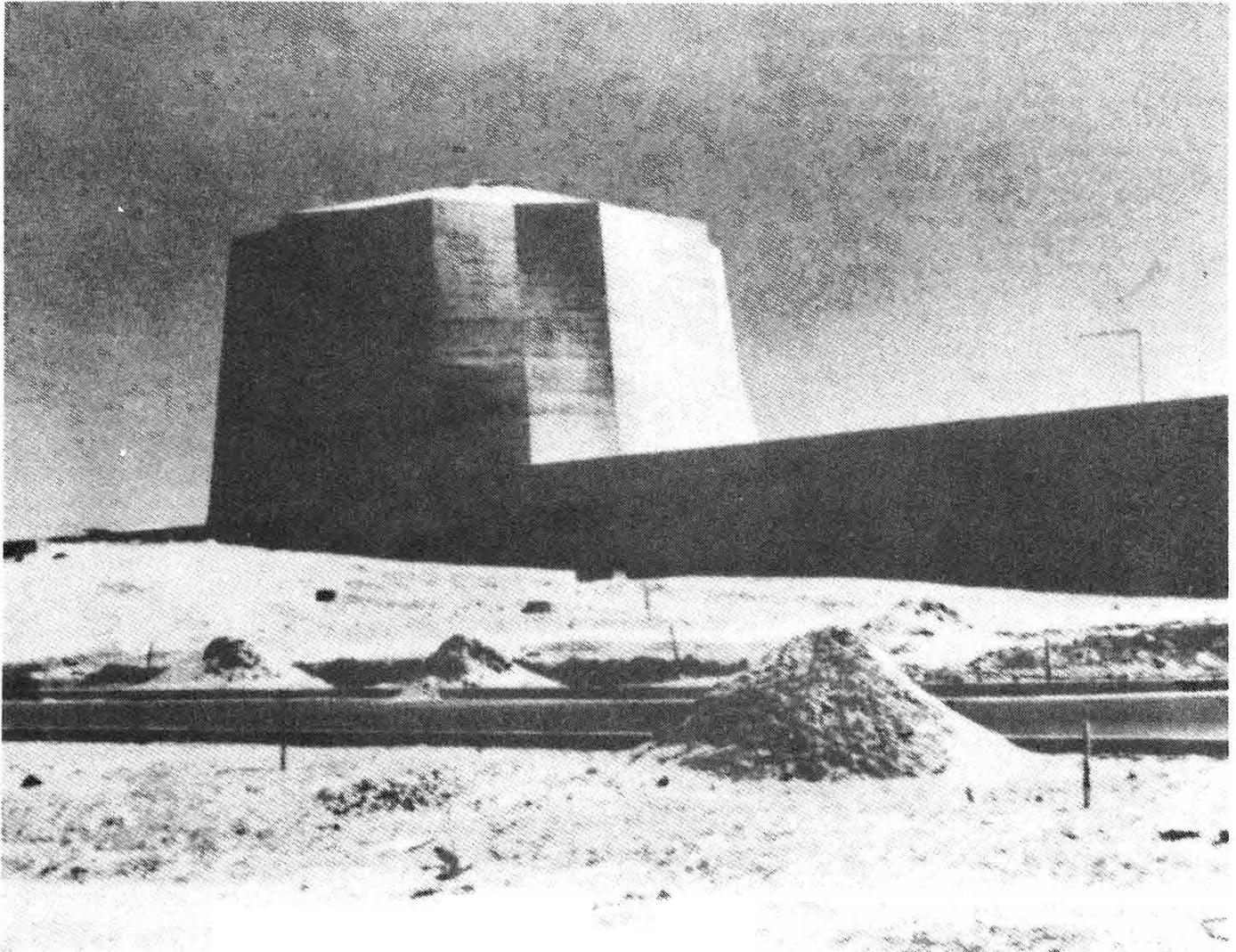


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 10 NO. 4

MARCH 1985



Soreq reactor dome

ISRAEL'S NUCLEAR ARSENAL

The Safety Valve

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

I couldn't agree more with Zip 764 (Feb. 1985) about John McEnroe "telling off" the world. Our people are just so damned tolerant/intimidated/whipped and -- much worse -- so proper and socially conscious that they would rather be submerged in a sea of darkness than commit the social gaffe of raising their voices. I am not talking about whining, like the minorities do, but of not letting outrageous things pass just because someone may think us "boorish" for correcting them. How can we blame the younger generation for not realizing the truth when we refuse to articulate it?

302

I live in a part of the U.S. where there are many healthy, blue-eyed blond people, but all with empty heads. They stick to themselves, but almost become violent when it is suggested that whites should stick together. They actually encourage their children to intermix and to intermarry. There happens to be another race, here in Hawaii, that thinks like I do -- the Japanese. Of course, they are for keeping their own race together and could care less for ours, but at least they allow themselves to think the right thoughts.

967

I'm sure you are as tired as I am of listening to friends talk about the inflated value of their houses. Though I'm virtually an economic illiterate, I know that these out-of-sight values contribute mightily to inflation. Yet I've got the feeling our home-owning middle class is not too unhappy about this part of the inflationary spiral.

941

Enjoyed your story on Franz Liszt (October 1984). Is it worth mentioning that he was German, that the family name was List before his parents located in Hungary? His father learned to speak a little of the local lingo; his mother conversed in German. I once found a most delightful book at the library entitled *Music Study in Germany in the 1870s* -- if memory serves. It was by a young American pianist, Amy Faye, who studied briefly under the great -- and by then aging -- Liszt. She recalled watching from her window as young Prussian troops marched smartly past on their way west to give the French (who started the war) a pummeling. How beautifully they sang, she observed, and how grand they looked. They "caught her breath" as they joked and laughed and saluted the cheering crowds. The young lady enthused that she had never seen -- or believed existed -- such splendid specimens of young manhood. All were fair and tall and robust, she insisted. Where, oh where, are they now?

Canadian subscriber

Christians are hopeless. This coming Saint Patrick's Day I'm going to write a letter to the editor of the local paper mentioning that St. Patrick, St. Olaf and St. Willebaid used torture to impose a barbaric Semitic religion on the Northern peoples. My home is a fundamentalist area. Fun.

401

Instauration is the one superb effort on our behalf that is squarely pointed in the right direction. It is superbly and brilliantly done and worthy of the thanks and support of every thinking white in the world today. If the Majority member could have his nose rubbed daily in the mental fare of *Instauration*, he might get mad enough to become a man again.

220

It's hilariously ironic that the International Liberal Establishment talks proudly of the browning of the U.S. -- the same color they hated so much in Nazism!

306

The State Department won't let us go to South African ports, not even when a fuel pickup there would be convenient and safer than going a thousand miles further on, low on fuel. So we travel on to Black African ports where services are much poorer. But when a genuine emergency hits, where do we turn? White South Africa. A guy got sick out here, and we hightailed it for Durban. The South Africans wanted us to come in and tie up in order to effect the transfer of the sick man, but the horse's asses back in Washington said no again. So we passed him across to a Durban harbor pilot boat in choppy seas, where the invalid could have been badly hurt or killed.

Seafaring subscriber

Living in the somewhat slummy, somewhat artsy, somewhat punked-out East Village area of Manhattan, I probably see as many or more interracial couples -- I speak here of black/white or mulatto/white, since I have not trained my eyes more broadly -- as any *Instauration* reader. But I do my little bit each day, and live to tell the tale. I sneer openly. I say, "disgusting!" I stare -- and boy, they're sensitive about staring! If a couple has a mulatto urchin in tow, I say, in my best Butterfly McQueen: "Cullud baby!" Why do I get away with this? Probably because I am a young and fairly attractive white woman. I'm supposed to be one of the oppressed. (I don't follow the reasoning, either.)

100

Let me say that the enemy has a hell of a problem. He controls everything to do with our mass media -- an incredible advantage -- but he does not control our genetic mind.

775

Instauration

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

Annual Subscription
\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$32.50 Canada and foreign
Add \$17.00 for overseas air
Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.
Please advise us of any change of address
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

©1985 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

CONTENTS

How Many Atomic Bombs in the Zionist Arsenal?	6
Death at Whidbey Island.....	7
Destroying Philadelphia -- Quaker Style.....	9
A Journey Through Syria (II).....	11
Cultural Catacombs	18
Inklings	20
Cholly Bilderberger.....	22
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	24
Country Roads	25
Talking Numbers.....	26
Primate Watch.....	27
Elsewhere.....	29
Stirrings	33

□ I notice that ebony-tinted Olympic winner Daley Thompson must now be held under the noses of Englishmen as the flower of English manhood. Even truckling anti-racists must feel the inappropriateness of it.

309

□ Recently I had the rare and pleasant experience of meeting a 21-year-old, breathtakingly beautiful super-Nordic of English extraction who is a student of journalism at our largest state university. What made the experience especially noteworthy was that years of propaganda had not totally eradicated her common sense and racial instincts. I was surprised to see how much she understood about the whole scheme of creation without any exposure to Majority activist literature. Her most memorable line was a comment on the insipidness of American culture which could only be characterized as "Chollyesque." I quote: "Contemporary American culture reminds me of a bad movie that has no end. 'Bad' not in any shocking sense, but more in the sense of dull, boring, tedious and distasteful. Anyone who is not instinctively alienated from the TV, consumerist, 'throw-away' culture of America is hopeless."

030

□ When Ataturk wanted Turks to stop wearing the Fez, which they wore because it brimlessly enabled them to bow to Mecca, he ordered the whole country to wear brimmed hats. Or else. When he ordered women to drop the veil, he was disobeyed. So he stationed a soldier in each marketplace with orders to shoot the first woman he saw come to market in a veil. The veils dropped. But you can't actually make a white out of a Turkic Eurasian by force. Sombody should have explained race to Ataturk. Madison Grant, Stoddard, Gunter and Weidenreich were all contemporaries of his. What wonders he could have performed!

441

□ Recently while on a tour of Appalachia I stopped by a small local craft shop. As I browsed happily among books about quilt-making, carving, weaving and Bluegrass, what did my wandering, wondering eyes behold? A big fat book entitled, Hooray for Yiddish!

327

□ In a way the U.S.S. Liberty is a timebomb waiting to explode the day some rusty blasted plate from its hull is found and cut up into a million pieces for distribution to collectors. Sorta like fragments of the True Cross.

606

□ On the ABC-TV "special" on public-school education shown in early September, one of the most heart-rending sights was the pretty blonde, blue-eyed teacher who was giving her best energies and reproductive years to educating indifferent and untalented "inner-city" children. There was hardly a hint of the real issues in public education -- the different average learning capacities of children of various races, the barely overlapping Gauss curves of IQ scores with rather distant peaks and the low reproductive rates of intelligent parents.

741

□ First a note to tell you how "right on" are Cholly's observations about the Chosen. I refer to his recent comments about their "telephonitis" and how mothers bug their children's teachers about their daughters' low grades. Years ago here in Chicago I went out with an ex-teacher from Chicago Latin School (Nancy Reagan went there). One of the major reasons she quit her job was because she couldn't stand the constant phoning from Jewish Princesses demanding to know why their kids were not getting A's.

604

□ I recently heard Gordon Liddy speak at a nearby university. One point in particular drew a great deal of attention. He mentioned how an inscription on the wall of the Jefferson Memorial was totally out of context and was another example of mind control. He mentioned taking this up with several government agencies and getting bizarre responses like -- even if he didn't, that is what Jefferson should have said, or that is what he would have said if he were alive today! [Editor's note: Liddy may have gotten the idea from *Instauration's* article on the Jefferson truncation (June 1977).]

172

□ Although Paul McCartney is ultimately too much of a lightweight to deserve a full-fledged "Majority Renegade of the Year" selection, I believe that he richly deserves a Dishonorable Mention, even though the Beatles are so much a part of my culture consciousness that I can't help but feel like a bit of an ingrate in making the nomination. I've always felt that Penny Lane was a thoroughly delightful piece of English popular music which captured beautifully the "feel" of Liverpool in the 1950s -- a teenager's view of his hometown and a paean to its mundane quotidian joys. McCartney was at his best with this song, just as Lennon was with the flip side of Strawberry Fields Forever. Only in much more recent years has Paul voluntarily assumed a racially destructive role. As his musical talent deteriorated, he has gone in for more and more "message music." Several years ago he cooked up a duet with Stevie Wonder, *Ebony* and *Ivory*, which I'm sure most *Instaurationists* remember with dread: "Ebony, ivory, working in perfect harmony . . ." A piano needs both black and white keys, yeah, yeah! This abomination would make a perfect national anthem for the MSA (Mulatto States of America). Apparently believing that you can't get enough of a bad thing, McCartney has recorded several duets with twitchy-limbed Michael Jackson. One set of lyrics dwell on their rivalry for the affections of a girl of unspecified race. "She's my girl, Paul. No, she's my girl, Michael." Beatle Paul, by the way, lives on a farm in Scotland, where it is much easier to imagine "Ebony and ivory working in perfect harmony" than in Brixton, Detroit, Watts or, for that matter, Lagos. (McCartney was robbed and almost murdered during a visit to Lagos.) Paul's "perfect harmony" adds up to nothing more than a marijuana-induced pipe dream, which he is free to share with wife Linda Eastman (née Epstein) and his three children, but which he should not inflict on impressionable Majority youngsters.

478

□ Karl Linna, an Estonian immigrant, is the first former citizen of any of the Baltic republics to be found guilty of war crimes by the Justice Department. Up to the present, the U.S. has at least paid lip service to the proposition that the incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet Union was an illegal act accomplished by force against the wishes of the inhabitants. The entire Justice Department investigative process has complicated the issue since a tacit admission of Soviet authority over the Baltic states has been made by the acceptance of depositions given in compliance with Soviet (not U.S.) law. Any deportation would represent a break with a 40-year-old policy which states that the Soviets can't expect to invade and annex sovereign nations and expect the U.S. to accept the act as legitimate. The Linna case has another interesting aspect. It is true that he was found guilty in absentia of offenses by the Soviet (not Estonian) government and sentenced to death. Although the media reported his conviction, they do not publicize the interesting detail that news of Linna's conviction first appeared in a publication of the Procurator General's office in Moscow, before the actual trial took place in Tallin, Estonia. A bureaucratic error had been responsible for not informing Moscow. Thus Linna was sentenced to death before the formality of a trial.

142

□ I have found in life that if you don't have to elbow a lot of Jews out of the way to get something, it is probably not worth having.

300



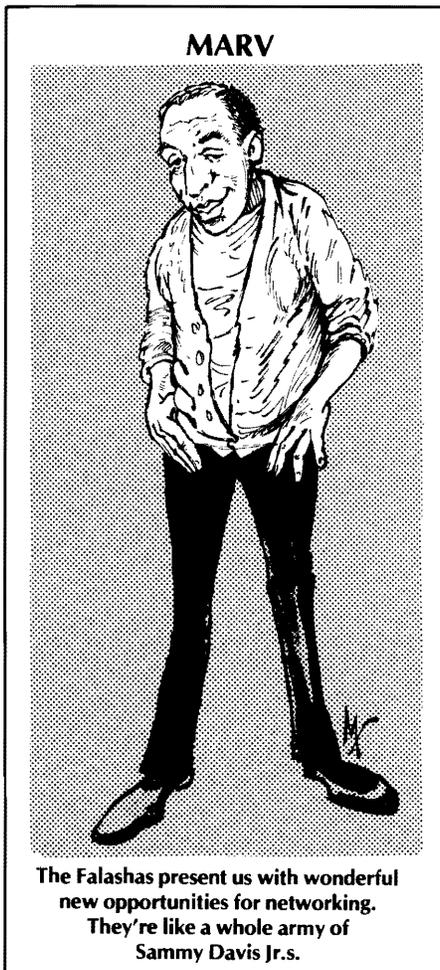
The Safety Valve

□ The shameful spectacle of those "conservative Republican congressmen" joining the latest anti-South African lynching bee by warning Afrikaners that they can expect no support from the American right wing provides us with yet another sign that the time for Majority members to sever their remaining links with what now passes for American conservatism is already long past. Conservatives have become like the little boy who runs out in the street to follow the parade -- the parade in this case being the racial war waged against the Majority. Malcolm X once stated that he much preferred the Southern redneck to the Northern liberal because he knew exactly where the former stood. As Instaurationists we should similarly prefer Majority liberals and libertarians (at least some of them are honest) to the pitiful crowd that goes by the name of "American conservatives."

121

□ The Medusa whose long snake tresses turned beholders to stone may have been one of the original Rasta girls with a hell of a long corn-row.

784



□ That article "1836 in Reverse" (Stirrings, Oct. 1984) was a gem. A lifelong resident of San Antonio, I can report that things here are indeed "desperately rotten." Like the rest of south Texas, we are under an alien occupation engineered by our own government. Until the late 50s, San Antonio was a Majority stronghold. But once the feds began pushing minorities, WASP bastions crumbled like stale cake. Today arrogant and militant Mexicans, most descendants of illegals, own the city, from the mayor (Hispanic racist), police and fire chiefs down to the dog catchers, mailmen and garbage collectors. Almost all public jobs are now reserved for the new elite. In the private sector, affirmative action is the order of the day. Anglo businessmen still control the city's economy but, like all renegades, countenance any humiliation so long as the pesos keep rolling in. A look at the marriage license columns in the newspapers shows that miscegenation is epidemic. Now that formerly all-white northside and southside suburbs teem with browns and blacks, crime there, especially rape, is spiraling. Today no one ventures too far from home at night without protection. Their holidays, like Cinco de Mayo, are celebrated with lavish ceremony, while ours, such as Alamo Day, are studiously ignored or treated as KKK rites by the minority-pandering media. The time is surely coming when our alien masters will demand the razing of the Alamo, a high point of Northern European history in the New World, because it grates on minority sensibilities. It is conservatively estimated that 100,000 illegals now squat here, and most sources agree this figure is probably 50% too low. If you want the classic example of what occurs when a Northern European population lets down its guard and allows itself to be taken over body and soul by dark aliens who are totally incapable of managing their own homeland, look no further than San Antonio.

782

□ Oh, how I loved the piece on Cecil Beaton! I sent copies to Anthony Haden-Guest, Tina Brown, Leo Lerman and numerous other personalities around town who just might be interested. I also sent some to friends at Vogue, suggesting coyly that here was a new addition to the Condé Nast Hall of Shame.

100

□ "Expatriate in Italy" writes in the Safety Valve (Oct. 1984) that "Nordics and whites in general" do not seem to have "an instinct for self-preservation." I sympathize with the general glumness of the sentiment, but I disagree with the statement. That we are now being greatly outproliferated by the colored races is more a reflection on our technological skills than on some innate death wish. Yes, we will decline numerically, even as the world heaves and civilization decays. But I suspect we'll put in a much better showing than anyone else when the game changes from exponential proliferation to bare-bones survival.

019

□ Is pornography essentially an artistic activity? What was pornographic back in the 60s is now artistic and O.K. in the 80s.

109

□ Today I had to renew my driver's license and went to an office that serves a wide swath of northern Virginia suburbs. Fully half, probably more, of the people were neither white nor black by any wild stretch of the imagination -- mainly East Asians and dark Hispanics, though many were of who-knows-what race. Now get this -- everyone over age 55 was not only white but Northern European, with one or two exceptions. The small minority of whites under 30 were mainly dark white: Italian, Jewish and the like. White Majority types were 10% of those under 30 and 90% of those over 55. This wasn't in a central city, but in green-belt suburbia. Let's give up on the Census. I'm convinced it's all lies. Officially there are 2 million whites, one million blacks and 250,000 others (at most) in the D.C. metro area. Lies! Everyone has to drive. Why were there so few whites at my suburban licensing place?

223

□ People make history. Food makes people. And soil makes food. The quality of all three are interdependent. If whites are to survive in America, they better wake up and discover what is happening to their soil and their food. No wonder we have problems. When will historians teach history from the viewpoint of nutrition? And how can they teach history without taking this all-important factor into account?

606

□ Isn't it positively uncanny the way Uncle Zog always seems to know just how to make a bad thing worse? Example: to provide a counterweight of sorts to that lugubrious sunken wall built to commemorate our Vietnam folly, it was decided to erect a traditional "upbeat" statue, showing three soldiers in heroic poses. Well, you've probably seen it by now too. One soldier is white, one soldier is black and the third soldier is . . . well, a word of explanation is necessary here. At first soldier #3 was described as "Hispanic." Days later, another news report explained it also represented "Indians and other minorities." In other words, that third GI is sort of an all-purpose brown "Other." Now Aleuts, Samoans and Arabs won't feel "left out." Isn't this idiocy a perfect example of just how the U.S., while supposedly becoming ever more "non-racist," becomes ever more racially obsessed?

042

□ In Attica (prison), Willie's radio is known as a "Harlem briefcase."

101

□ If a nation can be considered an organism of sorts, then I can't help but see the hard-working Majority farmer shipping out his foodstuffs to support the life of our major cities (why does New York persist on coming instantly to mind?) as being analogous to a human body's feeding the cancers that will eventually kill it.

121

□ Now that she has helped lead the Democratic ticket to an abysmal defeat, it's time to give an honest reevaluation to the whole phenomenon of Geraldine Ferraro. First of all, her nomination was a grim endorsement of America's mad affirmative action mentality. Ferraro was chosen simply because she was a woman. Period. Mondale had painted himself into such a corner with his shameless electoral pandering during those vice-presidential interviews that he had no choice but to emerge with Ferraro. With this little maneuver, the liberal-minority coalition has shown that every level of American life is now the subject of their damnable quota-politicking. The selection of Ferraro was also a stunning triumph for that culturally divisive monstrosity known as feminism. Although little more than 15 short years ago this brand of disruptiveness was hardly a gleam in Gloria Steinem's eye, in Orwellian 1984 it successfully elevated one of its own into a slot on a major party ticket. This was no small accomplishment. Finally, there was the personality of Ferraro herself. Politically an ultraliberal (90% plus on the ADA scale) and a Zionist toady, she vented a smart-mouthed New York City braying that expressed the degradation she brought to our political life better than anything else. Who will forget that curious schizophrenia of simultaneously brandishing her Helen Reddy-ish, I Am Woman stance while taking lady-like offense at wimpy George Bush's unusual (and very short-lived) lapse into verbal aggressiveness. This was a good example of the sort of sex role confusion now rampant in modern America.

509

□ Poor whitey is trapped in a vise, one jaw being the Jewish concept of God, the other the symbol of the exchange medium (\$), and for all his genius at creative thinking, science and technology, he cannot imagine life without either. The man who can leap into space and conquer it huddles and trembles before the minority eye-in-the-sky. With such voodoo our enemies defeat reason and all efforts to go up against this hocus-pocus come crashing down.

402

□ Bishop Tutu's recent awards evoked the usual squeals of delight on the part of the liberal press and presented once again the significant spectacle of whites winning Nobel Prizes for physics, chemistry and economics and blacks (Luthuli, St. Martin, Tutu) winning the Peace Prize for agitating against whites. We have here a neat paradigm for what is becoming the worldwide racial division of labor. Tutu, as was to be expected, referred in his acceptance speech to the "unfair" hogging of the wealth on the part of South Africa's whites. Here again we see the black man's addiction to the "Cargo Cult" version of economic wealth -- that wealth is a fixed commodity "out there," and the Negro is entitled to his "fair share" of it -- a share which the white man has hitherto denied him. How ironic that while Tutu speaks, the world can see in Ethiopia an excellent example of just how efficiently the Negro "creates and shares his wealth" when he has a country "all his own."

