lie*, his own eyewitness account of conditions at Auschwitz when he was stationed there during World War II. Somehow or other he missed seeing all the atrocities that were supposed to be going on around him.

For that matter, a retired German judge, Dr. Wilhelm Stäglich, who was also stationed at Auschwitz during the war, though at an anti-aircraft battery, found his own book on the subject, *The Auschwitz Mythos*, not only ruled "dangerous to youth," but the printing plates were confiscated and destroyed as well. This is going book-burning one better, since any number of copies of a given book might be hidden away to escape the flames, but without plates there can be no books. To add injury to insult, Stäglich's honorably earned pension was reduced and his doctoral degree was abrogated by the University of Göttingen.

Nor is West Germany the only theoretically free country where books that go against equalitarian dogma run into trouble. In the 1930s, Jewish groups tried to stop the sale of Madison Grant's *The Conquest of a Continent* by sending letters to reviewers urging them not to even acknowledge the existence of the book. Anti-Semites managed to obtain a photocopy of one such letter and have been making mild capital on it for years, though with little effect. Since World War II, "respectable" publishing houses, with one or two exceptions, have refused to handle books like Grant's. The field has been left to the efforts of smaller and gutsier publishers, but even they face insuperable barriers in the form of reviewers that refuse to review their books, distributors that refuse to distribute them, and stores that refuse to sell them.

Were the wicked Nazis all that bad? A German reader of

Instauration commented in the letter column (Nov. 1980)

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

No one disputes the fact that National Socialist Germany was a totalitarian state where the expression of opinions that the government considered dangerous was not tolerated. Freedom of the press did not exist. On the other hand, NS leaders made no pretense that it did. Even so, the historical picture may not have been quite as black as it has been painted.

In the esoteric field of maintaining order and keeping effective control of their realms, all governments, particularly those whose constitutions most loudly proclaim the inviolability of freedom of the press, may have unspoken limits on the freedom of expression, depending on *what* is being expressed and which particular pressure group's ox is being gored. Even when the government itself refuses to meddle with the public's reading habits, a de facto censorship may come into being when specific, self-aware ethnic or special-interest groups begin to dominate the areas of trade that make publishing and bookselling possible.

Burning books that make the ruling regime uncomfortable is too crude and old-fashioned these days. That was where the Nazis ran into trouble with world opinion. They were just too blatant, too obvious. Their enemies have learned better. Why go to all the trouble of burning books when it's easier and more effective simply to *terrorize* them out of the marketplace?

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TWO NEO-SCALAWAGS

As despicable as Jimmy Carter is, as disgraceful and embarrassing as he is to the South, he is nevertheless a more honorable and respectable man than George Wallace. Because he was born in Georgia, many people mistakenly call Jimmy Carter a Southerner. This he most emphatically is *not*. Jimmy Carter is a "New Southerner," that is to say a neo-scalawag. Just like the original scalawags of the original Reconstruction, Carter's every act has been a betrayal and an exploitation of the Southland and her people. And just like the original scalawags, neo-scalawag Jimmy has been a lickspittle of the leftist forces clamping a Second Reconstruction on the South, on America, and on the Western world. Of all the immoral things he did, possibly the most immoral involved his daughter. No moral father would enroll his own flesh and blood in the Washington, D.C., school system. Yet Carter did. It gave him a chance to hear the applause of the sick Left, and it gave him a chance to expose his teeth to the photographers of the degenerate press.

How could such a man be better than George Wallace? Because Carter committed his sins and his treasons openly. Wallace hid his . . .

On June 11, 1963, George Wallace made his famous stand in the schoolhouse door. On August 11, 1982, George Wallace made his famous appearance before the SCLC [Southern Christian Leadership Conference] to beg for Negro votes. A white man can fall no farther; a white man can sink no lower; and hell can have no greater torture than for the man who betrays his own people. This then is Wallace's past, present and future. May he enjoy his future -- he has earned it . . .

Of many shameful performances, the most odious case of treachery must certainly be the career of that man who once symbolized for millions the very spirit of white defiance: George Corley Wallace.

Wallace began his rise in 1953 when he became, at 34, one of the youngest state Circuit Court judges in the U.S. Making full use of his potent political gifts, an innate personal likability and a canny sense of political timing and tactics, Wallace rode the civil rights issue for 10 years, and was rewarded with Alabama's governorship on January 14, 1963.

A Few Hardy Souls Still Have Faith in the South

The South, ah, the South! What is this strange social and territorial anomaly that still haunts American history? It died more than a hundred years ago in the Civil War and was buried in the deliberately concocted orgy of destruction called Reconstruction. But it didn't stay dead and buried. It rose from the horrors of battlefield slaughter, carpetbagging and scalawagging to become once again a major prop in the American experience, contributing much more than its share, at least in human terms, to victory in two world wars. Votes from the solid South also made possible the political and economic liberalism of the New Deal, which perhaps as a quid pro quo never tried to push racial integration.

For the past 30 years the South has been dying again in Reconstruction II, otherwise known as the Civil Rights Movement. As in Reconstruction I, Negroes have taken over some of the South's largest cities and have become a political power that neo-scalawag Southerners actually encourage and "do business with." Once again the gracious, magnolia-scented civilization has, so to speak, gone with the wind, this time to be replaced by a car-chasing, rock-swaying, TV-watching porn culture.

It's not a pretty sight. About all the few remaining authentic Southerners can feel good about is that this time the North, too, is going through the torture of Reconstruction. This time the blacks are committing as much political, economic and social mayhem in Detroit as they are in Atlanta.

Will the South recover from Reconstruction II? Only a few Southerners dare to think so. Among them are members of the Southern National Party, P.O. Box 18214, Memphis, TN 38181. The SNP has just put out a hardbound book entitled *The Black Death*. Buy it for \$10, plus \$1.50 postage and handling, and in its 111 pages read what the SNP has in mind for the one region of the U.S. that still preserves a thread of continuity, a trace of persistent cultural chemistry that may eventually become the catalyst for a dynamic, vibrant, risen-again independent South that will finally let loose all the great potentialities still locked up in the Southern soul.

One secession, we are told, created the U.S. A second secession freed the South, but only for a few years. A third secession is the last chance to save the South from disappearing forever into the acidic bath of liberalism, miscegenation and minority racism.

The Southern National Party is dedicated to carrying out this almost impossible rescue operation. We say, God speed, while keeping our fingers crossed.

Wallace's inaugural speech contained beautiful lines of a militant call to battle:

Today I have stood where Jefferson Davis stood. It is very appropriate, then, that from this cradle of the Confederacy, this very heart of the great Anglo-Saxon Southland, today we sound the drum for freedom as have generations of our forebears before us, time and time again through history . . . In the name of the greatest people that ever trod this earth, I draw the line in the dust, and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny.

While other Southern politicians were keeping a low profile or committing treason, Wallace rode high and spoke loud. He became an inspiration to the entire South, and to whites in other parts of the country who saw the skull beneath the skin of Washington's new antiwhite racial policies.

Any illusions about Wallace should have been shattered when Wallace said, "We must have no violence. God bless all the people of this state, black and white," and

stepped out of the schoolhouse door. The entire "schoolhouse door affair" was a stage-managed charade cooked up by Wallace and the Kennedys to keep their respective followers happy. But far from being hooted out of politics, Wallace saw his popularity increase, and he was carried on a wild ride across the national political scene. The ride ended with a bullet in 1972.

Wallace engaged in presidential politicking in 1964, 1968 and 1972. Considering his "bad press," and considering the people who saw the real Wallace behind the mask, the size of his following was astounding. Had the press been fair, and had Wallace been sincere, his following would have been more astounding. It was symptomatic of the shortage of genuine white leaders that a man such as Wallace could be taken so seriously by both sides of the racial-cultural battles of the 60s. In 1963 Wallace had said: "Segregation Now! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!" One hundred and forty-eight days later he called for white Alabamians to accept racial integration peacefully. Eight years later he had abandoned segregation altogether and was supporting "freedom of choice." Ten years later he was aggressively seeking to "eradicate his racist image." Nineteen years later he was begging for black votes. Asa Carter, who had written the fiery, idealistic speech for Wallace's 1963 inauguration as governor of Alabama, said of Wallace in 1971, "His problem is, he really doesn't believe." In other words, Wallace was a fake.

But there is a tremendously great message in Wallace's career, and also an equally great warning. The warning is,

"White man, beware!" Beware of fakes, of liars, of deceivers, of betrayers, of false leaders -- for there are, always have been, and always will be many of these.

And the message is: "There is still hope."

Wallace may have been a fake who uttered words he didn't believe in, but those words struck a chord among a vast multitude of people. They wanted to hear what Wallace was saying. They were desperate to hear the kinds of words Wallace spoke. And they followed him not because of what he was, but because of what they wanted to believe he was. A Wallace image was created in many minds, an image that was larger and better than what Wallace-the-man was. Looking back, it now seems that many Wallace followers did not see and did not follow Wallace at all. Rather, they were following a hope, a passionate desire. And they were seeing a reincarnated Confederate's words:

The gray riders are gone, yet they remain
Asleep in our soil, and alive in our veins.
Untouched by fire, untouched by frost,
They whisper within us: Our Cause is not lost!

That Southern multitude still exists. It did not die with the death of Wallace's soul. It lives and breathes all across the hinterland of Mother Dixie, waiting desperately for a true Southern leader to arise and lead them to the Second Redemption.

The above article was extracted from pages 90-93 of *The Black Death*. To order the book, see details on the previous page.

Screening the Big Screen

A recent relook at the celebrated film, *The Graduate*, revealed something that I had long suspected. Simply stated, the movie gives us that Brave New World in which all the Bad, Bad Guys are WASPs and all the Good, Good Guys are Jewish.

Am I succumbing to Instaurationist paranoia? Hardly. The protagonist, Benjamin Braddock, is ostensibly one of us, considering his name and his parentage -- but only ostensibly. Ben, played by Jewish actor Dustin Hoffman, virtually set the standard for the Hollywood ethnic anti-hero. In a world of venal, materialistic Majority louts, clowns and dullards, Hoffman oozes Jewish "sensitivity." The shikse, Elaine Robinson (there is always a WASPess), has a father who is a wicked caricature of the country-clubbing, booze-guzzling, blue-eyed California WASP lawyer. Mrs. Robinson, played by Anne Bancroft (the Italian actress who is married to the ultra-Jewish unfunnyman Mel Brooks in real life), was also a rather cruel caricature of an unhappy, ex-alcoholic suburbanite trying to escape from the WASP deep-freeze by robbing a cradle.

The shallowness and superficiality of the main characters help mount a subliminal

assault on Western mores, which are contrasted unfavorably with Dustin Hoffman's inescapable and saccharine Jewishness. Even the soundtrack by Simon and Garfunkel seems to deprecate the rotten world of the Braddocks and the Robinsons and celebrate the "deeply felt" inner world of Ben. Mike Nichols, whose real last name has four syllables, was the director, as he was of Hollywood's latest anti-nuke extravaganza, *Silkwood* (see below).

Remember the final scene in the church in which Ben snatches Elaine (Katharine Ross) from the altar, thereby saving her from a horrible marriage to a creepy gent with Nordic features? Remember how all those hypocritical, bigoted Christians turned and snarled viciously at the Christ-like Ben as he banged away at the balcony windows? Remember how Ben fought back the Philistines with that cross before using it to lock the whole damned bunch of them in the church, as he threw Elaine on that serendipitous bus? All veddy, veddy symbolic.

* * *

The movie *Silkwood* is a typical example

of Hollywood cultural forcefeeding. Before the film hit the shopping mall circuit, Karen Silkwood, a heroine in the mold of Betty Friedan, had been on the receiving end of countless puff jobs by journalists. The screenplay picked up from there and was cranked out by a couple of minority feminists -- Nora Ephron (Watergater Carl Bernstein's ex) and Alice Arlen. It's hardly hyperbole to repeat that the film is one long howl of hate against Kerr-McGee, depicted as an evil cartel of technocratic, Dr. Strangelove characters riding herd over all humanity, opposed only by Joan of Silkwood.

To touch all the right (left) bases, Silkwood is given a lesbian roommate (played by Cher, who doesn't wave her hair in this one). Karen starts out as just another employee, but "her consciousness is soon raised" by witnessing all the nasty machinations of Kerr-McGeeites. She thereupon reads up on all the anti-nuke tracts and ends up being martyred on her way to a secret meeting with an apostle of that Great Force for Good, a reporter from the *New York Times*.

There is no understanding a film like this

without understanding what Richard McCulloch, the author of *The Ideal and Destiny*, terms the "anti-Promethean" mentality. To Hollywood and to the lib-min coalition in general, there are no kudos for those who took the risks and reaped the rewards, who devoted the best years of their lives to building the world's most advanced industrial economy. Instead, there is that unrelenting search for the glitches that make America or capitalism or white entrepreneurs or the nuclear power industry look bad. Ms. Ephron apparently has the same goal as her ex-husband -- the downgrading of Majority America and its institutions whenever and however possible. Nuclear power and the industry behind it are undoubtedly less than perfect, but Hollywood's obsessive anti-nukism is based on something more sweeping in its concerns than opposition to a particular form of energy production. Call it envy, call it hate, call it pure nihilism, whatever it is pours out of the screen and floods the intelligent fraction of the audience with the feeling that they are attending a trial instead of a movie -- their own trial for crimes they would be the last people on earth to commit.

* * *

I first saw the movie version of *South Pacific* as a small child. It impressed me so favorably I was delighted a few months ago to see it scheduled on our local Public TV station. I should have been suspicious. The

movie is little else than a three-hour paean to race-mixing. Nurse Nellie Forbush falls for the French planter (Ezio Pinzo), but backs out of marriage when she discovers that he has two children by a now defunct, grass-skirted Polynesian Venus. In case we don't get the message, Nellie hails from Little Rock, Arkansas. Interestingly, *South Pacific* was released in 1958, one year after Eisenhower had ordered federal troops into Little Rock to forcefully integrate Central High. Toward the end of the movie, Forbush washes her racism out of her hair, hugs her hybrid stepchildren, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The minor love interest centers on Lt. Joe Cable's affection for Bloody Mary's Polynesian daughter. It is love at first sight for Joe, who can't wait to forget about his stodgy old white girlfriend back in Philly. But even the lieutenant is afflicted with the curse of racism, until he sings that song (music by Lerner and Loewe, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein) about how children "have got to be taught to hate and fear" people with different pigmentation. Not long afterward, Cable is killed in action, so he can't father a half-Polynesian brood that would have made the world an oh so much better place in which to live.

The movie is based on James Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*. The next time we have our day ruined by the sight of some Majority woman in the company of a minority paramour, let us remember to put a

hex on Michener, an orphan of unknown antecedents, and to the Hollywood moguls behind this film. It's quite possible that the race-mixing lady saw *South Pacific* when she was a kid.

* * *

The original version of *King Kong* busts out all over with camouflaged racism. Kong is a primate who, once exposed to the Nordic ideal of beauty, is never the same again. All the Negresses in the world can't lure him into their arms after he sees Fay Wray. The whole film is based on the adventures that ensue from the giant gorilla's infatuation with the overwhelming new esthetic experience that eventually leads to his dramatic death atop the Empire State Building. "Twas beauty killed the beast!"

The New York City scenes are a potent exercise in nostalgia, revealing as they do the skyscrapered metropolis in the construction boom of the 1920s -- the same accelerated architectural reach for the heavens that inspired Fritz Lang's classic film *Metropolis*. Unfortunately, the unmentionable part of the nostalgia is that New York was then a white city. I was fascinated by that shot of the horrified passengers in the car on the Third Avenue El, when Kong knocked down a section of the platform and track. Imagine a lily-white subway car in 1983! The presence of Kong himself would be less of a surprise.

