

δύστανε, μούρας ὅσον παροίχι.

Instauration®

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MAY 1986



Drawing by John Singer Sargent

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**THE FORGOTTEN COMPOSER
OF "BLUE-EYED" MUSIC**

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

□ As a nation, Israel did not exist for about 2,000 years before 1948. It came about in ancient times as a consequence of invasion, although some would like us to believe that God was the general with the flashing sword. Was its re-creation at the cost of outraging or offending hundreds of millions of Moslems and Arabs an act of utter idiocy? The idea that God gave the land to the Zionists may go over with ignorant tribesmen, but it hardly will sell to enlightened people. Rabbis have kept the Jews in hot water for multiple centuries and their ability to do so does not support the widely held belief that Jews are a people of superior mentality. If Jews are the best that God and man can do, then the future of mankind is hopeless.

958

□ If everybody hates the Afrikaner so much, why the hell don't they leave him alone? The answer is, of course, greed. Everybody wants a piece of his flesh because they want what he has wrought. He subdued a hostile environment, made it livable, and now everybody wants to steal it from him.

917

□ The notion that Israel is our "only true friend" in the Middle East is, at bottom, nothing less than a canard. The founders of Israel were and are Marxists who have little regard for Western capitalism. Currently, over 90% of Israel's economy is state-directed. Moreover, the Zionists' belief in a state religion should further put us on guard. But most important, the very idea of Zionism embodies the notion of expropriating the property of others.

200

□ Please print this letter. My Confederate ancestors, some of whom came from Missouri and Kentucky, cry out from their unmarked graves for justice. Let's clear up the argument once and for all surrounding the controversy over whether or not Missouri and Kentucky were admitted to the Confederacy. A message from President Jefferson Davis was received by the Provisional Congress of the CSA on Nov. 11, 1861, informing it that he had signed the Act admitting Missouri to the Confederacy on an equal footing with all other states. A similar message informing the Congress that the President had signed a similar act admitting Kentucky was received on Dec. 10, 1861. Both Missouri and Kentucky sent voting members to the Senate and House of the CSA Congress throughout its existence. See *Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1904). As Instaurationists should know, we cannot depend on the "facts" presented to us by modern historians. We must go straight to the source for reliable information.

223

□ The Chosen are prominent in law, medicine, clothing, higher education and real estate -- among other occupations. Some of these used to be honorable professions. They no longer are. Is there a correlation here?

903

□ With the increasing number of Orientals here, I'm expecting any day now that the Rotten Apple will soon be observing Marco Polo Bridge Day or the Rape of Nanking Day. They are really starting to nose out the Jews here in small business. Fruit stores, Chinese restaurants and massage parlors are springing up all over town.

113

□ As for Jesse Helms, I guess he felt it wasn't worth it to "fight the good fight." I wonder what pressures were brought to bear to make him change. His defection is a good lesson for Instaurationists. No politician can be trusted.

111

□ Cholly is pretty much on the beam in his reply (April 1986) to "Bluecollar and Proud of It" concerning elites and the common man. Although I strenuously object to the premises propounded by my elitist-loving friends, I am appalled at the "Proud of It" attitude and Bluecollar's idea that the common man is the "backbone of this country." The common man has never made much of a contribution to the U.S. except his tax money and his willingness to be cannon-fodder for wars that are directly contrary to his best interests. The modern common man is incredibly ignorant, alarmingly fettered by religion and "patriotism," disgustingly easily led by his enemies, and astoundingly hard to convince to do anything substantial in the interest of himself and his posterity. Where in years past common people made sacrifices to ensure a better future for their children, they now refuse to have children in order to make a better today for themselves.

I am one of those Cholly mentioned who considers himself as good or better than those members of the elite of whom he has real knowledge. My contempt for our present elite is virtually boundless, but my disgust with the common man is almost as great. Those idealizing the common man should recall the grand juries which cleared and then charged Bernhard Goetz, and, even worse, those juries which award millions of dollars to persons injured in the act of committing crimes and to women claiming to have become nymphomaniacs because they were hit by trolley cars. Trusting your fate as a defendant in a jury trial to twelve common men picked at random from the population must surely be the American form of Russian roulette.

317

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□ "Sounding Off on Two Front-Burner Issues" (Dec. 1985) was fine as regards homosexuality, but less good on protectionism. Certainly it's true that the proportion of producers to consumers is constantly falling in America. Partly, this is because of modern methods of production. In Britain, for example, the Minister of Agriculture has informed us that a little over 2% of the work force produces 75% by volume of the food consumed. Of course, this doesn't mean that the rest can't be doing something useful, as in Finland, which has increased its industrial workforce by 38% in the last ten years, while Britain (and even America) are passing into a "post-industrial" phase. But the remedy is not tariff barriers but rather a refusal to support non-producers if unfilled jobs are available.

Protectionism in a multiracial society is merely a recognition that one is permanently in the second league. It means shoddy goods in the shops which no one has any incentive to improve. It means that union overmanning and featherbedding become institutionalised for lack of competition. It means that factories which do produce tend to have a virtual monopoly in their market sector. It means supplementary charges on imports (to equalise their prices with those of home products), which will merely hand the Japanese extra profits on a plate and enable them to ensure such quality that they will be able to take over the whole market anyway. Above all, it means raising tariff barriers against cheaper products from the Third World -- one of the major reasons for mass immigration.

If you want an example of a protected economy, take a good look at India. It has all the hallmarks: "labour-intensive" solutions ("to produce more jobs"), unionised and monopolised production, and inferior, otherwise uncompetitive products (e.g., razor blades which cut your face to pieces).

Let's face it. No one is going to allow us to cut the birthrate of nonwhites until we take over the whole system. Too many mediators have psychological capital invested in their proliferation. Meanwhile, the very last thing we want is to create a protected economy, in which inefficiency and lethargy are institutionalised. The less we protect our inefficient producers, the more likely it is that the welfare state will break down. Isn't that just what we want?

What we need is a Majoritarian solution, in which we consider our own interests only, buying one another's products, giving one another business, employing our own people, and frustrating "equal opportunity" legislation wherever we can. It can be done, and is already being done. Otherwise, how do so many all-white businesses manage to subsist? The system is our enemy, and it is time that our interests came first -- yes, even to the extent of collecting welfare payments and moonlighting on the side.

To be sure, there are plenty of Majority workers who are suffering from unrestricted competition, especially from minorityites who receive discriminatory tax-kickbacks, but this problem is not going to be solved through protectionism. As for Japanese competition in the matter of automobiles and computers, an answer is to automate the production line, phas-

ing out inefficient workers. "Jobs" which are preserved by restrictive practices do nothing for the self-image of those who hold them. I am afraid the service sector is the only employer possible for many of those people being laid off in factories and offices. But the service sector is a sector for human choice, and we should know how to choose in favour of our own. Racial, not national, autarky is the solution. Meanwhile, protectionism means a lower standard of living (through misuse of resources) and more unemployment in the longer run.

British subscriber

□ Personally, I side with the white Christians against the anti-Christians, not because I like the creed, but because anti-Christianism is just one more way to dispossess us. Christianity was once a white strength. Curiously, I believe its absence during that now passed age would have been an even greater strength. Today I see Christianity -- applied or practiced -- as a foe quite as great as the federal government. Yes indeed, we would have been far better off had we not picked Christ up out of the sand and the back alleys, dusted him off, Aryanized him, and made something out of him and his creed. I will not mourn his or his religion's passing. Nor, if the reverse were to come to pass, would he mourn our passing, for "red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight."

293

□ I worked in a hospital in San Francisco for eight months. From a nurse I learned that many "unwed" girls who had babies in the hospital were married. They told authorities they weren't because they couldn't afford the insurance that paid for obstetrics. So forget the illegitimacy statistics. They are based in part on what people tell hospital authorities. And who checks on the truthfulness of those statements?

606

□ Marilyn Monroe really didn't deserve to be a cog in the Kennedy-Hoffa-Mafia wars. She was the leading courtesan of our time. She married a sports star, a leading playwright and was the lover of a President and his presidential candidate brother. MM was the 20th-century Marquise de Pompadour.

111

□ There is nothing on this earth as important as our white genes. The supreme concern of our leaders must be the survival of these genes and their deliberate upgrading by select breeding.

902

□ Try giving Zip 205 a whole article in which she could expand on her reproductive philosophy. It would keep the Safety Valve filled for years.

119

□ Reading Instauration is like escaping back into sanity from a huge lunatic asylum, wherein only euphemisms, dishonest semantics and unvarnished lies are allowed expression. Where all the inmates know the rules and assist in enforcing them.

774

□ Unlike the English, we aren't hung up on accents. The Hunts of Texas and the Gettys of California let their money talk for them. So does J.R. Ewing of Dallas. When E.F. Hutton talks, it does so through its lawyers. Marvin Kalb, Barbara Walters and that ilk inevitably betray their origins. They like to hit those "t's." The word "censor" also gives them away.

844

□ Just saw Mary Jo's last date on TV announcing his withdrawal from the 1988 race for President. He can always find employment as a department store Santa Claus.

900

□ It is trite to ask our prospective ladies to believe in us when we do not believe in ourselves.

775

□ I read the snivelings of Zip 205 and I was not impressed. Part of her problem is where she lives -- D.C., the bellybutton of La Cesspool Grande. If her highest estimation of a future life is to be the wife of a federal bureaucrat, and if she really wants to stand on a windy corner in January viewing the Inaugural Parade, then I would say that she chose the right place to be. Why are you there, anyway? Culture? You've got to be kidding. If you want to be inspired by buildings, your best bet would be to invest \$25 in a picture book. I went to the Lincoln Memorial and forever lost interest in democracy. Besides the litter blowing in the wind, I saw more foreign gooks in strange costumes than I ever want to see again. I had to pinch myself to believe I was in America, let alone the American capital. A big salary? So, your living expenses are also big. I suggest you go to Small Town USA and find a job there. Besides being in a quieter, safer place to live, you'll also find that white males have not become extinct.

802

□ During an evening of telephone chatting, I asked some teacher friends how they resolved the grading issue, when it was so evident that masses of "passing" students could not correctly add two simple fractions. Here follows a sampling of the grading formulas that were offered:

1. 60% tests, 40% attendance. If you warmed your seat each class day without a hitch, you accumulated 40% of your final grade.