348

□ I read and re-read "The Last Page" (Nov. 1984). How high truth lifts one, even when the truth is ugly! I agree with every word in the article -- though I must confess that on one point I did stray from its wisdom. I broke a long personal tradition of voting for third-party presidential candidates and voted for Reagan, but for a reason Instauration might understand. After the Democratic and Republican national primaries were over, certain media bigwigs made a very big point of predicting -- with relish -- that the Reagan-Bush ticket would be the last traditional major-party American ticket headed by two white males. That is sad, so sad that for symbolic reasons alone I voted for this last white team.

936

□ A group of students at Brown University have been trying to get the campus health services to provide each student with cyanide pills to take in case of atomic war. The idea is that life after a nuclear attack would be no life at all; that at best it would be a return to the Stone Age. What if, I thought, Cro-Magnon man had felt that way? If he had, where would the white wimps at Brown University be?

327

□ Did you know that soon one of the major TV networks will bring out a sitcom along the lines of *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Webster*? Its name will be Little K, featuring a 3-year-old Jewish boy being raised by a family where the father is black and the mother Oriental.

783

□ In the small southern church in the town where I grew up, Christianity was a personal matter. It taught one to live a moral, upright life and to help one's fellow man. There was nothing unique about it. Any number of creeds contain the same code of conduct. The only reason it was called "Christianity" was because its central role-model was a man called Christ and because people could quote verses from the Christian book to support their beliefs. Judaeo-Christianity is quite another matter. The very things I remember being taught by Christianity are either ignored or mocked by Judaeo-Christianity. The two religions never touch and have nothing in common except the book -- and that is so differently interpreted that there may as well be two books.

770

□ The end result of contemporary leftism and contemporary rightism is the same. They are two paths to the same journey's end. The time schedule, ideologies, rationalizations, motivations, lusts and other details may vary, sometimes significantly, but the product is the same. The leftists will produce the extermination of the Northern European race. So will the rightists, but they will make a profit out of the operation.

401

□ I missed Marv in November. If some Nazi devil has not thrown him in the ovens and made him #6,000,001, please bring him back.

774

□ Recent TV coverage of starving Ethiopians made it seem that it was America's duty to feed them. None of the major commentators thought that Marxist Ethiopia was the responsibility of Communist-bloc nations. By some strange reversal of common sense, white Americans were morally obligated to feed starving blacks in a Communist country. Meanwhile, the anti-Communist government of white South Africa (whose social order has provided more nourishment and employment for more blacks than Ethiopia's ever will) was being shown -- yet again -- as the great enemy of mankind, against whose vital interests everyone on earth was expected to work and fight. Thus, during the first exposure to North Africa's famine, the media were admonishing us to support our enemies and destroy our friends.

113

□ Only about 6% of total liquidity in the U.S. is currency. The rest is credits in one form or another. This means that the money supply is mostly credit. If interest rates are relatively high, credit expansion and thus the money supply are held in check. If interest rates are low, the reverse is true. The Federal Reserve can control bank reserves, raise or lower the discount rate, engage in open market operations, or control the federal funds rate. The end result is the control of interest rates, which controls the credit outstanding, which makes up most of the money supply, which determines the general level of prices.

Keynesianism and supply-side nonsense aside (Keynesianism is a limited measure which politicians won't practice and supply side seems to be a kind of get rich through tithing scheme), if the President and Congress should start reducing the national debt, the Federal Reserve could offset this reduction in spending by increasing the money supply through much lower interest rates. There might be some wrenching dislocations, but this occurs with every major change. Our society is going bankrupt partly because of widespread belief in overly simplified theories. It is seldom pointed out that interest on the national debt, which buys us nothing, now accounts for a huge slice of the deficit.

652

□ Isn't it odd how the Negro, even within his realms of expertise, remains ultimately dependent on white inventiveness? The saxophone was invented by the German Adolphe Sax, while basketball was developed in New England by James Naismith, a Canadian by birth.

121

□ For the past two years I have been trying to enlighten my Nordic neighbors as to the war being waged against us. Today I saw a friend with the latest Instauration flyer. He held it with respect. This person two years ago was very naive. If I may say so, he was converted by his genes and his love for the beautiful. It was an animal (organic) thing. Moreover, he and his wife have produced the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. Their little girl is light years ahead of any other child on the block. It is extremely unfortunate that the couple are not able to reproduce 100,000 times.

775

HOW MANY ATOMIC BOMBS IN THE ZIONIST ARSENAL?

While our ears and eyes are assaulted on an almost daily basis by nuclear freezers and nuclear winter doomsayers, very little attention is given to the people who are most likely to provoke these catastrophes. It is the considered opinion of *Instauration* that neither Russia nor the U.S. will ever be first to launch fusion or fission bombs at each other. Nuclear warfare, if it does materialize, is most likely to be started by smaller unstable nations, particularly the most neurotic nation on earth -- Israel.

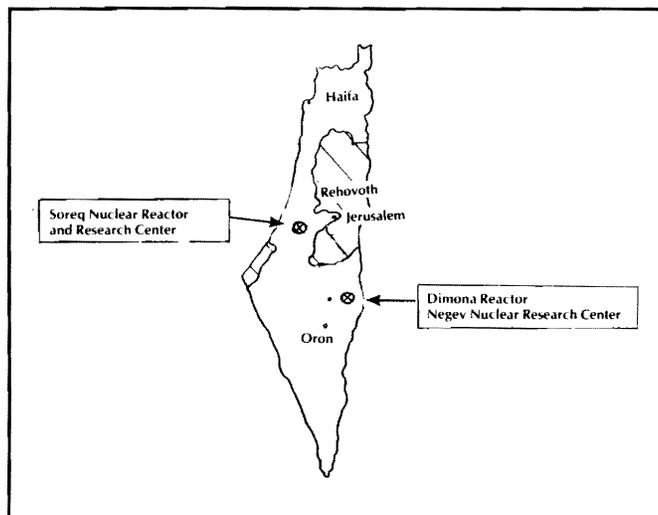
Time reported that in the 1973 Yom Kippur War, when the Egyptian army had broken through Israel's Sinai defenses, the Zionists were all set to unloose their nuclear arsenal against Sadat. Only massive American aid and a last-minute successful Israeli counterattack saved hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of Egyptians from incineration.

Sooner or later, some or all of the Arab nations are going to start another of their many wars against Israel. When that fateful day arrives, the Zionist state, if it hasn't already fallen apart from within (how long can such an economic and political monstrosity last?), is most probably going to go out not with a whimper but with a whoosh -- even perhaps a nuclear whoosh, if the Arabs, almost as neurotic, should get their vengeful hands on the necessary amount of enriched uranium or plutonium.

To keep its finger on the Middle Eastern nuclear pulse, the area of the world most likely to see future mushroom clouds, *Instauration* recently bought a copy of *Israel's Nuclear Arsenal* (unlike the *New York Times*, we have to pay for the books we review). The author is Peter Pry, described as a specialist "in defense and strategic studies," who has written articles for *Military Journal* and similar military publications. The publisher is Westview Press, Boulder, Colorado.

Israel entered the nuclear age in 1955-60, Pry informs us, when 56 Israelis received training at the Atomic Energy Commission's research centers at Argonne National Laboratory and Oak Ridge. Concurrently, the U.S. also agreed to build a five-megawatt reactor for the Israelis at Nahal Soreq, a few miles south of Tel Aviv. In 1960-66, the U.S. provided Israel with 50 kilos of U-235 to run the Soreq reactor, enough to make several small atomic bombs of the Nagasaki type. It is believed, however, that the operation of the Soreq reactor has been fairly legitimate since it is not the type to produce weapons-grade nuclear material.

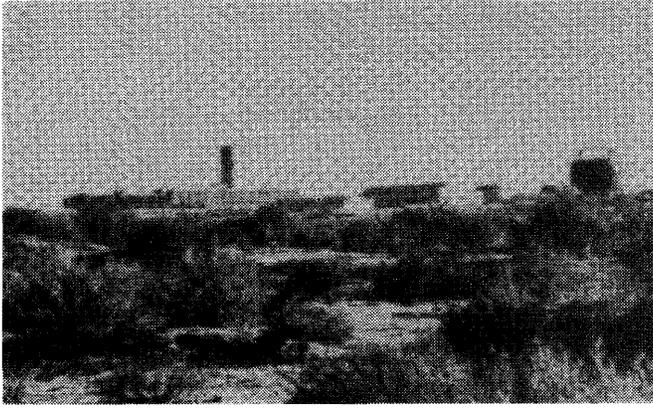
During the 60s, Israel received a great deal of help for conventional and nuclear weapons from France, which was piqued by Secretary of State Dulles's refusal to make the French a "nuclear partner" as he had made the British. French technicians shared with the Israelis the nuclear know-how they had acquired in the construction of French bombs, the first of which was exploded in February 1960.



More important, French nuclear engineers helped design a 26-megawatt reactor for the Israelis at Dimona. It was Israel's decision to go ahead with the Dimona project that some years earlier had caused the mass resignation (6 out of 7) of the members of the Israeli Atomic Energy Commission.

Dimona, operational in December 1963, can churn out quantities of plutonium (Pu-239), the main ingredient for the hottest atomic bombs. The terms of the French-Israeli deal on the Dimona reactor are still top secret. It is fairly certain, however, that it permits the Israelis to ship their plutonium to France, where it is separated and then returned to Israel to be loaded into fission bombs. As far back as 1967, France had sent Israel enough separated material for at least 15 to 20 nuclear devices. Furthermore, for its work on the Dimona reactor, France did not ask for inspection rights, either by Frenchmen or by members of the International Atomic Energy Commission. The U.S., on the other hand, did win some restricted rights of inspection, later withdrawn even though, to keep the inspection doors open, Israel was offered \$40 million for the construction of a nuclear desalinization plant. After 1963, Israel prohibited all inspections of Dimona by any country or international agency. In November 1976, 13 junketing U.S. senators were refused entry.

The consensus of opinion is that Israel really went all out on its bomb-building program after the 1967 war, when France turned to fence-mending with the Arab states and cut off all French aid and participation in Israel's nuclear projects. With its huge financial subsidies from public and private sources in the U.S., Israel could easily afford to get into the nuclear weapons business on its own, since small bombs only cost about \$10.4 million each. This includes the price of the uranium, which can be acquired from



Dimona reactor deep in the Negev

South Africa, Argentina and other countries. On at least four separate occasions, Israel has been known to have stolen uranium. The Zionist state has also sabotaged efforts of Arabs to acquire bomb-manufacturing techniques and facilities. The attack on the Baghdad reactor and the assassination of one or more Arab nuclear physicists come to mind.

The latest intelligence information is that Taiwan, South Africa and Israel are cooperating on nuclear projects, including the building of missiles capable of carrying warheads great distances.

Estimates of the number of fission bombs presently in Israel's nuclear arsenal range from 11 to 18 (UN) to 19 to

31 (CIA). A London intelligence newsletter, *Foreign Report*, puts the number at 200. Two Israeli writers (Ami Dor-on and Eli Teicher) say that Israel has "several hydrogen bombs." Journalists Howard Kohn and Barbara Newman have accused Israel of stealing or underhandedly acquiring enough uranium to make 150 warheads.

Author Peter Pry sums up:

[As of] January 1984, Israel has almost certainly made between eleven and thirty-one plutonium A-bombs. Less certainly, but still probably, the Israelis are able to make both plutonium- and uranium-based arms and may have built as many as forty-one fission weapons.

As for size, all Israeli bombs are probably in the 12 to 22 kilotons of TNT range, similar to the Nagasaki bomb. They may not be assembled but kept in a storage area where engineers can put them together in less than 78 hours. To deliver the bombs the Israelis have to depend largely on U.S. and French warplanes, which severely limits their range, but puts them within reach of most large Arab cities. There is even the remote possibility that an Israeli bomb could reach Moscow by a combined airlift and missile arrangement.

The only comforting news is that large fission and fusion bombs demand thorough testing before there is any reasonable chance they will do their dirty work. As far as anyone knows, no tests of large bombs, whose explosions can be detected fairly easily, have yet been made by Israel.

see also June 1985, pp. 9-10.

DEATH AT WHIDBEY ISLAND

As recent events have proved, revolutionary violence in this country is no longer the monopoly of the minorities. It's true that Jewish terrorist groups, Majority renegades and Marxist blacks are still going about their dirty business of burning out white publishers, trashing the homes and careers of Holocaust doubters, robbing banks or killing cops. But the tax protesters, abortion clinic bombers and Far Western insurrectionaries are demonstrating that they also are acquiring a proficiency in taking the law into their own hands.

A violent Majority reaction to minority violence was inevitable. Even the most timid animal will fight back when cornered. Even the most law-abiding citizen will "go criminal" if he believes his physical survival is at stake. The trouble is that to declare a personal war against the state in present-day America is almost certain suicide. In view of what the media can make of such an event, violence is totally counterproductive unless one believes that today's right-wing corpse will become tomorrow's right-wing martyr.

We have read all about the incineration of tax protester Gordon Kahl during a shoot-out with the FBI. In December there was a similar auto-da-fé in Washington state when Robert Mathews, a 31-year-old Majority activist, was burnt

to a crisp by a besieging army of FBI men who set his "safe house" on Whidbey Island afire after what amounted to a small war. Skeptics say that both Kahl and Mathews could have been forced out of their hideouts with tear gas and that there was no need for their fiery obliteration. But since Kahl had killed a couple of government lawmen (in self-defense, say his supporters) and Mathews had already robbed a bank (an old self-financing revolutionary custom once practiced by Stalin), held up a Brink's armored car, and had himself taken a few potshots at G-men and at least one G-woman, he could hardly have expected a "gentle arrest." In fact, the FBI people were so ungente that in their first firefight with Mathews in a motel, they accidentally shot the manager. At the time they were looking for another Majority fugitive, Gary Yarbrough, in whose home they claimed they had found the gun that had killed Alan Berg, the Denver Jewish radio host whose electromagnetic spiels often seemed to have been taken word for word from the *ADL Messenger*, *The Nation* and *Hustler*.

Though we cannot understand their strategy, we can understand the frustration of Kahl, Mathews and those arrested for bombing abortion clinics in north Florida. We can also understand how the media continue to grate on the Majority consciousness by never once raising the ques-

tion of "police brutality" when Majority activists are killed, but only when a fleeing Negro criminal is shot in the leg by an unwary cop.

Survival Strategy

Majority members haven't a chance of surviving in this country unless they use every last ounce of their intelligence. And nothing is more "dead-endish" than to take up arms or resort to any kind of violence where the states, the courts, the government, the military and every other vestige of power is in the hands of one's opponents and oppressors. The gung-ho doughboy who stuck his head above the trenches in World War I was on the fast track to rigor mortis.

When someone's life hangs in the balance, this is the one time he must keep his head, not lose it. One or two men can't fight an army of millions. David took on Goliath, but he wouldn't have done so well against 10,000 Goliaths

armed with Uzis instead of spears. David also didn't have to contend with the informers that inevitably infest every Majority group, peaceful or not. It was, of course, a governmental stool pigeon who did Mathews in.

Educate, convert, play by the rules and let events, not bravado acts, make Majority members understand that unless they unite by the thousands and tens of thousands, not by the dozens, they are going under. Then and only then is the time for organization, politicking and action.

The law-abiding instinct of the Majority, the instinct responsible for the establishment of the world's highest civilizations, simply won't tolerate latter-day Robin Hoods and other assorted super-activists. Rather than join an illegal group, the average Majority member would prefer to join his enemies. That is the way it is. For every shot fired at an FBI agent, under whatever conditions and on whatever pretenses, there will be a hundred more lost supporters for the Majority cause.

The Last Words of Robert Mathews

Mathews moved from Arizona to Washington ten years ago and worked in a mine and in a cement factory near Metaline Falls. He leaves a wife, who loyally stuck by him and his romantic revolutionary notions to the bitter end, and a 3-year-old son. But let him tell his own story in a mimeographed statement, a sort of ideological Last Will and Testament, released to the press after his death by some of his friends. He apparently wrote it in the few days left to him after the FBI had almost nailed him in a Portland hotel. His associate, Gary Yarbrough, was captured, but somehow Mathews escaped, his hand mangled by an FBI bullet. He flagged a van whose driver took him to a hospital. After being treated, he managed to make it to a remote area of Puget Sound, where he and a few other members of his group, which he called "The American Bastion," were tracked down by the G-men. All but Mathews were taken alive.

Reading became an obsession with me. I consumed volume upon volume, on subjects dealing with history, politics and economics. I was especially taken with Spengler's *Decline of the West* and Simpson's *Which Way Western Man*. I also subscribed to numerous periodicals on current American problems, especially those concerned with the ever increasing decline of White America.

My knowledge of ancient European history started to awaken a wrongfully suppressed emotion buried deep within my soul, that of racial pride and consciousness.

The stronger my love for my people grew, the deeper became my hatred for those who would destroy my race, my heritage, and darken the future of my children.

By the time my son had arrived I realized that White America, indeed my entire race, was headed for oblivion unless white men arose and turned the tide. The more I came to love my son the more I realized that

unless things changed radically, by the time he was my age, he would be a stranger in his own land, a blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan in a country populated mainly by Mexicans, mulattos, blacks and Asians . . .

Thus I have no choice. I must stand up like a white man and do battle.

A secret war has been developing for the last year between the regime in Washington and an ever growing number of white people who are determined to regain what *our* forefathers had discovered, explored, conquered, settled, built and died for.

When I came out of my motel room that morning, a gang of armed men came running at me. None of the men had uniforms on and the only thing they said was, "Stop, you bastard." At this, I yelled to Gary, who was still inside, and I leaped down the stairwell and took off running into the parking lot. A woman agent shot at my back and the bullet missed and hit the motel manager. I rounded the corner of the motel and took off down the hill into a residential area. After running for two blocks I decided to quit being the hunted and become the hunter. I drew my gun and waited behind a concrete wall for the agents to draw near. When I aimed my gun at the head of the closest agent, I saw the handsome face of a young white man and lowered my aim to his knee and his foot. Had I not done so I could have killed both agents and still had left the use of my hand, which is now mangled beyond repair and which I might very well lose altogether. That is the last time I will ever give quarter.

I am not going into hiding, rather I will press the FBI and let them know what it is like to become the hunted. Doing so it is only logical to assume that my days on this planet are rapidly drawing to a close. Even so, I have no fear. For the reality of life is death, and the worst the enemy can do to me is shorten my tour of duty in this world. I will leave knowing that my family and friends love me and support me. I will leave knowing that I have made the ultimate sacrifice to secure the future of my children.

DESTROYING PHILADELPHIA -- QUAKER STYLE

For more than a century and a half, a group even smaller than the one that immediately comes to mind has been about the Lord's Business of racially integrating America. The Society of Friends, comprising no more than 150,000 church-goers, practically all of them well-heeled, has been advocating abolition since the 1830s, when some of its members began smuggling black slaves on the underground railroad to northern homes.

Early in this century, Quakers were involved in a whole host of controversial matters, some admirable, others exasperatingly simple-minded. It was the Friends who took the lead in "Americanizing" the wave of New Immigrants (1890-1914), who supported women's suffrage, who campaigned against the demon rum and helped assure passage of the Volstead Act. In time of war they were generally for pacifism. Came the Bolshevik Revolution and many of them pronounced it good.

Traditionally centered in those leafy, elegant suburbs charmingly strung out along the western reaches of Philadelphia, Quakers almost predictably rebelled against the boredom of Eisenhower's bourgeois prosperity by flocking southward toward Alabama and Georgia in the heady days of Civil Rights. Off they went to do battle with the defiant South, abandoning their books and lecture halls in the cloistered confines of Swarthmore, Haverford and Bryn Mawr. As the saying goes, Swarthmore's loss was Selma's gain. Totally unconcerned for the social realities of Southern life, Quakers probably did as much as any other cohort of the liberal-minority coalition to fan the flames of racial violence.

Having helped to deracinate the South, Quakers returned home and devised a strategy for racially integrating "their" Philadelphia. And, in some ways, it was theirs. Since the colonial era, the Quakers had taken the lead in education, commerce and politics in the City of Brotherly Love. And, even in these modern times, Quakers influenced municipal matters vastly beyond that which their tiny numbers might suggest. Their first shot at housing integration was fired in the sleepy, working-class rural village of Trevoise, just minutes north of Philadelphia's city line. Carefully engineering the creation of the region's first racially mixed housing project, Quakers poured millions into an enterprise which was expected to showcase the ideals of love and tolerance. Within three years, however, the operation was bankrupt, the victim of all those social ills associated with subsidized black migrations.



William Penn's statue on top of City Hall surveys an increasingly unhappy demographic scene.

Undaunted (or uneducated), the Quakers pressed on. Their next step would be nothing less than the huge, sprawling Levittown complex, built to shelter the armies of semi-skilled workers fleeing from the played-out anthracite coal mines of Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Hazelton for jobs at the Fairless steel plant in Morrisville. This time the Quakers again underestimated the job, despite a healthy dose of support from Jewish civil rights lawyers armed with the latest racial legislation from Washington. But for the timely intervention of state and local police, the furious resistance from Irish and Slavic Levittowners would have spilled over into a generalized race war.

The giddy integrationist momentum of the 1960s, however, was not to be slowed. Failure in Levittown did not prevent an attack on the working-class parishes of Philadelphia's ethnic neighborhoods. First it was necessary to look for reinforcements, which came from the most unlikely of places -- Philadelphia's Episcopalian church-goers, long the paragons of establishmentarian life (and historically indifferent to the busybody tactics of meddling Quaker social-worker types). The Episcopalians, high and low church, were developing a new strain of communicant, socially conscious, politically active and decidedly left-wing. Only too willing to accept the dogma of integration espoused by tweedy Quaker professors, the Episcopal-



The New 3rd World Lounge -- a black social center in an extinct white ethnic neighborhood.

ian allies promised to bring deeper, more entrenched municipal influence to the cause of racially leveling the ethnic stretches. The enemy, as always, was that working class world of recent European immigrants arrogantly claiming the right to self-identity. The battleground was miles upon miles of humble row-house neighborhoods, most situated close to the industrial plants along the Delaware River waterfront.

Jewish real estate speculators, sensing the kill, provided the opening volley. The game was to drive housing prices down to distress levels, buy them up on the cheap and turn them over to blacks for a neat, quick profit. The Episcopalians would provide the capital and the Quaker moralists would cover their flanks with loud condemnations of recalcitrant ethnic bigots for resisting the inevitable. Throughout the 60s and 70s the battle raged. In the beginning the ethnics had a valuable ally in Mayor Frank Rizzo, the streetwise "tough cop" who at least had no illusions about the short-term economic purpose behind race mixing. Rizzo's neutralization, even demise, was therefore essential to achieve the greater goal. Almost daily, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* brimmed over with slanderous articles against this living obstacle to "racial harmony." Rizzo's removal from control of the Democratic machine accelerated the retrenchment of ethnic whites behind their last lines of defense -- the ethnic neighborhoods built up brick by brick with the meager savings of generations of poorly paid workers whose labors had produced the wealth that bought the elegant Main Line country houses, the owners of which who were now the ethnics' sworn enemies. Block by block began to fall to the hordes of ignorant blacks streaming into Philadelphia's inner-city bus stations from points south. Soon, one of America's

most vital centers of ethnic social life would be replaced by a junk-strewn wasteland of red-doored churches, vandalized schools, abandoned homes and eroded playing fields.

Amazingly, a few brave bastions of ethnic solidarity were still in place in the 1980s. In neighborhoods like Irish Kensington, Italian South Philly and Polish Fishtown, isolated residents continued to soldier on, celebrating their Feast Days and holding their processions. Soon, however, even these vestigial groups will be swept away, as the last of the ethnic youth flee to the sanctuary of shopping-mall America.