The Axe-idental Death of a King

It was a tale so steeped in horror it would have been beyond the artistic powers of a Poe, Melville or Eugene O'Neill, but not beyond those of the greatest artist of all, Life.

The scene was Clipperton Island, a lonely chunk of rock far off the Pacific coast of Central America, the peak of a submarine mountain rising some 12,000 feet from the ocean floor. It was on Clipperton that a most strange and most hideous drama unfolded in the early years of the century, one that we might keep in the back of our minds as the century winds down.

The story is told in Sir Gordon Taylor's book, *The Sky Beyond* (Houghton Mifflin, 1963). Sir Gordon, an Australian pilot, visited Clipperton in 1944 while on a survey of possible air stations for trans-Pacific flights. At the time he arrived, the island had been uninhabited for 27 years. Before that, its only claim to fame had been its profusion of bird manure. Its highest promontory, Clipperton Rock, had been a guano dump for millions of roosting seabirds for years beyond counting. Taylor writes:

At this rock we found traces of habitation by the lightkeeper who had tended the light, which was still standing on its pinnacle. In the ruins near our camp, we could see much of the story written in the still and pathetic remains. In about 1906 a British phosphate company had obtained a concession from Mexico, then recognized as the owner of Clipperton, to work the deposits on the island. A community had settled there, with the Mexican garrison and the families of the phosphate workers. All had gone well, with a supply ship coming every six months and taking off the collected phosphate deposits, till the outbreak of the first world war. After some time, and for uncertain reasons, the supply ship just had not returned. The plight of the people on the island had become desperate for want of food and rampant sickness. Many had died, the rest had become weak and exhausted. After a time only a few men, some women and small children, and the giant Negro lightkeeper remained. The [Negro] decided to kill the other, weaker men, enslave the women and live as a kind of king

of the island. He had been successful in his original endeavor; but a young woman of obvious spirit and initiative named Tirza Randon had waited for an appropriate moment, quietly taken an axe and smote him very effectively on the head with it. Miraculously the few survivors on Clipperton had been rescued the very next day by the U.S. Navy vessel Yorktown, which was passing close by the island and had seen their signals.

Ponderable Quote

This crowd that you see at the posh places in Manhattan and Beverly Hills is one of the most corrupt social groups in human history -- they bring to mind Pompeii, Sodom -- and one of the major components of their corruption is their stupid belief that they are idealists.

Jeffrey Hart
Chicago Tribune,
Nov. 5, 1983

Scatological Prof

The birthplace of the filthy speech movement, Berkeley, California, is well qualified to become the home of the filthy mind movement. Isn't it the nesting tree of scatological Alan Dondes, professor of anthropology and folklore at the University of California, whose faculty includes some of the world's best physical scientists and the world's worst social scientists?

Dondes hit the anthropological big-time by publishing "Here I Sit: A Study of American Latrinalia" in a serious anthropological journal. Next came an article on football, which he described as "a form of homosexual behavior" and full of "unequivocal sexual symbolism." Then in his presidential address to the 1980 annual meeting of the American Folklore Society, he vented a real shocker, "Life Is Like a Chicken Coop Ladder: A Portrait of German Culture Through Folklore." Years of profound study, he asserted, had taught him that "anality" was an "empirically observable tendency in German culture." As a result, "the German love of order may stem from the love of ordure."

A few folklorists in the audience had the taste and the guts not to swallow this -- to use Mr. Dondes's language -- crap. As Dondes venomed on, they went up and draped him with toilet paper. Nevertheless, his speech made such a noise that the Columbia University Press published it as a scholarly study of German culture.

Expounding on his "work," Dondes declared:

What no one seems able to accept is my linking of German character with the Holocaust. I originally vowed I would not get into Hitler, but I had no choice. It was there.

After Dondes had recited his theory at a meeting in Berlin, a woman came up from the audience and told him, "You're right. And did you know that Germans now tell Auschwitz jokes?" That gave Dondes an idea. He "recruited a German collaborator and he began collecting and analyzing samples of sick humor."

Dondes's writing and speaking about Germans adds up to one long, yawpish racial slur. But somehow when a Jewish academician is the slurrer, it is not racism, but scholarship in action.

Escaping the Noose

Franklin D. Roosevelt avoided the embarrassment of having to hang one of America's leading poets after World War II by getting Ezra Pound declared insane and confined to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington. A star player in this legal

dodge, according to a new book, *The Roots of Treason*, by E. Fuller Torrey, was Winfred Overholser, a prominent psychiatrist and director of St. Elizabeth's, who signed the papers stating that Old Ez was mentally unfit to stand trial. Pound was moved into the same building occupied by Overholser, and the two men held literary discussions over a period of 12 years. Jews are still mightily distressed by all this. They had an American version of the Nuremberg Trials planned for Pound, who won the Bollingen Prize for poetry during his stay at the funny farm.

Sex Change for Jesus

"God is not a male divinity and may be addressed as Him or Her . . ." So pronounced a panel of respectable clergymen of the once stuffy Church of Scotland, though a minority of that august body of theologians is still undecided about the "paternity of God," which is pounded home throughout the New Testament. It is expected that most of these doctrinal twists and turns will be ironed out in a forthcoming general assembly of church elders.

In their emasculation of Christianity, the Church of Scotland divines emphasized they were stopping short of mariolatry, the worship of the Virgin, which is part and parcel of the Catholic faith. They see this as the Catholics' "psychological compensation" for the masculine image of God.

While all this clerical desexing was going on in Scotland, across the Atlantic in New York's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John, a crucifix was exposed which depicted Christ as a woman. Sculpted by Edwina Sandys, a granddaughter of Winston Churchill, the crucified female Jesus was accorded a cool reception by Suffragan Bish-

op Walter Dennis, who declared it to be theologically and historically indefensible. Rev. James Morton, the dean of the cathedral, felt otherwise. He said the distaff Jesus was no more shocking than the black or Oriental Christs which have long been showing up on crucifixes.

To add more spice to this orgy of Christian revisionism, British television (Channel 4) put on a program that portrayed Jesus as a homosexual.

Passion Play Rewrite

Jews have been sniping at the Oberammergau Passion Play ever since they heard about it, perhaps ever since it started 350 years ago. With the growth of their power in the 20th century, they have succeeded in chopping out large parts of the play, but so far they haven't succeeded in shutting it down, perhaps because they haven't yet been able to censor those parts of the New Testament on which the play is based. The Bible says most plainly that the Jews were at the bottom of the Crucifixion. All the Romans did was give in to the high priests' agitprop, somewhat reluctantly, and carry out the Jewish law.

Saul Friedman, professor of history at Youngstown State University, is writing a book on Oberammergau to coincide with the 1984 production. About 500,000 spectators will probably attend. As to the contents of the play, Friedman gives it a 40 on an anti-Semitic scale of 1 to 100. In 1970 it was 70. In the interim, the Oberammergau city fathers succumbed to the pressures of international Jewish organizations and cut some of the dialogue.

What bothers Emil Fackenheim, another Jewish professor, about the play is that "the 1934 version of the Oberammergau damned the Jews explicitly. In the 1980 version, this damnation is still implicitly present." Even worse, the play shows no

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Jesus Is Black



Race change for Jesus

evidence of "metanoia," a high-falutin' Greek-derived word meaning a "fundamental transformation of mind and character." To put it in a less high-falutin' way, the Jews want to rewrite the Oberammergau Passion Play and turn it into a Holocaust drama with the mise-en-scène moved from Jerusalem to Auschwitz and the gas chambers taking the place of the cross.

It's a pretty big order. But don't think that some B'nai B'rith somewhere isn't working on it.

Fighting Words

The high school of Charlottesville, Virginia, the stamping ground of old Thomas Jefferson, who loved free speech with a passion, does not seem to share the Sage of Monticello's enthusiasm. An article in the school newspaper caused a near riot when it quoted two anonymous white students as saying that black students "hang around the hall, they just come to get heat. They just mess around . . . Come to school cuz they don't have nothin' else to do . . . They just come to smoke herb and all that stuff."

Almost before they had a chance to read the article, blacks started attacking whites and the school had to close for half a day. Even when it reopened the next morning, 400 of the 1,400 students stayed home. White students, particularly girls, were in fear of their lives.

School Principal David Garrett humbly apologized for the offending article as teachers and administrators rubbed heads in a series of emergency meetings. From now on there is going to be censorship and more censorship -- of the student newspaper, of course, not of the books in the high-school library that recommend murdering white males and raping white females.

LBJ's Children's "Grandpa"

All three remaining Democratic presidential candidates attended his funeral. So did Maryland's governor, Maryland's two senators, and just about every other politician in the state who matters. Lynda Bird Robb, the wife of another state governor and daughter of a president, was on hand to recollect tearfully the closeness of the deceased's family and her own. "My children called him 'Grandpa,' " she said. Candidate Mondale, describing him as "one of the extraordinary people of our time," recalled how Hubert Humphrey had introduced them and said to Mondale, "Do whatever he tells you." The *Washington Post* thought it worth mentioning that "President Reagan did not attend," though he did send a message and a representative. The church was packed with 2,000 mourn-

ers and "shiny limousines stood in ranks" outside.

Who had died? Clarence M. Mitchell Jr., 73, the kingfish of Baltimore's burgeoning black community. For 30 years Mitchell, the elder brother of Congressman Parnell Mitchell, was on the payroll of the NAACP. The eulogists called him a "brave man," but it is doubtful if once in those 30 years he had done anything "brave," since whatever he did had the unanimous support of the "impact media," the white power elite, and half a million black Baltimoreans. What could such a man possibly know about bravery?

Cultural Clash

In South Florida practitioners of the Afro-Cuban cult, Santeria, are gearing up to defend what they call their right to ritually sacrifice such animals as birds, lambs, goats and deer.

Rigoberto Samora, a Santeria high priest and director of the Afro-Cuban Lucumi Association, told the *Miami Herald* (March 5, 1983) that his group was seeking support from legislators to quash attempts to prevent the sacrifices by the National Wildlife Rescue Team and the Humane Society, both of which are offering a reward for evidence leading to the conviction of persons practicing Santeria sacrifices.

The above paragraphs (see "Conflict Over Santeria Sacrifices," *Advisor*, Journal of the American Family Foundation, June/July, 1983, p. 13) illustrate the difficulties inherent in a polycultural society. The Cubans can rightly claim that their animal sacrifices are part of their religious heritage and as such are protected by the First Amendment. To the members of the Majority culture, however, such practices are irredeemably alien, bizarre, revolting and immoral. Where does one draw the line, and can it be drawn anywhere anymore? What if the Reagan administration allowed the immigration of a New Guinea tribe practicing child sacrifice and head-hunting -- should that be protected, too? The conflict boils down to absolute religious freedom (at least where Third World peoples are concerned) vs. the inalienable right of the Majority to protect the values of its culture from perversion by minorities.

The main point here is that this "great, big country" has no room for diametrically opposed religions, moral practices, ethical principles and aesthetic sensibilities. In a normal, healthy America the problem would never have arisen because these Afro-Cubans wouldn't be here and living next door to us. Since they are here, whites are once again swallowing hard and accepting the disgusting and primitive "religious" practices of their new countrymen.

Miscegenation Chronicle

Since she spent most of her short, unhappy life in the clutches of minority husbands or minority lovers, it was only natural that Marilyn Monroe would end up in the clutches of minority shrinks. In February 1961, while committed to the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, she wrote this pathetic cry for freedom to her drama coach, Lee Strasberg, "I'm locked up with these poor nutty people. I'm sure to end up a nut if I stay in this nightmare. Please help me, Lee!"

Strasberg, who turned out to be one of the chief beneficiaries of Marilyn's will, did not help, nor did her third husband, playwright Arthur Miller. It was her divorced second husband, Joe DiMaggio, who managed to get her out of the madhouse a few days later.

* * *

With all the publicity devoted to the death of Mabel Mercer, a so-so black nightclub chanteuse, little notice was given to her white, English, vaudeville-performer mother.

* * *

The Last Days of Pompeii, just about the most ridiculous thing ever to appear on TV, had as its leading lady Olivia Hussey, who is the off-screen wife of no Roman but Akira Fuse, a Jap singer.

* * *

Kathleen Turner, the daughter of a U.S. Army officer, is climbing high and fast up the Hollywood ladder. She says that in her films, big, blond males usually "get me," although in her nonworking hours, "I always like dark, good-looking Jewish types."

* * *

Model Susan Anton has been in psychotherapy for the last 2½ years. John Denver, who is very close to Susan, has been pressuring her to join Werner Erhard's EST scam.

* * *

On a recent episode of *Family Feud*, the game show hosted by Richard Dawson, the following family competed for "cash 'n' prizes": a Negro male, his white wife, the Negro's sister, her mulatto husband, and the Negro's mother-in-law (an older white woman).

* * *

On a Phil Donahue show about adoptions, a white Iowa couple appeared with their four children: their biological daughter, a Vietnamese boy, a Thai girl and a half-Negro, half-Thai boy.

Futurologist Ben

One of the most enigmatic Founding Fathers was undoubtedly Benjamin Franklin. His wide-ranging travels and his eclectic interest in physics, the occult, demographics and government have permitted cynics to portray him as a man who wore many masks. On more than one occasion his critics have grossly misinterpreted and even doctored his writings.

During one of his early spells in London, Franklin, a consummate intellectual, moved in rather odd, dilettantish circles. He wrote a timeless essay in praise of older women. He dabbled with decadent occultism in the "Hell Fire Club." He became an ardent Freemason, serving as Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge of the Nine Sisters in Paris, into which he initiated Voltaire in 1778. Together with Jefferson and Adams, he was commissioned by the Continental Congress to design a Great Seal. After much argument, they eventually came forth with the Masonic Eye of Providence that decorates your dollar bill.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Ben and his Eye

Franklin's interest in typography, printing, writing, meteorology and physics is fairly well known. Not so widely known is his study of demographics, particularly his essay "On the Increase of Mankind," written in 1751. In it Franklin writes approvingly of the high birthrate and fecundity of Americans, whom he describes as a hard-working, independent, almost chosen people.

In subsequent printings, Franklin thought it prudent to omit the final two paragraphs of his essay:

Why should Pennsylvania, founded by the English, become a colony of *aliens*, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us, instead of us Anglifying them, and will never adopt our language or customs any more than they can ac-

quire our complexion?

Which leads me to add one remark, that the number of purely white people in the world is proportionately very small. All Africa is black or tawny; Asia is chiefly tawny; America (exclusive of the newcomers) wholly so. And in Europe, the Spaniards, Italians, French, Russians and Swedes are generally of what we call a swarthy complexion; as are the Germans also, the Saxons only excepted, who, with the English, make the principal body of white people on the face of the earth. I could wish that their numbers were increased . . . Why should we darken [America's] people?

Attack on Silence

Now that school prayer has been deep-sixed by the Senate, Sharon Rubin is redoubling her efforts to kill the "moment of silence" that has been a daily 30-second ritual at the beginning of each school day in the Hicksville, Long Island, Junior High School. Only the silence is mandatory, nothing else.

When Sharon Rubin and her friends, including Barbara Bernstein of the local ACLU chapter, threatened a lawsuit, the school board put an end to the practice. But tempers flared as the community divided into two warring camps on the issue.

Of the 1,500 Junior High School students in Hicksville, some daydreamed during the 30 seconds, some meditated, some actually prayed. Whatever they do, the silent 30 seconds has been accepted as a part of the daily school routine. Some, however, believe it is a form of school prayer and therefore unconstitutional.

Students in 22 other states take time out for silent prayer, perhaps because they do not have a gadfly like Sharon Rubin in their midst.

The *New York Times* admitted that most of those favoring the moment of silence were Christians and that many of those opposed were Jewish. Ms. Bernstein complained, "It's brought to the surface a feeling of anti-Semitism." She failed to add that she and Mrs. Rubin spawned the feeling.