2. 50% tests and 50% "effort" computed as above. If you don't bug the teacher, your effort grade is 100%.

3. 25% tests, 25% homework and 50% "class participation" computed as before.

4. 10% tests, 40% "class participation," 50% "effort." This is a favorite for summer school.

5. Ten times the square root of your test average when class attendance is not compulsory. Thus a 49 average becomes a 70 on the report card.

6. Tests 20% and homework/class "activity" 80%.

7. The test average plus the student's IQ. The fellow that gave me this one claims he hasn't hit 100 yet. He "teaches" math to the athletic scholarship crowd at a super-jock college.

341

The Safety Valve

I can't buy Zip 203's disagreement (April) over "the ocean of hate that saturates the Jewish heart and swamps the Jewish mind." Jews in general do have an ingrained hatred of Gentiles -- some Gentiles, such as Germans, more than others. Most Jews are not on the surface like Meir Kahane, but if they were truly different and honestly repelled by his words and deeds, they would silence him as effectively as they silence Majority types. Deep down in the Jewish psyche they do agree with him. The horrendous Jewish outmarriage rate, cited by Zip 203 as evidence of a lack of hate, is actually an expression of self-hate. Perhaps many Jews unconsciously realize what a destructive and dangerous people they are, and are trying to dilute the monster genes they carry.

317

There is simply no substitute for direct, personal experience when it comes to discernment of racial differences and the race problem that is tearing Western civilization asunder. The further one delves into the hinterlands where a great many whites have not had close encounters with the dark races, the more one finds liberal ideas of racial equality cling to with a ferociousness that is as frightening as it is appalling. As a veteran of both a heavily integrated high school and the U.S. Navy (1973-77), I've had more brotherhood than I can stomach for a lifetime.

089



Our newspapers are as full of Winnie Mandela as yours are, which is not surprising as nearly all Western newspapers march rigidly in lockstep to the same tune, and Winnie is quite an appealing name. It makes her seem so human, and serves to obscure the fact that her soulmate is a murderous criminal, who prefers to remain in prison rather than abjure violence -- unless he is merely trying to keep away from Winnie. It must, however, occur to those members of our race who are still capable of independent thought that while we are shown all those carefully selected photographs of Winnie, we are never shown any heart-warming photographs of Frau Hess or of Hess the younger and his family. Mandela, the primitive Communist thug, must be set free, but Hess, the Peace Emissary, must not be.

South African subscriber

I am concerned with what shape America will assume after the second American Revolution, which now seems inevitable. I do not want to see this country become a carbon copy of Nazi Germany or any other fascist regime. So what model do we look to or what period in America's past should we try to emulate? Is there enough of a Staatsvolk left in America to lead an authentic American revival?

984

Zip 293 (Jan. 1986) should be applauded when he writes that the Statue of Liberty is "the symbol of everything that went wrong with America." Bang on! Kali is an Indian goddess who is in the process of committing suicide. Never before have I thought of Ms. Liberty as an incarnation of Kali. But it fits perfectly. I don't think the statue should be destroyed. We should keep it to remind us of what our parents have done. How they were duped! She isn't a Trojan Horse, but a woman of good will -- blind good will.

932

When a guy feels all alone in the racial struggle, it's nice to know that there are intelligent people out there who read and write for Instauration and who are not Nazis and KKKers.

850

As an Italian American I resent your continued vituperative attacks on Mediterraneans. Month after dreary month Instauration is filled to the brim with such slander. No, we are not unassimilable. We want to be a part of the Majority and do not want to be cast with Jews, nonwhites and their ragtag coalition. Of course the Italian-American leadership is riddled with race traitors and renegades, but no more so than the top echelon of the Majority. If properly led, the average Italian would gladly fight alongside his racial cousins against the common foe. Remember that we, too, are European and white, and that divisiveness in this time of peril can only hasten our demise. I, myself, if called upon, would give my life to preserve an America that is true to our Western ideals.

306

The networks and the newspapers are assuring me that as an American I have been "traumatized" by the blowing up of the Challenger. Count me out of that consensus. I regret the deaths of the crew (although after many decades of antiwhite haters exercising a deathgrin on the American government and American institutions, I won't concede that anyone -- astronaut or whatever -- who actually enjoys playing in this cesspool on any level can be termed a "hero"). The black crewman once said that while growing up poor in the American South he dreamt of becoming an astronaut. Yet his immediate ancestors living on a continent honeycombed with lakes and rivers "never dreamt a sail," as Thomas Dixon once put it. In every sense -- cultural, racial, scientific -- the three minority members on the craft were hitchhikers. The networks showed over and over again -- in living color -- the explosion of the spacecraft, thereby pandering to the lust of democratic man for spectacular tragedy at a safe distance. While I was watching I thought of the Germans, who had been the principal developers of rocket technology, and whose defeated soldiers and civilians had been treated so dishonorably after WWII (while at the same time we and the Russians were busy stealing both their technology and the scientists responsible for it). I also thought of Arthur Rudolph, the scientist who contributed so much to this essentially Faustian reach to the universe, and who after years of service was shamelessly kicked out of the country by sick fanatics and Jewish jackals in the Justice Department. Although many highly qualified British, Germans and Scandinavians deserved to go on space missions, NASA was too busy searching for Mexicans, blacks, Jews and Orientals to glorify people who spring from races that could not ever have developed this technology that comes from the soul of Northern European man. Undoubtedly the space program will continue, but to me it has all become a metaphor: a body is sinking rapidly into the quicksand, up to its armpits now, while the mud-splattered and imbecile head, blithely unconcerned with what is taking place, continues to lay careful plans for a glorious future. Unless an eleventh-hour realization of its peril shocks it into grabbing for whatever overhanging branches may be near, the finely chiseled dolichocephalic head will suffer the fate of the Challenger.

920

What saves me is this: Somewhere along the line I discovered our enemies are profoundly unsure of themselves. They know they are "putting one over on us" and therefore they are in a state of permanent nervousness. No triumph is truly satisfying for them.

886

One thing I've noticed about debates on immigration reform. The civil libertarians say we won't accept a Worker Identification Card. I wonder. Most of us would agree to any kind of I.D. if it meant that undocumented workers would be kept out. Yet we have all these freaks on TV saying we won't. Milton Friedman doesn't speak for all of us.

902

□ My guess is that if all of Haiti's Negroes were replaced tomorrow by citizens of Japanese descent, that country's gross national product -- and standard of living -- would probably exceed Canada's in less than 40 years.

628

□ Far too many Instaurationists dismiss the blacks as less than bright. A dangerous mistake, perhaps resulting from the publicity about low test scores. After a lifetime of dealing with them, I believe blacks are cunning, highly disciplined in front of whitey, secretive and filled with hatred of those with paler skins. They have survived under a paternalistic system very well. Lots of them agree with the principle of physical separation, but for the foreseeable future they will continue to "shuck and jive" because that method has been working pretty well. At times I am almost ready to agree with those blacks who think we are the dummies. They might have something there.

112

□ I hear a lot of talk that "if only things get bad enough, then people will listen to us." Don't count on it! The tempest-in-a-teapot over Libya in the media proves this. Gaddafi, "the new Hitler," "Gaddafi the madman," "Gaddafi the Israel-hater" is planning to send terrorist squads to the U.S. Then, after all the sturm and drang, out comes the news that the "airport terrorists" came from Lebanon and not Libya. Suppose we did go to war. Suppose things did deteriorate domestically. Don't kid yourself that Joe Sixpack would be able to "see the light" and identify the true culprits. As long as the unmuzzled media are around to spew lies and distortions into 100 million American homes, the mediacrats will call the shots, define reality on their own terms and be ever ready to create a Hitler image for anyone who dares question our Israelocentric universe.

787

□ Try not to feel bad about the brouhaha in the January 1986 issue concerning 17 versus 13 stars (thank God they were only five-pointed). We're all human. I remember back about 1943, when shooting into the sun in an Ohio bean field, I downed a hen pheasant. The shock, the embarrassment, the misery! Well, grandmother said, "It'll taste good" and though it took a bit more stuffing, all at the table agreed it was an exquisite bird. Characteristically, no one suggested that "eating crow" would be better fare.

327

□ My plan to win the war on drugs is simplicity itself. The President appears on TV telling those who desire cocaine and other drugs they will be able to obtain them free of charge at their local post office. Within two years most hardcore druggies will have expired on these riches. Most Colombian farmers will be back planting a coffee crop, and most pushers will have filed for unemployment. Alas, several Miami banks will have closed their doors. Economics, not appeals to morality, is the issue here. It is also the solution.

606

□ The white business community in South Africa has entered into secret talks with black leaders and has generally threatened to sabotage the system. The white South African has created a vast civilization of which he is justly proud, but now it is threatening to be his grave. He and maybe whites throughout the world are at a crucial juncture. He has to choose, finally and irrevocably, between his civilization and his race. It is time that whites think seriously about the theories of the anarchists, especially Proudhon, who proposed a simpler and more basic social order. This order would be one that the white race could live with and still be a race. Unfortunately, anarchism is still a dirty word with whites in all countries, who, as god-fearing "conservatives," still believe in such ideas as "civilization" and "law and order."

619

□ Instauration could not have come up with a better choice for Majority Renegade of the Year than Newt Gingrich. For those of us who are acquainted with Newt's antics and skullduggery in Washington (99% of which are never reported by the media), it was indeed refreshing to read an accurate account of this latter-day Truckler. In what was otherwise an excellent article, it was disappointing that nothing was mentioned of "Just Plain" Newt being one of the 99th Congress's premier draft-dodging wimps.

200

□ I do not subscribe to the principles of populism. I believe that societies are always led by elites and not by the general populace. I think those with our views would be better advised, on account of the limited resources available to us, to concentrate their propaganda and effort on the elite, especially the children of the elite in prep schools.

Accusations against the elite of having "sold out" or being "corrupt" are just as correctly aimed at any social class. The middle class in America has been bought out by prosperity, FHA and VA mortgages and other goodies. The working class whites in America have sold out in return for unions, food stamps and rent subsidies. Unfortunately, no class as a group has shown racial integrity, cohesion or loyalty.

In a healthy society, the upper, middle and working classes of our people would work together, each performing its own particular useful function in furtherance of the interests of our race and civilization. However, our enemies have been clever enough to buy off all social classes and to set the various classes of our race at each others' throats.