Driving along the elevated roadway of Interstate 95, which cuts through these ethnic Alamos, the motorist can still see the huge old Gothic, Romanesque and Italianate churches marking the parishes as always, but now in brooding remembrance of a scattered past, not a vital present.

Why did it happen? What underlying malevolence could have motivated the sanctimonious establishmentarian brethren to promote such a monstrous social program? Could it be the inherited meanness of old European religious hostility, or merely the need to justify power and wealth in some "socially meaningful" way? We may never know. One thing it was not: brotherly love.

Today, little is heard about the great social experiments of the 60s and 70s from their authors. The deafening silence could be anticipated, considering that the Main Line itself is only now feeling the first, halting thrusts from blacks poised across the city line's boundary. It is extremely doubtful that black Mayor Wilson Goode will or can do anything to halt the invasion that will finally bring the joys and delights of integration to the front doors of the integrationists.

**The second and concluding part of a wanderlusting
Instaurationist's adventures in a Middle Eastern hotspot**

A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA (II)

There seemed to be only one hotel in Baniyas, the Hotel Baniyas. I got a room, showered, took a nap, woke up, read for an hour, and went to the market to buy a melon for tomorrow's breakfast. The Mideast has to be the finest fruit-growing region in the world. I ate fresh fruit every day and never felt finer. The melons in Syria were unforgettable.

English is by no means widely spoken in Syria, but seems to have succeeded French as the second language. I was astonished at the number of people who handled it rather well -- Ahmad, the manager of the Hotel Baniyas, for example. He seemed concerned that I might miss the important historical sights, such as Marqab Castle. This was a Crusader fortress just a few miles inland from Baniyas. He rang up two cousins to serve as guides. The next day we drove south of town and then turned east and began climbing, as I held on to the roller bar of a small, beat-up truck. When the road disappeared we walked uphill for nearly an hour. There was a splendid view of the Mediterranean, but the castle itself was a disappointment. In all fairness, after five weeks in Turkey, a treasure trove of historical relics, I would have yawned upon discovering the Pyramids.

Twenty-four hours later I was on a bus to the highway between Tartus and Homs, which skirts the northern Lebanese border. I expected to see lots of military activity and road checkpoints, but there was nothing of the kind. It was difficult to believe that heavy fighting was taking place in the Lebanese city of Tripoli, 30 miles to the south.

At Homs I bought a falafel sandwich, generously stuffed with tomatoes and pickles, from a pushcart vendor and sat down to eat. The problem now was where to go next? Damascus was a possibility. I could easily get there in a few hours, but I wanted my triumphant entry there to be the highlight of the trip. The alternative destination was the ruins of Palmyra, the ancient Roman city, to the east.

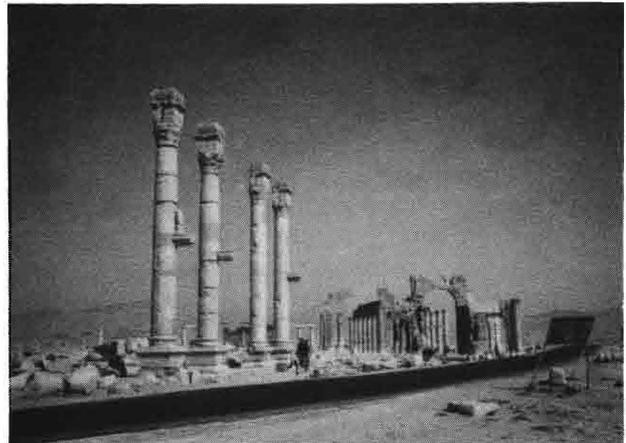
Too exhausted to go tramping around in search of a hotel, I caught a bus for Palmyra. It took over an hour to fill and the crying babies, bickering women and people bugging me about my seat number pushed me very close to the threshold. Finally, we were off into the desert on a paved but bumpy road, the last rays of sunlight making the landscape appear like a giant lamp. The camels standing idly at a distance from the road were the first I had seen.

From the outside I had my doubts about Palmyra's New Tourist Hotel, situated directly across the street from the friendly neighborhood mosque. Once on the inside, however, I knew I had come to the right place. The manager was friendly, the locals were lounging on sofas in the foyer, watching television, and the corridor was adorned with peasant dresses, swords, glass cases containing ancient

coins and jewelry, and various items of Syrian folk art. The rooms were cramped, the toilets foul and, despite its name, the hotel was neither new nor occupied by other tourists. But it was my kind of place.

The manager asked me to come back for tea after I had settled in, but I had to beg off and immediately collapsed into a deep slumber. I was awakened by a sound that nearly sent me through the roof. The loudspeaker of the minaret was aimed directly at my open window. Now I've always maintained that you've only half-lived your life if you've never heard the haunting, timeless wail of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer in a lonely Islamic backwater. But at 4:30 A.M.?

In the morning, feeling like a human being again, I left the hotel to explore the ruins at the edge of town. The unusual feature of the Palmyra ruins is that the main highway neatly bisects them, so you can take them in at 60 miles an hour if you're short on time.



The remains of once-great Palmyra

"Would you like a guide to explain the history of the temple?" an Arab asked me, as I stood at the entrance to the Temple of Baal. His English being excellent, his fee being reasonable, and seeming like a decent chap, I hired him.

"And what is your nationality?"

"American."

"Oh, American. Welcome! There are not many Americans who come here." We walked along. "And how are you enjoying our country?"

"I'm having a pretty nice time, though I was scared about coming to Syria at first."

"Oh, this is nothing but all the Jewish propaganda in your newspapers and television," he scowled.

"Well, sometimes I read different newspapers that most people in America don't know about, and they say the

Arabs are getting the back end of the camel."

"Oh, I see," he grinned. "Underground sheets."

"Yeah," I laughed, "you could say that."

He gave me a fact-filled tour of the beautifully preserved temple. But seeing four or five French tourists pacing around at the entrance, he rushed through the last sites and, cranking my hand, wished me luck on the rest of my travels.

Early that evening I was reading in bed when there was a knock on my door. It was Saad, the hotel manager's nephew, whom I had met earlier in the day along with his brother Salem and their friend Mohammed. "Meestar, drinking tea?" Saad was only in the fifth grade, but was already studying English at school. I told him I'd be out in ten minutes.

The whole gang was present in robes and kafiyehs, crowded around a television set. Salem poured me a glass of tea flavored with a mint sprig. Word had gotten around about the American guest. I walked around shaking hands and saying, "Salaam," then sat down between Saad and Salem. "Look, Meestar," said the latter, pointing to the TV set, "Los Angeles!" Here I was in a small hotel in a desert town in the middle of a country recently pushed to the brink of war by America, watching the gymnastic events of the 1984 Summer Olympics with the friendliest bunch of guys you'd ever want to meet. Everyone was glued to the set -- oohs and aahs punctuated each performance. As I was marveling at the sharpness of the picture, the power failed. It now behooved me to find something else to do. Salem raced home to get his stamp album. I went to my room and returned with by Arabic-English dictionary. This would be a good opportunity to brush up on my nonexistent Arabic, while I could help the boys out with their English. We took turns. Everyone in the room laughed every time I came across a word which had a glottal stop between syllables. I decided that Arabic was so difficult it wasn't worth the effort to build a vocabulary. By comparison, Turkish was a breeze. I still retain about 30 Turkish words; only five or six in Arabic.

Salem appeared breathlessly at the top of the stairs with his album and we sat down to look through it. Nearly all the stamps were from Arab countries, some of them very colorful. We went through them individually, and when we were finished, he pulled out an Egyptian and a Kuwaiti stamp and gave them to me. He asked me to send him some American stamps when I returned home. I promised I would, and I have.

Sometime later the picture returned to the tube, but the Olympics were over. The nightly news program from Damascus was on. Assad was shown conferring with some other Arab leader. There were boring clips of dams, irrigation projects, that sort of thing. Meir Kahane, whose election to the Knesset was very big news in the Arab world, was shown doing his hate-mongering act in Israel. (The Arabs pronounce it with a long, vicious A -- IsRAAYil -- as if it were a curse.) Saad turned to me and said, "Meestar, IsRAAYil not good." Finally, there were some shots of Reagan and Mondale campaigning, and I thanked God I was about as far away from the nauseating spectacle of American electioneering as I could get. But I'm always

amazed at the tremendous obsession with America exhibited by almost all earthlings. A month earlier I was watching a TV news program at a beer garden in Konya, Turkey (home of Mevlana, the 13th-century mystic who founded the order of the Whirling Dervishes), when a tremendous fireworks display appeared on the tube, followed by the Beach Boys. I got to celebrate the Fourth of July after all.

The Damascus bus pulled in at 8:30 the next morning. "Esh Sham! Esh Sham! Esh Sham!" The driver needn't have shouted the Arab name for Damascus because everyone knew where the bus was going. Luggage, sacks and boxes were handed up to the man on the roof, who expertly tied them down. People started packing in, and in no time we were off to the "Pearl of the Middle East," or so says the Syrian tourist literature.

Nobody knew I was American, only that I spoke a different tongue. The seeds, nuts and cigarettes never stopped coming. The countryside was not encouraging; nothing but the endless beige of the desert and occasional sun-bleached villages.

About halfway to the Syrian capital we came to a road junction where a few passengers requested to get off. As we slowed down, we passed a battered sign indicating the direction to Damascus and Baghdad in both Arabic and English. I reacted quickly, grabbing my camera and telling the driver, "One second!" I dashed 50 feet back to the sign, took the photo and sprinted back to the bus, where I fell under the heavy glare of nearly all the passengers. Why on earth would you want to photograph a road sign, their eyes seemed to ask. When we were rolling again, a man sitting near me demanded, "What your country?"

"America."

"American!" he repeated in a low voice and clammed up. So did everyone else. All of a sudden I was a non-person. The tobacco supply was cut off. We rode on in dead silence.

About ten minutes later the driver's helper went around the bus collecting identity cards. I gave him my passport. Evidently there was a military checkpoint ahead. A foreigner, an American, taking photos near a military zone? I suppose I couldn't blame all these folks for being suspicious.

We came to a large asphalt lot where three other buses were parked. Everyone had to get out. Nearby was the incongruous sight of an anti-aircraft gun mounted on the bed of a late-model Chevrolet pick-up. I tried to make conversation with some of my fellow passengers while we were waiting, but they wanted nothing to do with me. We were kept there for the better part of an hour, then allowed to leave. There were no searches, no questions, no difficulties. My passport was returned without comment.

Once again we were rolling down -- at a somewhat faster clip than the old rabbi who became St. Paul -- the road to Damascus. Soon we were into a large display of heavy weaponry on both sides of the road, barrels pointed skyward at every angle. Little doubt these guns were here to protect the capital from a Baghdad-style Israeli air attack.

We couldn't be far from Damascus now. Damascus!

Once a great world city, a metropolis loaded with historical drama! But reduced for most American newspaper readers and Dan Rather viewers to an infernal breeding ground spawning every kind of hideous Arab terrorist dedicated to destroying the holy state of Israel. What American knows or cares that Damascus is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world?

I imagined Alexander the Great galloping up to the city wall on Bucephalus and wondered if my entry would be equally triumphant. It wasn't. It was more like Dick Dirtbag arriving at his factory job in Jersey City on a crowded commuter bus. Garbage-strewn streets, sloppy construction sites, traffic jams, honking horns, this was the Pearl of the Middle East?

Damascus wasn't such a bad place, really. But neither was it the fabled Near Eastern Camelot I imagined it to be. There is not one great surviving historical monument, aside from the gargantuan Ommuyad Mosque, where St. John the Baptist is said to be buried. The streets and alleys display nothing predating the Middle Ages.



The out-of-date Damascus

It's a great city for walking -- flat, manageable, well laid out. The modern part of town is as nice as any in the Mideast. The streets are perfectly safe to walk at any hour, although African students are not an uncommon sight. Fifths of Johnny Walker Red and cartons of Marlboros are sold openly on the black market. Foreign newspapers and magazines abound on the newsstands. You can buy a poster of Rocky or world-famous airhead Michael Jackson as easily as a slice of baklava. But if you want to hang a picture of Marx or Lenin on your wall, you'd have better luck shopping in Rome or New York. The obviously Western orientation of the populace, in contrast to the government's ties to the Communists and Third World, is what makes Syria such an enigma.

I stayed in Damascus five days, which was probably three days more than it deserved. But I knew I'd probably

never return and I wanted to soak up as many impressions as I could. My fondest memories are the sidewalk juice stands where you could buy a glass of just about any combination of local fruits blended to order, as well as fantastic banana milkshakes. But I'll also remember Damascus as a city where Arab-type hassles kept mounting to the point where I wished Mohammed had stayed in Mecca. I remember the clerk at the post office who couldn't be bothered showing me stamps I wanted for my collection, even though nobody was in line behind me; the moronic, interminable horn-honking; the petty cheating in the markets and pastry shops; the ripoff artists who ran the Rami Hotel -- plastered with posters of Khomeini and his son to make the Iranian guests feel at home -- and who upped the price the night before I checked out.

The advertised nonstop bus ride from Damascus to Amman, Jordan, should take no more than four hours. Unfortunately, there's a border to cross and this practically turns the trip into a dawn-to-dusk affair. The Syrians detain you over three hours, the Jordanians nearly two.

Incredibly, there was an American sitting behind me on the bus, an older man wearing a hearing aid and baseball



The up-to-date Damascus

cap. I heard him talking to the Arab sitting next to him. When we arrived at the border and had to get out, I introduced myself as a fellow American. Eager to talk, he said he'd just been up to Damascus for a short visit, after having lived and worked in Amman four years supervising the construction of a hospital. He said he liked Jordan and its people very much. Of all the countless Canadians, Americans, Europeans and Australians I have met in my travels abroad, he was the very first to have some unkind things to say about the new owners of Palestine.

We got our passports stamped quickly, but there were hundreds of others who were not so fortunate. To kill time, I went with the American to a nearby eatery. Seated at the next table was a Lebanese Christian (he was wearing a small crucifix), who was loudly defending Israel's occupation of the West Bank. I couldn't believe my ears, not only because of what I was hearing, but because I was hearing it out loud on Syrian soil!

Whenever my friend tried to make a point -- the poor old soul became overexcited and trembled with rage -- the Lebanese erupted into an infuriating laugh. He steadfastly

claimed that everyday life on the West Bank was less of a headache than elsewhere in the Arab world.

"Give me an example," I said. He needed no urging.

You go to change money in a bank in Damascus or Amman. They tell you to sit down and wait. Then there are 10 people who have to sign things, pass papers around, this and that, and sometimes you wait for 20, 30 minutes. If you're in a hurry, they tell you too bad, sit down and wait. In Jerusalem you go to a bank and one person does the whole job by himself in a minute, and you're finished. If you yell at Arabs, they make you wait another hour. If you ask them nicely to stamp your passport, they smile and say, "Why, what's the hurry?"

It seemed pretty cagey to sidestep the issue of Zionist expansionism with such trivialities, but what the man said was probably true.

The Arabs have never been my favorite people in this world. They litter indiscriminately. They drive like maniacs and most of them would go to pieces if their horns stopped working. They don't use handkerchiefs. They're often ill-tempered, impatient, obnoxious and abrasive. They can be real slobs around Western women, especially blondes. For these reasons and others, I've never considered myself militantly pro-Arab. But I didn't meet a single Arab in Syria who could remotely be called a terrorist or fanatic of any kind, religious or political. I'm not saying there aren't any; I'm saying I never met one. (If I could only say the same about the people I later met in Israel.) Nor did I once feel as though I was in any kind of physical danger during the two weeks I spent there. (If I could only say the same about New York).



Females Want a Special Kind of Male

"Anatomy Is Destiny" (August 1984) set me to thinking about the changing interplay of race, tallness, sexual dimorphism, social dominance and related factors, which I mournfully observe here in Washington, D.C. The day no longer passes when I fail to see a statuesque blonde or redheaded young woman arm-in-arm with some black or brown man, either tall or short. Clearly the tallness taboo is breaking down here.

To understand why, it is necessary to set aside conventional notions of romantic love and to grasp this concept: males do not compete for females; rather, females compete for dominant males. A corollary of this is that men are more "romantic" than women.

Throughout most of the animal kingdom the rule is that males compete for territory or dominant status -- not for females. The females compete for the successful males. The same law is at work among men and women. This is a biological imperative which -- under natural conditions -- ensures the selection of the fittest for reproduction. All of this worked fine under primitive conditions of tribal barbarism. Over countless years of painful evolution, human females were biologically programmed to respond to certain males' secondary sexual features (tallness, broad shoulders, narrow hips, good muscle definition, hirsute chest, etc.) as signals meaning "This male is a good hunter and provider" and "This male can protect female and young" and "This male is a brave fighter and a good leader." Nature could not easily program females to recognize and respond to the actual, often elusive, qualities of dominance. So instead it programmed them to respond to physical signals such as

tallness and strength which, in barbarian-hunter societies, are generally reliable indicators of dominance and success.

But with the advent of agriculture and civilization things changed a bit. The grip of our "instincts" (innate responsive mechanisms) gradually began to loosen. Ethologists such as Lorenz and Leyhausen call this the "consequence of domestication" (by domestication is also meant the self-domestication of civilized man). Thus animals in the wild never make mistakes in mating. They always mate true to type. But domesticated animals are easily confused because their responsive instincts tend to atrophy under conditions of domestication. They lose some of their consciousness of kind and, if not controlled, will sometimes attempt bizarre matings. They will attempt to mate with animals of entirely different species, with animals of the same sex, and sometimes even with humans. The same process has been at work in human civilized societies. The consequence of domestication -- the atrophy of our natural instincts -- seems to account for sexual perversions such as miscegenation, homosexuality and bestiality. The irony here is that white civilization may contain the seeds of its own destruction.

The second idea -- that men are more "romantic" than women -- may be illustrated by a familiar example. A young man and woman find themselves "in love" with one another. They announce their relationship to their families and friends. The young man will tell them about her physical features -- her beautiful narrow face, blue eyes, blonde hair, curvaceous figure and long legs. When the young woman goes to tell her family and friends about him, the first thing they always ask is, "What does he

do?", or the first thing she always tells them is, "He's a doctor (lawyer, businessman, football player, movie star or congressman)." The young man is primarily concerned about her sex appeal. (If he is a minority male, he may also consider the white woman, especially the Nordic woman, as a status prize -- in other words, as something to compete for such as territory or dominance. Or perhaps she is his ticket to U.S. citizenship. These divergent motives, I think, account for much of the persistence of the nonwhite men who court white women.) She, however, is concerned first, last and always about his status, dominance or power.

Women of course will deny this. They still insist that they seek men who are tall, strong, manly and self-confident. (Sometimes to cover themselves, they toss in adjectives such as sincere, tender, caring, affectionate, gentlemanly -- all of which is window-dressing.) But one must look at what women do, and not at what they say. And what they do is attempt to seek out and marry successful dominant males.

Tallness will still give most women an incentive to become acquainted with a man -- her responsive instincts aren't absolutely dead yet. But, while tallness may get him up to bat, it won't get him to first base. More and more, tallness won't suffice, especially for a highly dominant woman, unless there is the substance of real power and dominance -- money, political clout, professional success, celebrity recognition -- behind that tallness. The Nordic female's instinctive response to male physical characteristics seems to be giving way to a cultural response to her dominance-seeking drive.

The tallness taboo does not rule out tall

Negro, Near-Eastern or other nonwhite men as potential mates for white women. Many Negro professional athletes have white wives. Some collect entire harems of beautiful white girlfriends. How do they do it? Because they have both the physical appearance of dominance and actual dominance. The runty non-Nordic men, especially those who are successful in business, are also able to mate tall, lovely Nordic women, first because the instinctive response in these women to male physical features has degenerated or disappeared as a consequence of domestication and, second, because such women, falling back on their intuition and intellect, correctly perceive that contemporary social conventions and economic opportunities are favorable to minority males and hostile to white (and especially Nordic) males, and that pressures are apt to accelerate in that direction in the foreseeable future. Any thinking Nordic woman cannot avoid seeing the dispossession of her race, the signs of which are all around her.* (Of course, she never admits she sees this, because that

would violate the biggest taboo of them all -- the one against white racism.) But seeing this, her choice is often either to have no children, to adopt a nonwhite child,** or to mate a dominant minority male and thereby guarantee success for her progeny.

Finally in this connection I want to mention that females are the enforcers of social conventions and morality. Because white racism is currently the biggest no-no, very few young women will be attracted to it, and any man who advocates white racism will automatically be labeled a "loser" by most of his female compeers. This presents the young Nordic male with a terrible dilemma, because to recapture his dominance he must first become an overt white racist. Yet by becoming a white racist, he becomes a "loser." His only alternative is to be a white renegade competing, at unfair odds, with growing hordes of nonwhite men for dominance, status and power, and for the dwindling supply of young Nordic females. In the long run, that is a no-win scenario. In the short run, however, it does give some, especially high-status, Nordic

males the chance of mating with some lower-status Nordic females and fathering some lovely Nordic children.

222

* The high-status Nordic woman is often thrust into an affirmative action working place where very few Nordic men are allowed to tread.

** It is interesting that Negro females, who openly acknowledge the worthlessness of Negro husbands, never consider the adoption alternative. Instead, these woman, at the bottom of the status hierarchy, choose to bear children of their own blood out of wedlock. Whites who look at the high rate of Negro illegitimacy (about 55%) and see only Negro immorality, ignorance of birth control, or welfare incentives, are underestimating the Negro woman. In many cases she deliberately decides to have the babies, but without the added burden of supporting a ne'er-do-well husband. Under conventional morality, any white woman who did this could be considered a freak, but any white woman who adopts a nonwhite child is considered a saint.

Real Life Amos 'n' Andy

A couple of years ago, President Reagan designated the first full week in October each year as Minority Enterprises Development Week, "to honor the many valuable contributions minority businessmen and businesswomen make to our society." He called on every federal agency to develop a minority business enterprise development plan, to be submitted annually.

Last year, speaking before the U.S. Hispanic Chamber of Commerce in Tampa, Florida, Reagan pledged to double the number of Hispanic-owned businesses in America within four years.

The Minority Business Development Agency (MBDA), located in the Commerce Department, is the bureau entrusted with achieving such dubious miracles. A perusal of its publication, *Minority Business Today*, reveals the sort of "twilight" individuals -- in this case two whitish blacks -- who are faring best under the current political dispensation. Daniel P. Henson III, who admits to being thrilled by Reagan's new quota scheme, was director of the MBDA from 1979 to 1981. Theron J. Bell is currently the agency's deputy director.

About the same time that Reagan was calling for a Hispanic "doubling" act, columnist Jack Anderson was exposing the rampant corruption in the MBDA's seven-year program to help minorities market high-tech products. His source was a draft report prepared by the Commerce Department's own inspector general.



Daniel P. Henson III -

The inspector general noted that the agency had paid \$5.6 million to 10 "technology commercialization centers." They were supposed to market such gimmicks as a bun toaster, a "Do-Not-Disturb doorbell," a water-saving flush toilet, and a "Tilt Up Housing System."

Anyone who has recently watched a few exquisite episodes of the early-50s TV comedy "Amos 'n' Andy" (played by blacks, but taken from the earlier, white-acted



Theron J. Bell

radio version, and now available on video cassette tapes) will begin to catch the drift --

ANDY: "But Kingfish, if dis doorbell you're tryin' to sell me can only be heard by dogs, and I ain't got a dog, how is I gonna know when somebody's ringin' my bell?"

KINGFISH: (throws his hands up, exasperated): "Oh-h-h, Andy, dat's de beauty part. You don't want some dog drivin' you crazy evertime you's relaxin' on your De-Luxe Flush Toilet."