Legal Mugging

Being a judge in the USA these days means that one would rather see 50,000 whites violently attacked by blacks than sacrifice one iota of abstract legal principle. A case in point is Brooklyn Federal Court Judge Eugene Nickerson, whose ruling last December against the practice of so-called "peremptory" jury challenges will likely endanger the safety of at least that many whites.

Nickerson, who is white, ordered a new

trial for Michael McCray, 23, convicted of a gunpoint robbery by an all-white jury in his second trial, in 1980. McCray's first trial ended in a hung jury, with a 9-to-3 vote for conviction, split along racial lines. In the second trial, an assistant district attorney used her power of "peremptory challenge" to exclude all seven of the blacks in the jury pool without giving a reason. Nickerson ruled that the judge at the second trial should have forbidden these challenges since they were "based on race alone." He thereby broke a precedent set in 1965, which required defense lawyers to prove a *pattern* of repeated "discrimination" against potential minority jurors in a given jurisdiction, extending over many trials.

Nickerson compounded his mischief by ruling that special hearings must now be held in such cases to determine if jury "discrimination" has in fact occurred. If the new precedent holds, it will mean more litigation, more paperwork and more wasted taxes in the most lawyer-dominated society on earth.

But the worst aspect of Judge Nickerson's legal mugging is the thousands, and ultimately millions, of minority criminals who may be returned to the streets because some of their racial brethren will automatically refuse to convict anyone who "happens to be black."

Souring of a Noble Idea

Although it was largely engineered by Jewish Defense League threats of bodily harm to Russian athletes -- a fact carefully deleted by most media reports -- *Instauration* is not shedding any tears about the Soviet Union's withdrawal from the Olympics, which have long since become more of a political hootenanny and a trade bazaar than a sporting event. The Greeks limited Olympic competition to Greeks, and winners were given a crown of wild olive, not lavish contracts to huckster men's perfume on TV. Some of the poems written to honor the victors have become part of the world's literary treasure. The Babel known as the present-day Olympics could hardly inspire doggerel, especially since many of the participating nations have no literature of their own.

As an example of Olympics politicking, take the case of Zola Budd, the world's fastest middle-distance female runner. Because she was born a South African, she was automatically banned from the Olympics. South Africa is racist, you see. But so are many black African states, and so is Israel. But these countries are allowed to compete because their racism is directed against whites and Palestinians. South Africa's is directed against nonwhites -- and that racism is verboten.

To get Miss Budd into the Olympics, the

London *Daily Mirror* rushed her to England at the last moment and had her declared a British citizen. At this writing, it is still not known if the ploy will play.

The Olympic games are a noble idea that has been commercialized to the very flash-point of tastelessness and greed. The whole purpose of the Winter Olympics at Sarajevo was to give ABC's media magnates a chance to fill the airwaves with infinitely boring commercial pitches relieved occasionally by a few shots of skiers and skaters.

The solution to the Olympics mess is to go back to the Greek ideal. Limit the games to white Western nations, and if the yellows, browns and blacks, who invented not one of the Olympic sports, want to copy the whites, fine. But let them organize their own yellow, brown and black Olympics.

One more point: a racial Olympics would make it possible to include music and literary contests, which were part of the ancient Pythian games.

Jesse Flunks Current Events

Jesse Jackson told the press he wanted to go to Nicaragua, his next campaign publicity fling, to meet the "Contras." When reminded that these were the anti-Communist guerrillas fighting to overturn his beloved Sandinistas, Jackson corrected himself a few days later by saying the people he really wanted to meet in Nicaragua was the "Contadoras." He was then reminded that the Contadora group was composed of the foreign ministers of various Latin American nations -- Panama, Mexico, Venezuela and Colombia -- that were trying to make peace in the region. The last place he would find these ministers was in Nicaragua.

Nonplussed, Jackson postponed his trip and went off to Mexico.

Sweet (but Dumb) Leilani

Caught in the Conflict (Harvest House, Eugene, OR 97402) is a new book by Leilani Watt. We thought we'd buy it so we could find out how husband James was set up by the media and forced to quit as head of the Interior Department. He never did ban the Beach Boys. He simply arranged for the U.S. Army Blues Band and Wayne Newton to be featured in the July 4th ceremony on the Washington Mall so as not to encourage "drug abuse and alcoholism, as was done in past years." The Beach Boys played the Mall in 1980 and 1981, but not in the previous year, 1982, when the Grass Roots was the star attraction.

Aside from the above, most of the subject matter of Mrs. Watt's "confessions" was how both husband and wife found Christ, how hubby loved Israel and had been in-



The Watts

strumental in getting a home for the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Commission (the two buildings belonged to the Interior Department), and how wifey thought a lampshade made of human skin she saw at the Simon Wiesenthal Holocaust Museum was an authentic work of the devilish Germans (never mind that her maiden name was Bomgardner).

The Watts are apparently decent folk from the Wyoming boondocks, but dumb as they come. They will probably never understand that the people who really fabricated that lampshade are of the same mold as the ones who ran James Watt out of government. Leilani (named after a hit tune crooned by the late Bing Crosby) believed that if he had said "handicapped" instead of "cripple," nothing would have happened. We think he uttered a couple of worse buzz words than that.

Navy Double Standard

One physical test every midshipman in the U.S. Naval Academy must pass before graduation is to leap from a 34-foot tower into a swimming pool. The jump is supposed to simulate one that might have to be taken while abandoning a sinking ship before it blows up, capsizes and goes to the bottom, taking with it frightened sailors who remain aboard too long.

Fifty times midshipman Jacqueline Davis climbed to the tower, and fifty times she couldn't bring herself to take the leap. Academy officials had no choice but to

expel her, as they had five other non-jumping midshipmen since 1977. But Davis was made of different stuff than the other expellees. She was not only a female, but a black female. She hired a lawyer, one Burton Sandler, who promptly threatened to sue the Navy for discrimination of the racial variety. Nervous admirals huddled, and in no time Jacqueline Davis was reinstated, courtesy of a medical waiver for acrophobia. She will have graduated and become an ensign by the time these words appear in print.

What about the white males who were thrown out for being unable to do the same thing Davis was unable to do? Will they also be reinstated? Any bets?

Jewish Numerology

The Jewish Census in this country is not taken by the Bureau of the Census (Jews won't permit it), but by the Council of Jewish Federation and Welfare Funds. Some might call it letting the foxes count the foxes. The numbers are compiled by surveying 159 local Jewish community groups.

The 1983 Jewish Census shows 5.3 million Jews, 2.5% of the U.S. population and 13% less than the 1973 estimate of 6.1 million. The same Jewish head counters also publish a second census which includes "non-Jews" living in Jewish households. This produces a higher count of 5.7 million. Professional demographers throw up their hands (or just plain throw up) at this catch-as-catch-can enumeration, but who would dare to protest too loudly? The same objection could easily -- all too easily -- be carried over to those Jewish numerologists who have come up with that very round, very neat figure of six million.

Though the Jewish fertility rate is falling (1.3 to 1.5 per U.S. Jewess), Jewish ranks are somewhat bolstered by the 10,000 Americans who convert to Judaism each year (compared to 3,000 in 1963) and by the Jewish immigrants who continue to stream in from abroad, mostly from Israel (400,000 of the latter are now supposed to be among us). Most of the converts to Judaism are women, and all the converts taken together, male and female, now comprise about 3% of the total number of Jews.

At last count, one-fourth of contemporary Jewish marriages feature a non-Jewish spouse. In the bygone, if the mother wasn't Jewish, the children weren't Jewish. This old rule was recently thrown out the window by Reform Jews, who Talmudize that having a Jewish father (forget the race of the mother) is an equally valid certificate of Jewishness.

Ponderable Quote

How boring it must be not to be a Jew.

Benjamin Varon, former
Israeli delegate to the UN



Cholly Bilderberger



A reassuring picture of the actual relationships in the recent past between glamorous, non-Jewish public figures and Jews is slowly coming to light. We may think of such people as Ernest Hemingway and Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper and Katharine Hepburn as indifferent to Jews if not actively hostile — after all, Hemingway did a memorable hatchet job on Harold Loeb, thinly disguised as Robert Cohn, in *The Sun Also Rises*. But it turns out that was only a temporary aberration and Hemingway, like all good Americans, was really devoted to Jews and spent a great deal of time trying to think of ways to serve them.

The truth of the matter is coming to light in books being written by Jews to highlight the exotic passions they inspired in non-Jews. One such work is *Choice People*, by A. (Aaron) E. Hotchner (William Morrow, 1984), a rather obscure freelance writer who found early in life that he was irresistible to non-Jews. In 1942, for example, while at Officers Candidate School, in Florida, he was approached one night on the beach by Clark Gable, a fellow candidate. Within minutes, Gable was telling him the most intimate details of his marriage to Carole Lombard, recently killed in a plane crash: “He made a funny little sound . . . in the moonlight I could see his tears. He continued to weep as he told me about [details of their life] In a sense, it was unreal that Clark Gable was sitting here on the wet sand weeping over the loss of his movie star wife”

Ingrid Bergman was no less revealing later in Hotchner's career, begging him to visit her as often as possible so that she could unburden herself of secrets too precious to be shared with anyone else.

Even later, Gary Cooper was utterly smitten, and couldn't wait to see Hotchner and give him the latest inside information on his (Cooper's) losing battle with cancer. On Hotchner's last visit to the dying man's bedroom (they had been left alone by an understanding Mrs. Cooper), the following scene took place: “I finally stirred myself and started out of the room, but I had only gone a few steps when Coops called my name . . . ‘Hotch, listen,’ he said in a barely audible voice, ‘I'd like you to have somethin' of mine.’ ‘I'd like that, Coops.’” Whereupon Coops, despite being *in extremis*, spent much time debating among the few personal possessions in the room, finally settling on his very own, specially made, miniature television set.

Barbara Hutton, Candice Bergen, Marlene Dietrich, Doris Day and Sophia Loren were no less ardent, always ready to cancel everything to be with Hotch, no matter how brief an assignation he was able to manage. Burt Reynolds, Lee Marvin and other Hollywood strongmen were also artlessly girlish around Hotch, and, when he could be with them, always babbled far into the night, often in tears and withholding nothing of a personal nature.

But Hotch's greatest conquest was Ernest Hemingway, who was hopelessly enamored from the start. Hotch describes the beginning of their long involvement frankly: “Many times I have been asked why Ernest was so kind to me on that first meeting in Havana [at the start of our] invigorating, entertaining, educational, exasperating, uplifting, exhausting, surprising partnership . . . he had a reputation for being inaccessible and yet he had virtually overwhelmed me with his hospitality. I think the explanation lies in the fact that I was young and struggling and vulnerable In retrospect, I think I arrived at a time when Ernest was lonely, when he had lost contact with his three sons And I was someone who learned quickly . . . and didn't complain or offer excuses.” Later in this torrid entanglement, the inevitable subject of tears came up, as with all Hotch's admirers. In Paris, Hemingway admitted to Hotch that he could weep as well as anyone. “‘I never think of you as crying,’ I said. ‘I cry, boy,’ Ernest said. ‘When the hurt is bad enough, I cry.’”

Hemingway gave the beloved Hotch adaptation rights for many of his works, and Hotch subsequently made a career and a great deal of money out of that windfall. After Hemingway's death, Hotch was first on the market with a memoir of his protector, *Papa Hemingway*, which told much if not all and was a spectacular financial success. Hotch has been accused of exploiting his old flame, but, as a friend of Hotch's points out, there is an answer to that charge: “Hotch gave Papa some of his best years, and he had something coming. Besides, it wasn't all roses and champagne with Papa — he was a handful.”

A close friend of both Hotch and Hemingway offers this insight on their years together: “Ernie was simply bowled over by Hotch's Jewishness. ‘He has it all,’ Ernie told me in confidence, ‘haughtiness — the kind that counts, without a lot to back it up —, aggressiveness, and one of the biggest schnozzes west of Minsk.’ Ernie could spout anti-Semitism on occasion, but it was only a social pose. Deep down, he was so pro-Jew that, as he put it, ‘When they hurt, I hurt.’ Yes, he gave Harold Loeb the business, but that was just youthful jealousy. ‘Harold was interested in . . . someone else,’ Ernie said to me once — we were watching a bullfight in Malaga, and Hotch had just gone to get some cushions —, ‘and I let the greeneyed monster put me down for the count.’ Just before he killed himself he said flatly, ‘I always wanted to go all the way with a Jew and I did and I never regretted it and the world can say what it wants. The truth always hurts someone, and the truth is that there is so much of Hotch in me and so much of me in Hotch that we're Siamese twins, and now I have to lay me down, and turn off the light on your way out. Period. *Basta*. Enjoy.’”

If anything, *A Private View*, by Irene Mayer Selznick

(Knopf, 1983), is even more interracially exciting. The daughter of MGM chief Louis B. Mayer, and the longtime wife of David Selznick, Irene Selznick has received adulation from non-Jews all her life, and is not shy about deserving it. This ungrudging recognition of her started young. For instance, in the 1920s, when she was a teenager, Arthur Brisbane and William Randolph Hearst couldn't wait to consult her: "Of all my father's friends, it was these two men . . . who took the trouble to find out what I was thinking. Mr. Brisbane would come fifteen minutes earlier than he was bidden [to dinner at the Mayer's] to 'have a little talk with Irene.' . . . But my stronger relationship . . . was with Mr. Hearst, known to me as Uncle William . . . Hearst came often to our house . . . because he loved to swim at the beach; we had a bathing suit put by for him." Hearst is revealed as having a profound desire to please Jews: ". . . I liked Uncle William . . . and I'm sure he liked us. There were presents to prove it, too . . . the gifts were . . . lavish . . . personal . . . jewelry — always from Cartier . . . I still find it almost incredible, the amount of evident care he gave to every choice."

Henry Luce was equally bowled over a few years later. In 1935, at a party at Condé Nast's, "I slipped off to the powder room and stumbled by mistake into an exquisite little salon. Sitting there all by himself was a solemn-looking Harry Luce. Embarrassed to catch a guest of honor hiding out, I made matters worse. I blurted out: 'What's the matter? Are you stuttering?' Only a fellow sufferer [they both stuttered] could have thought that, let alone said it. I tried to explain, but suddenly couldn't make a sound. By gesture I indicated that I was a member of the club. He caught on instantly. We embraced, I dried my tears, and so began our friendship." As with Hotch, her conquests were marked by copious weeping. "Before long, the Luces were in California and staying with us. Chez Selznick suited Clare so well she decided she'd stay no other place when she came west." For the Luces, Christmas dinner with the Selznicks became an instant tradition, and Clare turned into as fervent an admirer as Harry: "She said I was one of the three women she loved." But Clare was "unpredictable," where, "With Harry I knew where I stood . . . Harry gave me birthday presents [which] he did go and buy . . . himself." Here Irene is telling us again that the non-Jewish business tycoon who shops personally for a present for a Jew is obviously demonstrating a deeper fealty because time is far more important to such people than money.