I do not idolize or idealize the upper classes. However, I recognize the grim truth that they and they alone run things. It has proven utterly impossible to organize the working and middle classes to accomplish anything desirable. That is not to say that the working and middle classes do not number in their ranks many solid and fine individuals. For that matter, so does the elite. One thinks of Carleton Putnam, Lothrop Stoddard and many others of the upper classes who have had much to lose and have in many cases lost it by virtue of their courageous loyalty to their people.

300

□ I like the Q-and-A format of Cholly's recent pieces. Makes for interesting reading. Most important, it breaks up the page. Readers hate a solid page of type.

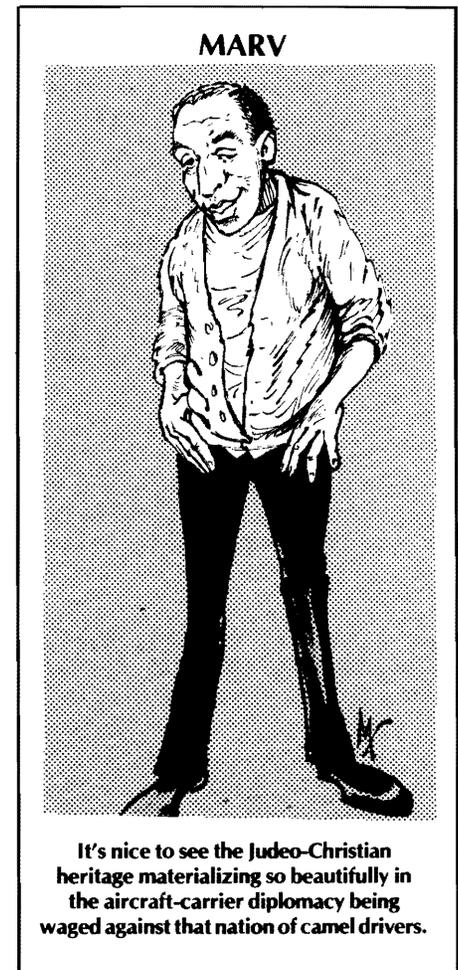
602

□ Libya, whose leader has offered to join Reagan in combating international terrorism, has lately been described by our President (and the media) as a threat to American security. But this is only Israel speaking through Reagan's mouth. The big shots in Jerusalem correctly foresaw that the death of one or two Israelis at a ticket counter in Europe would not be seen as just cause for mounting another air raid against Palestinian women and children. So Zionism's principal agent, the U.S. President, was called upon to advance Israeli foreign policy. In no time we were putting pressure on the Arabs by deploying naval forces around the Gulf of Sidra. This, of course, was to counter the threat of Libyan warships which are stationed off Maryland and New Jersey.

135

□ One more reason to dislike Jesse Jackson. His candidacy for elective office, previously a no-no for religious leaders, could unleash another group of screwballs such as Pat Robertson. No one had guts enough to tell Jesse that church and state don't mix. Robertson and his ilk can thank Jesse for breaking down that barrier.

770



It's nice to see the Judeo-Christian heritage materializing so beautifully in the aircraft-carrier diplomacy being waged against that nation of camel drivers.

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S ANTI-SEMITIC CONUNDRUM

AUTHORS who write in the genre known as fantasy have some singular advantages over those who choose to limit their wordcraft to reality. While all fiction (even the naturalistic school) is by definition *fantastic*, in that it is to some degree invented, created and shaped by an imaginative mind, it is nonetheless true that writers who dwell in fantasyland revel in the phantom winds that unfurl and swell their literary sails. They have an awful lot of fun with their printed page magic and, if they are sufficiently deft, a reader can hop aboard and happily be seduced by the wondrous illusion.

Michael Moorcock, an English novelist, is a master magician. Having made his reputation with numerous works of fantasy and science fiction, he outdoes himself in two recent novels: *Byzantium Endures* and *The Laughter of Carthage*.

A brief overview of these books might suggest they are historical novels, as they take the reader through the chaotic years that followed the 1905 uprising in Russia. Crammed into the pages are Moorcock's microscopic attention to detail and local color, to precise descriptions of Russian cities and steppes, even of particular streets and sections. The same Baedeker treatment is given to European and American cities. The author expertly imparts the idea that he has actually been in the places he describes, and in the thick of the events he writes about.

Any skilled literary fantasist can create this illusion of reality, this fictional solidarity that allows his figures to glide more or less undetected through stone walls. The reader must relax and spike his critical judgment to enjoy this sort of literature, which is why fantastic fiction is not everyone's cup of tea, though others who have a taste for it will read little else. It is possible that Moorcock actually did spend hundreds of hours digesting the books, magazines and newspapers relating to the decades in question. Personally, I rather suspect that he did little more than cursory research to lay the historical groundwork for these two curious literary items.

Moorcock's two novels are written in the form of an autobiography of one Maxim Arturovitch Pyatnitski, or "Pyat," born in the Ukraine around the turn of the century. We are never told directly that Pyat is a Jew or a half-Jew, but he is circumcised (rare for a Russian in those days), his father was a revolutionary who met an untimely end, and the other characters in both books constantly "mistake" him for a Jew. Pyat never ceases to insist that his father was a Don Cossack, and that he himself has a strong intellectual or spiritual disaffection for Jews, as well as for revolutionaries, liberals, blacks, hippies and assorted other blights of modernity. He is a pan-Slav, yearning for the time Russia will match up to its true potential and put Bolshevism into a permanent deep-freeze, return to Orthodox Christianity, capture Constantinople and make the new Byzantine Empire the Third Rome.



Michael Moorcock

Yet Pyat is no stuffy Tsarist conservative: libertinism is his glory and cocaine his daily fuel. (There was so much *sneg* in Russia at that time, he says, that both sides fought the Revolution and civil war on cocaine energy.)

Throughout his *Candide*-type adventures Pyat, a self-proclaimed engineer, carries in his valise a number of futuristic technological plans, most of them absurd, as well as a blueprint for a scientific Christian utopia. (Moorcock's experience in the science-fiction genre gets a workout here.) The precision of biographical and geographical detail is thus counterpointed by a character of obvious fantasy: the result is a sporadically entertaining mirage.

Without this heavy component of fantasy these novels almost certainly could not have been published, definitely not by such a conspicuous conglomerate wheelspoken as Random House. The mask of the fantastic protects and allows Moorcock to range over a smorgasbord of *verboten* opinions and ideas, some of which sound like the most racial paragraphs of Henry Ford's *The International Jew*. There are most assuredly writers and journalists laboring on the good ship *Establishment* who occasionally chafe at their golden chains, who are sometimes possessed by a pathetic desire to spit from their mouths the coin of the realm that gags the truth. Possibly Moorcock can be numbered among this mutinous crew, and now, donning his motley masquerade garb, is thumbing his nose at his ever smiling but demanding taskmasters.

On the other hand, the bizarre twists that Moorcock attaches to the racial and cultural views expressed in these novels, like the strange twists of character he imputes to his protagonist, suggest that the author set out to execute a sophisticated symbolic caricature of a world supposedly dead and gone. Moorcock's *motive* in writing these works is much more interesting than the books themselves. As I know nothing about the author other than what is contained in the brief biographical note on the flyleaf, I will leave it to others to decipher the riddle, should they consider it worth the effort.

Pyatnitski is born in Kiev in somewhat impoverished circumstances. Even before he reaches puberty he invents a motorized hang glider contraption. His mother then sends him to live with his merchant uncle in Odessa, where he takes up with artists and bohemians, and also with a Jewish whore. From there he departs to a scientific academy in St. Petersburg, where he falls in with cocaine-snorting dilettantes, Marxists and anarchists, while stoutly maintaining his anti-revolutionary opinions. When the Kerenskyites and later the Bolsheviks do a number on the Tsar, he returns to Kiev and becomes a technical adviser to Ukrainian nationalists (almost, but not quite, inventing a devastating laser beam to destroy the Red Army). Fleeing to Odessa, he is captured by revolutionary bandits led by Nestor Makhno, an historical figure. Here he discovers his childhood sweetheart to be a camp-following whore/nurse. Eventually making his way to Odessa, he fights with an Australian contingent of the anti-Bolshevik Allied Expedition, then escapes by boat to Constantinople, "buys" a young prostitute from her parents, makes his way with her to Rome and then to Paris, living on dreams, generous friends and the ever-present cocaine. All the while he is pursued by a Jewish *Doppelgänger*, who he believes is a Soviet commissar out to destroy him.

Armed with grandiose plans for "cities in the skies," he sets up an aircraft company with a bisexual (yes, Pyat engages in that sport as well) Russian nobleman whom he knew in St. Petersburg. When the company fails and there is talk of his being arrested for fraud, he ships off to America, first New York, then Washington, and then, of all places, Memphis, where he outsmarts a couple of Southern con-men who take him for a rich Russian aristocrat. With the collapse of his ambitious and preposterous schemes for establishing himself as the leading scientist of the South, he tours the country lecturing for the Ku Klux Klan, at that time (the early 1920s) at the height of its power.

When he is beaten up in a small Western town as a result of Klan political infighting, he wends his way to San Francisco, where he is reunited with a cockney actress he had met in Russia, a Mrs. Cornelius, whom he regards as his guardian angel (despite the fact that she once bore a child by Leon Trotsky!). He joins her somewhat sluttish acting troupe and ends up in Hollywood, where he hobhobs with the cinematic gentry, among them his hero, D.W. Griffith. The Russian bemoans the fact that "the greatest cultural figure of the twentieth century" is down on his luck, due to the perfidy of Hollywood Jews. All these adventures take place before the protagonist, a buffoon acting within the framework of a farce, turns 22. (A sequel is implied; thus we can expect to see a third, even a fourth, novel detailing the life and times of M.A. Pyatnitski.)

This most incredible son of the Russian steppes yearns for the restoration of "Byzantium," a Greek Christianity upheld by a militant Slavic Empire that would both dominate and defend "the West." The enemy of this empire is "Carthage," now a slithering entity comprised of Jews, Moslems, Bolsheviks, Roman Catholics and a number of others who scheme constantly against the enlightened millennium of Pyat's dreams.

Recalling some incidents from his youthful days in Odessa, he writes: "My dislike of Jews, my anger at being

identified with them, was because we Ukrainians were inundated by Jews. The Revolution was directly inspired by Jews."