ANDY: "Wel-l, I guess you has got a point dere, all right. But about dat Tilt Up Housin' System: I ain't sure I wants to be hangin' around wid my head out de window while I's gettin' my buns toasted"

Tim Moore as the crafty Kingfish, and Spencer Williams Jr. as the charmingly simple Andy were perfect for the parts, and it was tragic when the NAACP later turned them into non-persons. A lot less amusing is Clarence (Bo) Hunter, the real-life director of the Northwest Technology Center in Seattle. The federal government is still trying to collect the \$159,000 that auditors say he misspent during the two years before

the money ran out. "He used funds . . . to pay his personal expenses, which included jewelry and a Porsche," the inspector general's draft report states. Hunter denies everything.

The slick publications of the MBDA claim that the \$5.6 million was well spent to help market 28 high-tech products. But investigators checked out 22 of these alleged success stories, and found the

claimed achievements to be "grossly exaggerated," which, as Anderson added, was "putting it mildly." Ten of the 22 products were never even put on the market, though the MBDA claimed they were. Few of the others were truly related to "technology-based growth industries," as required by law.

More Jewish Name-Calling

It's bad enough that many Jews demand the unique "right" of "running with the hares while hunting with the hounds" -- which is a fancy way of saying "having their cake and eating it too." What's worse is when they grow abusive toward Gentiles who presume to hold them accountable for their stances.

For example, a well-known Jewish leader such as Jimmy the Tooth's mentor, Stuart Eizenstat, will explain to a large audience of his people that Jews are not really "white," and should never confuse their interests and destiny with that of the white race. Then, a short time later, another Jewish leader will wax indignant when a prominent white Gentile has dared to imply that Jews are not really whites.

A classic instance of this ancient hypocrisy turned up last year in Marilyn Beck's newspaper column. She told about Natasha Shneider, the young Russian-Jewish actress and singer who

arrived in this country "not knowing a soul" only eight years ago, and -- *mirabile dictu!* -- has just made her film debut in MGM's *2010*. Recalling her less-favored life in Russia, Natasha relates:

You must carry your passport with you at all times from the age of 16. In passports they have a thing, "nationality" -- can you imagine, those bastards -- in Russia, being Jewish is not considered a religion, it's your "nationality." Even without that, the people are very perceptive; they see by your face.

Would Shneider agree that Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise were also "bastards" (assuming she's been off the boat long enough to have heard of them)? In a well-known letter to American Reform rabbis, Brandeis wrote:

Let us recognize that we Jews are a distinct nationality of which every

Jew, whatever his country, his station, or shade of belief, is necessarily a member. Organize, organize, until every Jew must stand up and be counted -- counted with us, or prove himself wittingly or unwittingly, of the few who are against their own people.

Speaking before the American Jewish Congress in 1938, Wise affirmed:

I am not an American citizen of Jewish faith. I am a Jew. I . . . have been an American for 63 years, but I have been a Jew for 4,000 years.

The number of Jews-in-excellent-standing who have insisted either that Jews are a nation first and a religion second, or both in equal measure, stretches into the thousands. "Bastards" every one? No, because Jews permanently reserve the "right" to say things about and among themselves which the rest of us are forbidden to utter.

SPOTLIGHT

Why American Jew

By Stuart E. Eizenstat

IN THE RECENT U.S. presidential election, American Jews were the only non-white voters to give Democratic candidate Walter Mondale a majority of their vote.

By any standard, President Ronald Reagan's re-election was a sweeping personal mandate. According to poll results, in winning 57 per cent of the popular vote (and 525 electoral votes to Mondale's 13), President Reagan won 67 per cent of the white Protestant vote, 56 per cent of the white Catholic vote, but only about 30 per cent of the Jewish vote.

Wh
Jews
We
Pr



well
d me
than
n

Opening paragraph of Eizenstat's article in the Jerusalem Post (Dec. 8, 1984)

Democracy: A Teutonic Trait

"Is there a relationship between economic conditions and political structure?" That was the question posed formally by Professor David N. Laband of the University of Maryland (Catonsville) in the journal *Public Choice* earlier this year. His comparison of seven political and economic variables among 123 nations of the world added a most unorthodox eighth factor: "membership or non-membership in the general family of cultures labeled Teutonic." And his conclusions were stunning in that regard.

Nineteen of the nations on Laband's list were Teutonic, and 18 (including South Africa) had enjoyed democratic government continuously between 1945 and 1980. Only East Germany, through no fault of its own, was non-democratic. Among the other 104 nations studied, only eight could boast the same record, and they were anything but a cross-section of nations:

- Rhodesia, which might as justifiably have been called "Teutonic" as South Africa. (In both cases, the majority of the population was non-Teutonic but the ruling class was.)

- Jamaica, which had Teutonic rulers for much of the time, and inherited a strong British institutional framework.

- India, also with strong British institutions (though its form of democracy, with occasional mass slaughters along the way, was scarcely equivalent to the real Teutonic McCoy.)

- France, which has a significant Teutonic component in its population. (Indeed, the half-French Belgium was called "Teutonic" on Laband's list.)

- Italy, whose small Teutonic component is evidenced by the country's governmental instability.

- Israel, which also has a Teutonic institutional inheritance (and some submerged Teutonic genes at the top). Palestinians, however, would sharply disagree with Laband's classification.

- Costa Rica, arguably the whitest country in Latin America.

- Japan, the one non-Caucasoid country which shows up on so many lists.

Five other countries were bunched together in a somewhat less democratic category: Turkey, Venezuela and Barbados had each known 29 years of democracy (of a sort) out of 35, while Chile and Uruguay had enjoyed (?) 28 years under the exotic practice. Fifty-three out of the 104 non-Teutonic countries (and East Germany as well) tied for last place with zero years of democracy.

Though Professor Laband devoted most of his paper to puzzling out the relationships between telephones per capita, ex-

ports per capita and other economic indices on the one hand, and democratic government on the other, his heart (and brains) were ultimately in the right place. He concluded by observing:

It is the question of causation that cuts to the heart of the matter. Is democracy a prerequisite for economic progress or is it an income-elastic good? Is it neither, but rather an aspect of Teutonic culture, as suggested by [Gordon] Tullock, which also happens to be associated with economic well-being? It is my belief that this question of causality can only be analyzed effectively using time-series analysis.

In other words, although Laband found an even higher positive correlation between democracy (1945-80) and phone ownership (1980) than between democracy and Teutonism, one must analyze such relationships over time. In 1900, most Teutonic nations had fewer telephones than most Third World nations do today, yet they were, by and large, stable democracies.

Laband speculates that phones play a key role in democracy by "[reducing] the

costs of organizing special interest groups." Someone should have told that to Tocqueville when, in 1830, he studied the flourishing grass-roots democracy of a still profoundly Teutonic America.

When Laband once took a graduate course under Professor Tullock, at the time teaching at Virginia Tech, he recalls how the latter

offered an A to anyone who could "successfully" dichotomize between democratic and dictatorial political regimes using indices of economic well-being. At the time he expected [hoped] that democracies would be associated with economic prosperity to a [much] greater extent than dictatorship would be.

What if some bright student had shown a nearly perfect dichotomy between democracy and dictatorship using not only Teutonic *cultural* indices but also Nordic *racial* variables? What if he had successfully linked economics to politics to culture to race in one grand synthesis? Tullock, gentleman and scholar that he undoubtedly is, would have awarded the student an A+, but many professors would have given the too-clever young man a stern lecture.

Hot Mail

This is a copy of a handbill distributed by the bomb unit of the Washington, D.C., metropolitan police. The letter bomb was invented by the Stern Gang, a Jewish terrorist outfit formerly headed by Yitzhak Shamir, who currently shares the reins of power in Israel. Closer to home, a criminal group (guess who?) sent package bombs in 1979 to American Nazi leader Matt Koehl, Gerhard Lauck, a right-wing German American, the Cicero headquarters of the American Nazi Party and a former Ukrainian SS man living in New Jersey.

220

WARNING!

LETTER AND PARCEL BOMB RECOGNITION POINTS

- Foreign Mail, Air Mail and Special Delivery
- Restrictive Markings such as Confidential, Personal, etc.
- Excessive Postage
- Hand Written or Poorly Typed Addresses
- Incorrect Titles
- Title but No Names
- Misspellings of Common Words
- Oily Stains or Discolorations
- No Return Address
- Excessive Weight
- Rigid Envelope
- Lopsided or Uneven Envelope
- Protruding Wires or Tinfoil
- Excessive Securing Material such as Masking Tape, String, etc.
- Visual Distractions



101 Water Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20021 (402) 727-4200





Outmoded Style

In William Gladstone's day, the average British political speech contained 19,000 words. In Margaret Thatcher's era, it is down to 4,000 and falling fast. Last autumn, in America, the national political director of the steelworkers' union, Sam Dawson, explained to columnists Roland Evans and Robert Novak that "if [Walter Mondale] can't explain his worries about the deficit in 30 seconds, he should forget it." Fritz's two- and three-minute lectures on the issue were allegedly "numbing" his audiences.

Part of Mondale's campaign problem, like Elliot Richardson's in Massachusetts (Inklings, Feb.), was his somewhat outmoded Nordicity. Today's Americans apparently demand glib Irish actors and smirky peanut farmers for their highest office: a dour Scandinavian just won't do. The "Unhappy Warrior," as someone dubbed Fritz, was constantly advised to be less "austere" and to show his "human, spontaneous" side. Above all, Mondale was advised to "stop his confusing warnings of impending economic disaster that cuts the attention span" of his followers.

On the Republican side of the Presidential race, running-mate George Bush found himself saddled with a related no-win image problem. Attacked as a stuffy patrician, he tried to behave like a populist and came across as puerile. The Jewish columnist Joseph Kraft wrote, "The patrician stamp is all over Bush. He hails from an old New England family . . ." In fact, as Bush's sister Nancy heatedly pointed out to columnist Mary McGrory:

I think the reason you harbor such resentment against George is that you think he isn't Irish enough. You think he is too social, too Yale. You think he is too Yankee, although dad came from Columbus, Ohio, and mother hailed from St. Louis.

But Nancy Bush Ellis immediately undermined her own forthrightness by insisting, at some length, that her brother George was really more Irish by nature than the Irish! Her farcical ethnic "defense" sadly confirmed the truth of what political analyst Michael Barone had stated in a recent column, "The Battle for Ellis Island": "What's important in 1984 is not how each ticket appeals to specific ethnic groups but which is more successful in appealing to the Ellis Island tradition generally."

And what about America's once vital "nativist tradition"? many readers must have hastened to ask. But Barone, who described our half-British President as simply "an Irish-American," implied that nativism was dead and good riddance.

One Big Family

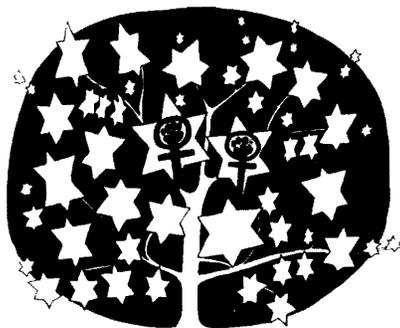
Three hundred Jewish women activists from all over Oregon gathered in Portland last October to hear Betty Friedan kvetch, "You young women growing up today don't know what it was like to live within that tight girdle." She was referring to the dark, dark ages of the 1950s.

Though she was probably speaking metaphorically, Friedan may have realized that, as Ernest van den Haag pointed out in *The Jewish Mystique* (or was it Philip Roth in *Portnoy's Complaint?*), Jewish women traditionally felt a need to bind and corset their bodies more securely than most. In any case, Friedan recalled the traditional Jewish morning prayer, in which the men thank God for not having made them women and the women thank God for having made them according to His will. Though Europeans never devised a similar liturgical formula, Friedan said it was her "Jewish passion against injustice" which had fueled her feminism.

Nobody finds it strange when 300 Jewish women gather in a relatively small Far Western state to exchange names, addresses and battle tactics. Yet when Majority activists assemble or communicate through computer "bulletin boards," the public is made to feel that something sinister is afoot. The yippie-turned-yuppie Jerry Rubin may promote his "networking salon" in midtown Manhattan, but we are supposed to remain social isolates in places like West Virginia and Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

"Networking" is really just the latest fashionable tag for the ancient Jewish trait of collectivism which, as Seymour Lipset recently pointed out, has scarcely been affected by long residence in the individualistic Nordic world.

The new book, *Jewish and Female*, by Susan Weidman Schneider, is billed on the cover as "Featuring: The Jewish Woman's Networking Directory." Phyllis Chesler puffs, "*Jewish and Female* is required reading for Jews everywhere: 'true believers' and 'atheists' alike . . ." The logo of the "Bay Area Jewish Women's Collective" in San Francisco sums up the reality:



Flag Spitter

The 1,400 students of the high school of Randolph, Massachusetts, all stand up at the daily 7:45 A.M. playing of *The Star Spangled Banner* and all pledge allegiance to the flag -- all except one senior, Susan Shapiro, who says, "The flag don't mean nothin' to me." One would think that this act or non-act would evoke some hostile criticism. Locally yes, but not nationally. Within a day or two Susan became a heroine of the *New York Times*, and the ACLU promised to take legal action against her teacher, Mrs. Jessie Noblen, for daring to say to her recalcitrant pupil, "How would you feel if someone spit on the cross or the Star of David?" The school is also being raked over the coals for not providing proper security for Susan, who claims she was being threatened for her cantankerous sit-down. Hardly were the words out of her mouth when a covey of Shapiros appeared on various radio and TV talk shows. The whole affair seems to have been well planned and rehearsed.

Stuck firmly in the middle is teacher Noblen who once made a special pilgrimage to German concentration camps so she could better understand the mindset of her Jewish students. (Almost half of Randolph's 28,000 population are Jews who have fled from Boston in the last few decades.) The now chastened and now wiser Mrs. Noblen might be well advised to make her next pilgrimage to Palestinian refugee camps, where she might acquire a more accurate reading of the Jewish psyche.

Slaving for Birnbach

How much of *The Official Preppy Handbook* did Lisa Birnbach really write? She says "slightly less than half." But the WASPs who took the young Jewess under their wing and taught her "the real meaning of prep" place the figure at between 2% and 20%. With her lawyer, her agent, her accountant and her business manager, Lisa has let precious little money or glory trickle down to her ghostwriters. "I know what people are saying about me," she recently told *Manhattan, Inc.* magazine. "I know how they are trying to portray me as some kind of Shylock in a kilt . . . There are a million reasons to dislike me. I'm young, I'm a woman, I'm pushy, I'm successful, I'm . . ." At this point, Lisa, whose father graduated from the Irgun to selling diamonds, quietly bit her lower lip in self-pity. Her agent, Esther Newberg, touts her as a brilliant young social critic, "the intelligent Joan Rivers." At age 22, Lisa has already made a list of "the 10 pushiest women in New York." Mason Wiley, the genuine preppy who wrote much of Birnbach's book almost for free, says with a laugh that WASPs "aren't raised to push . . . Was I gullible? Was I stupid? You bet I was!"

Meeting of Opposites

Peter Anderson of the *Sacramento Union* calls it "the most inspirational point of land in the entire United States." It's "a few paces downwind from the California Palace of the Legion of Honor Museum, a picture window's glance away from the Golden Gate Bridge . . . right there on a bluff on the edge of the American continent, overlooking the grand Pacific Ocean." Yes, and it's also the newest site for another Holocaust reminder-memorial.

In November, George Segal's horrendous Holocaust "statue" was unveiled there, showing, in ghastly detail, a heap of crumpled bodies behind a barbed-wire fence. It recalled to many minds the equally gruesome bust of George Moscone by Robert Arneson, which portrayed the assassinated San Francisco mayor with gunshot wounds and dripping blood. At least, however, Arneson's work had been placed indoors, in the Moscone Convention Center, from which it was soon removed.

The unique site of the Holocaust statue forced words of anguish from Anderson:

Why? Why? Why?

Why here, on this majestic crest of the country where the land of nature has etched one of the most dramatic meetings of land and water in the world?

Why here, where the Presidio already squats amid wind-twisted cypress trees and heady eucalyptus . . . ?

Why must man mar . . . the inestimably precious sightlines between sea and city?

Why is there silence about this dese-

cration of geography, this slashing molestation of an otherwise tranquil war memorial, the Presidio . . . ?

Where is the uproar, the anguished cry of protest?

What say San Francisco's powerful grid of Jewish financiers, politicians, social architects, literary types, educators, doctors, and spiritual ministers? Have they all been rendered mute . . . ?

But you can't fight the Holocaust. Or can you? Only a short time after the inauguration of the monstrosity, someone spray-painted and tossed around Segal's papier maché bodies. The media howled about the "desecration" (which was really a desecration of a desecration). Diane Feinstein beefed up the security to prevent a recurrence. Meanwhile, Anderson seemed half reconciled to the statuary becoming another "publicity-rich tourist trap" and thereby helping to "kill the very breath of human hope."

More Jobs for a Tackier Future

One of the few solid points that "Wheaties" salesman Bob Richards pounded home during his disastrous Populist presidential campaign last year was that the American labor force is being converted from well-paid industrial work to poorly-paid service work -- apparently almost by design. A recent economic study by MIT supports the claim. It cites Labor Department figures to show that the jobs with the most new openings in the 1970s, and the

most projected openings through the year 2000, are generally those with an average 1980 wage below \$12,500. Most are service jobs, in places like hotels, restaurants and hospitals. Conversely, the jobs with the fewest openings in the 1970s and beyond generally paid \$22,000 a year and more in 1980. Nearly all were in manufacturing.

On a related note, it has been shown that even the supposedly "brainy" new jobs, in computers and related fields, demand only minimal intelligence in most cases. The number of truly creative job openings in America shows no sign of rising.

America is being restructured into a land where Majority and minority white yuppies sit (or jog) around while being waited on by imported colored masses. (Which sounds suspiciously like the old Western image of the Levant.) Back in the proud, white turn-of-the-century days, this was a land where tough Northern European-descended Americans created substantial goods for export. Today, even our pick-up trucks look like toys!

The *Washington Post* instructs us to take pride in this decadence: "In the United States, economic growth reliably generates more jobs -- and on a scale the Europeans find astonishing. In 1960, there were 66 million people employed in this country; currently 104 million are employed. In West Germany, in contrast, there are actually fewer people employed today than in 1960." And lucky for them too! The Germans consciously opted for increased individual productivity. Since their population has held constant, any new jobs would have demanded so many millions of additional "guestworkers." The German people would have abandoned entire occupations *in toto* and become dependent for their survival on dusky Stepin Fetchits (whose uppity children would refuse to stepin fetch, thereby necessitating further mass immigration).

Tony Solomon, the president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, complains about "a waning of the entrepreneurial vigor" in Europe. Ben Wattenberg, shekels dancing before his eyes, chortles with joy at the 18 million new jobs created in America since 1974 alone (against a net loss of 1.5 million jobs in Europe). To these gentlemen, America is nothing more than a vast hunk of real estate where their kind is free to make TV shows and money, and be waited on, while our kind is free to be shoved aside by endless waves of invaders.

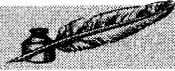


Segal's Holocaust

Unponderable Quote

The *New Republic* is currently the nation's most interesting and important political journal.

George Will, syndicated columnist and ABC-TV commentator



High-Flying Black

Like his father, who was a Pullman porter, Mike Hollis is in the transportation business -- but on a much higher plane. The pun is apt. Mike is the head of Air Atlanta, which has five planes, all of them losing money, at last report at the rate of \$800,000 a month. If there was one thing Atlanta, site of the most overcrowded airport in the South, did not need, it was another airline. But "public policy," the high-falutin' term for racial quotas, did need a black airline, as Hollis well knew when he went to work and raised \$45 million, largely on the collateral of his black skin.

Hollis attended Dartmouth, where he was lionized by John Kemeny, the Jewish-Hungarian American scientist, then the college president. At the University of Virginia Law School, where Senator Fat Face somehow got a degree, Hollis was elected head of the American Bar Association's law student division (36,000 members). Then on to a seat on the congressional committee investigating Three-Mile Island; then on to the vice-presidency of Oppenheimer & Co., the stock speculators.

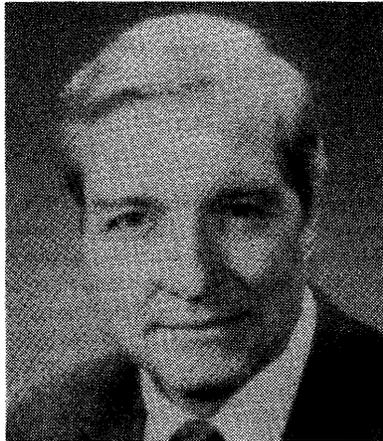
Andy Young and Maynard Jackson were good friends, and the latter introduced Hollis to the National Alliance of Postal and Federal Employees, the nation's largest black union, which presented him with a check for \$1 million. After that it was relatively easy to wangle \$20 million out of the two giant insurance firms, Aetna and Equitable. General Electric Credit provided \$21 million. The black-run North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company also chipped in, saying, "It's like giving to the United Fund." The Aetna giveaway was made at the request of the company's "corporate responsibility investment committee."

Air Atlanta will almost certainly go bust unless Hollis's high-level friends dig up more millions for him. Meanwhile, it is only fair to ask just what kind of an economic system Hollis is operating under. It is hardly capitalism since the venture capital was hardly voluntary. Because the financing did not come from the state, it is hardly socialism. Perhaps the best definition for the Hollis form of economic enterprise is Sermon-on-the-Mountism.

\$1.2 Million to Smear Percy

Michael Goland, 37, whose money knocked Charles Percy of Illinois out of the Senate, is a plutocratic Californian. One of the secrets of his alleged \$50 to \$100 million fortune has been his habit of paying his creditors very slowly or not at all. Last year

Goland, a real estate speculator and owner of a chain of mini-warehouses, spent \$1.2 million of what he claimed were his own funds to defeat Percy who, although quite pro-Israel and adequately liberal, had never been as fanatically so as Paul Simon, the Democratic congressman who beat him. Said Percy before his defeat, "My biggest problem in the campaign has been the interference of a southern California businessman." Carter Hendren, Percy's campaign manager, estimated that Goland's money was responsible for 10% of Simon's vote. Since Simon won by 85,000 votes (out of 5 million), if Hendren was right, the California "Jewish philanthropist," as Jewish papers called him, was the deciding factor in the campaign.



ex-Senator Percy

Goland sent out 1.7 million pieces of mail, bought up 275 billboards and plastered Illinois TV screens with attacks on Percy, calling him a chameleon and accusing him of shady practices in business dealings.

Goland, who has a withered arm and atrophied leg (from polio), wouldn't say why he went after the senior senator in a state 2,000 miles from his own. His jugernaut attack, however, points up the hopeless ineffectiveness of U.S. election laws which, while making it unlawful for any individual to give more than \$1,000 to a candidate in a primary or general election, permits the same individual to spend millions to smear the candidate's opponent as long as he does it as an independent operator and doesn't contribute his money directly to any candidate's coffers or to the coffers of any organization or committee directly supporting any candidate. Goland's \$1.2 million, incidentally, broke the alltime record for individual contributions to a senatorial race. (We are not talking here about a candidate's own contributions to his own race. There is no limit on this, which is why Jay Rockefeller was able to buy the governorship of West Virginia and

more recently one of the state's Senate seats.)

There is, of course, more to Goland's money than meets the eye. Percy's supporters have unveiled a letter in which Morris Amitay, ex-honcho of AIPAC, the chief Israeli lobby, wrote, "Mr. Goland did not make a move without my OK," and admitted that Goland was "a client."