Ingrid Bergman stayed with the Selznicks for a week when she first came to Hollywood as a penniless and unknown Swedish actress: "When Ingrid arrived, I suggested she might like to freshen up before lunch. Seeing only the one suitcase in her room, I offered to send down for the rest of her luggage. She went crimson, and, in her limited English, indicated this was it . . . I said I meant her cosmetics case. Wrong again. She had soap, a toothbrush, and a hairbrush in her suitcase. I tried to gloss the moment over with hospitality . . ." Then: "I . . . took her under my wing and tried to teach her Hollywood . . . Much later, when she bought her house, she insisted it be close . . . because that part of Beverly Hills held such meaning for her." Over the years, in as much time as she could spare (from

Hotch among others, one assumes), Ingrid came to Irene with all her problems. And on occasion, Irene went to Ingrid to receive casual homage, as in this incident: "The person who [had] stood behind her second to none [when Ingrid was ostracized in show business for having run off with Rossellini] was my old friend and hers, Sidney, now Lord, Bernstein, who has a unique talent for friendship. On the weekend of Ingrid's sixtieth birthday, Sidney . . . chartered a super-luxury plane from London that we might spend the day with her in the French countryside, where she was then living. Sidney's wife . . . also came, along with their son David and daughter Jane, who happens to be my godchild. Ingrid was . . . delighted by our excursion. When we left, she ran alongside our car the length of the driveway waving goodbye and calling out, 'My two pillars!' Through the rear window I caught a glimpse of her standing against the gatepost, her arms still stretched toward us. I like to remember that moment." And rightfully so, Irene, because it is doubtful that any finer example of correct Jewish and non-Jewish behavior exists. The picture of the great Scandinavian actress giving dramatic realization to her adoration of Jews by "running alongside" a car full of them, and gesticulating and crying out at the same time, is particularly affecting. Inside the car sit the enobled Sidney Bernstein, Irene and others, a Jewish enclave sheltered against the pleas and troubles of the world. Once the Jews were in Ingrid's shoes, symbolically speaking, chasing after Ingridish non-Jews comfortably and indifferently settled in luxurious cars — how completely and satisfyingly the roles have been reversed.

Katharine Hepburn fell just as hard for Irene, was always on call, and passed the present-giving requirement with flying colors: "Kate's taste . . . bears the test of time. There's evidence in every room of my apartment of [her gifts at] past Christmases." Kate also passed the blood-sister test: "Kate sets extraordinary store by her family, so I was deeply moved when she first signed a letter to me 'Sister Kate.' By then I realized that her close friends became part of her family. I am part of hers and she is part of mine. She got Spence to speak at my father's funeral, and I asked her to speak at David's. My children called her Aunt Kate. When I gave a party at home for Jeff on his eighteenth birthday, Kate volunteered her presence because she figured I wouldn't have anyone to talk to. She stood next to me and thereby turned us into a receiving line . . . She doesn't seek protection, she gives it. I don't know where her sense of duty ends . . ." High praise from Irene, the beneficiary of so many exalted senses of duty. And without reward: "Kate got a most unexpected dividend . . . she got to live in my house when she was in California." Overwhelmed by this honor, Kate wasn't idle but used the opportunity to pile up more credits: "She not only took wonderful care of the house, she supervised the garden. She taught my old gardener to paint, whereupon my butler, Farr, suddenly developed an interest, too. Kate bought still another set of painting materials."

No one could resist Irene. Cary Grant spent much of his adult life at her feet, in the company of Donald Ogden Stewart, Philip Barry, Robert Benchley, Greta Garbo, Howard Hughes, and most of the rest of the fashionable non-Jews of yesterday. For example, because of the dif-

ficult train schedules in New England, Irene was once faced with three days of surface travel in order to interview three schools to see if they were suitable for her son Jeff. Not a great hardship, but her friends were always on guard against any inconvenience for Irene: "The night before my trip found me . . . Cary Grant, Eddie Duchin and Howard Hughes sitting in El Morocco. Cary had come east with Howard and they were flying back the next day. Hearing my proposed itinerary, he groaned . . . ten minutes later he told me that Howard had postponed his departure for a day and would personally fly me . . . Cary and Howard picked me up the next morning at eight-thirty . . . [Cary] said that Howard had been up the entire night routing the trip and securing airfields for the huge plane he was flying . . . he had also seen to it that a car and driver were at my disposal at each stop."

Hughes turned to jelly around Irene, and was particularly overcome when she sent him a small Christmas tree and some wine for Christmas: "Early Christmas morning, there was a shy voice on the phone: 'Irene, this is Howard . . . The tree is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I'm overwhelmed.' He said he was in tears[!]; he claimed it was the first time anyone had ever done anything special for him on Christmas." Overwhelmed and weeping, Hughes still remembered the gift code: "For the next ten years I received four dozen red roses very late every Christmas night. If I was in California, they were air-expressed from New York. If I was in New York, they were air-expressed from California. Much later, during the Clifford Irving scandal, his handwriting was published. I realized, to my astonishment, that the reorder had not been automatic, because his thank-you letter [presumably for the tree] and each year's flower card had been all written by [Howard] himself." Hughes had passed the non-Jewish-tycoon - personally - shopping - for - presents - to - Jews test. And by having flowers sent from New York to California, and vice versa, rather than from New York to New York and California to California, he had hit on a marvelously original way to indicate regard by means of unnecessary expenditure.

Howard was begging for a formal liaison, but, "The one thing Howard . . . couldn't be, to his sorrow, was Cary Grant. There was no reason, however, that he couldn't have some things Cary had." Irene — subtle as always — seems to be telling us that although Cary, most favored of men, was her official consort of the moment, she was willing to accommodate Howard, too. Flowers from New York to California, and vice versa, deserved some dalliance, even at Cary's expense. And Irene was frankly delighted that Howard wanted what "Cary had": "[Howard] wanted me [because] I was a tested product." But she wouldn't be Howard's exclusive property, as she told him at lunch at "21": "He pleaded on in a shy and earnest way, and apparently didn't hold my . . . refusal against me, because later he tried to hire me as a producer for RKO."

There were, of course, those occasional non-Jews who didn't defer to her instinctively and immediately — such people as Larry Olivier, Barbara Hutton, Enid Bagnold, and Cecil Beaton — especially during the fifteen years she was a prominent theatrical producer. (Including *A Streetcar Named Desire*.) Irene is at her most amusing as she de-

scribes how she took these obtuse cases in hand, deflated their pretensions and soon had them behaving properly toward herself as a Mayer, a Selznick and a Jewess. "She was a holy terror when she was crossed in the slightest way," says a devoted admirer, "screaming at the help, turning restaurants upside down, fighting with anyone who disagreed with her — Errol Flynn used to say she was the most powerful argument in Hollywood for The Final Solution, and she had some heavy competition — but we always understood that she had a right, even a necessity, to act that way. How else except through passion, cunning, jealousy, underhandedness, and violent assertiveness was she able to bring the crucial message of Jewish superiority to a non-Jewish elite itching for that revelation but not capable of formulating it without help from prominent Jews?"

John Hay (Jock) Whitney was probably more grateful than any other member of the "non-Jewish elite" of the period for her message, and found more ways than anyone else to show that gratitude. For starters, he entered into a partnership with her husband, David, and was the prime backer of the latter's production of *Gone With The Wind*. As Irene says, with great delicacy, "The relationship with Jock had continuity and content. We would seem to have had little in common, yet we had entered into each other's lives with a minimum of preliminaries." Splendidly impetuous Irene had found a kindred spirit. "Formalities didn't exist. Jock's friends became ours and our friends became his. He had a home away from home . . . Jock loved me because he loved David, and then he loved David even more because he loved me. Jock had three relationships going — one with David, one with me, and one with the Selznicks . . . Jock was an athlete, a sport, and a gentleman, not necessarily in that order — and a man of letters. He seemed to have it all: an unassailable position, an excellent Groton-Yale-Oxford education, and a host of friends and interests. He led a lusty, swashbuckling life . . . His appetite exceeded even David's . . ." This idyllic threesome lasted until after World War II, when David was eased out. Irene came to live in New York and, "Jock stuck with me through the years; I didn't have a better friend." Jock was then married to the former Betsey Cushing, whose sister, "Babe, . . . just as lovely, married the fellow next door [Bill Paley, the Jewish head of CBS, whose Long Island property bordered that of Jock Whitney]." To celebrate this connection, ". . . the sturdy high wall which separated their estates went down and a connecting road was built . . . While the Paleys and the Whitneys got on extremely well, there were few friends they shared. Increasingly, David and Bill became best friends until David's death, whereupon Bill and Jock became equally devoted. It sounds tangled . . ." Bless you, Irene, it is tangled, but in such a warm, inspiring way.

Jock is now dead, and so is David. The latter's funeral drew many of Irene's devotees together yet again: ". . . Bill Paley flew out . . . with Jock . . . Kate read 'If' . . . Joseph Cotten spoke, and Cary Grant read the tribute Bill Paley had written."

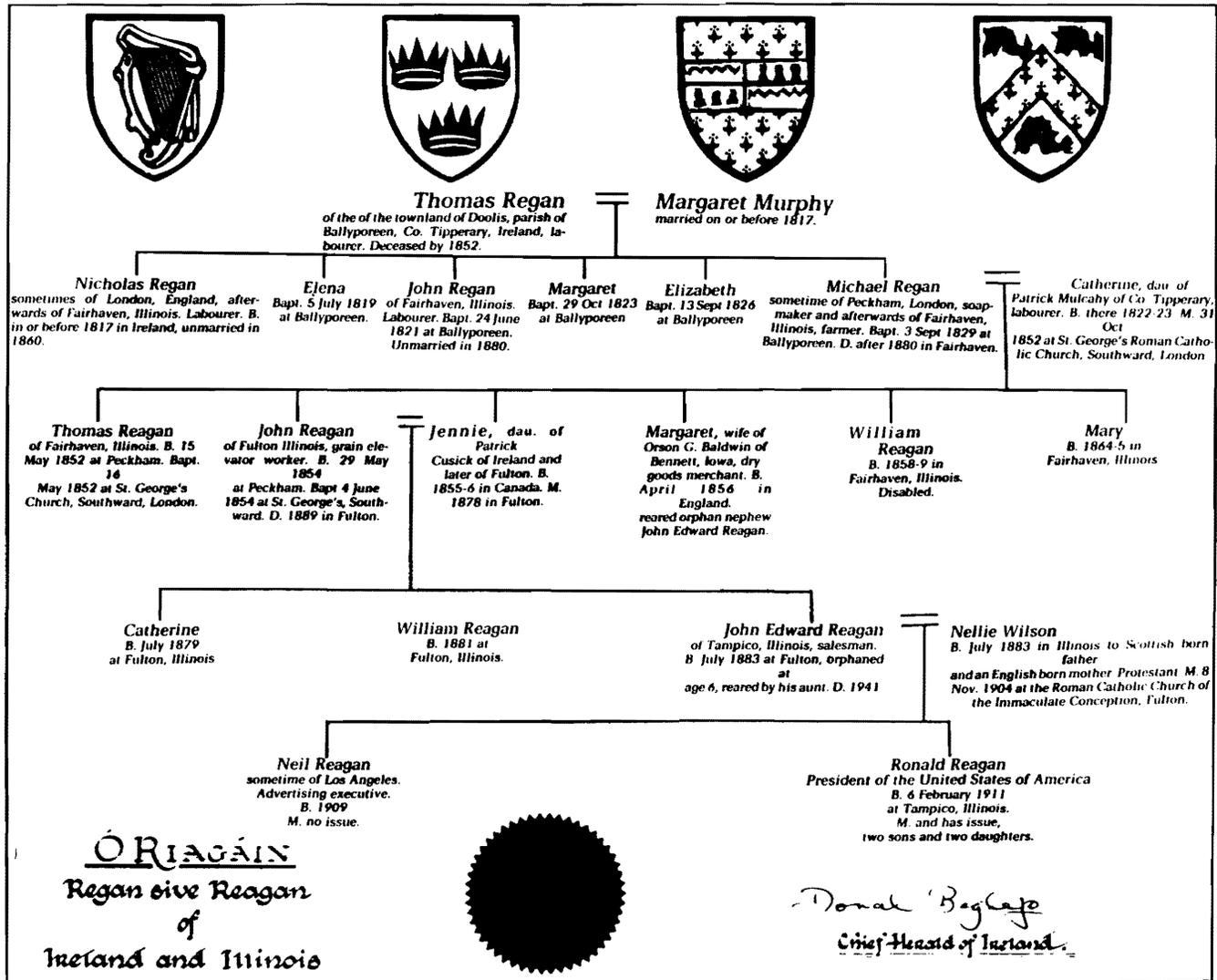
Her book closes with a heartening description of herself today, the wise, humane Jewess enjoying a well-deserved rest after seventy years of instructing non-Jews: "Every

spring I went to Europe. In the winter I often stayed with Marietta and Ronnie Tree in Barbados, and later with Claudette Colbert . . . I went to Yugoslavia with her, to England with Kate . . . and wherever the Whitneys went, I was made welcome — at Fisher's Island, at Saratoga, and at the Embassy in London when Jock was ambassador there."

And who is to say that it is all rest even now, that the revered teacher may not, just for the fun of it, still step in with difficult cases and show them the way? After all, as the close friend of Hotch and Hemingway mentioned earlier confides: "Ernie always said Irene wouldn't quit until she was buried. 'Outside of Lillian [Hellman] and Barbara [Tuchman], there isn't a female Jew in the country to touch

her,' Ernie told me. 'And even those two are only in Irene's league once in a while — like the second games of double-headers in St. Louis in late August. Irene is a Jew's Jew, the way Manuel Mordante was a latrine cleaner's latrine cleaner, in the old days in Havana, when latrines were latrines. She's all spleen, all tongue, all infighter . . . and all Jew. I've seen her take some of the top Gentiles of her time without breaking a sweat. She can even handle other Jews, like her father and Dave, and that, gentlemen, is not a talent just everyone has. Hats off — what the hell, everything off — to Irene, and lock the door on your way out. Go further, throw the key away. Enough. *Finito*. Enjoy if you can.'"

Ronald Reagan's Family Tree



Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Charles Maurras (1868-1952) was a tragic figure -- a traditionalist unsupported, when it came to the crunch, by the institutions he most revered, the Church and the French monarchy. He lost his religious faith early, and elaborated a purely Mediterranean and French vision of the world, inspired by the poets from Homer to his great Provençal contemporary Mistral, and by the ancient philosophers. In fact, he was very much a precursor of Alain de Benoist, the New Right thinker, who is however much more exact in his definitions and more cognisant of the need to include the thinking of Northern Europeans in his world view.

Maurras supported the Roman Church, because it was a bastion against the twin evils of capitalism and socialism, and he rightly identified the Jew as the prime mover in both cases. (All forms of monopoly have an interest in cooperating, at least to some extent, especially when members of the same racial group are represented among the leaders of both camps.) Maurras founded the Action Française in June 1899, composed mainly of republican anti-Dreyfusards. He wanted to make a clean break with every aspect of the French Revolution except its centralizing legacy, and so in 1900 began his famous *Enquête sur la monarchie*, which ended by converting to monarchism all the other leaders of Action Française. Before and during the First World War, the movement was the mainstay of patriotism in France. However, during the 1920s, Maurras's interpretation of Catholic Christianity as an unbiblical phenomenon aroused the hostility of the Vatican, his works were placed on the Index, and in 1928 all members of the movement were excommunicated. However, during the Stavisky affair and the triumph of Blum's *Front populaire*, the Action Française continued to be the main rallying point for all patriotic Frenchmen, and when France collapsed in 1940, its adherents rallied around Pétain, the hero of Verdun. During the Occupation, Maurras continued promoting his "integral nationalism," denouncing Hitler, the British and the Jews, and his followers certainly did not deserve the name of collaborator which was applied to them in 1945. Maurras was hauled before a kangaroo court, but refused to recant and denounced Jewish responsibility for the war from the dock. He died in his eighties, doughty to the last, having changed the probable course of history during the First World War and made a brave but abortive stand during the Second. I personally regard his story as illustrating the weaknesses of nationalism, which can so easily be brought into conflict with other nationalisms. I think we must now turn our attention to ensuring that kindred peoples of European stock do not destroy one another in the future. What cannot be taken away from Maurras is the intensity of his idealism, the inspiration of his poetic world view, and his willingness to fight openly for his beliefs.