But Byzantium, he admits sadly, is on the wane. The West offers scant help against "Carthage," and Pyat rages against the manifestations of decay, such as "the feeble English lounge who lives only to smoke keef and claim the State's baksheesh. No wonder white girls seek out the spurious vivacity of the grinning Negro, the secure wealth of a fat Asian patriarch."

The English are the particular objects of his wrath:

With their Empire gone, their economy collapsing, their culture in ruins, they drown in a sea of rotting flotsam, the detritus of Colonial glory. And as their self-satisfied little island sinks do they at last shout 'Mea Culpa'? No! They sing *Rule, Britannia*. It is a horrifying spectacle.

(Pyat confesses that in the 1940s he did meet Oswald Mosley, one who fought the rot. He also confesses that the great Englishman would have prospered more if he had done something about his halitosis!)

But England is not alone in its death rattle.

I have seen Empires collapse around the world, and it is always at the hand of the Red and the Jew . . . I have seen the same effects in a dozen great cities during their ultimate decline. When Christian girls decide to desert the ways of virtue to fornicate with the Pagan, then chivalry is lost forever. It is the same in New York and Paris, in Munich, in Amsterdam. Oriental Africa has once again married brutality to cunning and given birth to Carthage . . . The self-mocking West, dismissing the moral conviction of three thousand years, is ripe for conquest. And of course the one to benefit most will ever be that sly desert herdsman, your Jew.

Noting the popularity of Negro musicians in the U.S., Pyat again pitches his lance:

Only a generation sated on every possible sensation could make heroes and heroines of wretched drug fiends and alcoholics, most of whom died deservedly early deaths. And as for their white imitators, they were traitors to their heritage . . . Where white apes black, there Carthage has entirely conquered.

A drug fiend who condemns drug fiends, a quasi-Jew who castigates Jews, a multilingual cosmopolitan who bemoans the destruction of a contradictory civilization now turning on itself? No clear answers are discernible, which is most likely the author's intention.

We see Moorcock constantly quick-changing Pyat from an embittered Paul Revere to a slapstick vaudevillian jokester. Pyat as Paul:

The twentieth century is a graveyard of well-intentioned heroes and unrealized dreams. When they talk about their mythical Six Million they never consider the real victims of Socialistic Reductionism: the magnificent, golden visionaries, the clear-eyed fighters for Order and Justice, the tireless, selfless Knights of Christendom who, from Deniken to Rockwell, took up the sword against Bolshevism only to be cut down by cowards, deceived by traitors, betrayed by followers who lost their nerve at the crucial moment.

A few moments later Pyat is once more the burlesque comic: "If it had not been for Hitler, who took everything too far, Italy would now be the world's most advanced nation."

The *New Statesman* thought that Pyat's personality was "a model of moral and cultural bankruptcy that can serve as a paradigm of the failure of Western civilization itself." Well, maybe, but why such a crooked road? Is Moorcock venting his frustration at the antiwhite philo-Semitic establishment by smuggling forbidden thoughts into his fantasy? Or is it all his idea of a great cosmic joke? If these novels are meant to be a simile for our civilization, then I don't believe the author has done a particularly good job of it. The mad jumble of insights and absurdity combined with the rambling, wordy nature of the novels, the dull trivia and somewhat self-indulgent prose, add up to a confused -- though often interesting -- parody.

Reading Moorcock set me to thinking about the future of the novel. *Byzantium Endures* runs about 370 pages and *The Laughter of Carthage* 560. How many readers will plow through 900 pages of these two novels or, for that matter, through the many others published each year, many with much less basic writing skill than that sometimes displayed by Mr. Moorcock? Can it be possible that serious readers are genuinely engaged, for example, by a tedious account of Irish drunks working in a Buffalo cemetery, so described in the highly praised novel, *Ironweed* (written by a Gentile but published only when the author's mentor, Saul Bellow, pulled some strings with his pals in the publishing game)? Five hundred or a thousand pages of Cervantes, Dostoyevsky, Dickens or Stendhal are an investment in a great experience; but the Western novel (like all other Western art forms, save one) is "finished," so to speak. We will not again see the likes of such authors. Minor artists working in the great traditions will always be worth reading, but, today, only if they have something of importance to say, something that engages the imagination and spirit of people of significance. That is to say, something *political*. Even burlesque must have some underlying relevance and coherence.

The Camp of the Saints was a stylistically flawed novel, yet it read beautifully because it dealt with a matter of world-shaking significance, a *political* problem; readers could not put the book down. Though novels far more "finely wrought" than Raspail's are popping out of the publishers' presses every day, almost all of them are dead before they hit the desk of the first sycophantic reviewer. Dead, even if they are "critically acclaimed." Dead even if they top the best-seller charts. It is far better to walk among the trees destined to die so that these time-wasters can see daylight than it is to read fiction without meaning for the lives of late 20th-century Westerners.

In these times a novel that does not deal with politics -- true politics, racial and cultural politics, the only kind that matters -- is a presumption. Five hundred pages of precious verbiage that says nothing is 500 pages too many. Politics (in the sense described) is the *last* true art form left to us; racial and cultural politics is an art yet to be brought to its final, Faustian development. The many Western artists yet to come (yes, they will come, these Caesars) will be ir-

resistibly drawn to politics, the only remaining art form that has the power of spiritual fulfillment.

No novelist coming after the end of the 19th century can ever be a great artist, nor any painter or musician. There will not be another Dickens, as there will not be another Wagner. But, for the artist of politics, the world is yet to be formed. From the formlessness of today the political artist of tomorrow can shape a masterpiece. The clay, though flawed, has great creative possibilities, capable still of being shaped into a terrible weapon. What we have created we can destroy, and rebuild, with our science as handmaiden to our art, our political art, our last and our greatest creation.

In the world-wrenching dramas to come writers will be little more than minor actors. Their day of genius is done. But they can give their lives and their work meaning by writing of the things that have meaning: politics, and the peripheral issues that spring from the political impulse. Politics again becomes an expression of the soul, a function of the spiritual: a compulsive *necessity* to the most advanced and significant people who are the inheritors of those titanic, magical forces that created Western Culture.

For those who fear an outpouring of dull works of propaganda, let them be reminded that all works of art are propaganda, if only for the expression of a cultural bias. Propaganda -- in the modern sense -- is a subconscious bias become articulate. Like anything else, it can be done well, done artfully (as by Leni Riefenstahl in film), or done badly. The future may well see political propaganda elevated to high art.

VIC OLVIR

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THE ANTI-RED, "POOR WHITE" GENERALS

"THERE wasn't a decent worker or peasant among them." According to Geoffrey Bailey in *The Conspirators*, "with a population ratio of 1.77%, Jews in Lenin's Russia made up 5.2% of the total party membership, 25.7% of the party's Central Committee and from 36.8% to 42.9% of the ruling Politburo, while among Soviet diplomats and especially senior officials of the secret police, the percentage of Jews was even greater" (Harper, NY, p. 129). But what of the Bolsheviks' foremost enemies -- the White generals? Most textbooks (and all Hollywood film renderings) portray the leaders of the armies that fought the Reds as reactionary, plutocratic, cruel and heartless oppressors of the masses.



Kornilov, by no means a plutocrat



Denikin, pro-Russian half-Pole

Consider General Lavr Georgevich Kornilov, arch villain of Eisenstein's *Ten Days That Shook the World*. He was short and wiry with a Mongolian look. Kornilov's father, while technically an officer in a Cossack regiment, actually held a rank closer to that of sergeant major in the regular army. Later the elder Kornilov resigned and accepted a post as a petty clerk in Siberia in order to earn more money to provide for his son's education. General Kornilov's mother was a simple Cossack woman. Through hard work and effort, young Kornilov obtained entry into the Siberian Cadet School, then passed with distinction into the Mikhailovsky Artillery School and was commissioned. As a lieutenant with empty pockets, he moonlighted for extra money by giving language lessons to fellow officers.

Next let's check out General Anton Ivanovich Denikin, leader of the White Army in the Kuban. Most college texts emphasize Denikin's iron adherence to the policy of forced Russification. In fact, Denikin's mother was Polish and his father was a serf who did not enter the army until he was 30 and only became an officer at 52. Like Kornilov, young Denikin rose up through the ranks, putting in a year as a common soldier before he obtained a commission. Never once attempting to hide his Polish origins, he promoted Russification because he saw it as the only alternative to the balkanization of the Czarist empire.

While Communist "historians" still refer to Kornilov and Denikin as upper-class "Czarist exploiters," they were both of humble origin and had inherited no money and no land -- unlike the Red generals, Brusilov and Tukhachevsky.

PERCY GRAINGER

AND HIS "BLUE-EYED" MUSIC

I N 1983, *Instauration* carried some comments on Spielberg's film, *E.T.* The reviewer asked plaintively, "Instead of having a crummy little worm come down to us from heaven or outer space or wherever, why not a visit from a lovely Nordic princess?" The question is rhetorical and the answer obvious, given the allegiances of today's cultural arbiters. Five decades earlier, though, Americans were blessed with just such a visitation. The venue was the Hollywood Bowl, where in August 1928, the brilliant Australian virtuoso and composer Percy Grainger conducted a series of concerts described by his biographer as "orgiastic riots of Nordicness."¹



Percy Grainger

While some of the works performed then are still relatively familiar, others have since been relegated to a predictable obscurity -- censored into oblivion, like Howard Hanson's *Nordic Symphony, Op. 21*.²

The climax of the series was the concert's finale on August 9. In the intermission and before a capacity audience of 23,000, Percy Grainger was joined in an elaborate marriage ceremony to the serenely beautiful Swedish poetess and artist, Ella Ström. His wedding gift to his bride took

pride of place as the last item on the program: a wistful piece called *To a Nordic Princess*.