As one might imagine, Goland has been a frequent visitor to Israel, where he has \$6 million invested in a solar energy firm. But even Jews have run afoul of his business practices. In one recent court case Goland was accused of defaulting on \$200,000 in loans he pledged to a Jewish fraternity house. Three of Goland's partnerships have sued for bankruptcy, and he has often fallen well behind in his income tax payments. He recently pledged \$47,000 to the United Jewish Fund, but only gave \$12,000.

So here you have it. A wheeling-dealing, vote-stealing California minorityite, who works closely with the representative of a foreign country, is able to defeat one of the most powerful senators and replace him with a man, Paul Simon, who was probably the most rabid pro-Zionist in the House. Is this what the Supreme Court meant by one man, one vote? If Carter Hendren's analysis of the election results is correct, it's one man, 250,000 votes.

"Just People"

Though nearly every library in the land has always felt somehow "required" to take it, the circulation of *The New Republic*, once America's most liberal and now by any standard America's most racist (i.e., Zionistic) magazine, remains shy of 100,000. But that didn't stop its 70th anniversary party last November from receiving such a high-powered testimonial as, "Nancy and I join in sending . . ."

It's who those 80 or 90 thousand subscribers are that counts. Gary Hart was at the party hugging publisher Martin Peretz, who was hugging Henry Kissinger. "It is not a liberal magazine," insisted Hart. Elizabeth Kastor of the *Washington Post* wrote of the guests: "Liberal? Conservative? They were just people," though she later added, "the scene at the National Portrait Gallery resembled a subway." Editor Hendrik Hertzberg (since replaced by Michael Kinsley, who was forced to resign as editor of *Harper's* for taking Jewish money for a "writing" trip to Israel) pointed to all the "neo-conservatives" present -- folks like Irving Kristol and Jeane Kirkpatrick. "It certainly shows," he opined, "the ideological schizophrenia of the magazine."

Maybe so, but by the end of the evening people were dancing the hora, and a guest was telling Peretz, who bought *The New Republic* with money provided by his WASP wife, a Singer Sewing Machine heir-

ess, "Marty, if Golda was here with us tonight, she would have been mighty proud of you." And also proud, no doubt, of such other guests as ex-Gov. Jerry Brown, Rep. Barney Frank, Lane Kirkland, Rev. Robert Drinan, Sen. Paul Simon, Mortimer Zuckerman, Warren Beatty, Patrick Buchanan and Betty Friedan.

About the only person who had the guts to be a *New Republic* party pooper was the once gutless cover-upper of the Soviet espionage network, Michael Straight, *Instauration's* 1983 Majority Renegade of the Year and a former editor of Peretz's hate sheet. Straight wrote a letter to the *New York Review of Books* condemning his old magazine for endorsing Israel's bombing of Beirut. He also wrote to Peretz, comparing the latter's claim to represent the magazine's liberal values to Reagan's pretending to be the political heir of FDR. To the outsider, the Straight-Peretz feud can only be characterized by the old adage, "A plague on both your houses."

Not long ago a humor magazine produced a parody called "The New Republic," replete with anti-Arabism. At the 70th birthday party, one former *New Republic* columnist, Roger Rosenblatt, who now scribbles "think pieces" for *Time*, recalled how a special "No Story About Israel Edition" was once contemplated. Getting back to reality, the *New Republic's* ethnomaniacal "TRB" column, currently penned by Michael Kinsley, was headlined, "Still Chosen," on December 3. In it, the noble Jews were congratulated for being the only ethnic group in America which "continues to vote its values instead of its interests."

"Jews live like WASPs . . . and vote like Puerto Ricans," Kinsley informs us. While the vote for President Reagan rose 8% nationally between 1980 and 1984, it fell 7% among Jews. Unlike Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale -- each a real "mensch" -- Ronald Reagan lives in a phony Republican world of "greedheads, barbie dolls and fundamentalist Ayatollahs." Jews, on the other hand, "hold themselves to a higher standard," and, while rich, continue to vote as though they were broke -- unlike other groups.

Shrewd psychologists would insist that a group's "values" must reflect its ultimate "interests," and, indeed, Kinsley finally gets around to admitting, after a thousand or so words of praise for his "still chosen" master race, "Most American Jews, it turns out, still see their values and their interests as one and the same."

Judy's Weird Sister

Do you have "ambivalent" feelings about dirt, physical abuse, authority, order and efficiency? Do you sometimes experience "a linkage to Europe or the Middle East, including a knowledge of having

spoken another language at some time in the past, in spite of having documents attesting to birth in the U.S."? Did you ever get to wondering where that bump on the head, that limp or spinal injury *really* came from?

If so, you may be another of the "50,000 victims of [Nazi] sterilization and sex-change operations" who were banished to the U.S. following World War II as part of a Great Sinister Plot. If so, *Outcry!*, the weirdest of all weirdo sheets, is for you. The newsletter's founder and publisher, Adrian Sheffield, was kidnapped in 1936 from her beloved parents, King George VI and the present Queen Mother Elizabeth, "most likely by anti-British fascists." She was then a he, but her twin sister, also kidnapped, who is now the singer Judy Collins, was apparently always a she. They did not meet again until 1958, when, under the names of Roberta "Rusty" McCurdy (née Evans) and Joan Lee Tams, they chanced to be roommates at the University of Florida. McCurdy later "changed her identity" to Judy Collins, "inventing in the process a new biography, to cover up some youthful indiscretions."

She collaborated with other powerful figures who also wanted the truth kept quiet, to keep me from knowing the truth. She has gone to serious illegal extremes . . . to prevent me from saying I knew her at an earlier time, and to keep me from knowing I was male, so as not to interfere with her musical career! I've had amnesia for 40 years, only recently remembering the Holocaust experiences.

It was only after she saw a photo of Judy Collins on a record album in 1979 that Sheffield began untangling her tragic past. Soon, by studying authoritative works like *The Murderers Among Us*, by Simon Wiesenthal, and *Of Pure Blood*, by Marc Hillel and Clarissa Henry, she came to realize that "many other children were kidnapped during the 1930s and 1940s, some from families of the rich and famous, brilliant and creative, others from families of less renown, chosen because of their likely intelligence or talents, their Aryan genetic heritage . . ." For some reason, the wicked Nazis subjected these young geniuses (plus dwarfs, Gypsies, Jews, Slavs, blacks, Resistance children, etc.) to the most sadistic of sex-change experiments. Even more inexplicably, the CIA, FBI, OSS, INS and other U.S. agencies, which apparently contained Nazi sympathizers, did everything possible to convince the young victims that, in spite of their accents, they were really native American fruitcakes and weirdos.

Adrian Sheffield's research has turned up one lead worth pursuing. Under the heading "Army Destroys U.S. Documents," she writes:

A letter I have just received from the U.S. National Archives says: "According

to our records, in 1951, the Department of the Army destroyed all passenger and crew lists, manifests, logs of vessels and troop movement files of all U.S. Army Transport vessels. This included vessels used to transport refugees. Therefore we would not have a record of your entrance to the U.S. among the records in our custody . . ."

WHAT JUSTIFICATION CAN BE MADE FOR SUCH ACTIONS . . . UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING TO HIDE?

Whether this has any bearing on the Six Million question is for the experts to determine.

Anyone interested in exploring what are hopefully the outermost limits of the Holocaust yarn should request a copy of *Outcry!* (6714 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028).

The Lowdown on Watergate

How long will it be before the full truth about Watergate leaks through the nearly impenetrable skin of the media propaganda bag? We may be getting an inch or two closer with the publication of *Secret Agenda* by Jim Hougan, Washington editor of *Harper's*. The author suggests that the break-in was set up by James McCord and E. Howard Hunt, supposed CIA retirees, whose hearts still belonged to the Company. Ellsberg's file was found and photographed, writes Hougan, despite protestations to the contrary. The important info was turned over to the CIA, but never to the White House.

Hougan further claims that James McCord, the man in charge of the electronics, never bugged the offices of the Democratic National Committee. To repair the supposedly malfunctioning bug was the ostensible reason for the messed-up operation that climaxed with the downfall of Nixon. Actually, according to Hougan, the bug was not planted until a few days *after* the break-in.

Hougan's claims that McCord deliberately sabotaged the project by taping the lock of the door to make passing guards suspicious. That's why he demanded that the operation continue even after the tape had been removed by a guard. McCord's motive, we are told, was to get revenge on the politicians and White House staffers who were tearing the CIA apart in the press and in Congressional hearings.

Ponderable Quote

One out of every three women in the Los Angeles basin has been raped and/or sexually assaulted.

Actress Diane McBain,
Hour Magazine, Feb. 10, 1983



Cholly Bilderberger



In mid-December of last year, Thomas L. Friedman of the *New York Times* filed a story from Jerusalem which was also run by many other newspapers across the country. According to Friedman, Israelis feel that *Time*, the news-magazine, is biased against Israel. This feeling came into the open during the libel suit filed by Ariel Sharon against *Time*. According to Friedman, "There is still enormous bitterness among Israelis over what they perceive to have been biased coverage of their 1982 invasion of Lebanon. The Sharon trial is seen by many Israelis as their chance to get even. 'Success of Sharon at the trial will refute many slanders against the State of Israel and the people of Israel,' said Justice Minister Moshe Nissim For some Israelis, the magazine has come to embody all the evils and . . . shortcomings of Western news coverage of Israel 'Time is so disliked here that it has the capacity to make people who despise Sharon want him to win,' said Zeev Chafetz, a former head of the Israeli Government Press Office who recently wrote a book attacking American reporting on the Middle East. Chafetz cited what he described as *Time's* frequently negative, and even incorrect portrayals of former Prime Minister Menahem Begin and what he called the magazine's often indulgent attitude toward the Palestine Liberation Organization as some of the reasons its coverage is so unpopular here."

Needless to say, this story has caused an uproar in *Tout New York*, especially among intellectuals and magazine staffers. And nowhere has the uproar been more obsessive than among *Time* people at all levels. According to Murray Schisephriste, of the National and International Periodical Monitoring Permanent Ad Hoc Anti-Racist and Pro-Sensitivity Committee (NIPMPAHARPS, often shortened to HARPS), "*Time* staffers have always assumed that they work for a very pro-Israel organization. When *Time* is accused of bias by Israel itself, it's traumatic. And has led to a lot of soul-searching. And a lot of meetings with people here at HARPS, both in the office and outside, to ask for guidance. For example, a *Time* senior editor — non-Jewish — called me last week and asked for a meeting at what he called a 'neutral restaurant,' and we settled on Liam Nussbaum's Keltic Kitchen, in SoHo. He arrived with a large file of back issues of *Time* and insisted on showing me what he called, 'hundreds of clear instances of pro-Semitism, pro-Jewishness, and pro-Israelism.' I told him I didn't have time to look at all that stuff, and he said, 'All right, I'll just summarize: For over sixty years, *Time* has extolled Jews without pause. All kinds of Jews, especially those in the arts. Look at the miles of column space we have given to the Holocaust. Look at what we've done for Elie Wiesel. For Norman Mailer and Philip Roth and Bill Paley. Barney Baruch and George Burns and Henry Morgenthau. Miles of stories, all adulatory. Since its founding, Israel has been our number one priority. We have taken the 'greening of the

desert,' and 'America's only ally in the Mideast' to unprecedented heights. And now His voice broke and his eyes filled with tears. It was several moments before he could go on, but he finally managed. 'And now, all those decades of uncompromising support are undermined by this one story from Jerusalem. We are accused of slandering Israel. I don't understand! What more could we have done?' At this point, he dissolved into tears, and wept into his Leopold Bloom Kilkenny Blintzes, a specialty of the Keltic Kitchen. When he had finally sobbed himself out and made himself presentable, I said, 'It's true that you did a great deal. The Israelis know that. They also know that the pot must be kept boiling, and *Time* kept on its toes. For many years, *Time* was the standard against which we Jews measured cooperation. But you have been surpassed. Look at the *New Republic*, for instance, which used to be merely leftist. But since Martin Peretz bought it in 1974, it has moved into the forefront of pro-Israelism. In October 1984, *Time* itself noticed this in an article on the *New Republic* in which one of your people — a staff writer named William Henry III — said: "The magazine is inflexible in its support of Israel and has what Hertzberg [Hendrik Hertzberg, an editor] concedes is a 'obsession with the Middle East.' " Didn't that remark in your own magazine give you a clue? Didn't it tell you that from now on, nothing less than inflexible support of Israel and a healthy obsession with the Middle East — meaning the desire for Israeli hegemony and the extinction of all Palestinians and subjection of all other Arabs — will do? That anything less is gross anti-Semitism? If the *New Republic* sees no warts on Begin, can *Time* afford to? Evidently not, or you wouldn't be here in the Keltic Kitchen trying to explain yourself. I suggest you go back to your office and do some true soul-searching. After which you might have lunch with Hertzberg and Peretz, and find out what to do on specifics. You might also contact people at *Commentary* and *The New Yorker*.' He was excessively grateful, and said as he left, 'I think you can count on *Time*.' 'I know we can count on *Time*,' I told him. I did not give him the bottom line — that Israel knew it could count on *Time* even before it complained about *Time*, and that Sharon only sued to administer a warning to all Americans as well as a spanking to *Time* — because, frankly, it was none of his business. By the way, at HARPS we are aware that racists everywhere are delighted by what they perceive as the spectacle of Jews suing Jews, in the sense that *Time* is considered to be dominated by Jews. But the racists don't realize that the *only* upshot of the Sharon case — win or lose — will be greater devotion to the Israeli cause from *all* U.S. publications, and from the American public as a whole."

HARPS, incidentally, now occupies sixteen floors at the Mike Todd Building in midtown New York. The skyscraper — fifty-six stories — was financed in great part from con-

tributions given spontaneously by school children across the country, with the largest single donation coming from the Davy Crockett Sub-Intermediate Middle School for Gifted and Partially Gifted Children, in Old Faustus, Texas.

-- -- --

Brewing: A super scandal involving South Africa. Phil Adams, the black leader, claims that members of Senator Kennedy's staff uncovered the grim truth during the Senator's recent fact-finding and monitoring trip to what Jenny Burden calls "the Darkest of Continents." Phil says, "It's a study called *The Answer*, conceived and executed by high-ranking white South Africans as a solution to starvation in all of Africa. Put simply — and brutally — it proposes quickfreezing all Africans who die of malnutrition, and later dressing out and packaging the carcasses just like beef and pork. I have seen a copy of *The Answer*, which claims that, 'The possibilities are heartening in the extreme. Most black Africans simply do not get enough protein at the best of times . . . The West will cry Cannibalism!, but the average African will have no such scruples. After all, he will not be gnawing on the bloody arm or leg of his cousin, but cooking meat which has come to him nicely packaged in a sanitary manner, no different, basically, from the manner in which the Western housewife receives the cuts from which she prepares her delicious and nutritious meals . . . population stabilization . . . constructive use of what would otherwise be wasted in a continent which sees far too much waste . . . Nature's bounty, Africa's greatest resource.' Unfortunately, the study seems to have gained the backing of a number of black African leaders, who have privately met with the authors of *The Answer*. Most unfortunate of all, there actually seems to be competition among certain unscrupulous black businessmen for the concession of the grisly business itself." At first, Phil was going to alert the media, and take full-page ads in the *New York Times*, but he decided against that approach. "Until we know definitely that black Africans themselves are united against the plan, it would be premature to move against it here. We'd fall on our faces." And if black Africa welcomes the plan, what then? "Black Africa should have the right to self-determination on all issues," Phil says. "After much thought, and a great deal of initial reluctance, I have concluded that, despite the origin of the idea, if it is embraced and made black by black Africans, and they endorse it by at least 90% in free elections, then it should probably be given a chance, and we in the West should shelve our complaints — coming as they do from full stomachs — and let Africa work out its problems in its own way. After all, there is no question but that lives would be saved." After the meeting, Jenny Burden asked Caroline Plimpton, "Does it mean that places in Africa like Treetops and the Muthaiga Club in Nairobi will be serving 'nomad-burger' or whatever?" Caroline told her that the question was premature.

-- -- --

Justifiably Impressed: Friends of Saul Bellow, over what he was able to do for non-Jewish (Irish, actually) author William Kennedy, whose novel, *Ironweed*, won last year's

Pulitzer Prize. The novel was turned down by thirteen publishers, and seemed slated for total oblivion until Bellow wrote what *Time* called a "stern" letter to Viking, and told them to publish it. So excited was CBS's *Sixty Minutes* about Bellow's power that it gave the incident a full segment. Bellow and Kennedy met some years ago in Puerto Rico — Kennedy was a journalist there at the time and Bellow was a visiting teacher at the University of Puerto Rico. "It just goes to show the wonderful combination of compassion and influence that almost all Jews have now," says Amanda Livingston, head of the Mailer Institute, and deeply involved in so many other causes. "We'll never know what transpired between Bill and Saul in Puerto Rico, and, indeed, as Truman Capote said about all happenings over which a veil has been drawn, perhaps it's better that we don't know. What we do know is that Bill Kennedy made the right moves, pushed the right buttons, and left Saul with the feeling that if and when he, Saul, was going to show compassion and exert influence on anyone's behalf, Kennedy was going to be the recipient. There are those who say that Kennedy prostrated himself before the Nobel Prize winner and declared undying support for Israel, but Bill's friends say it was much more subtle than that. Certainly, it gives all of us a rare glimpse into the inner workings of the publishing industry, and this was underlined in the *Sixty Minutes* segment. A Viking editor was perfectly candid as he described the electric effect of Bellow's letter on him and the entire editorial staff. Bellow himself appeared on camera and quietly put everything in perspective. One of Bill's friends says, 'It was just the teeniest bit hard on Bill to discover that the *Sixty Minutes* piece was primarily concerned with Bellow's compassion and influence, leaving Bill and his book in second place. But I think Bill now realizes that without Saul he'd be nowhere, so he's very happy that Saul has the influence.' So true. If we have to live in a world in which influence determines everything, how much better that influence lies with people like Saul rather than . . . in less honorable hands."

-- -- --

News From Academia: *New Ground*, the periodical devoted to monitoring college courses, has a list of the most exciting curriculum breakthroughs for 1985. Harvard: Blacks in the Renaissance; Intimations of Sensitivity in Western Man (special emphasis on the inability of many of the Conquistadores to maintain their ferocious image in both heterosexual and homosexual relationships). Bryn Mawr: Men as Dispensable; Women as Necessary; Genius in Women; Cretinism in Men. The University of Michigan: The Anti-Semitism of Henry Ford; Bestiality on Midwestern Farms, 1870-1940; The Rise of Black Motor Skills. Arizona State: Candymaking under the Maccabees; Mozart as Punk Rocker; Bella Abzug and Helen of Troy; Changing Goals for Women; 6,000 Ways to Cook Hamburgers (originally designed for members of the football team, this course is now regarded as a must for archaeology majors). Oxford (England): Canute to the Beatles and Beyond: Evolution Made Manifest; Unity Mitford and Adolf Hitler, A Study in Class Differences and Similarities.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Allow me to make some comments on the article called "Up the Devolution" in *Instauration* (Nov., 1984). The title is wholly admirable, as devolution deserves the support of all good Instaurationists. But the content is much less so. The article is in fact giving publicity to complete separatists, who would be only too glad to drive out Majority Europeans settled amongst them. Take the Scottish National Party. Certainly, a majority of Scots voted for devolution (and were cheated out of it by the insistence on the approval of 40 percent of the entire electorate, which meant that anyone who failed to vote, or who was still on the voting roll but buried in the churchyard, was automatically assumed to be voting against). However, that does not mean that a majority of Scots are for outright separation, as advocated by the SNP.

The Andalusian Socialist Party is funded by Gaddafi. Of course, the blood groups of Andalusia are close to those of Morocco, but all the same it hardly seems a good idea to support anti-Castillian feeling in Spain to the point of creating separate nations. The same goes for the Galician, Catalan and Basque separatist movements, which are wholly justified on a linguistic and cultural basis, but not to the point of holding the traditional heart of Spain to ransom. The same goes for the threat to French territorial unity posed by the Breton, Occitan, Savoyard and Corsican separatist movements. No one could be more of a Breton than Le Pen. Indeed, he is a pan-Celt, whose heart leaps up when he hears the singing at an international rugby match in Cardiff Arms Park. However, he stands foursquare for a unitary France, with plenty of devolution. The case of Alsace is rather different, since it was for so long a part of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. However, its language is thoroughly Alemannic, and has much more in common with Swiss and Southwestern German dialects, or even with the dialect of Austrian Vorarlberg, than with that of the Rhinelanders.

Certainly, the Frisians deserve more autonomy, and more unity than has been allowed them by the Dutch or the Danes, but a separate state would have the effect of depriving the Germans of what little seacoast they have remaining.

What I have said about France and Spain holds good for Britain too. Do we really want to see Cornwall, the Isle of Man and Wales as separate states (though I admit that the separation of Wales is tempting, if only the Welsh would go there and stay)? As for handing over Northumberland, for centuries the bulwark against the Scots, the notion is positively insulting. Devolution for Northumbria, which covers a much bigger area (Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire and Lan-

cashire) sounds an excellent idea, but independence would merely create an unstable buffer state between Scotland and England. This reminds me of an occasion when I was crossing the Humber River in a train with a friend. He was a rather languid Etonian, and remarked to me in a quiet voice, "You know, civilisation does cease at the Humber." A man in the corner happened to hear, and put down his newspaper abruptly with the words, "Going which way?"

The case of Sicily is analogous to that of Andalusia. It is full of people who are quite alien to Italy's northerners. Devolution, with restricted rights of internal emigration, would seem to be the answer here.

As for Jura, I cannot see that the French speakers have any right to demand the control of territory which has voted unequivocally to remain within the canton of Berne. German speakers have lost too much territory already.

The case of Yugoslavia is not analogous to that of the long-established west European states. It is a thoroughly artificial creation of the victors of World War I. All the same, there would surely be something to be said for bringing together Slovenia and Croatia in a devolved system. As for Kosovo, it ought by rights to belong to Albania. Belgium, another unhappy artificial state, should also cease to exist, with Flanders enjoying devolution inside the Netherlands (which in fact should include *all* the low countries), while Wallonia joins France.

However, I cannot see any justification for more than local autonomy (even across established frontiers) for minorities like the Lapps and the Scanians within Scandinavia. The Baltic states have a far better title to independence, given their long historical independence of Russia. Here a devolution experiment might well be tried.

As for the idea of Ulster being included in an autonomous region within a federated Irish Republic, that's a non-starter. It was not the Protestant Ulstermen who left the Republic, but the Free Staters who left the United Kingdom. Now, a federated Ireland within the United Kingdom, even with a reünited Ulster, is a real possibility. It would balance well-founded fears of Catholic dominance with a large British majority.

There only remains the question of the Faeroes. They have enjoyed a considerable measure of local autonomy for a long time, under what can only be described as a beneficent Danish government. Their ancient Lagting (a combination of court of law and parliament) was restored in 1856, their language (an artificial recreation) was authorized in the schools in 1912, and in 1938 became the sole language of instruction, if the teacher so wished. Although a plebiscite at the end of the war was



(just) in favour of independence, the Lagting elections of 1946 reversed this demand. In 1948 the islands obtained self-government under the Danish Crown, with their own flag and their own currency unit. If only Irish fanaticism had permitted such a sensible solution! Should we really be supporting those few disgruntled Faroese who demand ministate representation at the ghastly UN? On the contrary, let's regard the Faeroes as a splendid tribute to Danish and Faeroese good sense. In 1900 the population of the Faeroes and of the Isle of Lewis was in each case around 15,000. Now the Isle of Lewis (lacking any devolved powers) has a population of 7,000, while the Faeroes have 40,000! (Are we really going to support nitwits who would be prepared to chuck bombs about in order to gain an illusory, because so easily threatened, independence?)