* * *

As a devotee of Herbert von Karajan's, I sometimes find myself in Salzburg, where the effect on me of the music is analogous to that of high octane fuel on a finely tuned aircraft engine: it peps me up and makes me gay. (No, I don't see why we should give up a perfectly good word to the enemy.) The last time I was there, I drove across into Bavaria, and found myself in a delightful little town called Berchtesgaden -- a bit touristy, perhaps, but with some splendid public buildings and still inhabited by Germans. It occurred to me that the high hill above the town would make a wonderful site for a country house, and I wondered why no one had thought of it before. Perhaps they had, but there is no sign of it. Good taste is such a rare quality.

* * *

One of the premises of modern liberal propaganda is that logical solutions to problems are immediately ruled out of court by describing them as the products of simplistic thinking. Yet the purpose of thought is to discern patterns in a mass of data, so as to make it meaningful. We are, in effect, being told not to try to solve problems but to live with them, emote over them, worry about them, above all cultivate a feeling of guilt because of our powerlessness. After all, it is guilt which provided a controlling lever for the mediators long before Boas's interpretation of liberalism came in fashion.

An obvious case in point is hunger in the Third World. This is supposed in some mysterious way to be our fault, on account of the misdeeds of our imperialist ancestors. ("The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.") Curiously enough, there is a lot of truth in this, but not for the reasons usually given. When the British established themselves at various places on the coast of India to trade and make money, they could hardly be blamed for the disasters associated with the breakdown of Moghul power. But in due course, they were drawn in to fill that power vacuum, as a result of which, as in other Third World countries, well-meaning European administrations did indeed bring about an enormous growth in population which was not matched by economic development. The establishment of peaceful conditions in India, the erection of an effective infrastructure, and above all the improvement in the hygiene of water supplies, were all contributory factors.

Instead of an agricultural revolution preceding an industrial one, and a medical one following that (to provide a home market base for the industries), as was the case in Europe, North America and Japan, most of the Third World has experienced the three revolutions in the wrong order: first, a medical one to increase the population far beyond

the carrying capacity of the economy; second, an abortive industrial revolution, unsupported by any agricultural surplus; and third, an equally abortive agricultural revolution, vitiated above all by the evil effects of collectivisation (because nobody works hard for an abstraction) and land reform (because small plots of land encourage mere subsistence farming). Bourguiba, the President of Tunisia, has openly blamed the West for the plight of his people, on account of the fact that money is always available to ensure their survival and increase in numbers, but does not (cannot?) provide the requisite economic support. Needless to say, his speech was not widely reported.

Yes, the bleeding hearts have a lot to answer for -- but more since the breakdown of imperialism than ever before. During colonial times, at least fifty countries within European empires made net exports of food -- usually relying upon crops introduced by the colonialists, many of which derived from the cornucopia of new plants discovered in the Americas. All of these countries are now net importers of food. There are only five areas left in the world which have large agricultural surpluses, and every one of them is Western: North America, Australasia, Western Europe, South Africa and the southern part of South America (though this last area is so plagued with political troubles that it no longer provides the same relative surpluses as before). Incidentally, even these surpluses would not exist if it were not for subsidized farm prices. People do not produce for stockpiles in a free market.

By the end of the century, only sixteen years away, the power of the food producers over the rest of the world will be enormously greater than that of the petroleum producers ever was. The obvious solution to the closely related world population and hunger problems is for aid to be made available only on condition that the populations of the recipient countries are progressively limited to the point where those countries are economically self-sufficient. Other forms of aid should be made conditional on acceptance of racial minorities from the West which are very easily assimilable into the countries concerned. This would also be a very effective way of transferring skills (as may be seen where the Swiss and German guest-worker system is allowed to function as designed). Nor do I see any harm in encouraging Third World countries in their (usually unreported) attacks on the welfare state system in the West. The GATT talks usually include several of these. They argue that protection of inefficient producers in the West, through state support and import restrictions, effectively blocks the importation of goods from the Third World. I argue that the very existence of the welfare state explains why so many unassimilable immigrants pour into Western countries from the Third World.

Coordinated policies of the kind outlined above might solve the whole problem within three generations, and an alleviation would be discernible within one generation. The only alternative regularly put forward -- that of bringing about such a rise in the living standards of the Third World, through the transfer of resources from the industrialised world, that the population stabilises itself -- is a non-starter, and its proponents know it. Pauperizing the Third World in that way can only have a deleterious effect on the ability of the countries concerned to produce for

themselves. The effect of all systematic, indiscriminate charity is well known -- it institutionalises dependence.

The policies presented here are quite practicable -- all that is lacking is the will. What our enemies are really trying to create is an egalitarian world in which the producers will be placed permanently at the disposal of the non-producers, with the mediators in a controlling position. The idea is that the workers should support the drones of the hive, with the mediators in the position of the queen bee. Far better for us in the longer run would be the advent of the Four Horsemen of St. John's Apocalypse.

We can already begin to undermine the enemy's solution by publicising the need to tie all aid to population control in the recipient countries and minority problems in the donor countries. We ought to oppose all indiscriminate charity, especially that of the welfare state. Above all, we should integrate the assimilable Majority into a large, viable and partially underground economy in which no one with skills ever need lack work. Never mind the law. We will manipulate the situation to suit ourselves -- just as the minorities do. Are we not all officially members of minorities now, and can we not always find a pretext for preferring our own people? The farmer selling direct to the truck driver who then sells wholesale to the small town community is just a small part of what I mean. I have plenty of other suggestions for bypassing the system, but I am not going to put all my cards on the table for the enemy to look at. The important thing is that we should realise, all of us, that no one is going to help us if we do not help ourselves.

* * *

The tragedy of Rudolf Hess, which disgraces us all, has been publicised by the *Figaro Magazine* for Friday, April 20, 1984 (pp. 112-18), in an article which reveals a great deal more than is normally permitted in the English-language press. Certain interesting points are stressed, such as the fact that Hess's father was an international businessman (very far from the stereotype of Nazi origins in the lower middle or impoverished upper class). Very surprising is the claim that Hess's mother was British (*Sa mère était britannique,* p. 117). He was Defence Minister at the time of his flight to Britain, and learnt to fly his Messerschmidt 110 at a time when such planes were at a premium -- so that it is difficult to believe that other top Nazis were unaware of his intention. Indeed, the article claims that Hess wrote Hitler a letter suggesting that in the event of his mission failing, Hitler should say he was mad -- which is actually what happened.

Hess's son Rüdiger, whose devotion to his father is exemplary, points out that the flight took place six weeks before the German invasion of Russia, and claims that it was an attempt to prevent the European war from developing into a world war. At the very least, it was an attempt to conclude an honourable peace with the British, so that Hitler could have a free hand in Russia. (Hence, the Russian refusal to release Hess.) Rüdiger thinks that the plan had no chance of success because the British were so much under Roosevelt's influence, and that Roosevelt was against peace with Germany. I would add that Churchill's position as Prime Minister also depended upon war with Germany. In any case, it is a significant fact that the British

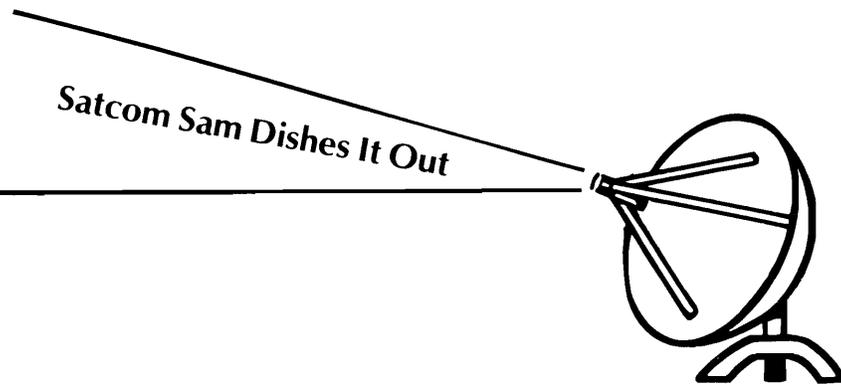
government refuses to release the documents relating to the affair until the year 2117 (if no one has filched them by that time, as happened with key documents dealing with the Palestine problem)! British newspapers have been claiming that the British government had already been tipped off about Hess's projected flight by disaffected elements in Germany, and the suspicion must therefore arise that it encouraged Hess in some way to believe that his flight might be a success. Whatever the truth of the matter, it is clear that the British government still has a lot to hide.

Hess is ninety this year, having been imprisoned in Spandau on July 18th, 1947, after prolonged imprisonment in England during the war and in Germany during the infamous Nuremberg trials. Since 1966, when Albert Speer and Baldur von Schirach were released, he has been in solitary confinement -- which was not part of his sentence. His son recounts how a single handclasp when his father lay ill in the hospital got him into trouble with the authorities. I have not noticed that the Amnesty International people have done much to publicise this extreme case -- any more than they do in the case of Palestinian prisoners in Israel. Like the Western Allied powers, they go through the motions of demanding Hess's release -- that is all. Yet, as Rüdiger points out, the Western Allies are in charge of the prison three-quarters of the time, when they could easily "spring" him. The recent shooting-down of a South Korean jet would have provided an excellent excuse. And

if it is argued that this would be breaking their word to an erstwhile ally, they could at least wash their hands of the whole affair, leaving the guilt and expense to the Russians and their East German allies.

Long after realists like Speer have sold the pass and groveled before the conquerors, the man whom Hitler had to persuade not to risk his life as a fighter pilot is steadfastly maintaining his reputation for courage and idealism. Even Churchill did not deny that Hess's intention was to make peace with the British -- and Churchill called him naive for trying it. But peace at that time would have preserved the British Empire, the great system, which through Churchill's subservience to Roosevelt was destroyed. No wonder Graham Sutherland's famous picture of Churchill, painted in the 1950s, shows him brooding in black melancholy -- presumably over his misdeeds.

I know that I will be described by my detractors as an unrepentant Nazi type, nostalgic for the good old days -- a traitor to my country in retrospect. Let me assure my readers that my concern is first and foremost with my own people. I can see that involvement in the vendetta against Germany was the greatest single political mistake in our history. Only by coming to terms with this fact can we undo some of the damage which has been done. Failure to do so will mean that we can always be kept quiet by the threat of moral blackmail. If Hess dies in gaol, I suggest we all wear a black armband. Let's buy one now.



The invading legions from deep space who, throughout the film, are euphemistically referred to as the Visitors, are the Nazis."

"Visitors" is a euphemism. These unabashed cannibals are not symbols of the National Socialists, they "are the Nazis." Naturally, the earthlings are "lulled into an acceptance" of the handsome Visitors. "After all, those who alight from the spacecraft are just like them. The only discernable differences are the unusual resonance in their voices and their light-sensitive eyes." (For what it's worth, blue eyes are more light-sensitive than brown, and Germans happen to have some of the bluest eyes on earth.)

"This is another parable about Nazi Germany," Johnson admitted to Gladman. "They look like us, but their voices are different. Everything the aliens have has a Germanic quality to it." Had Johnson substituted any of the words "Hispanic," "black," "Oriental" or "Jewish" for "Germanic" here, half of North America would have exploded in rage. Presumably, few of today's Anglo-Saxons ever realize that they were a Germanic people. On the other hand, had Johnson referred to a wicked "Anglo-Saxon quality," no one would have fluttered an eyelash.

Pavlov's dog, in whose image most of us have been remade, saw a steak, heard a bell and salivated. Eventually the bell alone made him salivate. Spielberg and Johnson's dogs (present-day Americans) are shown a

Of all the insidious, invidious programs to cross the American airwaves during the past generation, the very worst may have been the science fiction made-for-TV movie, *V*, shown on NBC in May of last year (two parts) and concluded in May of this year (three parts). The one good thing about *V* is that it should make clear to all but the densest of the dense that *Instauration's* characterization of Steven Spielberg's spindly character, E.T., as being a calculated device for making unattractive aliens seem morally and intellectually superior, was squarely on target.

The producer of *V*, who answers to the name Kenneth Johnson, even gave his program the subtitle "E.T. -- Nazi-style." *Toronto Sun* critic Jerry Gladman professes to find this choice "curious."

In *V*, a group of 50 enormous flying saucers, each about the size of Manhattan, hov-

er over the 50 largest cities on earth. As Gladman recalls the action, "their inhabitants at first seem humane and human" -- in fact, downright white and middle-American. But appearances deceive! "As time progresses, [the aliens] reveal their true nature . . . Their invasion of earth is geared to take all our water and as many humans as possible to use back home as slaves, soldiers and, yes, food."

Food?! "In wedding science fiction to fascism, [Johnson] creates a contemporary yet futuristic parable of the horrifying times of the Nazi regime that almost destroyed Europe."

Prior to preparing a script about the world under occupation [writes Gladman], Johnson buried himself in research of the Third Reich . . . Intentionally, the persona within *V* all have parallels to that infamous period in world history.

new human force which "looks just like them," and acts brutally, and they grimace. Or, conversely, they are shown bizarre aliens like E.T. who are both brilliant and loving. It is true that the average American spends "only" one-fourth of his waking hours propped in front of the propaganda-box, but the things he sees therein are so much more intense than everyday life that the one-on, three-off routine does the trick nicely.

In his preface to a book by Ed Naha, *Science Fiction Aliens*, *Starlog* magazine publisher Kerry O'Quinn spells out the power of today's science fiction writers:

He [the extra-terrestrial] can be created from scratch and custom-tailored to the writer's thematic needs. He can be molded to any purpose -- possessing precisely those physical and mental characteristics required to dramatize the author's statement on human nature As a fiction tool -- a device to make concrete the abstract themes of psychology or philosophy -- an alien from another world is hard to beat.

O'Quinn adds the mandatory prejudgment:

If the writing is really good, the alien can broaden our minds, force us to accept something totally different, bring out our deepest doubts and longings

While helping us in our present lives to appreciate and enjoy the differences among the peoples of our planet and to see and better understand our own minds and values, the aliens of science fiction movies and TV are also preparing us for the mind-boggling experience of actual future contact.

It seems that some "abstract themes of psychology or philosophy" -- such as "like attracts like" and "like benefits like" -- are now *verboten*. The lesson of *V* is: Never trust anyone who looks like yourself.

Why should the Hollywood wrecking crew take it upon themselves to "force us to accept something totally different"? The answer is simple. When one cannot assimilate or does not wish to assimilate to a Majority norm, one can always try reducing the Majority to another minority.

P.S. The chief credits for V: The Final Battle, the last three parts of the show, which consisted of little more than people machine-gunning each other and the interminable torture of the skin-suited blonde heroine, were not given to Kenneth Johnson, who was described as the shows "creator" and who wrote the first three episodes, but to "David Blatt and Robert Singer, Executive Producers." V has been announced as a regular Friday-night series on NBC beginning this September

* * *

The movie *Reds*, which has now appeared on cable, continues to rankle. Warren Beatty, the producer, director and star, is the epitome of the modern-day film star

playboy. Bouncing from one starlet's bed to another, his life is one big Erotic-Without-Consequence. Now nearing 50, he is still without children despite all his vaunted sexual athletics. Wifeless, he lives the life of the perpetual adolescent, the 15-year-old with the awesome power to make even his libidinous fancy come true.

Beatty's politics are all too predictable -- the same down-the-line, Hollywood left-liberalism practiced by 1001 other overpaid, overpublicized and undertalented film stars like Paul Newman and Ed Asner. Beatty campaigned hard for McGovern in 1972, and we can be sure that Gary Hart has been cashing his checks in 1984. His strange brew of millionaire Bolshevism and tear-jerking concern for human rights helps explain why he would devote several years of his life to *Reds*, a picture which, however you interpret it, is little else than trendy Marxist tub-thumping. Clinging to the historical lie that communism was a good thing under Lenin, *Reds* plays up the old canard that Russia only went astray under Stalin.