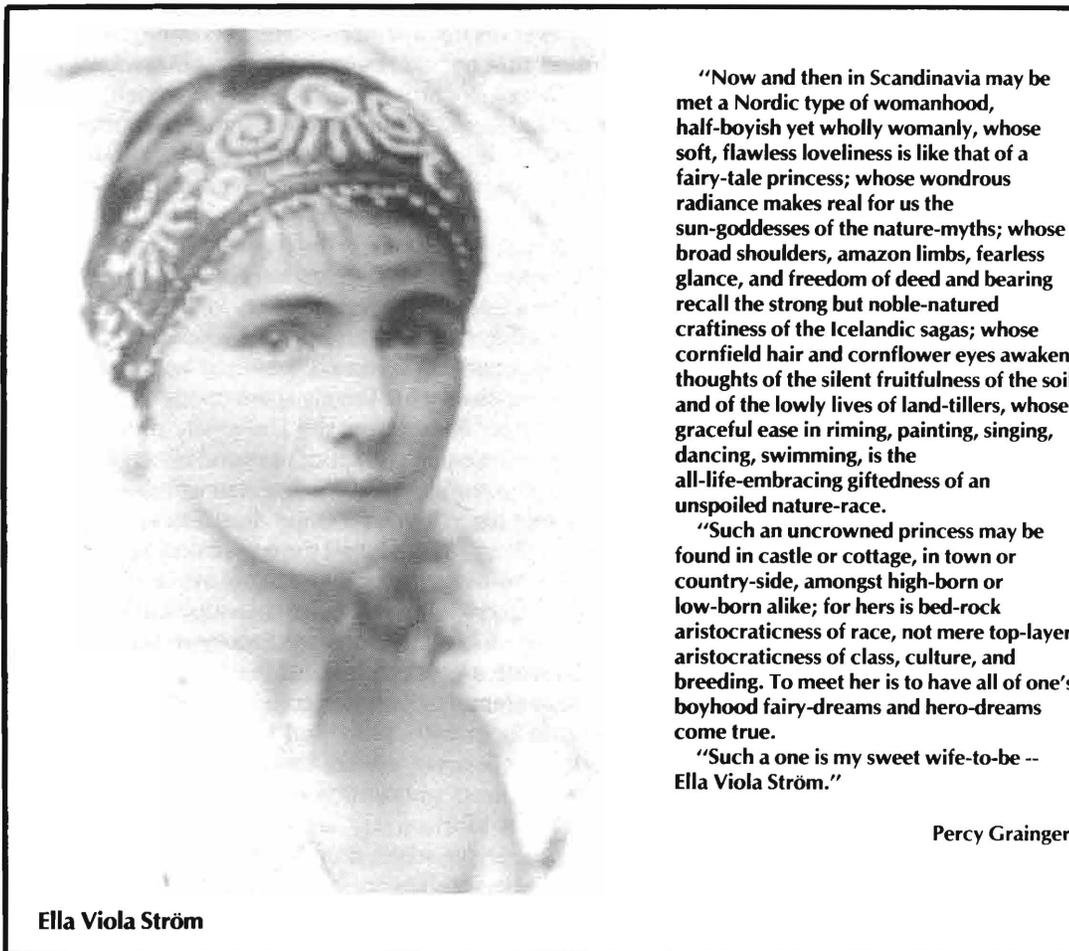
Grainger was then at the height of his popular acclaim. Born in Melbourne in July 1882, he was the only son of John and Rose Grainger. Father John was a prominent architect and talented painter, a heavy drinker and a notorious philanderer. Shortly after the birth of his child, he infected his golden-haired wife with syphilis. By 1890, suffering from alcohol and nicotine poisoning, he was packed off to England for a rest cure. From then on Rose supported herself and her son by giving piano lessons.

Percy was her best pupil. Apart from three months of formal schooling, he was entirely home-taught. By the age of twelve, when he held his first concert series, Melbourne's music lovers were so taken by the handsome young prodigy that a benefit concert ensued, the proceeds of which enabled him to continue his musical studies at Frankfurt-am-Main.

By the turn of the century he was ready to launch his career in London, where he performed a series of recitals to boisterous acclaim. His popularity was assured when, in 1903, he toured Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, playing always to packed houses. On his return to London he was "lionized" by the old and new aristocracies, and guaranteed a successful career as a society pianist.

There were greater depths, however, to Percy Grainger, and his contemporary musicians were quick to recognize his many-sided genius. Conductor Sir Charles Williers Stanford featured him as a soloist, and he played frequently under the baton of his friend, Hans Richter. Edvard Grieg admired his piano virtuosity above that of all others. Sir Thomas Beecham asked Percy to become his assistant conductor. Richard Strauss introduced the young Australian's compositions to Germany. Several tours of Europe and Scandinavia were completed, always to packed houses -- save for royal command performances in Norway. A life of honors and rewards were his for the taking. There were only two obstacles to a highly successful lifetime career: his high moral principles and the period in which he lived.

From the age of four or five, Rose had introduced her son to the Icelandic sagas, which always remained his favorite reading. Among other works, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Hans Christian Andersen and Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* were read aloud to him daily. Years later he wrote, "Out of the Freeman book the Battle of Hastings had become (& still is) an acute personal tragedy. My duty as a composer seemed clear: to turn back, in my music, the tide of the Hastings battle, by celebrating all seemingly Old English (Anglo-Saxon) & Norse character-



Ella Viola Ström

"Now and then in Scandinavia may be met a Nordic type of womanhood, half-boyish yet wholly womanly, whose soft, flawless loveliness is like that of a fairy-tale princess; whose wondrous radiance makes real for us the sun-goddesses of the nature-myths; whose broad shoulders, amazon limbs, fearless glance, and freedom of deed and bearing recall the strong but noble-natured craftiness of the Icelandic sagas; whose cornfield hair and cornflower eyes awaken thoughts of the silent fruitfulness of the soil and of the lowly lives of land-tillers, whose graceful ease in riming, painting, singing, dancing, swimming, is the all-life-embracing giftedness of an unspoiled nature-race.

"Such an uncrowned princess may be found in castle or cottage, in town or country-side, amongst high-born or low-born alike; for hers is bed-rock aristocraticness of race, not mere top-layer aristocraticness of class, culture, and breeding. To meet her is to have all of one's boyhood fairy-dreams and hero-dreams come true.

"Such a one is my sweet wife-to-be -- Ella Viola Ström."

Percy Grainger

maneuvered into another internecine war, he considered the coming conflagration in purely racial and cultural terms. He had little sympathy with the Germans, believing that a German victory would threaten the smaller Nordic cultures of Denmark and the Low Countries. Furthermore, Germans were to his mind the least Nordic of the Teutonic peoples. Actually, his opinion of all Europeans -- other than the Dutch and Danes -- was low: "Europeans are neither gentle nor fighters. They are merely riff-raff [cheap white trash] for the most part."⁶

A pacifist and nursing a burning ambition to become Australia's first major composer, Grainger had no wish

istics, by ignoring, as far as possible, all seemingly Norman traits & influences & those derived from the civilization of the Roman Empire."³ Such was to be his mission.

Percy was interested in those periods of history when the Nordic racial influence was strongest, and his faith in the abilities of the Nordic race was confirmed by experiences in the world beyond his immediate home. He came to believe that the separation of races was a certain guarantee against race riots. In 1903 he visited Brisbane, which he found to be "Full of Chinese, Kanakas, & worse still, ½-breeds . . . To let lower races in in itself shows weakness in the stock; folk must be clean mad after the example of the USA & all past history, to beckon in colored & lower-race work into a land that as yet has no race-hatreds or -wars within itself, & need have none."⁴

Percy was convinced that racial characteristics were a crucial determinant of cultural creativity and concluded that the output of blue-eyed composers excelled that of others. Many years later he tried to prove this theory by photographing the irises of his leading contemporaries.

While studying at the Hoch Conservatorium he noticed that the most brilliant students there were Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians. He felt sure that the era of German musical domination was ending, "that a period of English-speaking and Scandinavian leadership in musical originality lay just ahead."⁵ There is little doubt that he saw himself as one of the leaders of this renaissance.

When it became obvious that the white world was to be

to die in the trenches. In September 1914 he and Rose left for New York. Eighteen years later he wrote, "I know that my music will bring more honour to Australia than any soldier-work I could have done in British armies."⁷

The British reacted strongly against those in their empire who were not zealous and dedicated partisans of warfare with arrests, internments, vicious personal attacks and mindless vilification. Hans Richter, for one, was so contemptuously vilified that he returned his honorary musical doctorates to Oxford and Manchester Universities. Even in New York, Percy was not immune. In England, private and public attacks were made on him, his works were dropped from most concert programs, and many friends and acquaintances flatly refused to answer or acknowledge his letters.

Whatever slanders were put about, though, his musical genius was undeniable. By March 1915, he had played to thunderous applause and jubilant critical acclaim in both New York and Boston. In the same season he stormed Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Chicago. When Woodrow Wilson dragged yet another predominantly Nordic nation into the European carnage, in an impetuous moment Percy enlisted as a saxophonist with the 15th Band of the Coast Artillery Corps, subsequently taking out American citizenship.

At the end of World War I, Percy resumed his career as a pianist, largely in order to finance his dream of producing a series of concerts consisting entirely of what he termed

"Blue-Eyed" music -- relevant compositions by Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians.

Having always been avidly interested in folk music, Percy completed an arrangement of a Morris Dance tune, *Country Gardens*. This was to be his greatest public hit, selling 35,000 copies annually for over twenty years. Royalties from his compositions earned \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. He gave three command performances at the White House.

Nevertheless, the slander and vilification that followed him from England never completely died away. To the old malice was added jealousy -- envy of his success, his winning ways with women, his musical brilliance. For his outspokenly open racialism and anti-Semitism he also earned the hatred of those who never forgive and never forget. His enemies were determined to have their pound of flesh, first personally and then professionally.

Percy's relationship with Rose had always been unusually intense and emotionally intimate. They loved each other as few mothers and sons ever have. She was the one center of stability in his life -- friend, comrade, business partner and devoted manager. But by 1922 Rose was a physical and mental wreck, partly as a result of tertiary syphilis. (Fear of passing on the contagion had caused her to employ a nurse for the first five years of Percy's life, in order to minimize physical contact.)

A tragically false rumor was deliberately circulated in New York, alleging that their relationship was incestuous. Insulted, disgusted, at her wit's end and physically decrepit, Rose died in a fall from the 18th floor of Manhattan's Aeolian Building. The police report stated that she either jumped or fell.

Percy was so devastated he thought of suicide. Perhaps it was only the memory of Rose's belief in his greatness and his mission that kept him alive. He plunged himself more deeply into his work, giving up most of his social life. Very soon he began to look years older. He survived, but he never got over the bitter personal loss.