The whole question is bedevilled with hypocrisy, because the unspoken assumption of so many of these separatists is that they will gain the right to govern and raise loans in their own territories, while their own people who happen to live in Majority areas, so to speak, will continue to enjoy the same rights as before. Consider the case of the Irish in England, who can not only vote but have the right to salt their money away in Ireland, out of reach of the fiends of the British Inland Revenue. If all these separatists were made to realise that the knife cuts both ways, then they would be ready for sensible devolutionary proposals, instead of unstable UN-style ministates.

I will also reveal my bias. It is in favour of all those "white settlers" like myself, who have fishing or shooting lodges in areas which are the targets of local separatists. I am not going to be tamely driven out while the local folk

have it both ways, in their country and in mine. To hell with such a double standard.

What we need is more men like Peter Simple (in the *Daily Telegraph*) who applauds those who wish to preserve the Welsh and Irish languages and their attendant cultures, but who ridicule pretensions of a cosmopolitan variety embraced by idiots in Wales and Ireland.

* * *

International Living (Jan. 1983) has an amusing article by one Nina Kimbrough on "Defensive Driving in Saudi Arabia," which recounts truly appalling experiences for which I can vouch, myself. Here is a key passage:

The natural machismo of an Arab driver will not let him be passed on the road by a blue eyes. This sometimes tempts Western drivers to indulge in a game of egging an Arab driver to beat the signal. If the Western driver is in front of the line at a signal, guns his motor, inches forward and watches the driver beside him out of the corner of his eye, it causes the following reactions. The driver of the next car guns his motor and watches the Western driver instead of the traffic. If timed right, the Arab driver will jump the signal and drive right into the oncoming traffic.

Of course, this assumes that the Saudis drive in the same direction on either side of the road -- which is often the case. My own practice on the roads round London airport, when I have a minorityite on my tail who is determined to pass, is to drive well within the speed limit, blocking him, then to swing over, letting him through, at a police trap or radar control section.



The old timers say that Illinois roads aren't what they used to be, and I reckon that's true. Hard prairie winters have left lots of scars on this old pavement. But Illinois highways are still straight, flat and fast, and Wilhelmina can do almost as well on Illinois 45 as she can do on Interstate 57.

Wilhelmina and I had dropped off a trailer of canned peas in Chicago and were deadheading to Champaign-Urbana for a load of styrofoam cups. The freight on styrofoam cups isn't much -- barely gas money. Anyway, I decided to take Wilhelmina down Illinois 45 to Champaign. That way I could get a good look at the corn and soybeans . . . and I could stop off in Rantoul to visit Claire and her two little tow-headed girls.

And so we left the Interstate below Kankakee and pulled in at Raymond's Skelly Truck Plaza. There I showered, shaved, changed my underwear and socks, and put through a call to Claire.

Claire is a nifty 5'6" and 120 pounds of blonde, grey-eyed pulchritude. She's a widow at age 35 and a secretary at Chanute Air Force Base. Claire works hard to keep our military aviation second to none and to provide a decent life for her daughters.

Her husband used to work at the soybean processing plant. During the recession he was laid off even though he had seniority over some workers who kept their jobs.

Afterwards Jim took to staying out late and coming home drunk. One winter night he didn't make it home.

I topped off Wilhelmina's tank and checked her skins, and then we swung out of Raymond's onto 45. We were just outside of Paxton when I saw the charter bus broken down on the shoulder of the northbound lane, and I stopped to lend a hand. I saw that her ICC number was in the MC-168-thousand series, and I figured right away that she's one of those new fly-by-night outfits that's come along since deregulation. She was called "Coyote Tours." Well, sir, I know the Hound and the Jack Rabbit and the Illini-Swallow, but this was the first I'd heard of the Coyote.

This must have been one of those new no-frills tours; all of the coach seats had been removed and blankets and straw mats were spread on the floor for the passengers to lie on. That way there was space for about 70 passengers instead of only 47 or so. And that was the strangest bunch of passengers I ever saw. All the men were little bitty fellows. All the girls over 15 were pregnant, and all the women over 30 were shaped like 55-gallon drums. And kids -- why, I never saw such a swarm of kids on one bus. And all of those passengers yelling at each other in Spanish. And all of the men and women and girls and kids and chickens screeching and squawking and scratching and swarming all over that roadside.

The driver was a real nice Mexican-American fellow named Ed Ortiz. Ed lives in Morton Grove and he speaks a little English. He said he was bringing this charter party up from Texas to Chicago. His bus had transmission trouble so there was nothing I could do except put out some pots. Radio on that Coyote didn't work either. So I told Ed I'd call

his dispatcher for a replacement vehicle and a tow. And you know what? Ed said Coyote Tours didn't have a dispatcher. Don't that beat all?

Ed said they'd be alright though. He said two more Coyote strato-cruisers, a school bus, a mini-bus, and three vans were strung along the road behind him, and they'd probably be along soon to pick everybody up. Ed invited me to stay for a chicken dinner but I knew Claire would have some ham and hot biscuits waiting on the stove, so I told Ed "adios" and Wilhelmina and I got rolling again down 45 to Claire's place.

This business sure isn't what it used to be. Now it's deregulation, gypsy truckers, Coyote Tours, and trying to scratch a living on empty miles and styrofoam cups. But it's friendly folks like Ed and Claire that keep me on the road.

I put the pedal down and two hours later I polished off the last biscuit. "Claire," I said, "isn't America a wonderful place? I mean, where else could poor families like those afford charter tours? And where else could a man like me get great home-cooking like this? You ought to quit working for the Air Force and open up a diner on the Interstate."

"Yes," Claire said with a smile. "I reckon all of us over at the Air Base have just been wasting our time."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind," Claire said softly, and she tossed her head and swept the fine yellow hair back from her face with her delicate fingers. "Finish your cigarette, Willy, and let's go upstairs. The dishes can wait until morning."

222

Talking Numbers

Last November, Israel's annual inflation rate hit an all-time high -- a four-digit 1,260%. The previous month the Zionist Consumer Price Index rose 24.3%.

#

Ziff-Davis Publishing Company has sold 24 of its magazines to CBS, Inc. and News American Publishing, the latter a division of Rupert Murdoch's media satrapy. CBS paid \$362.5 million for such Ziff publications as *Car and Driver*, *Backpacker*, *Skiing and Boating* and *Popular Photography*. Murdoch coughed up \$350 million for various travel and industrial publications. William B. Ziff, now one of the Jewish-American super-rich, held on to 11 computer magazines.

#

Italy's MSI Party, which remembers Il Duce with warm nostalgia, held its annual convention in Rome (Nov. 29-Dec. 2). 1,600 delegates attended, including the Party's 18 senators, 42 deputies in the Italian Parliament and 5 deputies in the European Parliament.

The Roper Poll missed the final 1984 presidential election results by 8 points; *USA Today* by 7 points; Louis Harris Poll by 6 points, *Washington-Post-ABC News* poll 4 points; CBS-*New York Times* Poll 3 points. All these polls are run or controlled by liberals or Democrats and all but *USA Today* erred on the side of Mondale-Ferraro. Only Gallup, founded by a Republican family, came out on the nose, 59-41.

#

60.6% of students tested at five black Virginia colleges failed the communications section of a state teacher licensing examination, compared to a 7.7% failure rate of students in the 34 predominantly white colleges.

#

President Reagan, campaigning for the 1980 election, promised to abolish the Department of Education. Shortly before the 1984 election it was announced that the Department's budget had blossomed from \$14.8 billion in fiscal 1981 to \$18.3 billion in fiscal 1985.

When the Brits gave up their Palestine mandate in May 1948, Jews owned less than 780 square miles (about 14%) of the land that became Israel.

#

The War Resisters League, which calls on everyone to cheat on their income tax to force down defense spending, published a pie chart showing that 42% of the current U.S. budget was allocated to the military. The League didn't bother to list Social Security on the basis that it was really a "trust fund," not part of the federal expense sheet.

#

Some years ago there was a national election in Liberia. The incumbent president won by 600,000 votes, though at the time the country had only 15,000 registered voters. (Source: *Stan Lee Presents the Best of the Worst*)

#

Ben and Mollie Grad are suing Safeway and a candle company for \$1.3 million because the candles they purchased did not burn with a "steady, somber flame" for 24 hours during their celebration of Yom Kippur. Similar suits brought by similarly "humiliated" Jews are in the offing.

Although blacks make up about half of the National Football League teams, very few are quarterbacks, center or middle linebackers. Although blacks comprise more than 20% of major league baseball players, very, very few are pitchers, catchers or play any of the infield positions. Altogether, there are about 3,000 job slots in the U.S. for professional athletes.

#

Peter and Edward Bronfman, the two "poor" Bronfmans, as compared to their "rich" cousins, liquor barons Edgar and Charles, own Edper Investments, Ltd., which has a stock portfolio of \$3.5 billion, including a 24% interest in Scott Paper. Altogether, Edper controls 24 companies with combined assets of at least \$90 billion. (*Wall Street Journal*, Nov. 7, 1984)

#

If you are on welfare with a family of four in one of the ten most populous states, you can best live it up in California, where you will get \$625 a month. Stay away from Texas -- only \$178 a month. However, if you want to be murdered, your best bet is Texas or Louisiana, where the homicide rate is 14.2 per 100,000. If you want to live out your threescore and ten most safely, move to Minnesota, which has a murder rate of only 1.7 per 100,000.

Donald Mann, head of Negative Population Growth, asserts legal immigration now amounts to over 600,000 a year, while out-migration is only 100,000. Mann advocates reducing legal immigration to the latter figure to keep it in balance with emigration. Mann's press release, however, said nothing about the illegal component of the influx of human wave.

#

A sting operation by the Dade County police in south Florida netted some 200 alleged criminals, 197 of whom were black and only one of whom was Anglo. Because of the numerical tilt, the 70 defense attorneys want all the charges against their clients thrown out on the grounds of racial discrimination.

#

Terroress Susan Rosenberg, allegedly the getaway driver in the 1981 massacre of Brink's Armored Car personnel, was caught in New Jersey with 740 pounds of explosives, a Uzi submachinegun, an M-14 rifle, a sawed-off shotgun, 5 handguns and boxes of "cop-killer" teflon bullets. Arrested with her was Timothy Blunk, the son of a Presbyterian minister, who served time in prison for throwing lye in a policeman's face during a 1981 protest against South Africa.

Two trailer truckloads of food -- including 5,000 pounds of roast chicken, 2,500 pounds of gefiltefish and 500 pounds of paté were gourmandized at a \$500,000 wedding of two Hasidic Jews, both 18-year-old grandchildren of Grand Rabbi Moses Teitelbaum. As 25,000 wedding guests shouted "mazel tov" and 30 rabbis chanted in Hebrew from the wedding platform, the two first cousins were joined in holy Jewish matrimony. Guests were strictly segregated, as is the custom in such affairs, the women eating in a separate exhibition hall with heads covered by babushkas. During the ceremony the bride and groom were not allowed to kiss or touch each other.

#

Only 52.4% of the eligible U.S. voters participated in the 1984 electoral orgy. A *New York Times* article (Dec. 1, p. 23) claimed this electoral turnout was the world's lowest.

#

Some 10% of bulk mail is thrown away by Postal Service workers, according to the National Mail Order Association. In the past two years, more than 200 "mailpersons" have been arrested for stealing or dumping what they were supposed to deliver.

Primate Watch



BENJAMIN WARD, the black Police Commissioner of New York City, is a married man with five grown children. In 1983, when he was still Corrections Commissioner, he used his Rikers Island office as a "motel" for sex. When the bombshell burst last fall, it didn't keep the 3,000-member **DETECTIVES ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION** from naming him its 1984 Man of the Year. Less complacent was ex-cop **CIBELLA BORGES**, now 26, who was fired from "New York's finest" in 1982 after it was revealed she had once posed for a hardcore porn magazine. "I was just a plain old police officer," she said. "He's the top cop."

☆ ☆ ☆

When South Africa's violence-preaching black bishop won his Nobel Peace Prize last fall, America's U.N. Ambassador **JANE KIRKPATRICK** announced, "We are in complete solidarity with **DESMOND TUTU** in his struggle." When word of the selection reached Johannesburg, **55 BLACK AND WHITE STAFF MEMBERS** of the South African Council of Churches began jumping around, dancing and hugging one another.

EDITHE PROPHETE was a typical young Haitian mother of six. But after quarrelling with her husband and neighbors in 1981, she abandoned her litter and moved to south Florida. Since illegally settling there, she has collected three years of welfare, spawned two more (fatherless) children, done a wee bit of sewing, and loudly praised American "freedom," which, as the official teaching now has it, fell from the sky like manna one fine day in 1776 after some honkies got lucky and scribbled the right incantation on a piece of paper.

☆ ☆ ☆

SYDNEY BIDDLE BARROWS, the so-called "Mayflower Madam," has been playing Vanessa Williams recently, to her ex-boyfriend **STEVEN ROZANSKY's** impersonation of Bob Guccione. Sydney, the low-life, not-so-blueblood, posed nude for Roz, the Jewish blackjack dealer from the Bronx, some 10 years ago. Now that her prostitution rap has made her a public figure, he is free to peddle his private porn to the highest bidder. That's what the judge told attorney **RISA DICKSTEIN**, whose client sued lover-boy for \$18 million.

The British journalist Chapman Pincher, who has specialized in blowing the whistle on Britain's elite spydom, has published his most sensational revelation to date: **SIR ROGER HOLLIS**, the director of Britain's supersecret MI5 intelligence agency from 1956-65, was himself in the pay of the Soviets. He was recruited, writes Pincher, in China in the 1920s by that First Lady of the American Reds, **AGNES SMEDLEY**. If the charge is true, Hollis was the long-sought "fifth man" in the espionage daisy chain composed of Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess, Anthony Blunt and Harold Philby. Maclean, now a colonel in the KGB and living in Moscow, is the only survivor of the group.

☆ ☆ ☆

The National Conference on Soviet Jewry honored **JANE FONDA** with a lavish dinner in Washington last October 22. When asked why he was rewarding a woman who was America's counterpart to Tokyo Rose and Lord Haw Haw, **JERRY GOODMAN**, executive director of the NCSJ, had no answer. When informed that she had denounced the U.S. Air Force POWs as "professional killers" over Hanoi radio during her wartime visit to the North Vietnamese capital, Goodman replied, "I don't care now" what Jane said then.

Primate Watch



THOMAS and **JANICE COLELLA** of Huntington Beach, California, want all of us to pay for their folly. In 1979, they adopted a black boy who promptly tried to stab Mrs. Colella and then attempted to burn down their house several times. They finally gave up on **TOMMY** after four years, after caring for him had put them \$140,000 in debt and endangered the life of their natural child. Now they seek a minimum of \$8 million in damages because, they say, the black social worker who gave them Tommy had picked him deliberately out of anger at their expressed interest in a black child.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was in 1963, the year before the Beatles blitzed America, that another young Brit helped to bring down a cabinet minister and ultimately a prime minister. **MANDY RICE-DAVIES**, who is only 39, left Britain following the Profumo Affair and headed for -- of all places -- Israel. There the blonde call-girl, who had left home at 16, somehow managed to compete successfully with all those shrewd Levantine businessmen and, we are told, "became wealthy from a string of clubs and restaurants." Now back in Britain, she's been given a role in the TV series *Chance in a Million*.

☆ ☆ ☆

The most vulgar of all our actresses is Negrophile **LINDA BLAIR**, of *Exorcist* fame. Now 28, her latest flick is *Savage Streets*, a musical about gang rapes and psychopaths. Linda's been raped in each of her last three films. "I had to grow into myself," she explains. "My personality is strong." The rating problem with *Savage Streets* is the language, Blair adds, giggling. "Everything is the letter 'F.' I say it constantly, in and out of the movie. That should be the movie's title."

☆ ☆ ☆

Wearing some kind of a sheet, **ALFRED FORD**, 34, the not-so-great great-grandson of Henry, was wed to **SHARMILLA BHAT-TACARYA**, 29, of Calcutta, in a weird Hare Krishna ceremony in Australia. Since one of Henry's great-granddaughters married a Jew and another a Greek, his ghost would hardly be surprised at the acquisition of a Hindu great-granddaughter-in-law.

☆ ☆ ☆

Natural History magazine (Dec. 1984) carried an article by **M. GATSHA BUTHELEZI**, a Zulu chief, entitled, "The Legacy of African Humanism." What deserved no more than a paragraph was stretched into two pages.

One of our most glamorous Jewish law-breakers -- instead of going to jail he was only fined for illegally contributing to Nixon in the 1972 presidential campaign -- is **ARMAND HAMMER**, who is America's unofficial ambassador to the Kremlin. The Occidental oil magnate, whose empire includes the chemical company responsible for contaminating the Love Canal, spends a great deal of his time these days in the company of Prince Charles and Lady Di. Although Hammer denies he was asked to be the godfather of the Royal Couple's latest child, Harry, he does admit he is so fond of the Prince of Wales that if he "told me to jump through that window . . . I'd jump."



Armand Hammer -- godfather to royalty?

Hammer used to get most of his oil from Libya, and for that reason never had a bad word to say about Muammar Gaddafi and never had a good word (in public) to say about Israel. But now that Gaddafi has been easing Occidental Petroleum out of the Libyan oil picture, Hammer has developed a consuming interest in Zionism. He has already put \$1 million into a well-drilling project to uncork black gold in an Israeli desert and is working out the details with General Ariel Sharon, who took time out from his libel suit against *Time* to fly to L.A. and talk oil with the 86-year-old hectomillionaire.

☆ ☆ ☆

DONALD COUTURE killed three men by shooting them in the back during a robbery. He was duly convicted of murder. But the **CONNECTICUT SUPREME COURT**, while agreeing that the prosecutor's evidence was "overwhelming," was disturbed because he had called Couture "a rat" and "a murderous fiend" during the trial. Not only did this hurt the murderous fiend's feelings, but it may (in some unexplained way) have biased the jury. So Hartford's Most-Heartless let Couture loose.

Blacks have boycotted the white businesses of Mt. Vernon, Alabama, since last March because the town fathers turned down a proposal to annex a predominantly black area. In November, the regional vice president of **REV. M.L. KING JR.'s** old outfit, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, one **CASMARAH MANI** (formerly **GLEN DIAMOND**), and his brother **RONALD ("JABBAR") DIAMOND**, were arrested and charged with extorting money from the merchants with a promise of ending the boycott.

☆ ☆ ☆

Among the beautiful, brilliant white women whose lives were destroyed by their black neighbors last fall, two stand out. There was Ann Pfrends Schuh, 21, a student at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute. Her assailants, who lived just a block away, raped her, tied her up and drowned her in her own bathtub -- after filling it with ink, bleach and shampoo. Days later, in Minneapolis, a 23-year-old graduate student who was called a genius (med student, harpist and helper of the "underprivileged") had her brain severely damaged by a slaphappy paranoid black rapist, later identified as **IVORY MOSBY**. She survived, sort of. The most shocking aspect of the case emerged when a police computer check revealed that **50 BLACK MEN** roughly matching the suspect's description and with records of criminal assault had recently been living within five racially mixed blocks of the biologically precious victim!

☆ ☆ ☆

GERRY (Mrs. Mafia) FERRARO, having had her wrist slapped by the House Ethics Committee, presided over by a drunk-driving black, **LOUIS STOKES**, and having lost her own Queens district to Reagan (55% to 45%), has taken to the lecture circuit to replenish the depleted Zacarro treasury. She gets \$15,000 a speech (less agent's commission), which puts her in the same rhetorical league as Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig. While she was being offered "in excess of 1 million" for her as yet unwritten memoirs of the 1984 campaign, hubby John should have gotten, but didn't get, a year in jail for making false claims in a shady real estate transaction.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **ALEXANDER BROTHERS**, Ferris and Edward, have long been recognized as the main porn merchants of Minneapolis. The Lebanese culture enrichers have also opened hardcore video and magazine shops in smaller Minnesota cities like Duluth and Rochester. Now the IRS is taking them to court for nearly \$5 million in back taxes allegedly owed for the years 1978 through 1981.



Denmark. Georg Brandes, the so-called discoverer of Nietzsche, Joseph Michaelson, the founder of the Universal Postal Union, Edvard Brandes, minister of finance, Herman Trier, president of the National Parliament, Moritz Levy and Marcus Rubin, directors of the National Bank and Mendel Levin Nathansen, a journalistic magnate, were Danish Jews who made their mark in the 19th and early 20th century.

Niels Bohr, atomic physicist, Stephan Hurwitz, the world's first ombudsman, Erik Warburg, principal of Copenhagen University (1956-58) and Henry Grunbaum, finance minister (1965-68) were Jews who figured prominently in mid-century Denmark.

Today, Arne Melchior is minister of public works, and the brother of Chief Rabbi Bent Menchoir. Isi Foighel is minister of taxation; Ove Nathan, director of Copenhagen University; Herbert Pundik, editor-in-chief of *Politiken*, Denmark's biggest and most influential daily. Meir Feigenberg is a very big wheel in the theater.

Adding to the country's 7,000 to 8,000 Jews, several hundred Israelis have quit the Promised Land for Denmark, and some of them quickly established themselves in the prostitution, drug-peddling and gun-running trades.

Austria. From a Viennese subscriber. Ever since Dr. Kreisky's retirement as Federal Chancellor, the heat has been turned on Austria by international Zionism. Mayor Koch of New York, who had the chutzpah to object to Kreisky embracing "the terrorist Arafat" (no mention of previous terrorism by Begin and others) recently arrived in Vienna to open an exhibition called *The Sunken World*, mainly concerned with the ghetto culture of prewar Europe. Koch, who pronounces his name "Kotsch," like the Turkish word for a goat, after ungracefully reminding us that Austria was the birthplace of Adolf Hitler, praised the new Bundeskanzler (the slob Sinowatz), Vienna's burgomaster Zilk and Foreign Minister Gratz (longtime president of Vienna's "Jewish Welcome Service," though himself a Gentile), but in such a way as to downgrade Kreisky, who complained that they had accepted this praise at his expense.

Some of us went to see the exhibition, which was the brainchild of one Leon Zelman. He allegedly spent several years in Nazi concentration camps, and was liberated in 1945 at Ebensee, a camp attached to Mauthausen. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (27/11/84) reported that he did not become aware of the extent of the disaster suffered by the Jews until he was liberated, at which

point he was determined to prevent their cultural achievements from ever being forgotten. Now the question is, just how did the gassing of six million Jews escape his attention during those years in the very concentration camps where it was supposed to have happened, especially as he was a Jew himself? But I don't want to be bad-mannered, so I will hurry on to the exhibition. As expected, it was full of Jewish activists, carefully scrutinizing the expressions on visitors' faces as they looked at the exhibits or watched the films on closed-circuit TV. But we were wise to this, took no notes, and looked suitably lugubrious.