For a character like Beatty to trivialize, profane and just plain ignore the mountains of Russian dead and the butchery and liquidation of the entire Russian upper class, is nothing less than an obscenity. How many people will ever know anything more about this crucial period in history than what they see in *Reds*? This sad question easily transforms into a frightening and definitive commentary on our times.

* * *

Ethnic stereotyping on television was never cruder than now in the "enlightened eighties." The audience itself is increasingly crude, and Hollywood continues to aim at the sinking common denominator. A good example is CBS's *Mama Malone*, which critic Tom Shales, perfectly characterizing nearly every post-Norman Lear comedy, describes as "one long bray of coarse sitcom noise." *Mama Malone*, played by mustachioed Lila Kaye, is supposed to be an Italian-American Julia Child, though Latins may be as offended by the casting as Nordics were by Danny Kaye as Hans Christian Andersen. According to Shales,

The show isn't five minutes old [make that five seconds] before *Mama* has mentioned Mussolini. *Mama's* younger brother Dino has a car that plays the theme from *The Godfather*, and he suggests bumping off a child who is causing *Mama's* grandson a problem

An elderly priest wheezes by to sip wine and almost dies, and this gets roars from the studio audience We're supposed to love [Mama] even when she spits in her lasagne at the mention of the New York Yankees.

Imagine the reaction if, in the 1950s, sandwiched between Donna Reed looking

pretty and proper and Robert Young calling his TV family together for an earnest counselling session, a bunch of crude WOPs had been paraded across the screen, shouting and gesticulating and making jokes about "bumping people off"! The contrast in manifest human quality would have been so glaring that image-conscious Italians would have screamed bloody murder. The 1980s are another matter, however, because precise, calm-spoken, well-tuned beings are no longer seen on TV, except in aging reruns or when cast as monsters of venality on shows like *Dallas*. Otherwise, one turns to BBC imports to witness the now exotic spectacle of Nordics comporting like Nordics.

* * *

How is it possible that millions of whites sit in front of the tube each week watching elongated blacks prance about on the basketball court? Ron Powers, author of *Super-tube: The Rise in Television Sports*, has one answer. He says it all started at ABC Sports, where TV bigwig Edgar J. Scherick made "a seminal discovery: that instead of telecasting events because people were interested in them, they could make people interested in events because they were on television."

Powers believes that television sports are meaningless, except to provide a filler for the broadcasting vacuum. Sports promoters are a cynical and grasping lot, who once they understood what they could do with sports on TV, have enthusiastically participated in the corruption of sports. The most gaudy vulgarity of all is the Super Bowl, which Powers verbosely describes as "the event that would come to stand as the single, overweening embodiment of televised sport, with all its focused grandeur, its obsessive self-worship, its celebration of excess, its general rube trappings of synthetic classicism that seemed so ingrained into its transient, tradition-starved age."

* * *

In the PBS British-produced docudrama, *The Life of Sidney Reilly*, the Jewish super-spy was turned into an early-day James Bond by the smooth, wrinkle-free performance of Irish actor Sam Neill. Here again, there was the hint that the Bolshevik Revolution was basically O.K.; that if it hadn't been for Stalin, present-day Russia would really be a workers' paradise. In spite of what was shown in the TV film, Reilly, according to most experts, was not killed by the Cheka in that dramatic scene in a snow-laden Russian forest and may well have lived out his days in a luxurious dacha.

* * *

Chariots of Fire, a hit movie of 1983, recently bounced off my dish antenna. One of the biggest fact twisters in this so-called film biography of the Olympic runner, Har-

old Abrahams: He did not run around the Cambridge University courtyard in 12 seconds. An English Cantabridgian did. Also ignored in this celebration of Jewish athletic prowess was that Abrahams eventually converted to Catholicism and married a non-Jew.

* * *

Alex Haley of *Roots* fame is planning to visit China with Norman Lear, where they'll collaborate on a docudrama about Chinese village life. Since Chinese communities are just about the most racially

homogeneous spots on earth, it will be interesting to learn where and how Haley and Lear are going to slip in their minority racist angles. After all, it's the only theme they know.



Talking Numbers

U.S. oil production in 1983 was 8,663,000 barrels. Imported oil amounted to 4,938,000 barrels. 17% of the imported oil came from Mexico, 11% Canada, 8% Venezuela, 8% Persian Gulf States, 8% Britain, 7% Indonesia, 6% Nigeria, 5% Algeria.

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Although Hispanics vote about 20% less frequently than blacks and 30% less frequently than whites, the 144,000 votes that Hispanics gave California Governor George Deukmejian in 1982 were credited with sealing his less-than-100,000 vote victory over Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley.

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In the 1980 presidential election, 6 million more women than men cast ballots, although 30 million women were still unregistered and 14 million registered females did not vote.

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In 1980, Communist Party boss Gus Hall (a Finn, not a Jew), collected 45,000 votes in his presidential run. In 1984 he is running again -- on a platform that demands a 30-hour work week and the nationalization of all basic industries. Since the courts have ruled that the Party can keep its contributors' names secret, there is no way of finding out who is filling its ample treasury. Angela Davis is Hall's vice-presidential running mate. Having turned 40 last January, the black Jane Fonda is now teaching Negro history and arts in Jonestown by the Bay.

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The Moral Majority promises to register 2.5 million new voters for the November elections.

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New Hampshire, which ranks last of all the states in amount of aid to public schools and 48th in salaries paid to teachers, was first in SAT scores, even though 56.2% of New Hampshire seniors took the SAT, as against the national average of 34%. The state's population is less than 2% black, Asian or Hispanic.

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40 cases of AIDS in 10 cities have been traced to a single homosexual carrier.

The *American Jewish Yearbook* puts the number of Jews in Latin America in 1972 at about 1 million. More recent studies by the Hebrew University in Jerusalem have reduced the number to 550,000.

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Of the 1,104 counties in 11 Southern states, 88 are majority black. The total number of blacks registered to vote in the South went from 2.2 million in 1964 to 4.3 million in 1982; the number of black elected officials from 72 in 1965 to 2,583 in 1982. Alabama leads the 11 states in percentage of blacks elected to office. Arkansas is at the bottom of the list.

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Michael Jackson's biography, for which he is receiving more than \$1 million, will be published by Doubleday and edited by Jacqueline Onassis.

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Chief Harold A. Breyer of the Milwaukee Police said that 86% of the city's robberies in 1983 were committed by blacks, who make up about 24% of the city's 700,000 population.

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A recent survey showed that 44% of the women who intend to breast feed their children are white Americans; 9.2% black Americans, 22.6% Mexican Americans.

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Miami's Nicaraguan population was 2,000 in 1979. Today it is over 30,000 and increasing at the rate of 100 per week.

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In 1983, Americans bought 130 million boxes of Girl Scout cookies at \$1.75 per box. Girl Scout cookies are kosher. Some recent boxes have been showing up with needles in the cookies.

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A Cologne University study based on a sampling of 2,000 adults indicates that only 24% of the German population fully rejects anti-Semitism. 88% of people living in small towns and villages still retain anti-Semitic sentiments, compared to 48% in large urban areas.

Despite laws about the separation of church and state, Miami Beach taxpayers must fork over \$25,000 a year to the city kosher food inspector. Last year Rabbi Joseph Kaufman was fired from the job because he issued too many citations to a catering business run by the sons of another rabbi. Jews have been known to sell non-kosher food as kosher, since they can get 10% to 15% more for kosher food.

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This year we may expect the following numbers of births in these nations:

China	22,800,000
India	27,300,000
Indonesia	5,980,000
Nigeria	5,000,000
Brazil	4,750,000
Bangladesh	4,560,000
Pakistan	4,510,000
Mexico	3,200,000

To put these numbers in perspective, we should remember that, whereas some 2,750,000 white children will be born in the U.S. in 1984, the eight nonwhite nations listed above will produce a total of nearly 79,000,000 children.

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A newly hired clerk-stenographer in the Postal Service who can type (40 wpm) and handle light shorthand (80 wpm) gets a starting salary of \$10.21 per hour or \$21,220 a year.

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The number of self-employed minority workers jumped 45% between 1972 and 1982, compared with a 35% gain for self-employed whites. White self-employment in 1982 totaled 6,788,000; nonwhite self-employment, 474,000.

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88 Jews left Russia last January. A total of 1,300 Jews arrived at the Jewish processing center in Vienna during 1983. In 1979, a record year, 54,330 Jews were allowed to leave Russia.

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New Delhi reports that some 3,000,000 Indians were voluntarily sterilized in the past 12 months, a little less than half as many as scheduled by the government's family planning program. 80% of the 3.4 million who were sterilized were women.

Primate Watch



During his recent visit to the U.S., **FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND** was feted by Mayor Koch at New York's City Hall. The French President made two -- and only two -- private visits while in Zoo City: one to the apartment of Elie Wiesel, the Holocaust memoirist, where he also was greeted by Wassily Leontief, Nobel laureate, Leonard Bernstein, radical chic maestro, and -- *naturellement* -- William Styron, America's best-selling scalawag novelist. Mitterrand then proceeded to the luxurious digs of Edgar Bronfman, the hard liquor king who presides over the World Jewish Congress.

☆ ☆ ☆

In no country on earth does it pay as well these days to be a monster, a sociopath, a destroyer of neighborhoods, cities and countless individual lives, as in the USA. Consider **MRS. MARCIA BOROWSKI**, director of "Metro Fair Housing" in Decatur, Georgia. Her outfit gets \$150,000 a year, much of it from the taxpayers, to entrap Atlanta area whites who don't wish to sell or rent their properties to blacks. First, a black man, alone or posing with a white "wife," is sent around to see the white owners, often an elderly couple supplementing their income by renting a room. The black often gets turned down, and then an attractive white is sent by. Borowski laughingly recalls, "When they get to court and see the blacks they've turned away ready to testify against them, some of them just about have cardiacs." (Note: Individual homeowners who sell or rent their property without using a real estate agent are still allowed to discriminate. But the Reagan administration has been talking about ending this exclusion.)

☆ ☆ ☆

The black queen of kiddie porn, **CATHERINE WILSON**, finally getting her comeuppance, was sent to jail after pleading guilty in a California court to a felony charge. An earlier federal prosecution had ended in a mistrial (the jury voted 11-1 for conviction). Law enforcement agents say Wilson controlled 80% of the U.S. market for explicit sex among children.

☆ ☆ ☆

FRANK SINATRA, friend of the great and not-so-great, was an associate of Sam Giancana, the Chicago mobster, and actually joined forces with him in a Nevada gambling hall venture. This information, some of it old hat, was divulged in a newly published, let-it-all-hang-out book, *Mafia Princess*, by Sam's daughter, Antoinette Giancana. Sinatra denied similar allegations in sworn testimony before the Nevada Gaming Control Board on February 11, 1981.

Pornlord **LARRY FLYNT** has apparently gone gaga. In jail in North Carolina on a contempt of court charge, he claims he is still running for president and, to narrow down the race, announced he had put out a contract on Reagan. Flynt, paralyzed from the waist down (and from the neck up, judging from his behavior), was recently photographed wearing an "I wish I were black" T-shirt. Flynt's jailing apparently prevented his "baptism" in Kentucky, which was to be presided over by Dick Gregory, the black gadfly, and TV preacher Robert Schuller. A relation has asked a court to appoint him as conservator of Flynt's millions on the basis that Larry is now insane.

☆ ☆ ☆

TERENCE LOSICCO, 20, although remanded to a juvenile home in Somers, New York, would wander off for weeks at a time with no one being the wiser. On one of his wanderings he killed retired *Reader's Digest* editor Norman Prouty, 72, and raped and beat Mrs. Prouty, 67.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE CALIFORNIA WORKERS COMPENSATION APPEALS BOARD has awarded \$25,000 in death benefits to the homosexual lover of a state prosecutor who committed suicide as a result of "job-related stress."

☆ ☆ ☆

ANTHONY BLUNT, faggish, snobbish, rattish British spy, left his million-dollar estate to his roommate, William Gaskin.

☆ ☆ ☆

TYRONE MITCHELL was having his teeth fixed at a dentist's office in Georgetown, Guyana, the day of the mass suicide in Jonestown, which took the lives of his parents, four sisters and a brother. Police claimed it was "bad memories" of Rev. Jim Jones that inspired Mitchell to let go a salvo of rifle bullets and shotgun pellets at a Los Angeles school playground, killing a 10-year-old Negro girl and wounding 10 other minority students and two adults. Mitchell, a drug addict, died during the police assault on his apartment.

☆ ☆ ☆

Having lost his second wife, his congressional seat and his health while on a diet of alcohol, cocaine, marijuana, nitrous oxide and tranquilizers, **JOHN L. BURTON**, one of the West's most raging liberals, is back practicing law. His specialty: personal injury (ambulance-chasing) cases. The late San Francisco mayor, George Moscone, was Burton's best friend.

In what was called the biggest narcotics bust ever, 53 people were recently indicted in Atlanta for smuggling \$3.8 billion worth of cocaine (five tons) into the U.S. Ring-leader of the gang was **HAROLD J. ROSENTHAL**.

☆ ☆ ☆

BARRY SCHUSS, the young Jew who confessed to torching two synagogues and a rabbi's home in West Hartford, Connecticut, which was immediately blamed on anti-Semites, was given a 14-year jail sentence (suspended, of course).

☆ ☆ ☆

"Rewarding" was the word used by a female rabbi named **JANET MARDER** to describe her job of presiding over a Los Angeles synagogue whose congregation is comprised of 140 male and female members of the third sex.

☆ ☆ ☆

TED ROSENTHAL is a sculptor with a yen for making replicas of bombs and other explosive devices, which he then "plants" around Manhattan. One Sunday in March, the New York police bomb squad removed six of Rosenthal's creations from buildings in lower Manhattan. Due to all the publicity, Rosenthal has asked his agent to double the price of his "art works" from \$4,800 to \$9,600.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jewish Senator **CARL LEVIN** (D-Mich.) tried -- happily unsuccessfully -- to filibuster against the bill to restore the federal death penalty for such offenses as treason, espionage, murder and attempted assassination of presidents.

☆ ☆ ☆

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, the late Jean Paul Sartre's mistress of record and France's feistiest feminist, signed with great fanfare a 1971 manifesto demanding the legalization of abortion, one part of which read, "One million women have abortions each year; I assert that I am one of them." In an interview with the French publication, *Journal du dimanche* (April 22, 1984), Mme. de Beauvoir sheepishly confessed, "I added my name to the others without hesitation. However, it was a lie. I never had an abortion."

☆ ☆ ☆

The inventor of the neutron bomb, **SAMUEL T. COHEN**, has advised Israel to wind down "the tragedy of war in the Middle East" by building a "nuclear wall" several hundred feet wide along its borders. The wall would consist of an intense field of radiation produced by underground nuclear reactors. Anyone attempting to pass through it would be frizzled.



Britain. From an English subscriber. A book which gives brilliant insight into the motivation and mentality of the liberaloid sex pervert is *Inside Outsider -- The Life and Times of Colin MacInnes* by Tony Gould (Chatto and Windgus, Hogarth Press, 40 William IV St., WC2, England, 1983). MacInnes may not be well known in the States, but in this country he was sometimes called "The Voice of the 60s." During that decade and the late 1950s he was endlessly on radio and TV, where he was the leading light of those "critics" who laid down the law on what should and should not be read.

This, of course, was also the period of mass immigration, and MacInnes, needless to say, was in the forefront of the antiracists, strongly opposing the 1962 act which began (not very effectively) to dam the flood. Preaching the joys of multiracialism were such books of his as *City of Spades*, based on an affair he had with a Nigerian (he turns himself into a girl in the novel), another rather similar novel about immigrant life in London, *England Half English*, and *Absolute Beginners*, a story of teenage life in the new, multiracial London.