He also suffered financially from Rose's death. Left on his own, he was a poor financial manager, giving away his money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other music go rapidly out of print. By printing a small and shabby initial run, they could limit his outlets as a composer, and then claim with circular logic that the composition had not sold well enough to justify keeping it in print. In that way, his most serious and ambitious works were denied a hearing, with the result that many came to think of him as the author of only a few lightweight and extroverted piano pieces.

The new medium of disc recordings should have ensured the livelihood of a pianist-composer whose genius was universally acknowledged. But Percy's first contract, with Columbia, was exclusive and gave the company final say over which works would be issued. Inevitably, they

selected his performances of the works of other composers, almost never his own compositions. This unhappy practice continued after he had negotiated a new contract with Jack Kapp of Decca Records. His mature works were ignored. In 1950 he and Leopold Stokowski collaborated on an RCA recording of those ebullient early works that had never been allowed to find an audience. As a result, Columbia asked him to conduct a recording of some of his other compositions. RCA blocked the proposal.

Percy continued to compose, to rearrange earlier works and to adapt folk songs, but all outlets for his serious works had been effectively closed by what amounted to a publishing and recording embargo, which he was powerless to end. His later years were largely spent on the establishment of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, and in experimenting with gliding sound effects not unlike those heard in some recent electronic music.

Retaining his early interest in linguistics, which had made him fluent in at least six European and Scandinavian languages, he never lost interest in his old ideal of English language reform. Believing that his mother tongue was corrupted by too many Southern European influences, he tried to create a modern form of the language, purged of non-native elements. He even engaged a full-time research assistant to help with this "Blue-Eyed English," of which the following is a sample: "I have always believed in the wish-for-ableness of building up a mainly Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian kind of English in which all but the most un-do-withoutable of the French-begotten, Latin-begotten and Greek-begotten words should be side-stepped & in which the bulk of the put-together words should be wilfully & own-up-to-ly hot-house-grown out of Nordic word-seeds."⁸

In February 1960, in White Plains, Percy died of abdominal cancer. His lovely Nordic Princess Ella was beside him. At the very last, Grieg's 1907 comment may have been fulfilled: "Like a god he is lifted above all suffering, all struggle."⁹ To the end he pathetically tried to bring and keep Nordic music before the public, driving his sick body beyond its limits in the attempt.

Percy Grainger's crusade was a failure. His compositions are seldom played outside Australia, and even there it is only the light, exuberant work of his youth that is heard. Very few of his serious compositions have ever been recorded. Most of those Nordic composers whom he admired, befriended or helped have suffered a similar treatment -- Grieg and Delius being the only real exceptions. The Grainger Museum in Melbourne keeps his flame burning to some extent, although it is starved of funds; and the University of Illinois has had the initiative to issue private recordings of some of his compositions. A few younger pianists and composers have recently begun to "rediscover" him, but hardly anyone interested in folk or medieval music, in the revival of both of which he played a crucial role, has even heard his name.

A suitable epitaph for Percy Grainger may be written one day. In the interim, we could do worse than heed the words of Dr. Kaare Nygaard, his American physician: "Of course he was a genius -- whatever that actually means. Among many other things he also impressed me as being almost a

human Saint.”¹⁰ We can perhaps hope that if and when our culture is liberated from its cacophonous occupiers, the unrecorded and unperformed music of his maturity will delight the ears of those for whom it was written and from whom it has been withheld to these many years by those whose favorite instrument is the drum.

SELECTED RECORDINGS

Grieg Piano Concerto (Duo-art piano roll). John Hopkins cond. RCA VRL1 0168. With Leopold Stokowski cond. Grainger Favourites.

Over the Hills and Far Away (Music for Symphonic Band). University of Illinois, cond. Harry Begian. Nos 74 and 75.

The Orchestral Works of Percy Grainger. 5 volumes. Cond. John Hopkins. EMI 5514, 7606-8, 430000.

Salute to Percy Grainger. English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, et al., 2 volumes, Decca SXL 6410; 6872.

NOTES

1. Bird, John, *Percy Grainger* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1982; first published London: Paul Elek, 1976), p. 199.
2. Howard Hanson. Born 10/28/1896. Won the Prix de Rome, 1921. Inaugurated the American Composers Concerts at Rochester. Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music and the American Institute of Arts and Letters. Won Pulitzer Prize, 1944; Ditson Award, 1945; and George Foster Peabody Award, 1946.
3. Bird, p. 11.
4. Dreyfus, Kay, (Editor), *The Farthest North of Humanness: Letters of Percy Grainger 1901-14* (Melbourne: Macmillan, 1985), p. 25.
5. *Australian Journal of Music Education*, No. 18, April 1976, cited in Dunstan, Keith, *Ratbags* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1980), p. 223.
6. Dreyfus, p. 434.
7. Dreyfus, p. 529.
8. Bird, p. 196.
9. Grieg, Edvard, *Diary*, 5 August 1907, cited in Dunstan, p. 217.
10. Bird, p. 249.

Anthropological Double Talk

Part of living is noticing differences between one thing and another. Every school kid who admires athletic prowess has noticed that blacks run short distances very fast and jump very high. With no malice or racism they wonder why this is so. They are not likely to find out why in *The American Journal of Physical Anthropology* or any other anthropology journal, whose writers do not acknowledge that race exists.

Since anthropology is essentially the study of race in some sense or other, the subject does now and then intrude into academe's officially raceless view. I have before me all the major and most of the minor anthropology journals, and I have been perusing the assiduous labor, over a 20-year period, of a host of paid scholars. I will dig deeper in the future, but this is what I have come up with now.

Peredes (*Current Anthropology*, Feb. 1984), "On the Concept of 'Race': an Iron-ic Footnote." He laments that, although anthropologists have repeatedly said that the word ethnic group should be substituted for the word race, the public has not yet got the point. "The older usage of 'race' survives in colloquial parlance in at least some rural areas of the American South." Worse, the word was used in the older sense even in a standard intelligence test for adults.

Beals, Smith, Dodd (*Current Anthropology*, June 1984), "Brain Size, Cranial Morphology, Climate and Time Machines." At one point Beals et al. state flatly: "Hominid expansion into regions of cold climate produced changes in head shape. Such change in shape contributed to the increased cranial volume."

The article is probably trying to provide an alternate theory to that proposed by Darwin, that the larger brain being more intelli-

gent gives its possessors a better chance to survive. According to Beals et al., the brain increases in size simply to keep warm, because it is known that a small head cools faster than a large head.

What is useful about this article is that it summarizes the current data, courtesy of the computer, on the distribution of brain size throughout the world. "Each degree of equatorial distance adds 2.5 cm³ to the volume . . . Global means for populations in temperate and cold climates is 1,386 plus or minus 6.7, while that for hot-climate populations is 1,297 plus or minus 10.5. [There is] an absolute difference of 89 cm.³"

Although the authors claim that the larger brain is a direct adaptation to cold climates, nowhere -- until their last response to "comments" -- do they disclaim the idea that there is a relation between brain size

and intelligence. The commentators, however, with one notable exception, chose to read the article as a refutation of the "Darwinian" explanation of brain size. For instance: "The paper of Beals and colleagues [is] an important contribution . . . against a direct relation between cranial capacity and intellectual capacity." This seemed to be the general consensus. One commentator, however, chose to ignore this conclusion:

The brain uses so much energy that extensive brain enlargement would be incompatible with survival in food-scarce environments unless it provided cognitive skills enabling increased foraging efficiency and/or increased cultural adaptation to harsh circumstances. The fact that a correlation between cognition and brain size has not been convincingly demonstrated does not mean that it has been disproven."

Ponderable Quotes

The issue of race is becoming constantly more delicate among thinking Freemasons. Traditionally Negroes have not been admitted to the lodges of the United States. A Negro, Prince Hall, established the first Negro lodge in Boston. It has spread across the country, with its own Scottish rite reaching up to the thirty-third degree. In most states the Negro lodges are considered clandestine or irregular. Offering some for complete democracy in Freemasonry in the United States is the present stirring of conscience in some grand lodges to admit Negroes into their member lodges. All other racial groups -- Latin American, Oriental and American Indian -- are now freely admitted.

Arthur Waite,
A New Encyclopedia of Freemasonry

We were lucky the British were prejudiced colonizers. If there had been more intermarriage, it would have destroyed the purity of *our* race and culture, not theirs.

Bengali intellectual, as quoted in
the New York Times, Dec. 29, 1985

ADL Terrorist Exposed

Right-wing newsletters generally concentrate on free-market and supply-side economics with a heavy seasoning of doomsaying and financial tips. Very seldom, if ever, do they pay any mind to the racial conflict. For this reason, our hat goes off to Laird Wilcox, who puts out the Wilcox Report, the December 1985 issue of which contained a real scoop.

Back in 1981, Wilcox was invited to participate in a panel discussing a TV documentary, "Armies on the Right," made by WCCO, Minneapolis. Wilcox writes:

Included prominently in the documentary was a segment on the activities of two leaders of the New York City branch of the Christian Patriots Defense League, identified as "John Austin" and "Jim Anderson." Both "Austin" and "Anderson" had attended the 1981 CPDL Freedom Festival in Flora (IL), where they taught a course in street combat and techniques of hand-to-hand violence called "street action." They were also observed listening in on conversations and taking photographs of other festival participants and their families.

During this videotaped segment of "Armies on the Right," both "Austin" and "Anderson" flaunted their hatred toward racial minorities, and in terms much more extreme than one normally hears from bonafide CPDL members! "Austin," for example, referred to a group of young Hispanics on the street as "subhuman trash" and "cockroaches." "Anderson" stated that he was a "racist." Both "Austin" and "Anderson" were behaving in the manner they imagined would represent the stereotype of a far right-winger.

On 7 October, 1981, several months after the WCCO documentary was filmed [but before it was aired], the same "Jim Anderson" was arrested by the New York City Police Department on charges of possession of an unregistered rifle and carrying a weapon in public view. "Anderson" and an accomplice, identified as Kevin Reid, were arrested when they were observed brandishing a sniper rifle on the roof of an apartment building. That arrest was reported on page three of the *New York Daily News* of 8 October, 1981, the following day. However, in the [newspaper story], "Anderson" was identified by his real name, James Mitchell Rosenberg!