The centerpiece of the exhibition was a large collection of outsize Jewish portraits by none other than Andy Warhol of such worthies as Freud, Einstein, Kafka and Sarah Bernhardt, all done in lurid psychedelic colors. The art of the ghetto was tasteless, at its best in massy silver, though even this was merely opulent. A young member of our group was particularly struck with a TV film depicting the life of a Jewess in a Polish ghetto during the interwar period. She recalled the warm feeling of togetherness she felt in the Jewish school. Yet Jews are the first to object when Gentiles try to preserve their own schools. (The first Jewish school since the war has just been opened in Vienna.) In the film, the Jewess described how Zionists and the Socialist Bund marched hand in hand, and how some Jews "were even members of the Communist Party." There was a shot of them marching along in great numbers, singing, "We throng the streets, let our enemies beware." Here is the key to so much Jewish power. It derives from the crowded street life of the ghetto, coupled with a coarseness of temperament which has no objection to public exposure. Thus they find it only too easy to create "public opinion" by assembling in large numbers whenever the occasion demands. I immediately thought of the large "spontaneous" crowd which acclaimed the first Austrian Republic. Just how spontaneous was it, after all? A referendum would certainly have resulted in the Hapsburgs remaining in power. But despite their compulsive togetherness, more intelligent Jews seldom appreciate their co-religionists that much. Isaac Bashevis Singer was quoted at the exhibition as saying that too many people have described the Shtetls (Jewish settlements in Eastern Europe) as paradises, but he would die of boredom if he had to live in such places again.

I saw some of the full-length films put on by the exhibition. I was right to do so. Security was in the hands of the Austrian authorities, but Jewish activists looked sharply round at the audience in the movie house. The lights also flickered on sometimes dur-

ing the running of the films, presumably so that photographs could be taken. Most of the films conveyed the close, stifling atmosphere of the Yiddish theater, and gave little evidence of originality. There were, for example, Yiddish versions of both *King Lear* and the Faust legend. However, I found a reworking of the Frankenstein story of some interest. It was made in 1920, and was called *Der Golem, wie er in die Welt kam*. It concerned a Jewish community in a "medieval" city where they had already invented the telescope and reading glasses! The hero, interestingly enough, was not the rather cowardly young male lead, but his master, a rabbinical figure who dedicated himself to the occult. By calling up Ash-taroath he obtains the word of power which enables him to put life into a gigantic clay figure (the Golem, or monster) by placing the word in a little box shaped like a five-pointed star and putting it on the breast of the giant. Interestingly, the star is five-pointed, like the Communist star, not six-pointed, like the Israeli one. The clay giant is then used to punish the Emperor, who has had the idea of banishing the Jews from his dominions. A foppish young noble called Lothario acts as the Emperor's messenger, succumbs to the blandishments of a nice Jewish girl, and is accordingly hurled from the top of a tower by the Golem. The young male lead then blackmails the girl into accepting him as a lover in return for his not blabbing about her affair with Lothario. The clay action man gets out of control and begins to destroy the ghetto as well, but he goes soft on a little blonde child, who manages to remove the star-shaped box which gives him life. The behavior of the Jews is so exaggerated, swaying from side to side, waving their supine hands, that it is difficult to believe this is a pro-Semitic film. Nevertheless, the Jewish part of the audience dutifully clapped at the end. If nothing else, I suppose the film does illustrate Jewish trust in the power of the Word.

There were also more recent soap-operas, like *Exodus*, in which I was surprised to notice Ralph Richardson prostituting himself along with Peter Lawford.

A big propaganda mistake was made when the anti-Semitic film, *Der Ewige Jude* (1940) was shown before instead of after Alain Resnais's *Nuit et Brouillard* (1956). Resnais's film makes many unsubstantiated claims, no longer supported even by the historical documentation center in Munich (gas chambers in Germany proper, whole blocks of tiny torture cells, etc.), but it did show authentic pictures of emaciated bodies being bulldozed into pits. Of course, this occurred at a time when the Germans themselves were emaciated because of the Allied blockade and the breakdown in communications. (Indeed, such pictures have falsely been presented as featuring only Jewish bodies.) As it was, however, the German propaganda film, showing the filth



and crowded conditions of the ghettos, and likening their inmates explicitly to rats, had a palliating effect. One began to wonder whether perhaps the diseases the eastern Jews brought with them might not have had something to do with the camp death toll. Also, one wonders whether the compulsion to describe open-air showers as gassing appliances may not have had something to do with the way in which the cruel guards forced the prisoners to wash.

The ghetto physiognomies shown in *Der Ewige Jude* were quite repulsive, and a shot of the Jewish war minister, Hore-Belisha, inspecting the Guards at Buckingham Palace, was very telling. The weakest part of the movie was taken from an English-language film in which the Rothschilds come over as comic characters, dressing up in old clothes and telling absurd lies in order to deceive the taxman. The narrator even had to correct the impression that bills of exchange were invented by the Rothschilds.

They showed the film *Memory of Justice* once, but faked it the second time, presumably because the Nazis came over too well. New to us was a film sequence entitled *Der Führer schenkt den Juden eine Stadt*. It was shot in Theresienstadt (in Moravia) in 1942 and 1944, and shows well-clothed and well-fed Jews in large numbers engaged in a wide variety of occupations, eating, listening to lectures and concerts and playing football. Of course, it was a propaganda film, but still, it would have been difficult to find so many well-fed people anywhere in Europe in 1944. Obvious propaganda items showed Jews cheerfully engaged in physical labor, taking showers and in general not unduly suffering. The fact remains that a Red Cross delegation which visited the camp in August 1944 put in a very favorable report. That is why it was found necessary to show a Czech film called *Transport z raje* (*Transport out of Paradise*) immediately after it. It was made in 1962, and purports to show conditions in Theresienstadt before its inmates were transported to Auschwitz. Every single SS man shown has the typically Czech *Böhrenschädel* (i.e. is highly brachycephalic) and walks about with his legs apart, as if he had just relieved himself. They do a lot of shouting, of course, and shoot one or two people, but the Jews are not only well-nourished and well-clothed but never seem to be doing any work. The young Jews in particular spend their time lounging about, plotting or producing clandestine propaganda. In these last respects, the Czech film would appear to have been more accurate than the German one. One sequence even shows a couple of Jews chatting in front of a shop inside the ghetto with mannequins in the window wearing evening clothes -- white tie and all. Instead of the usual lu-

gubrious wailing of violins which accompanied the Jewish-made films, the Czechs had an incongruously cheerful folk-song as the soundtrack.

Taking into account both the first-hand evidence of *Der Führer schenkt den Juden eine Stadt* (because the physical state of the inmates could hardly be faked if they were already emaciated) and the corroborative evidence of the Czech sequel, it appears that, until August 1944 at least, starvation in the German camps was not the rule. In other words, the terrible scenes filmed in Belsen resulted from a breakdown in communications during the relentless Allied bombing of the last few months of the war. It was only then that large Jewish populations were moved to Auschwitz from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and the photographs taken at the liberation of Auschwitz do not show the same state of emaciation as in the Western camps. In fact, they show inmates quite capable of hitting a guard over the head with a hoe, for example. This hardly leaves much time for the Nazis to carry out a policy of mass extermination involving six million Jews and five million Gentiles. All in all the Swiss Red Cross estimate once mentioned in *Instauration* (I think it was 300,000 Jews dying in Nazi concentration camps) appears to be the most likely, and when we compare that with the very much larger numbers massacred from the air in German open cities, the whole subject takes on a certain proportion.

Perhaps the biggest draw was two films about Jew Süß, the first, with Konrad Veidt, produced in England (by no coincidence) in 1934, the second, with Ferdinand Marian, produced in Germany in 1940. The first film is meant to be sympathetic to the Jews, but it shows Jew Süß, as finance minister of the reigning Prince of Würtemberg, procuring women for him, overtaxing the people and behaving treacherously towards one and all. All this is supposed to be justified because he is a Jew. There is an unhistorical twist where the protagonist is made out not to be a Jew at all (because his mother was made pregnant by a Gentile). But of course Jewishness is supposed to be from the mother's side, not the father's, so even if it were true, it would have no relevance. The German version of the film is not very different, but the acting of Ferdinand Marian is incomparably better, and explains why he was quietly done away with "under mysterious circumstances" at the end of the war. I hate to think just how he was done away with.

Well, *Der Ewige Jude* and *Jud Süß* were the only two anti-Semitic films produced during the Nazi period. Apart from the unpleasant rats image, there is nothing in either of them which in any way compares

with the hundreds of anti-German films produced by Jews. The Theresienstadt sequence (obviously cut from a much longer one) does not count, as nearly all the people shown are *Paradejuden* (i.e. specially chosen because of their resemblance to normal Europeans).

But not content with the official *Judentum und Film* items, Jewish impresarios were putting on more films of the same kind in the ordinary movie-houses. One such was Anatole Litvak's *Entscheidung vor Morgengrauen* (*Decision before Dawn*), which tells the story of how German Americans persuade German prisoners of war to go with them behind German lines, where they kill people and commit sabotage. In this connection, it amuses me to remember the horror aroused when the Germans used American uniforms during the Battle of the Bulge. One sequence in the film shows a Jew being gratuitously offensive to some of the traitors on the grounds that they are Germans. So irrespective of what you do for the Cause, you just can't win. The best a goy can hope for is a good conscience because he is doing what the Jews want, however much they may despise him. I call this the kibbutz-goy mentality.

However, I did not attend a film called *Kapo* (1960), in which a Parisian Jewess becomes a brutal overseer in a concentration camp. That's just as well. I have had enough of Jewish films for a long time to come.

Israel. Where is the truth?

I have never killed anyone; I have never given the order to kill anyone. None of my subordinates has ever killed anyone.

None of my subordinates has ever given an order to kill anyone I have never given addresses that might have led to excesses or pogroms or actions full of hate

This note from Adolf Eichmann to his lawyer appears in the unpublished journal which the executed Nazi kept during his 1961 trial in Israel, which an Israeli researcher named Wim Van Leer is now studying.

Only a handful of people will ever have the time, talent and inclination to become "experts" on the Holocaust or any historical subject. The rest of us, when given both sides of the evidence, will be strongly influenced by our cultural and ethnic affinities with the different nations and races involved. If this is not obvious today, it's largely because only one side of so many pivotal events has been presented to the general public in recent years.

South Africa. One of the most unsportsmanlike acts in the history of the Olympics occurred in the 3,000-meter race last summer when Zola Budd, the 18-year-old South African runner, was accused of fouling the American track star, Mary Decker,

and was disqualified both by an on-the-spot judge and the TV commentators. A closer look at the film, however, showed that the fault was Decker's. She had actually "spiked" the back of Zola Budd's foot when she tried to cut by her on an inside track. After the race, the tearful Budd tried to apologize to Decker, though there was no reason for her to do so, but the imperious U.S. Atalanta refused to see her.

In December, while Decker was entering into her second marriage, Zola came out of retirement to win a race in Switzerland. It is to be hoped that Decker, who set a new world record for the 2,000-meter distance in Los Angeles in January, will stop crying in her beer and meet Budd in a two-woman contest so the question of who is the faster can be settled once and for all.

We asked a South African friend to give us the lowdown on Zola Budd, which he attempted to do in the following communication:

Zola used to run solo here because there were no other women in her class. She ran barefooted, which Afrikaners commonly do. Shoes are an English thing which you wear when you grow up. Running solo and unshod, she broke two world records, so there can be no doubt she was a world-class runner.

It is Zola's father who is driving her, with hopes of big money, but her wiser mother is against it. I know Zola's town, Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, where they have a nine o'clock curfew for the blacks so the whites can go to the cinema without getting mugged or raped. It is the quietest place in the world, as is the Afrikaner countryside generally. It was so very clear to me that Zola, having been snatched up from this backwater and thrust into the hurly-burly of the Los Angeles Olympics, was only too glad to get back home, with her dogs, cats and family, and pray that it was all a bad dream and would never happen again. But her Afrikaner father will stop at nothing to turn an easy buck. I hope he drops dead.

South Africans are not made for big athletic occasions. They shrink from them instead of shining in them, as Americans seem to do. A good example is Gerrie Coetzee, the WBA world heavyweight boxing champion, whom Holmes refuses to fight. He lost to Tate, whom he could kill with one hand, and then to Weaver, because he was overawed by the occasion. This to me was always painfully obvious, but since he has been in America he has quite got over his timidity. All South African boxing hopefuls should be sent to America right from the beginning, where they will get expert training and psychological back-up. South Africa certainly has "White Hope" potential material in abundance, especially among Pretoria policemen. Kallie Knotze could easily have beaten Tate had he not been beaten by all the hype. He smashed everybody else except Coetzee himself. And now we have another Pretoria policeman, Piet Crous, who is

working his way up in the ring. The talent is here, all right. It needs American trainers.

A near neighbour of little Zola is a young man, from a little dorp called Bethlehem, by the name of Jan van Reenen, who quite recently held the world discus record. I met him in a bookshop in Cape Town about three years ago. Browsing through magazines as I was, he was actually looming over me, though I am 6'6". This is not altogether unusual because South Africans are frequently that tall. I have been all over Africa and have never met a black man as tall as myself, but in South Africa I have found whites looking down on me, and quite often, too. A week ago I saw an artillery brigade march through the centre of Cape Town on the way to Van Riebeeck's castle. Every unit had its six-foot-eight-er. This is taken for granted in South Africa. What a wonderful Brigade of Guards they could form! What impressed me about Jan was that though he was completely relaxed, he looked like a strong English longbow; incredible shoulder and bicep muscles; not the build of a mastiff but that of a greyhound. He got into a lot of trouble with his Pa for saying American blacks were good guys at his university. But he quickly recanted.

Black Africa. Ethiopia's famine is not a "natural disaster," insists a joint report of the Swedish Red Cross and Earthscan. What was even more disastrous than the drought was the way the Ethiopians and the Ethiopian government reacted to it.

Lloyd Timberlake, the editorial director of Earthscan, reports that, in 1900, Ethiopia still had a 40% vegetation cover. Satellite photos show the latest figure to be 4%. Consequently, the little rain that does fall is no longer absorbed and held by the soil. In 1977, in the wake of the last great African drought, the UN held a Conference on Desertification, which adopted many grand proposals, none of which were later implemented.

(Curiously, in Bangladesh, the same cause -- deforestation -- has had the opposite effect. Increased runoff from the Himalayan slopes has made the annual monsoon far deadlier there, while turning India's once-green upland regions brown.)

* * *

Washington Post reporter Glenn Frankel visited Tanzania recently, and found President Julius Nyerere's "model country" in a shambles. The new airport in Dar es Salaam is a \$40-million, French-built marvel, but a local Asian businessman remarked, "I give it a year. Then it will be like everything else here -- out of order." In fact, the airport's deterioration was apparent after just two months. "Vandals" had stolen many of the flight-announcement loudspeakers. In Tanzania, wrote Frankel, "skills . . . seem as rare as diamonds," and "foreign aid has long been the only growth industry." "Like an ice cube in the African sun, western

ideas of development and western technology seem to melt away here."

Two days later, the same reporter wrote about Nyerere himself, who was stepping down after a 23-year rule. Though Nyerere had forcibly moved half the population into inefficient collectivized villages, he was nonetheless an "eloquent" Third World spokesman of "irrepressible intellect" and "consummate charm." A departing pearl of wisdom from the "charming" Tanzanian: "It is true internationally that the rich are rich because the poor are poor."

Australia. Life is getting uncomfortable for some Asians living in Sydney and Melbourne. Charoensri Basham, a 28-year-old Thai whose husband is an American university professor, found many Aussies cool during her first six years in the country. But 1984 proved altogether different. First, she was out walking with her four-year-old daughter, Supatra, when a group of boys began shouting obscenities at them. Weeks later, as Bob Sexter reports in the *Los Angeles Times*, "grown men in a car hurled a tomato at her and the child and screamed, 'Go home!' " Finally, "half a dozen teenagers approached her on a crowded street, one smacked her in the face and they all ran off. No passer-by stopped to console the startled woman. No one tried to catch her attackers."

Basham appeared almost understanding. "A lot of people here seem afraid they're going to lose their homeland," she observed. A lot of people are right, too.

In the most incredible sell-out which the white race has seen so far, Australia's "leaders," many of them, have begun proclaiming that this 2% Asian country, which was recently 0% Asian, "must" ultimately become 100% "Asian" or "Eurasian" ("European" is not among the options). How they love that word "must"! (Perhaps someone has coached them.) They are not talking about merely an economic transformation, although Japanese, and overseas and Hong Kong Chinese, have been buying up a lot of the country. Nor do they have any dramatic cultural change in mind. For the most part, they mean that it is somehow indecent of Australians to remain tall and white while billions of short yellow and brown people look on nearby.

The politicians' sick attitude also pervades the major media. An editorial in *The Advertiser* (Adelaide) last year was typical. The old White Australia Policy was mentioned twice, prefaced once with the word "notorious" and once with "reprehensible." The self-delusion of the editorial writers is fantastic. This one said that "most" Australians "will have nothing but applause" for the 60% Asian makeup of the new immigrants!

The main message comes in the editorial's last paragraph: "[I]t must [that word again!] be acknowledged that Australia, if not to become racially and culturally stag-



nant, needs some constant transfusions of new blood." What is more, this "constant" stream of nonwhite immigrants should be dispersed widely into every hamlet. (Imagine the benefits for jolly England in its "stagnant" Elizabethan era had the Shakespeares, Marlowes and Francis Bacons, with their passionate devotion to European truth and the Nordic ethos, had a few Wongs, Singhs and Cohens mixed in among them, countering their art and philosophy every step of the way!)

The *Advertiser's* editorial closed by praising the way in which earlier non-WASP immigrants have become assimilated into Australian society. Giving the lie to that assertion was a book review in the same paper at about the same time. The book: *Amirah: An Un-Australian Childhood*, was written by Amirah Inglis, a Polish Jewess who arrived in Melbourne in 1929, and was reviewed by one Rosemary O'Grady. The last sentence of the review said it all: "It is a robust, ironic questioning of an immature society and whatever might be its values."

"Whatever might be its values"! In other words: concede nothing to the WASP settlers. It is, in many cases, the unassimilated "white ethnic" immigrants who, resentful of WASP social dominance, helped open wide the gates to the Asian influx, with its truly limitless potential for "change."

The sad truth is that the "white ethnics" often failed to perceive the existence of WASP values largely because those values are increasingly reined in from any overt public expression so as to avoid giving offense to the newcomers (that being a primary WASP value in itself). When WASP values weren't reined in, they were often correctly perceived as snubs. It was a tragic no-win situation for the WASPs -- in Australia as well as in Canada, Britain and the U.S.

Once large-scale alien immigration begins, it almost inevitably creates a snowball effect. How can it be stopped when many of the newer immigrants resent the older stock's social distance, and continually seek "relief" through the introduction of ever more exotic immigrants?

One ends up with a climate of public opinion (not to be confused with *private* opinion) like Australia's today. Prime Minister Robert Hawke, recently reelected, now states it is a "fact" that Australia "is part of Asia." "I'm about winning," he glibly proclaims, and that means "enmeshing" the two continents' destinies. Foreign Minister William Hayden now warns that if Australia should try to stop its "natural" evolution into an appendage of Asia, Asians might come to view their country in the same light as South Africa. ("White survivalists? Whites who wish to remain

whites? Why, that's Nazism!")

A "New Australia" vignette: In the Federal Parliament, an opposition Liberal member questions the wisdom of present immigration policies. A Labourite vaults over the benches, his fists flying, crying, "Racists! Racists!" (Forgive us for picturing the latter as a "white ethnic" who still bitterly resents the superior attitude some of his WASP friends displayed to him when he and they were growing up.)

Where will it end? If the American model is followed, it will "end" with Australia's WASPs (except for a gilded minority) pushing ever further into the outback (and growing ever more reactionary as they flee), with the Irish, Slavs and Italians right behind them, with the Asians and childless homos inheriting the WASP-built cities. The whites will have fled largely because they didn't want their children playing among and ultimately marrying Asians -- but the deluded souls will convince themselves they fled to be "closer to nature" or to get away from the "morally unhealthy big cities." Nearly every WASP survivor will insist, "Mercy, no, I'm not a racist."

The chief reason for all the propaganda which drills into Western brains the notion that racism is the worst of all possible thoughts is to prevent the basic self-understanding which can come only through the acknowledgement and acceptance of one's ethnic ties. Only through a recognition of white race consciousness found in arch-liberals and in so-called conservatives can the inevitable political/demographic consequences of that racism be grasped, and the twin problems of Nordic and white dispossession be effectively dealt with.

Mexico. The Autonomous University in Guadalajara is the center of far-right activity South of the Border, according to columnist Jack Anderson. Last September 11, he reported on a secret society there called Los Tecos, whose members, he said, "control" the campus. By November 26, Anderson had reduced his allegation to one of the society exercising a "malign influence" on the university, but otherwise he stuck with his story.

The scoop, if it is a scoop, is that Los Tecos grew out of the counter-revolutionary group Los Cristeros, which was active in the Mexican Revolution early in this century. One of its leaders spent time in Berlin studying National Socialism, and many members still relish Nordic mythology, swastikas, Jewish conspiracy theories and what not. Books like Henry Ford's *The International Jew* abound at the university, where some professors substitute them (and the locally produced magazine *Replica*) for the dull textbooks required on other Mexican campuses. And, writes An-

derson, "the Mexican government for some reason looks the other way when Los Tecos misbehaves, though the society's presence in Guadalajara is no secret." (Maybe it's a compromise solution. Maybe some powerful Mexicans would like to see a more pervasive anti-Semitism, but fear the fallout from Gringoland. And so they let Guadalajara flourish as the nation's right-wing safety valve.)

Los Tecos was once indirectly affiliated with the World Anti-Communist League (WACL), but an earlier Anderson investigation helped get them kicked out. The WACL's present American head, retired Army General John Singlaub, has contributed to the ongoing purge of nonkosher elements from this once genuinely rightist organization.

Jamaica. The wishfulness of American foreign policy is nowhere more obvious than in Ganja Country. "Ganja" is the potent Jamaican strain of marijuana, highly praised by Rastafarians, which now accounts for an estimated 10% of the American market. All over the island, entire villages are switching from sugar, bauxite, indigo dye and other traditional exports to the cultivation of pot. The well-tended fields look like endless Japanese rice paddies.

The ganja crop is now worth perhaps \$3.5 billion a year (or \$1,600 per inhabitant), which happens to be more than Jamaica's legal GNP. The Reagan administration seems to seriously believe that it can combat this with \$85 million a year in aid. Prime Minister Edward Seaga humors the White House, pretending his government has plans to "eliminate" the weed.

Predictably, the Americans are fighting this social problem with a "hardware" approach -- using plenty of expensive helicopters and surveillance equipment, as in the Vietnam debacle. Jeff Stein writes in the *Washington Post* that, "This pleases law enforcement bureaucracies in both Washington and Kingston by expanding state-of-the-art equipment inventories, personnel and budgets." Truly tough enforcement in Jamaica, Stein asserts, would only lead to "Bolivian-style 'narco-terrorism,' in which dope lords engage in kidnapping, murder and extortion, and whole sections of the country slip out of government control."

It's a huge, ugly, stupid world out there. Despite endless prodding and instruction, the Jamaicans do not wish to diversify their economy, because growing dope is much easier, or, as they would say, "it's cool, mon." What to do? Quarantine Jamaica and all exporters of drugs. No trade at all with any country that sends one ounce of dope to the U.S.

Unponderable Quote

Man has invented his doom
First step was touching the moon

From "License to Kill"
by Bob Dylan



300 Miles South of Berkeley

Los Angeles Harbor College in suburban Wilmington is the kind of two-year diploma mill which the "masses" of our mass democracy pretend, only pretend, to take seriously. Founded in 1949, its 12,500 students are taught (indoctrinated) by 436 instructors. (Yale, with 2,000 fewer students, has four times the number of teachers.) Though most professors at Harbor College ask little more from life than a regular paycheck, several students there are burning with a desire to reform American politics. Twenty-year-old Joe Fields is their leader. His weekly column in the student paper, *The Hawk*, has proven one thing -- that the Zionists will not brook sustained opposition to their worldview at the humblest college any more than they will at Harvard or in the columns of the *New York Times*.