MacInnes was the son of Angela Thirkell, the novelist, who refused to speak to him in the last years of her life, and who was a near relation of Burne-Jones, the artist, Stanley Baldwin, the prime minister, and Rudyard Kipling. MacInnes's father, 16 years older than his mother, was the son of poor radical parents who migrated to Lancashire from Scotland. Taken up by a wealthy woman who paid for his voice training, he eventually became a fairly respectable singer.

Married in 1911, the MacInneses had two sons -- Graham, later a Canadian diplomat and author of the best-selling *The Road to Goondagai*, and Colin. When Angela discovered her husband was an alcoholic and homosexual, she divorced him and married an Australian officer, George Thirkell. She went with him to Australia when Colin was five and lived in Tasmania and Melbourne, where Colin attended Scotch College. When Colin was in his late teens, Angela tired of her Australian husband and returned to England.

At first Colin was a rather mild, retiring person, but in late 1944 he became senior sergeant in a military unit that hunted "spies, saboteurs and National Socialists" in war-demolished Germany. "Colin's way with them [the Germans]," writes biographer Gould, "was to treat them with the same brutal arrogance they had exercised on others . . . He became a sardonic, ferocious character." Previously he had had a few heterosexual affairs. Now he became an obsessive sadistic homosexual. "He boasted of how on one occasion he had compelled the entire police force of a Ger-

man town to have sex with him." One cannot help wondering what other humiliations the Germans suffered at the hands of "Nazi hunters" in this "clean-up" era. In a novel devoted to that period of his life, *To the Victors the Spoils*, Colin mentions the wholesale looting by the Allied armies of what little the bombing had spared.

Returning to Britain after the war, the masochistic side of his perversion took over, but only toward blacks. I suspect there had been some early foretaste of this in his stories in which white boys are raped by Australian aboriginals. Indeed, he admitted he once had a crush on an aboriginal minister of the Kirk and "followed him everywhere." At any event, back in London this side of his character now took over completely. Writes Gould, "There were one or two West Indians in London who understood the masochistic desires of certain white men and would, for a consideration, arrange 'scenes' in which fantasies of pain and humiliation could be acted out . . . What he liked was to be raped by a big black, a primitive, and preferably by several . . . He wanted to be whipped as black people had been whipped by whites. Whites had to pay for it and blacks had to be violent." Colin used to boast "that he picked up different blacks to have sex with him every day and often used to appear with his face battered but with a happy expression . . ."

Nothing of all this, of course, was known to the ordinary British reader or viewer to whom Colin fed daily doses of brotherly love and multiracialism. If they had known, they would have thought him mentally ill, which, indeed, he appears to have been. In the end he died of cancer, tended not by any of his beloved blacks, but by a kind-hearted white woman to whom he was consistently offensive.

Toward the end of the biography one is not surprised to read of Gould's hero:

He never missed an opportunity to single out Jewish friends for special mention in articles and essays. Barney Greenman who had been his solicitor . . . David Sylvester his old friend and fellow art critic, Irving Kristol . . . Howard Samuel his publisher, Alfred Mason his landlord, Bernard Kops whose first play, *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, he praised to the skies . . .

* * *

The highest decoration for bravery in the Third Reich was the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with golden oak leaves, swords and diamonds. Only one person was awarded it -- Hans Ulrich Rudel, a World War II fighter pilot who died in 1982.

Among his other feats, Rudel sank the Soviet battleship *Marat*, destroyed more

than 500 Red Army tanks, shot down scads of Soviet warplanes, some of them after he had lost a leg.

When Rudel surrendered at the end of the war, his medals and most of his other personal possessions disappeared. They bobbed up again at a February auction in London. The name of the person who put them up for sale was not revealed. Frau Rudel, who had been notified of the auction, dropped out of the bidding at £13,000. Rudel's Knight's Cross and other memorabilia eventually sold for £20,000 to Paul Raymond, a millionaire show biz personality, who specializes in sleaze.

* * *

A rock and roller in Britain named Ian Stuart sings to the beat of a different drummer. Below is a sample of some of his lyrics.

I stand and watch my country, going down the drain, We are all at fault now, we are all to blame. For letting them take over, we just let 'em come -- Once we had an Empire, now we've got a slum.

Are we going to sit and let them come? Have they got the White man on the run? Multiracial society is a mess, We aren't going to take much more of this!

If we don't win our battle, and all does not go well, Then it's apocalypse for Britain, and we'll see you all in hell!

* * *

Instauration (Dec. 1983) devoted a few paragraphs to a large advertisement which appeared last summer in Sweden's largest morning daily and in other newspapers around Europe. Sponsored by the Baltic Sea Foundation (P.O. Box 44, 00281 Helsinki 28, Finland), the ad offered large cash prizes to aspiring writers on a variety of Eurocentric and anti-Zionist political themes. The expensive undertaking was, we noted, supported heavily by Eric Ertman, the husband of ITT heiress Margaret Behn.

A British newspaper which carried the ad was the London *Sunday Telegraph*, whose editor, J.W. Thompson, was soon reduced to grovelling apologies by the orchestrated protests of Zion-in-Britain. Among the Gentile Zionist protestors was Rev. Ronald Lewis, who is paid to advise the United Reformed Church on Jewish-Christian relations. Lewis's letter to Thompson denounced the perfectly temperate ad as "little short of despicable."

Thompson explained that he did not normally refuse ads because of their expressed views, but that he was prepared to make exceptions. He made it plain that in the future an Ertman-type ad would obviously qualify as such. A more prudent *International Herald Tribune* had refused the ad because, as some flunky later explained, "its purpose did not seem genuine."

Once more, the European public was led

to suppose that the specter of violent anti-Semitic polemics had been vanquished. Once more, all that really happened was that Europe First dissidents were forbidden even a paid outlet for their opinions.

* * *

Ray Hill, one of the long-time "faithful" supporters of John Tyndall, head of the British National Party, has turned out to be an informer. He suddenly appeared on BBC-TV with all sorts of "shocking revelations" about his boss. Apparently the influence of Stuart Young, the new Jewish director of the BBC, is making itself felt. Needless to say, as long as squealing pays much better than Majority activism, the West will always have its Hills.

* * *

There has been a storm about a plan to settle Vietnamese in the Falkland Islands. Sydney Miller of the Falklands Sheep Owners Association had this to say:

We simply don't want them here. And why should we when many Britons have asked to come? To send Vietnamese from the tropics to the subarctic Falklands seems especially mad, but obviously someone is determined to make the Falklands multiracial. Then no doubt attempts will be made to whip up anti-Falklander feelings on the grounds of their racialism.

* * *

"Britons" In the News

Stuart Young. The chairman of the BBC will sit in this new Jovian perch until 1988. Young's father was an immigrant from Russia who was more likely to spend the Sabbath on a golf links than in the local synagogue. Young *filis* met his wife at a Zionist shindig in 1950. In 1967 he showed his love for Britain by taking the first plane for Israel at the outbreak of the "Six-Day War." (Remember how that war to end war in the Middle East was supposed to have brought enduring security for Israel?) After helping the Israelis steal some more land from the Palestinians, Young returned to his highly lucrative accounting business in London and to a ten-year stint as treasurer of Perfidious Albion's leading Zionist fundraising organization. Young's brother, David, is chairman of Britain's Manpower Services Commission.

Sir Alfred Sherman. The newly knighted Sherman is an occasional speechwriter for Mrs. Thatcher and co-founder of the Centre for Policy Studies, the egghead Conservative Party group which tells Tory leaders what to think and what to say. Sir Alfred was born in London's dingy East End in 1919. Like pater Young, pater Sherman came from Russia. Unlike the younger Young, Sherman signed up as a Communist before becoming a Zionist. After fighting on the Stalinist side in the Spanish Civil War,

he went to Israel and became an economic advisor to some elders of Zion. While there he married Zehava Levin, a third-generation Sabra. Six years later he returned to Britain and immediately became a feature writer for the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Jewish Chronicle* (at that time two rather similar papers), as well as a correspondent for the Israeli daily, *Haaretz*. He didn't join the Conservative Party until 1971. Considering Sir Alfred's resumé, he is not exactly the type of person one would expect to see at the top of the Tory heap. Or is he?

Sir Keith Joseph. Sir Keith, Britain's Secretary of State for Education, and Sir Arthur are bosom pals. Together they practically run the think tank show for the Centre for Policy Studies, which is a sort of CFR, Trilateral and Bilderberger group rolled into one. Before the Thatcher landslide last year, Sir Keith went to the town of Stockton to put in a good word for Thomas Finnegan, the local Tory candidate for Parliament. Just before he got there, Sir Keith read in the *Mirror* that Finnegan had been a National Front organizer in the 1974 General Election. At the campaign meeting, Sir Keith refused to sit on the same platform with his fellow Tory and delivered a lukewarm pro-Thatcher speech from the floor without once mentioning Finnegan's name. As it turned out, Finnegan lost to his Labor opponent, but narrowly.

Daniel Finkelstein. The new national "chairperson" of the Young Social Democrats is the son of Professor Ludvic Finkelstein, a prominent Jewish activist. Daniel's previous political experience: an assistant leader of a Boy Scout group.

Sighismund Berger. Britain's biggest private landlord controls 100,000 flats and homes by means of a network of 360 separate companies, many of them founded by father Gerson Berger, born in Romania, and some of them officially classified as charities for fostering traditional Judaism. At present Berger is under the gun from various tenant groups for refusing to maintain his properties, and having let them run down to the point where they are more fit for rats and cockroaches than for human habitation.

David and Ralph Gold. The Gold brothers, the kings of British pornography, inherited their smutty business from father Godfrey, with whom they have not spoken for ten years. They are also into cheap perfume, which is sold by illegal street hucksters at £5 for three bottles and publicized by fraudulent ads in their porn magazines.

Sir Zelman Cowen. Recently appointed chairman of the Press Council, Cowen was born in Melbourne, Australia. He grew up to be the second governor-general of that continent, the first being Sir Isaac Isaacs,

whom Cowen apotheosized in a biography.

France. Offered for the amusement of our readers is this jaundiced view of Frenchmen from a pamphlet published in Barcelona entitled *La Crevette justicière*. The polemics are far from the truth, but it is a welcome break to find someone other than Germans, Arabs and Russians on the receiving end of media invective.

"There are at least 50 reasons to hate Frenchmen. Among others: they sell perfume to everybody, but smell bad themselves; they women only know how to tease; they are anti-Semitic even if they deny it; they start wars in order to sell arms; they all collaborated with Hitler; they steal other people's ideas; their president is not a socialist but a National Socialist."

The French are "racists, authoritarians, pedants, pretentious creatures and even assassins because they like to sink fishing boats . . . They are neither interested in Petrarch, nor in poetry, nor in Italian culture: they only go to Italy to steal pictures. [They have] an enduring and profound passion for theft." Europe's decadence was accelerated "when the mothers of kings were Frenchwomen." It was Voltaire who "advised Frederick the Great to make the reforms which led to the Third Reich." Hitler was the son of an honorary French consul in Austria.

Paris "is a mass of ruined houses, with outdoor public urinals. Running through the city is a slimy green river with fish that smell of the sewer. Parisians refuse to tell you the time unless you first give them money."

The French Riviera is "full of middle-class Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who exhibit their armpits and their hairy legs, while drinking and belching at the same time . . . They can speak no other language but their own, typical of a physically and mentally defective people."

Spain. The Spanish parliament is studying a bill that would make certain manifestations of free speech misdemeanors under the law. Article 601 would hand out prison terms of six months to two years to founders and officers of "unlawful groups that practice or incite racial discrimination." Severe penalties are also provided for those who assist economically or in any way help in the formation, organization, or activities of such groups.

West Germany. The theater at Bayreuth was built by Richard Wagner in the 1870s for the performance of his operas. An internationally celebrated festival is held there each year, during which several of Wagner's works, especially the *Ring of the Nibelungs*, are performed. Today, Richard's grandson, Wolfgang Wagner, is the director of the Bayreuth Festival. During the festival in 1982 reporters attending a



press conference were scandalized by a U.S. newshen who asked why Simon Estes, who was singing the role of Amfortas (the King) in *Parsifal*, should be the first black to appear at the festival. A provoked Wolfgang Wagner replied that he would tolerate no questions about race, and the woman was shown the door.

* * *

The Israeli ambassador to Bonn, Itzhak Ben-Ari, had these words to say about the bombardment of West Beirut (*Frankfurter Rundschau* (July 30, 1982): "So far as Israel is concerned, the siege of the city is the most humane that can be imagined."

Italy. The new concordat between Italy and the Vatican still recognizes the latter as an independent state and part of the upkeep of Italian priests will continue to be paid by the Italian government; but priests who spend time in jail will no longer have special privileges, and the Holy Father has reportedly agreed to cough up \$350 million to the creditors of the Banco Ambrosiano, in whose failures the Vatican had a hand. Finally, John Paul II agreed that Rome is no longer to be designated as a "sacred city," which takes away his right to recommend shutting down strip tease shows and closing pornographic bookstores. The concordat also removes the Jewish catacombs from Vatican supervision and places them under the charge of the Italian government. Jews have been fighting for this concession for decades.

Russia. Some 1,500 deputies comprise the membership of the Supreme Soviet, which is divided into two bodies: the Council of the Union and the Council of Nationalities. In this year's balloting, eight Jews were elected to the Supreme Soviet, two more than in the previous election. These are "official" Jews; that is to say, their internal passports list them as being of "Jewish nationality." There are, of course, Jews who get themselves listed as Russians. How many of these were elected to the Supreme Soviet no one, perhaps not even Chernenko, rightly knows. One Jew with a Russian tag is Georgy Arbatov, director of the U.S. and Canadian Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, who has occasionally been seen "explaining" Russian policy on American TV. Arbatov once described himself as the late Yuri Andropov's "rabbi."

But lest any Instaurationist think that the Jews are still in the ascendance in Russia, it should be pointed out that Jewish immigration from the USSR has tumbled to its lowest point in the past decade. The trickle of dissidents is so small that 200,000 Jews turned out in New York City recently and

demanding that Moscow lift the Iron Curtain and "let my people go."

For further evidence of the Jewish predicament in Russia, one should harken to the words of grief and lamentation uttered by a delegation of Canadian politicians who visited the Soviet Union last January. Lynn McDonald, M.P., complained that "anti-Semitic posters can be bought like pornography in the USSR." It was generally agreed by all the Canadian pols that the Russian press had compared Israel's invasion of Lebanon to what went on in Nazi "death camps"; that the same press had charged that Jewish doctors steal organs from non-Jews for transplants for Jewish children; that Zionists are in complete control of all Jewish organizations throughout the world.

* One Canadian M.P., Jim Peterson, mused: "One wonders whether Soviet authorities are trying to prepare the Soviet people for any type of program [pogrom?] that they might want to start against Jews."

Romania. At the instigation of Grand Rabbi Rosen, the U.S. government has warned Romania it is "preoccupied" about the new wavelet of anti-Semitism washing over the country. What bothered Washington and the Grand Rabbi particularly were the anti-Semitic articles that appeared in some Young Communist journals, as well as in a new edition of poems by Corneliu Valerian Tudor, a remarkably talented nationalist poet. Tudor's verse accuses Jews of being "duplicitous and corrupt, conscienceless and deprived of all sense of loyalty, and having no patriotic link to their country of residence, their principal vocation being to exploit their host countries."

Since every word published in Communist Romania must bear the state's stamp of approval, there are apparently a few anti-Semites among the Bucharest apparatchiks.