James Mitchell Rosenberg, alias Jim Anderson, alias Jimmy Mitchell and others, is a paid agent provocateur of the Anti-Defamation League.

[Wilcox then writes about his dealings with WCCO's producer, Jim Hayden, and cameraman Paul Henschel, who inter-

viewed him at his apartment in Kansas City (MO).]

[W]e discussed a peculiar experience they had while they were interviewing the leaders of the New York City chapter of the CPDL. Henschel said that "John Austin" insisted on wearing a false mustache during the interview and that he and "Jim Anderson" would frequently huddle together and speak in low tones, as if they were concealing something! Both Hayden and Henschel seemed uneasy about these two characters. I explained to them that there was, in fact, widespread infiltration by police agencies and by the ADL into right-wing groups. Often, the most fanatic and vicious members of these groups were actually plants. This seemed to interest them but, for one reason or another, we didn't pursue it further. Both "Austin" and "Anderson" were left in the documentary.

On 7 December, 1981, I was flown to Minneapolis by WCCO for the premier of "Armies on the Right," in which I was quoted as an authority on extremist groups, and to participate in a 90-minute call-in show, "Town Meeting," immediately following the documentary. Also taking part in the "Town Meeting" program was, among others, one Morton Ryweck of the Anti-Defamation League!

At one point during "Town Meeting," [it was] stated that "Jim Anderson" portrayed in "Armies on the Right" was really James Rosenberg, "a Jewish infiltrator," and that "John Austin" was a member of the American Nazi Party. WCCO "Town Meeting" moderator Pat Miles interjected that "we've been told by the leadership [of the CPDL] that that's not true!" I chimed in with the observation that while I couldn't comment on this specific case, infiltrators do occur in political groups. Ryweck immediately killed this line of conversation by injecting that we shouldn't "lose sight of the thrust of the program" and not just "get hung up on one or two individuals." So much for that! The troublesome topic didn't arise again.

Rosenberg's activities as an agent provocateur are much more extensive than the WCCO-CPDL affair, however. In 1979, Rosenberg was identified as leader of the Confederation of Independent Orders of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan in Pittsburgh (PA). Rev. Raymond Doerfler [a Klan member], described Rosenberg as the "brains" behind the group. In addition to compiling lists of members and sympathizers, Rosenberg was observed suggesting violent and illegal activities. In March 1978, Rosenberg was party to discussions culminating in an alleged plot to provoke

[his Klan group] into bombing the Trenton (NJ) headquarters of the NAACP. In July 1978, Rosenberg was named by sources within right-wing groups as a key figure in orchestrating a clash between Ku Klux Klan members and anti-Klan forces in Jamesburg (NJ) . . .

Rosenberg also attempted to infiltrate the Mountain Church, headed by former Ku Klux Klan member Robert Miles, in Cohoc-tah (MI). He attended several meetings, did his usual confidence act, was spotted as an agent provocateur and sent packing back to the ADL! Rosenberg has also been seen with members of the Progressive Labor Party and the International Committee Against Racism (INCAR), both violence-prone groups on the far left, as well as the notorious Jewish Defense League, an admittedly terrorist cult espousing fanatical Zionism.

Rosenberg is a militant Zionist himself. He claims to have served in the Israeli military. According to sources familiar with Rosenberg, he also served as a briefing officer at a Tel Aviv Holocaust documentation center controlled by Rabbi Meir Kahane, the founder of the Jewish Defense League.

The ADL's involvement with Rosenberg is a matter of public record. During a deposition taken from Irwin Suall, ADL "Fact Finding" Director, on 10 July, 1984, in the matter of Lyndon Larouche vs. NBC . . . the question of Rosenberg's undercover work for the ADL came in.

Suall's testimony was a masterpiece of evasion as Larouche's attorney tried to pin down his extensive involvement with Rosenberg. Suall did admit to having contact with Rosenberg during "the last few weeks." ADL attorney Barbara Wahl, noting that the deposition is a public record which might fall into the hands of the newspapers, directed Suall to refuse to answer questions about Rosenberg and invoked the New York "shield" law, which is designed to protect the confidential sources of bonafide newsmen and not ADL libelers and ritual defamers. Suall, of course, is in no sense a bonafide newsmen! . . .

The ADL's unconscionable hoax perpetrated against television station WCCO aside, I have reason to believe that the James Mitchell Rosenberg case is merely the tip of the iceberg concerning ADL black operations against the American right-wing, and I have further reason to suspect that ADL operatives may have been implicated in acts of "right-wing" violence.

The Wilcox Report Newsletter is published irregularly by Laird Wilcox, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, MO 64141 (\$15 for 10 issues).

Dangerous Legal Precedent

"A Los Angeles jury awarded \$5.25 million in damages to Mel Mermelstein, a Nazi concentration camp survivor, who said he was emotionally tortured by the taunts of a man who kept telling him the Holocaust never happened."

So said the news. This is what Zip 926 thinks of the matter:

One of the great principles of Anglo-American law has always held that every man is entitled to his day in court; that he may not be judged until he has had an opportunity to present his side of the controversy.

Now, in a dangerous precedent, a Los Angeles Superior Court jury on January 17, 1986, sat in judgment of a citizen of another country who was not even present to defend himself! In publishing his conviction that no Jews were gassed during World War II, Ditlieb Felderer, a Swedish citizen, was found to have libeled Mel Mermelstein, a Long Beach (CA) resident.

The U.S. Supreme Court long ago held that a state could not obtain jurisdiction over a non-resident unless he could be found and served within the state or unless he voluntarily submitted to the jurisdiction of the court. Since the State Department refused to allow Felderer into this country following his conviction in Sweden for approximately the same "offense" (one which Mermelstein pursued with vigor), how could he respond to a summons, even if he chose to?

One is left to wonder whether those twelve jurors, good and true, who so casually sat in judgment of a citizen of another country, without ever hearing his testimony, will live to rue what they have done to our legal system.

Mermelstein's suit should have been thrown out by the first judge it was assigned to, if for no other reason than he has no more chance of collecting \$5.25 million from Felderer, who is practically penniless, than Felderer has of getting \$5.25 million

from the Wiesenthal Foundation for publishing his anti-Holocaust literature.

Ditlieb Felderer, incidentally, is a partly Jewish Austrian who moved to Sweden some years ago. At one time he was a member of Jehovah's Witnesses and was married to a woman from the Philippines. He has done some interesting Holocaust research, having probably made more visits to Auschwitz than any other Holocaust skeptic. But he has made such tasteless remarks and sent out such tasteless items in the mail to Holocaust survivors, some of it under the misleading imprint of the "Jewish Information Service," that any jury which viewed them would develop intense feelings of sympathy for the recipients. Because of the insulting and irritating way he presented his research (e.g., sending ashes and hair to former concentration camp inmates), Felderer's work on the Holocaust must be considered as counterproductive as it is productive.

A Minneapolis Month

Americans used to think that Minneapolis, the biggest city in a state with a high proportion of Scandinavians, was a paragon of urban law and order compared to what goes on in the heterogeneous megalopolises of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. No more. As the following news, most of it occurring last January, from Minneapolis shows, the city is fast catching up with the depravity that has become the norm for most of metropolitan America.

- John Peter Nunn, a black, was convicted on two counts of attempted first-degree murder and six counts of second-degree assault. While robbing a furniture store, he shot one employee.

- Three black Minnesota Gopher basketball stars were arrested for raping an 18-year-old white girl.

- Security was tightened at a Minneapolis-based airline after a rumor that "a Libyan sympathizer" tried to hire a local citizen to plant a bomb in a commercial plane flying to the U.S. from Canada.

- After a two-day trial, Ron Edwards, president of the Minneapolis Urban League, was found not guilty of possessing a handgun without a permit. Edwards was arrested while sitting in a car with another black, who has just robbed a white woman

of her purse.

- Representative Randy Staten, the only black member of the Minnesota legislature, pleaded guilty to writing 76 bad checks to local supermarkets. He was slapped on the wrist with a year's probation.

- Ben B. Reuben paid a \$5,000 fine and was permanently barred from running or supervising a brokerage house. He had been selling unregistered stock at exorbitant prices.

- Raymond Presley, the city's highest-ranking black police officer, was suspended without pay for 20 days. Noted for his absenteeism, Presley had gone off to play golf several times while he was supposed to be on duty. Not one to accept discipline gracefully, he charged that the Minneapolis police department was a "racist institution."

- Minneapolis parents pleaded with school officials not to tamper with the public school system and to put a higher priority on quality education than on desegregation.

- Robin Stillday, a black, pleaded guilty to raping a white woman who had artificial arms.

- In 1970, one in ten Minneapolis youngsters were minority members. In 1980 the ratio was one in four. Some

14,700 students, one-third of the city's public school enrollment, are living in fatherless families. More than 900 illegitimate babies were born in Minneapolis in 1984, up 30% in seven years.

- Police are looking for a 24-year-old black who raped a white woman at gunpoint. He forced her into his car as she was walking toward a bus stop at 7:00 A.M.

- William Rubin and Janet Karki were convicted of bilking investors of millions of dollars in a securities fraud. While living with Karki, Rubin secretly married a Majority manicurist.

- Indian leader Dennis Banks, now on parole in South Dakota, may be brought to trial in Minneapolis for transporting firearms and explosives -- charges which he has been successfully avoiding for 11 years.

As far as can be ascertained, not one descendant of Minnesota's Scandinavian population appeared in the crime news during the month of January, unless in the role of a victim. Every one of the criminals or the accused was either a black, an Indian or a member of a white minority. So goes the cycle of civilization in Minneapolis and many other parts of the U.S. Whites build; others unbuild.

The Current Political Muddle

As the nation approaches the 1986 mid-term congressional elections, a mood of apprehension hangs over Washington. Most political pundits recognize that the Reagan administration has abandoned its promise to reduce government interference in the lives of the citizenry. Although the welfare bureaucracy has been slimmed down from the gigantic to the mammoth, Affirmative Action and "community action" programs are still sedulously percolating.

Like most presidents who have found their political impotence revealed to the public, Reagan seems to be retreating back to that favorite political last resort, foreign policy. As past campaign imperatives run aground on the shoals of practical politics, the administration's emphasis shifts toward such esoteric matters as the "East-West equation" and "Middle East terrorism."