Fields got the "hate monitors" in the Jewish community ticked off last spring when his sharp questioning of American favoritism toward Israel in the Middle East led to 52 faculty members signing a petition linking him to Hitler and Nazidom. Among other things, the "free-speech" academics demanded that he be silenced.

In a column last September, Fields lamented the destruction of the Institute for Historical Review (IHR), which, he wrote, "has uncovered convincing evidence that the 'Holocaust' was a giant fraud." This led Harvey Schecter, the regional director of the ADL, to write Dr. James Heinselman, the college president, the following letter:

The issue is not freedom of the press nor freedom of speech. Mr. Fields is perfectly free to stand on the street corner . . . and voice whatever opinions he may hold. The question before us is whether or not the faculty advisor and editorial board of the *Hawk* are exercising proper journalistic responsibility.

Would they publish articles which advocated the position that two plus two equals seven? Would they seriously contemplate publishing articles that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln never lived?

(Or, as Schecter later phrased it for the *Los Angeles Times*: "Would you publish an article advocating sex between adults and small children?")

Fields counterattacked with evidence that the ADL is in fact an unregistered agent for the foreign state of Israel. He stoutly defended his First Amendment rights:

Mr. Schecter, I have news for you. I am an American. The only nation I owe my allegiance to is the United States of America. I don't give a damn about the interests of any foreign nation, including Israel, and I will not bow to the will of an

organization whose main concern is the promotion of Israeli interests.

My worldview is exclusively nationalist and "America first," and for this reason I am, and always will be, against Zionism and the Israeli lobby -- the one lobby that always gets its way, regardless of America's interests.

The repeated doses of revisionist history which Fields administered to Harbor College students (few of whom seemed interested) led inevitably to an ADL-orchestrated show trial. On December 6, the trustees of the Los Angeles Community College District came close to silencing Fields for good. But then something most unusual happened. The entire editorial staff at *The Hawk* stood up for Fields's rights, as did Dr. James Smith, the paper's black faculty adviser.

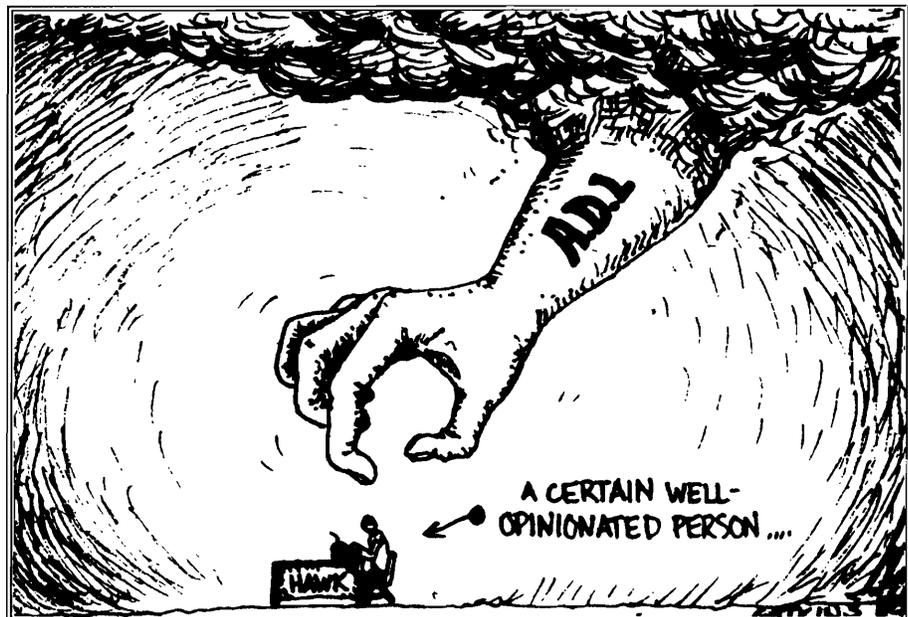
This show of solidarity did not prevent scenes of wild hysteria from erupting throughout the hearing, as the trustees -- led by President Arthur Bronson, and by Monroe Richman, M.D., who is also a member of the ADL regional board -- repeatedly shouted down or gavelled out of order Fields's revisionist supporters when they tried to defend his position. When the session was over, Fields had retained (at least temporarily) his right to be heard, but *The Hawk*, which should have won every journalistic medal in the book, was unanimously damned for printing "repugnant" views.

Asked if the Holocaust were sacred, David Lehrer, the regional counsel for the ADL, started singing the old refrain: "You

wouldn't argue that two plus two is five, and you wouldn't say that Abraham Lincoln was never president of the United States, would you?" Growing very weary of this obscurantist rhetoric, one staffer at *The Hawk* countered: "While we would never argue that Lincoln was not president, we might argue whether he was as good a president as history now proclaims, for example."

Dr. Smith's contract was not renewed, making him the black scapegoat, as he saw it. President Heinselman accused Smith of letting Fields write "pure propaganda," but insisted that the termination of his employment was completely unrelated. Transferred in to take Smith's place from a college 40 miles distant was one Marvin Jacobson, who, said Heinselman, would be expected to convince Fields to "broaden" his subject matter. Jacobson said of Fields: "The few things I've seen of his, I do not like. They disgust me . . . It just seems obsessive . . . and there is no counterbalancing information." (Student Daniel Grossman, on the other hand, while calling Fields "anti-social, completely bigoted and anti-Semitic," added, "He's the best writer the paper has.")

While the ADL was kicking *The Hawk* from above, the JDL was slashing from below. The day after the circus-like hearing, Joe Fields returned to class to find JDL terrorist Irv Rubin and a henchman seated there. Not knowing who Fields was, the latter announced his intention of "breaking Joe's fingers." (A caller to *The Hawk* had promised to "break Joe's legs.") Rubin ac-



By G. P. G. for the Harbor College "Hawk."

As The Hawk saw it

costed Dr. Smith, demanding to know his response if he, Rubin, called him a "nigger." Unruffled, Smith replied that he would respect his right to express an opinion.

Yet even Rubin's calculated ugliness could not match that spontaneously shown by the ADL and the trustees, who, at the hearing, repeatedly characterized Fields and his most thoughtful outside supporters as "neo-Nazis spewing hatred," "disgusting loonies" and so on -- simply for trying to voice the "wrong" historical views. A self-satisfied Arthur Bronson, president of the trustees, concluded, "Let it be said that this board went far beyond the reasonable courtesy . . ." Fields came nearer the truth when he noted, "I must accept one point of view or I'm evil."

Ideas for a Majority Literature

Let's face it: millions of people in this country and throughout the white world will never read *The Dispossessed Majority*, *The Ideal and Destiny* and other voluminous, thoughtful and important works which lift high the banner of our cause. These books are too imposing, too thick, too full of big words and bigger ideas. The average American will not tax his brain and spend the necessary time to read such works.

But there are other ways to reach out literarily to these Joe Blows. Remember *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? That blockbuster was able to do what thousands of eloquent anti-slavery tracts had been unable to do -- bring about a fratricidal war between whites.

The success of Jean Raspail's *The Camp of the Saints* shows how fiction can be used to aid our cause. Such a novel, if adapted to an American scene with recognizable American characters and hordes of Mexicans, would have a cataclysmic effect on the tens of millions of Majority members who will never get around to reading *Instauration*.

Instauration has mentioned several science fiction novels that put across our viewpoint. Norman Spinrad's *The Iron Dream* is so effective in its treatment of race that it has been banned for younger readers in West Germany. I highly recommend this book, especially its afterword, which depicts the world as it might have been had Hitler had a different destiny. Such insight is all the more incredible coming from the pen of a Jewish author.

Other, less highbrow books are also available for the more mundane reader. *Mugger Blood* (Pinnacle Books, 1977) by Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy is rabidly anti-black (although pro-Jewish) -- so anti-black that it's amazing a "respectable"

paperback house would print it. Definitely a pulp novel in the old 1940s style, this book (Number 30 in *The Destroyer* series) has been purchased by the tens of thousands -- if not hundreds of thousands -- of readers and is still in print.

The Merchants of Melbourne by Alfred Zion, mentioned in *Instauration's* Elsewhere column (December 1984) is a *roman à clef* about the Australian Jewish community. The furor it has created could be duplicated by a similar fictionalized account of American Jews.

Norman Spinrad is also responsible for "The Lost Continent" (in his collection of stories, *No Direction Home*, Pocket Books, 1975). In this tale, the North American continent has become a wrecked, thoroughly polluted and uninhabitable place where trendy tourists from Africa, the booming continent of the future, go slumming. Shortly before the death of America, all its Negroes were deported to Africa, just in time to join the rise of that continent to affluence. In spite of this blessing, these "Amero-Africans" hate and resent the whites who deported them, in much the same way that contemporary American blacks loathe the people who saved their ancestors from savagery and cannibalism in Africa. The plot of the story is almost inconsequential compared to the sheer power and imagination of the situation.

In "The Engineer" by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth (in *Critical Mass*, Pocket Books, 1977), the current madness of politics directing warfare is carried to its logical extreme. Again, the framing plot of the story is secondary to the vivid characterization of the "political general" -- all the more astonishing when one considers that this was written in 1955 -- years before the Vietnam War.

On the other hand, "Mars Invades" by Miles J. Breuer, M.D., can be viewed as a warning written in the dated space opera style of the 1930s. Over a period of 400 years, Martians come to earth, buy goodwill with gifts of rare and precious minerals, then begin trading with the earthlings and manipulating the Terran economy. They buy up property, force out those who will not sell, get control of the legal system and then pass laws making humans second-class citizens on their own planet. There is massive and totally unsupervised immigration from Mars and some intermarriage. Decade after decade, generation after generation, the Martians gain and the Earthlings lose, as they sell their birthright for short-term luxury and convenience. The prophetic tone of this story is similar to Raspail's, although much less polished.

The works of H.P. Lovecraft have been much praised in the pages of *Instauration*. Also to be noted are Robert E. Howard's

writings, which deal in a very matter-of-fact way with racial differences and the need to assure Northern European survival.

I believe that some carefully constructed pro-Majority fiction could be published in the science fiction and fantasy fields, which are more receptive to new writers than most other genres and which also have numerous "amateur" and "semi-pro" magazines. We have people in our ranks capable of creating such works right now. Cholly Bilderberger's chilling story of the future (July 1981) is just the kind of thing I'm talking about.

Consider just a few ideas -- free for the taking by any incipient Majority author:

- *White Flight* -- The ultimate in cowardice has occurred, as affluent whites have deserted the earth to live on neighboring planets. Left behind are poor whites and minorities, who turn the world into a vast ghetto. The narrator might be an Appalachian. He curses the desertion of "his brothers," who have jet-setted away to trendy deep space, New Israel, Hollywood II, Ecotopia and other asteroids and settlements.

- *For All the World to See* -- What would happen if every Jew in the world turned bright purple overnight?

- *Malice Toward None* -- What a paradise the U.S. became after Lincoln repatriated all the slaves to Africa after the War Between the States!

- *That's the Way It Is* -- TV's most popular and avuncular newscaster discovers to his horror one night that he can only tell the truth about current world events.

- *The Trial of Menahem Begin* -- Gaddafi's agents stage an international kidnapping of the former Israeli prime minister, install him in a glass cage and try him for "crimes against humanity."

- *Not of This Earth* -- Africa is found to have been a prehistoric dumping ground for the congenital defectives of a super-scientific black race from outer space.

Ideas for Majority literature are triggered by every issue of *Instauration*. The September 1984 issue has a story just begging to be written about the fashion-obsessed young black muggers of New York City who go out killing people for their stylish sunglasses. A project involving an "ethnic specific" biological warfare weapon (Dec. 1984) conjures up countless plot possibilities.

The ongoing trial of James Keestra could be turned into a very effective fictionalized play or radio drama -- something like *Inherit the Wind* was for the Scopes Monkey Trial. The writer who used to do the Dr. Tripodi spoofs might be the one to tackle this.

We have talented and capable people who can create such fiction. And who knows? After we conquer the print field, we can expand to radio dramas on cassette tapes and movies produced and circulated

on video-cassettes. Lib-min propaganda on TV and radio, in movies, books and magazines assaults our senses every day. Let's fight back!

302

Hep to the Hypocrites

If the suppressed side of recent history is ever to obtain a fair hearing in America, not only will assiduous researchers be required but also dauntless activists. Fortunately, the Baby Boom generation has begun to produce both in encouraging numbers. A new star on the revisionist-activist horizon is Michael A. Hoffman II, a young father and freelance writer who lives in Ithaca, New York. The waves he is making are lapping on shores far beyond Cayuga's waters.

The controlled "anti-censorship" conferences of the American left will never again be the same with Hoffman and his youthful cohorts on the scene. Witness what happened in New York City on October 19-21, when the National Writers' Union (NWU) sponsored a weekend workshop on the relationship of censorship to culture. The official program made it clear that the "civil liberties" which concerned the NWU were exclusively those of leftists and Zionists. Its first page, boldly headlined "We Must Speak Out Now," demanded the right of people to be different, and to be heard. But, reading on, one encountered sentences like, "We cannot remain silent when right-wing groups and individuals dictate what publishers can publish and what children can learn." There was no condemnation of the far more powerful dictates of groups like the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), which employ vast bureaucracies to monitor everything that is being written around the country and to kill anything which counters its narrowly conceived interests. As Hoffman wryly observed in *The Spotlight* (Nov. 12), "It was as though the [NWU] confab was being held on George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, where 'equality' is meant to signify that some 'are more equal than others.'"

Hoffman had tried previously to win permission to tell the conference about the July 4th arson attack against California's Institute for Historical Review (IHR), which very few of those in attendance knew anything about. He was stonewalled, of course. But the conference's opening discussion panel gave new cause for hope -- present were both Alexander Cockburn (*Instauration*, November 1984) and Seymour Hersh (December), two establishment journalists who have recently been critical of Israel's penetration of the U.S. government. Unfortunately, some two dozen speakers came and went during the conference without ever mentioning the ADL's massive censorship and intimidation of investigative journalists and historians. Hoffman has rightly called the ADL manipulations "the biggest chill on free inquiry in the United States

since . . . 1945."

One Miriam Schneir moderated the NWU's panel on "censorship and the news." When she solicited questions from the audience on index cards, Hoffman wrote:

How many panel members are aware of the fact that a publisher of dissenting history books was destroyed by arson in Los Angeles last July? If you are not aware of this outrage, what does this say about censorship of the news? If you are aware of it, why have you not expressed outrage over this book-burning which has ominous implications for all publishers of heretical books? Where is the outrage?

Across the top he addressed, "Please read as written; no censorship."

Schneir politely read the card, saying it was a good question, but she cleverly stipulated that the panel answer the last question ("Where is the outrage?") first. A leftist named Barbara Koppel responded with a brief lecture on the "uses of outrage" in journalism, and then Schneir attempted to move swiftly to the next question.

This kind of treatment leaves many revisionists too emotionally distraught to speak coherently, but, to his everlasting credit, Hoffman coolly interrupted: "Madame chairwoman. My question has not been answered. Is everyone on the panel aware that the IHR history publisher has been burned to the ground by arsonists? Please address this issue." This time the moderator yielded the floor to Jonathan Kwitny, an Indiana-born Jewish writer for the *Wall Street Journal*. Kwitny said he had never heard of the fire, but that it sounded like an issue of only local interest. Hoffman responded that not furniture but dissenting history books had been burned, in great numbers. With that, the moderator abruptly moved to the next question.

Hoffman concluded that "this prostituting of civil liberties concerns on behalf of covert partisan agendas" causes the average American to "view all civil libertarians -- even the sincere -- as hypocrites."

One of the worst hypocrites at the NWU conference was Judith Krug, who, as national director of the Office for Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association, has been charged by that organization's charter with protecting the intellectual liberty of all Americans. It is this dreadfully prejudiced and mendacious woman who is responsible for keeping our libraries' shelf space open to all the nation's writers and publishers. With a straight face, Krug told Hoffman that she had never received a complaint about the banning of revisionist history books. This is a plain lie, as friends of Friedrich P. Berg, David McCalden and doubtless many other writers can testify. Unluckily for Krug, Berg happened to be manning a revisionist desk in the lobby outside, where he later confronted her. "Oh, yes, now I remember,"

she told him. "How could I have forgotten?"

When revisionist participant Bradley Smith asked Krug to publicly condemn the Simon Wiesenthal Center's repeated boasts of its censorship achievements and the general banning of revisionist books, the lady replied: "Each community has the right to determine what should be invited into the community by community standards." Yet she had just finished excoriating the Moral Majority and similar groups in a 15-minute talk -- for trying to limit (not exclude) the amount of left-wing material being introduced into their communities by outsiders.

If space permitted, we would recount the no less courageous battle which Michael Hoffman has been conducting in his own backyard. It will suffice to say that many readers of the Ithaca (N.Y.) *Times Monitor* and the *Cornell Daily Sun* now know that reasonable men and women are challenging not the fact that "innocent human beings perished by the thousands in German labor camps," but the related questions of *how* they died (gassing? typhus?) and in what *numbers* (6 million? 1 million?). Hoffman was particularly effective in his reply to a shoddy article by one John A. Chanin, who claimed to have "investigated" Dr. Arthur Butz and the IHR by the painstakingly fair method of contacting their sworn arch-enemies at the ADL! The flurry in the local media arose after both papers had refused to accept Hoffman's ad for Butz's book, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.

Klan Smears Back

Morris Dees, the multimillionaire mail-order magnate who is leading the fight against any manifestation of white race consciousness in the South, has developed the trick of launching civil suits against Klans and Klan-type organizations and using the information gleaned from interrogatories to get his prey indicted on criminal charges. This un-Constitutional ploy was recently denounced by a Georgia judge, but it didn't seem to stop Dees's resort to barratry in other Southern states. The nemesis of the KKK is well aware that being dragged constantly into court puts a severe financial burden on Klan members, who are among the poorest of the poor.

Recently North Carolina Klansmen fought back by taking pictures of the camera-shy Dees at a court appearance in Raleigh and by distributing literature which charged that their persecutor was committing a felony by trashing *their* civil rights. They also swore out a warrant for assault against Randal Williams, a Dees associate, and claimed that one of Dees's lawyers, Ms. Ellis, refused to answer a question as to whether she was male or female.

Glenn Miller, the head of the Carolina Klan, passed out a press release containing what he said was testimony taken when Dees's wife took him to court and charged

him with being a queer. Mrs. Dees explained, according to the Klan literature, that she, her husband and a pervert all went to bed together, whereupon Dees proceeded to sodomize the latter.

Promoting Good Character

Webster's Seventh Collegiate Dictionary offers these synonyms for "disposition":

CHARACTER applies to the aggregate of moral qualities by which a person is judged apart from his intelligence, competence, or special talents; PERSONALITY applies to an aggregate of qualities that distinguish one as a person

It can be argued, of course, that character is inevitably *related to* (though not identical with) competence and talents, but A.J. Stuart Jr., one of America's leading experts on character, seems content with Webster's stab at the subject. Stuart is editor of the *Newsletter* of the National Character Laboratory (NCL), which seeks to keep interested scholars in fields like psychology, sociology, criminology, law, medicine and religion up to date on recent breakthroughs in our understanding of character, or moral maturity.

The *Newsletter* defines five stages of character development, through which all healthy people pass:

Stage	Normal Developmental Period	Definition
Amoral	Infancy	Follows own impulses without regard to effect on others
Expedient	Early childhood	Self-centered, considers others only when necessary to get what he wants. May appear concerned about others, but is not.
Comforting, or	Later childhood	Fears disapproval, and behaves to avoid it, not for any moral reason.
Irrational-conscientious	Later childhood	Guided by own set of rules, without concern for others.
Rational-altruistic	Adolescence and adulthood	Concerned with the welfare of others as much as with his own; appraises situations accurately, and acts accordingly.

Stuart takes strong exception to behavior modification experts who overemphasize the environment at the expense of the innate character of the individual, which can, however, be favorably modified within limits. Eight vital environmental factors which help to shape the character are listed in the *Newsletter*:

1. **Consistency** (regular routine in the home, stable relationships)
2. **Democracy** (respect for the personal

and property rights of others)

3. **Mutual Trust** (between parents, child and siblings)

4. **Effective Punishment** (In families in which the first three conditions prevail, normal children will behave well, and need no punishment; however, when punishment is used, it should be effective.)

5. **Spirituality** (help the child develop purpose in life, thus helping to prevent suicide)

6. **Sex Education** (learning what leads to heterosexuality)

7. **Alcohol Education** (learning what helps prevent alcoholism)

8. **Drug Education** (learning what helps prevent drug addiction)

With regard to the last three factors, Stuart and his supporters around the country have been developing special IQ tests, from which they "expect to discover what it is a person learns that helps him keep from becoming an alcoholic or drug abuser" or homosexual. Also in the works are a "Suicide IQ Test" and an overall "Moral IQ Test." According to Stuart, a growing body of data

points to the existence of a special form of learning disability related to crime, which we now call "character disability." Assuming this to be true, then it follows that there may be a normal frequency distribution of moral IQ scores,

as for math or language learning ability. This is the moral IQ theory [Dr. Everett] Davis [of the University of Texas at El Paso] has begun development of a moral IQ test to confirm the theory directly

The type of character that an individual will develop can be expected to be the result of two main factors, the individual's moral IQ and the environment in which he is brought up.

Stuart's conviction that homosexuality is

a moral aberration goes against the conventional wisdom of psychiatry. He went to New York City last May to argue his case with some of the American Psychiatric Association's head honchos. The same month, he was up at Harvard talking things over with B.F. Skinner. He also dropped in on the character instructors at West Point.

The summer 1984 *Newsletter* closed with a list of references which should intrigue anyone who has noticed that the morality dimension has often been absent in American psychology and psychiatry. Among the entries were:

Benson, G.C.S. and Engeman, T.S., *Amoral America*, Hoover Institute Press, 1975.

Goble, F. and Brooks, B.D., *The Case for Character Education*, Green Hill, 1983.

Herrnstein, R.J., "IQ Testing and the Media," *Atlantic*, August 1982. The author is presently hard at work on a book about crime.

Kohlberg, L., *The Philosophy of Moral Development*, Harper & Row, 1981.

Lange, J., *Crime and Destiny*, with a foreword by J.B.S. Haldane and translated by C. Haldane, London: Allen and Unwin, 1931. An important pioneering "twins study" of criminality.

National Character Laboratory, Inc., *Character Scale*, third edition, 1984.

Peck, R.F., Havinghurst, R.J., et al., *The Psychology of Character Development*, John Wiley & Sons, 1960.

The NCL is a tax-exempt foundation, whose quarterly *Newsletter* can be had for \$5 per year (4635 Leeds Ave., El Paso, TX 79903). Though it takes a while to penetrate some of its needlessly dense jargon, there is much worthwhile information to be gleaned by those who persevere.

Growing Geniuses

Robert Graham's Repository for Germinal Choice (P.O. Box 2876, Escondido, CA 92025) has now "produced" (if that's the right word) 15 children from the sperm of high-IQ (over 140) donors. All of the mothers have been married with the exception of Afton Blake, whose son, Doron, now 2½, is turning out to be a prodigy, already reading "lots of books" and playing the piano. None of the biological fathers has released his name to the press, except William Shockley.

Graham's foundation costs several hundred thousand dollars a year to run, almost all of which comes out of the founder's bank account. It can be said without hyperbole that the Repository for Germinal Choice is one of the very few organizations in the world that is seeking to improve mankind, which, of course, is exactly why the media persist in giving Graham such a hard time.