Israel. As far as the Middle East is concerned, the U.S. might as well not have a State Department.* Current American foreign policy seems to be under the management of the America-Israel Public Affairs Committee. When the White House tried to get approval for the sale of 1,613 Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to Jordan, it didn't go

* For most of this century, in all important areas of foreign policy, the State Department has served largely as a messenger boy for presidents and an implementer of the opinions of editors and columnists. In a recent speech (Feb. 9, 1984), Dean Rusk as much as admitted this:

When I first joined President Kennedy as Secretary of State, Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. Arthur Krock each sent me a message saying that, if I should like to call on them, they would be glad to receive me. A gentle reminder of the real pecking order around this town.

to State or to the Senate; it went to clear it with AIPAC. Turned down, the White House tried to cut its losses by making AIPAC a new offer: we'll withdraw the Stinger sale if you call off the bill in Congress to move the U.S. embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Knowing it has the votes to kill the Stinger deal and pass the embassy transfer, AIPAC nixed the proposed compromise. So that was the end of the weapons sale (worth more than \$100 million to U.S. firms and workers). Reagan threw in his cards and, once again, Thomas Dine, the head of AIPAC, rode roughshod over the President of the United States. Reagan may or may not veto the Embassy move (which now has a near majority of each House of Congress listed as co-sponsors), but don't bet on any great manifestation of political courage in an election year. King Hussein and his American-born spouse, Queen Noor, understood the situation all too well when they both unloosed loud blasts at the U.S. for its cringing servitude to Israel.

While all this was going on, the *New York Times* ran a story headlined, "Scorn for U.S. in Israel." We pay the bills, we furnish the arms, and we humiliate ourselves before the entire world by acting as Israel's stooge. What do we get back? Not a drop of gratitude, just a bucket of scorn.

How empty it feels to belong to a macro-country that belongs heart and pocketbook to a micro-country!†

* * *

There is an Israeli film you won't be seeing in your local theater. Strange to say, it preaches production, economic self-sufficiency and soft-pedals welfare. One scene shows a real-life United Jewish Appeals affair in a banquet room in a U.S. hotel. Potbellied men in black ties and painted jewelry-ridden harridans wander about while kitschy tunes are sawed out on violins. Men rise from time to time almost mechanically to make their \$100,000 pledges. Off camera the producer of the documentary, a light-eyed, Nordic-looking Israeli industrialist named Stefan Wertheimer, says, "We need \$10 billion in exports, not \$10 billion in aid." The film says it even more eloquently.

As the Israeli economy goes from bad to worse (190.7% inflation in 1983, 400% today), corruption, fraud and speculation geyser up to new heights. As Israel asks for ever greater amounts of financial and mili-

† Congress also does AIPAC's bidding in regard to West Germany. A recent letter to Chancellor Kohl bearing the signatures of 69 House members demanded that West Germany halt its sale of weapons to Saudi Arabia. Although Israel is planning to sell 300 106mm. recoilless rifles to Iran, West Germany was told not to sell any weapons to Saudi Arabia. Kohl refused to obey. The West German leader also came under Jewish attack for selling bullet-proof vests to Syria.

tary aid from the U.S., it would seem that few Israelis are heeding the film's message.

* * *

While Israeli warplanes and torpedo boats were trying to sink the *U.S.S. Liberty* in the 1967 Six-Day War, U.S. fighters up there in the wild blue yonder over the Sinai were clandestinely spying for Israel. Four Air Force RF-4C reconnaissance planes, modified versions of F-4 Phantoms painted with Israeli markings, were flown in from England and used to spot Egyptian troop positions. The U.S. flyers were given fake papers so they could pretend to be contract employees of the Israeli government in case they were shot down. This is one more breach of international law by the U.S., which constantly sermonizes on the rule of law at the UN and at all the various international conferences it attends.

As for the *Liberty*, Jewish propaganda is now working overtime to counter the truth that the attack was deliberate and that Israel knew the ship was American. The latest such attempt was a press story by an unnamed (naturally) dual-citizen noncommissioned officer in the Israeli army who said he just happened to be in the Israeli war room in Tel Aviv at the time the fate of the *Liberty* was being decided. According to this serendipitous informant, the Israelis asked Washington three times if the *Liberty* was an American ship, and three times (just like St. Peter) Washington denied it. Only then did the Israeli high command order its jets and torpedo boats into action.

At this rate, the attack on the *Liberty* will go down in history as the fault of the victims, not the attackers.

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They buried Tereza Angelovitz, Engelovitz or Anghelovici (depending on which Jewish newspaper you read) in a Jewish cemetery, but only for a few months. Two Orthodox Jews sneaked in at night, dug up the body and dumped it in a Moslem cemetery. When apprehended, the two grave-robbers explained that Tereza, although married to a Jew, had never converted to Judaism, or at least had never converted in the approved manner. She had spent a few years in a Nazi-supervised Romanian concentration camp in World War II, but that didn't seem to wash off her goyish taint. Neither did the fact that she "lived as a Jewess."

Adina Harpaz, Tereza's daughter, denounced the two grave-robbers and the religious circles behind them as "cannibals" and "barbarians."

Against the will of Israel's chief rabbis, the Israeli High Court ordered Tereza's body reburied in the Jewish cemetery.

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Two of the most sacrosanct religious edifices in the world are the golden-domed Dome of the Rock and the silver-domed

Al-Aksa mosques in Jerusalem, both built in the eighth century. The former is constructed over a rock from which, we are told, Mohammed lifted off this mortal coil for paradise. Jews claim the rock to be the site where Abraham almost, but not quite, sacrificed son Isaac.

At dawn on January 7, terrorists carrying 30 pounds of explosives and 22 hand grenades scaled the wall that protects the religious compound. When an unarmed Moslem guard alerted Israeli police to the presence of the intruders, they were chased off in the nick of time, leaving behind their explosives, ropes, ladders and knapsacks.

The news was censored for two days. Almost a month later, seven Jews, four of them Americans, were arrested. The three Israeli Jews were accused of trying to blow up the mosques. The four Americans, proudly described by Rabbi Meir Kahane as members of his "Kach" hit team, were charged with attacking a bus and wounding seven Arabs. The Israeli police said that so far there was no evidence that implicated any of the accused in the 1980 attack on Arab mayors nor in last summer's bloody foray in Hebron which killed three Palestinians and wounded 33. Moreover, the culprits who actually did bomb a Russian Orthodox convent, a Baptist church and various other non-Jewish religious installations, are still on the loose.

None of the arrested was allowed to see a lawyer until after the police investigation had been completed. As with much else in Israel, this practice is directly contrary to what Jews in America demand from U.S. criminal procedure.

In the past year or so we have heard a great deal about swastikas being daubed on Los Angeles and Hartford synagogues. The headlines seem to grow no bigger when describing an attack on Jerusalem mosques. Does some paint thrown on the walls of a Jewish place of worship in Muskrat Junction, Idaho (paint quite possibly splattered by a dissident member of the congregation), equal in news value the attempted dynamiting of the third holiest spot in Islam (after Mecca and Medina)?

Lebanon. The first week of February here offered a preview of the American and perhaps the Russian future. The 37,000-man American-trained Lebanese Army split in two along sectarian lines, with nearly all of the Moslem troops and officers defecting to the Shiite Amal militia.

Why did they go? Perhaps the main reason given was that they were fed up with perceived Christian discrimination against Moslems. About 60% of Lebanese Army combat troops were Moslem but about 60% of the officers were Christian, despite a recently instituted vigorous "affirmative action" program for Moslems. Since Lebanese Moslems, on average, come from much more backward circumstances than Lebanese Christians, it is likely that Chris-

tian officers were actually the ones being discriminated against in promotion. Still, the *perception* of anti-Moslem discrimination (and not only in the military) was pervasive among Moslems.

Mass defections had been occurring sporadically ever since the Army was reconstituted last year (after fragmenting during the 1975-76 civil war), but the nearly total pullout of the Moslems took place during 48 hours on February 5 and 6. The defectors, who took much of their weaponry with them, could be seen grinning broadly, backslapping, giving one another the Islamic equivalent of "high-fives," and saying something akin to "right on, bro!" in Arabic. The Lebanese Christian command had never lacked awareness of what it called "structural friction" in most units. Nor, for that matter, do the white commands of the American and Soviet armies, whose black and Moslem troops are even more "underrepresented" among the officers than were Lebanon's Moslems.

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An unidentified CIA official told the *New York Times* (Dec. 6) that the expulsion of the PLO from Beirut following the 1982 Israeli invasion was a disaster for American intelligence. Although the United States declines to deal overtly with the PLO, a large network of PLO sources had been cultivated at least since the presidency of Richard Nixon. The PLO "provided the real security for the American Embassy in Beirut," this official stated. The loss of these informants may have led to the Embassy's bombing in April 1983, and to the suicide attack on U.S. Marine headquarters six months later. The Embassy bombing, in turn, killed several key CIA staffers, including Robert C. Ames, the agency's senior Middle East analyst.

Millions of Americans cheered on cue when they saw pictures of Yasser Arafat and his men vacating Beirut. They may have been cheering the eventual demise of hundreds of young American men.

Australia. In the last 58 years the Big Brother Movement has brought 12,000 skilled young Britons to Australia, looked after them for two years and found them jobs. Today the BBM is on the skids. The Australian government, prodded by the Minister of Immigration, who in turn was prodded by higher powers, no longer allows the BBM to operate effectively because its category of immigrant no longer fits the new rules that newcomers must have five years experience in some trade. Special dispensations, of course, are quickly granted to immigrants from certain non-white countries, but unfortunately not to those sponsored by the BBM.



Eye-Popping Videos

You'll walk a long way and knock on many doors before you could buy the following video cassette tapes. They are for sale, however, by an enterprising California outfit.

- *Animal Farm* (1954), Britain, 72 mins. Cartoon feature based on George Orwell's satire on Communism (\$60).
- *The Blue Angel* (1930), Germany, 93 mins. This Marlene Dietrich cabaret tragedy is regarded by many as a psychosocial metaphor of Weimar Germany's decadence (\$80).
- *The Golem* (1920), Germany, 94 mins. Silent film (with music added) of famous Jewish Frankenstein-type legend. Regarded by many as an analogy of Jewish power-brokering (\$60).
- *Olympia (Part 1 - "Festival of the People")* and *Olympia (Part 2 - "Festival of Beauty")* (1938), Germany, 111 mins. and 90 mins. Leni Riefenstahl produced and directed the most beautiful of all athletic films (\$60 per part).
- *The Secret Life of Adolf Hitler* (1958), USA, 53 mins. Interviews with Hitler's sister as well as sections of Eva Braun's famous home movies (\$50).
- *Die Deutschen Wochenschau* (1941), Germany, 50 mins. Sample of four German weekly newsreels aimed at the "home front" (\$60).
- *Nazi War Crimes Trials* (1945), USA & USSR, 67 mins. Six RKO-Pathé newsreels depicting a series of "minor" war crimes trials and executions. Reel #7 is a Soviet film of Nuremberg, with typical Soviet-English narration (\$60).
- *Triumph of the Will* (1934), Germany, 110 mins. Another Leni Riefenstahl masterpiece. Perhaps the greatest propaganda documentary ever made; the official record of the Sixth Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg (\$60).
- *Day of Freedom* (1935), Germany, 17 mins. Director Leni Riefenstahl was asked by Hitler to make this powerful military documentary because she had somehow ignored the German Army in *Triumph of the Will* (\$60).
- *The Sorrow and the Pity* (1972), France, 260 mins. "Oral history" of French collaboration with the Nazis. In French with English subtitles. This movie was once banned in France (\$95).
- *Jud Süß* (1940), Germany, 100 mins. Hitler era docudrama was based on a novel by Jewish author Lion Feuchtwänger. The wily Nazis reversed the emphasis to produce this medieval tale of Jewish loan-sharking. In German with no subtitles (\$100). With English subtitles (\$150). 16 mm film version with subtitles (\$400).
- *Der Ewige Jude [The Eternal Jew]* (1940), Germany, 80 mins. The only other

Nazi movie to deal with the "Jewish problem." It traces the origins and behavior of the Jews over the past 4,000 years (\$100).

- *Fast Talk* (1982), USA, 60 mins. New York City revisionist engineer Fritz Berg explains how "gas vans" and "gassing by diesel fumes" are a scientific impossibility (\$50).

All prices include shipping, handling and applicable taxes. Please specify Beta or VHS format. Cash with order. Write for free catalog, which contains many other interesting and hard-to-find video cassette tapes. Truth Missions, P.O. Box 3849, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

Non-Bestseller List

New books, which in one way or another, may pique the attention of Instaurationist bookworms:

The Tarnished Door: The New Immigrants and the Transformation of America (Times Books, 1983) by John Crewdson. Pretty much takes the party line on colored immigration, but is loaded with illuminating (though horrifying) data about the swarms of legals and illegals who arrive, squat and hope to take us over (e.g., 20% of California's 750,000 Jews are "recent emigres").

Under the Skin: The Death of White Rhodesia (Northwestern University Press, 1983) by David Caute. The author, of course, has a great dislike for white Rhodesians, but lets us in on many media-ignored events that occurred in the onetime white nation's 1976-1980 "Time of Troubles."

James Gould Cozzens: A Life Apart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1983) by Matthew J. Bruccoli.

The Imperial Post: the Meyers, the Gramams, and the Paper that Rules Washington (William Morrow, 1983) by Tom Kelly.

The Africans (Random House, 1982) by David Lamb. Stereotypically pro-Negro and anti-South African, it nonetheless accurately chronicles the back to barbarism march of post-independence Black Africa.

Inside the Criminal Mind (Times Books, 1984) by Dr. Stanton Samenow. Crime is blamed on criminals, not society.

Talk Back (Thomas Nelson, 1983). Contains the addresses of all companies who advertise on prime time TV, along with the name of the chairman and his phone number. Products are listed in alphabetical order.

No Pontifications

There have been so many stirrings in recent months that rather than take a few of them, blow them up and pontificate about them, we will simply itemize them.

- California Governor George Deukmejian vetoed a gay rights bill.

- After Hispanic police officer Luis Alvarez was acquitted of killing a Negro hoodlum in Miami, local blacks were kind enough to stage only a mini-riot.

- The Justice Department entered a racial and sex discrimination court case against the city fathers of Birmingham, who had been promoting less qualified blacks and women with less seniority over white males. Although the Justice Department had helped to set up Birmingham's illegal quota system, the Reagan administration has now gone on record as opposing it, along with similar affirmative action scams in Boston, New Orleans, Memphis and Detroit.

- Joseph Sobran, a columnist, has attacked Richard Cohen, another columnist, for downgrading non-Jews in his writings about Jews and never suggesting that Jews show gratitude to non-Jews for all the existential goodies the latter have provided for the former.

- A big outdoor billboard in Vancouver, B.C., features a photo of some good-looking whites above the words, "Who speaks out for these people?"

- U.S. District Judge Henry Werker ordered an attorney to pay \$19,000 in court costs for instigating a noisome and frivolous lawsuit.

- After more than 5,000 signatures had been acquired, the city fathers of Berkeley, California, voted to put an initiative before the voters in June, calling for a reduction in aid to Israel equivalent to what Israel spends each year on settlements in the occupied territories. Rejected by a vote of 5-4 was a proposal by Councilman Leo Bach to place a statement in support of Israel on the same ballot.

- The Federal Communications Commission turned down a petition from a Jewish organization not to renew the licenses of seven NBC affiliates on the basis of unfair coverage of Israel's invasion of Lebanon on the network's Nightly News.

- Actors Equity and the Screen Actors Guild have each contributed \$1,500 to Vanessa Redgrave's suit against the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which bowed to Jewish organizational pressure two years ago and cancelled her contract to narrate six performances of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*.

- The U.S. Supreme Court ruled 5-4 that the city of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was within its constitutional bounds when it sponsored a Christmas nativity scene. The National Council of Churches, the American Jewish Committee and the ACLU bitterly denounced the decision.

- The Bethlehem superintendent of schools in New York State attributed the high SAT scores in his district to the "gene pool." The nearest NAACP branch was thoroughly discombobulated by this "openly racist remark."