Interestingly, much the same political shifting is going on in the Kremlin -- and for many of the same reasons. Since the socialist empire has long proved its congenital inability to deliver on its promises for a classless economic paradise, grumblings on the home front are being dealt with by fabrications of external causes. With both camps committed to this international ledgerdemain, we have, presto-chango, a summit. If Mr. R. can't stop his budget busting and Comrade G. can't end the foodlines, perhaps they can save us from a nuclear firestorm. Happily for them, there's no standard by which to evaluate their performance on the international stage. After all, no foreign policy expert has yet come up with anything like a GNP or a crime rate figure to judge attainments in summity.

The Middle East, it need not be said, presents a subject of far greater complexity and far less tractability than the capitalist-communist stand-off. Neither the Arabs nor the Israelis seem willing to sit still for the required political portrait. Ronnie being no more willing than his predecessors to beard the lion of Zionism, America's room for maneuvering is reduced to little more than placating the Jewish lobby, all the while attempting to reduce the damage to our real interests among the hundred-million-plus Arab supporters of the Palestinian cause. Such political smoke-screening is not easily maintained. (Ask the families of the 500 American servicemen who died in the Beirut Marine barracks and in the Arrow Airlines crash.)

Our "Israel right or wrong" diplomacy promotes a vast upswing in Arab anti-American radicalism, which leads directly to explosions of terrorism that, in turn, are met with cynical demands from our State Department for international "reprisals."

The contradictory nature of our Middle East policy is clearly revealed when Reagan usually finds himself willing to deliver on George Shultz's stentorian call for military action against Middle Eastern extremists. Should we be so foolish as to go to war for Israel, America would find itself as politically isolated as our client state. This much our European "allies" have repeatedly told us.

The underlying question now being debated in Washington is whether these domestic and foreign frustrations will produce a reaction against the Republicans or whether the national swing toward economic (but not social) conservatism will continue to produce GOP victories.

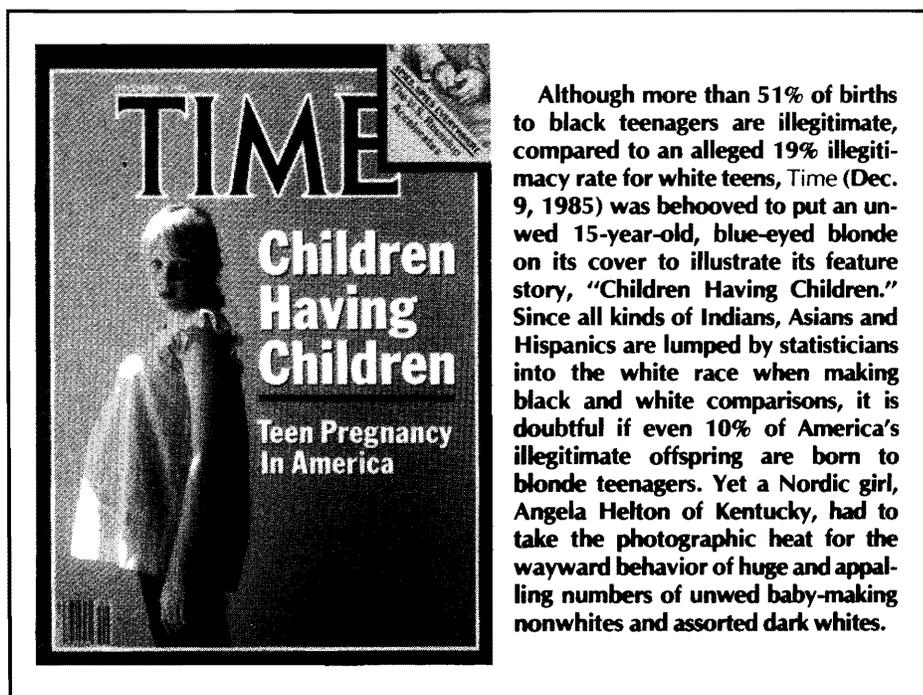
On the face of it there is little reason to expect the Middle American vote to defect back toward Democratic Party leftism. The small businessman, the white-collar office employee and the blue-collar worker have been too badly singed by the economic and cultural perversions of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society.

On the other hand, the Jewish vote, after tenuous flirtation with the Republicans, did flare to become a hot and enduring romance, if only to reward Reagan for his obedience in "taking the necessary action" against Gaddafi & Co. The President has apparently decided to carefully sidestep the contempt that Jews developed for Jimmy Carter when that pathetic creature tried to mediate the Middle East struggle along the lines of Christian equity. The Zionists have always wanted the whole pie, and

they are not in any hurry to define the architectural limits of the crust.

Meanwhile, the most loyal Democrats, the 28 million blacks, are beginning to have second thoughts. In the Northeast, a growing black middle class is questioning the inability of welfare (basically a payoff for black Democratic votes) to lift the black poor to a higher rung on the economic ladder. It's possible that the black political leadership (not at all the same thing as the black middle class) may someday acknowledge what some of us have always known: that welfare is as destructive as drugs to the black underclass. And, for the millions of blacks actually trying to follow society's rules -- let's face it, a lot of hard work just wouldn't get done without them -- racial favoritism and Affirmative Action diminish their individual achievements.

If this budding trend away from welfarism takes on any sizable life of its own, the Chosen may have to go elsewhere to find allies. With a significant number of American beginning to take the measure of Jewish ambitions (though staying as quiet about it as ever), the list of Zion's potential political friends seems to be embarrassingly small. The Protestant fundamentalists are having doubts about the size of their own bedrock support, now that some of their emissaries in Israel have been hit with all manner of anti-Christian violence. This leaves the Jews with the fags, the libbers, the drug culturists and the warmongers -- people who always turn up on the good-guy side of every liberal equation.



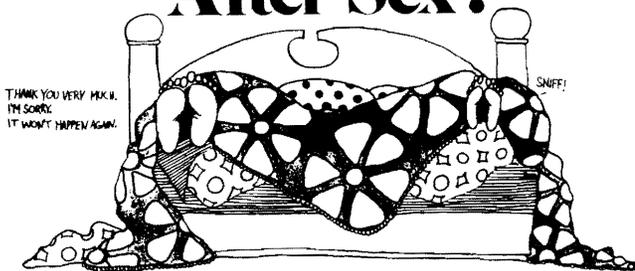
Although more than 51% of births to black teenagers are illegitimate, compared to an alleged 19% illegitimacy rate for white teens, Time (Dec. 9, 1985) was behooved to put an unwed 15-year-old, blue-eyed blonde on its cover to illustrate its feature story, "Children Having Children." Since all kinds of Indians, Asians and Hispanics are lumped by statisticians into the white race when making black and white comparisons, it is doubtful if even 10% of America's illegitimate offspring are born to blonde teenagers. Yet a Nordic girl, Angela Helton of Kentucky, had to take the photographic heat for the wayward behavior of huge and appalling numbers of unwed baby-making nonwhites and assorted dark whites.

Permissible Slander

The war against the WASP is heating up. Take a look at the cute little piece of ethnic libel entitled *What Do WASPs Say After Sex?*, written and illustrated by Matt Freedman and Paul Hoffman (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010, \$3.95). This is pure racism in the old Julius Streicher vein, with the racial slurs being directed against the target race in the form of dirty jokes and cartoons loaded with accusations of bigotry, homosexuality, frigidity and even bestiality.

Here, for example, is what appears on the cover.

What Do WASPs Say After Sex?



Matt Freedman & Paul Hoffman

And on page 30.

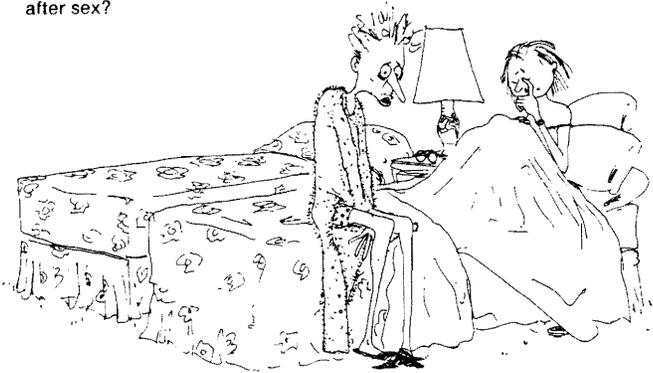
What do you get when you cross a WASP and an orangutan?



I don't know. But whatever it is, it won't let you in its cage.

And on page 39

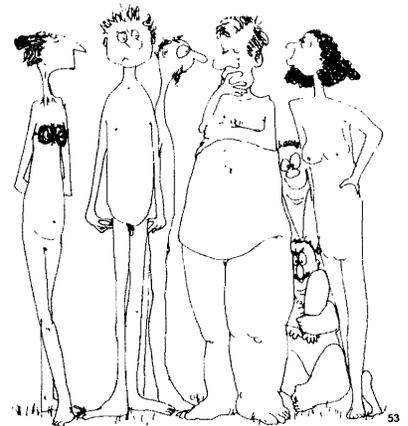
What do WASPs say after sex?



"Thank you very much. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

And on page 53.

How do you tell the WASP woman at a nudist colony?



She's the one wearing the wire brassiere.

Despite more and more literature like the above, Majority members -- not Jewish racists -- are still being blamed for the country's endemic racism.



Untrustworthy Critics

"*Shoah* is a crashing bore," asserts an Instaurationist in whose artistic discretion and taste we have the utmost confidence. Yet 99% of American film critics gushed over it. Only one "famous name," that of Pauline Kael, a Jewess, had the guts to react to *Shoah* honestly. She called this nine-hour Holocaust hatefest against Poles and Germans "logy" and "a long moan" and admitted she wasn't able to sit through more than half of it. As punishment for this act of supreme insensitivity, the Zion-maniacal *New Yorker* (Feb. 1986) devoted a whole page of vituperation to Ms. Kael, in which were embedded such pejorative niceties as "moral idiot."

The same situation was more or less encoered in the reviews of *The Color Purple*, a movie that had to be sacred because it was directed by Steven Spielberg and because it had a black theme and a black cast. Only a few blacks and the white critic John Simon (presumably a Jew) of *National Review* were courageous enough to demur. Simon summed up the universally acclaimed hit with the words "infantile abomination."

A new flap over *The Color Purple* arose when, after being nominated for 11 Academy Awards, it failed to win any. This happened before, in the late 70s, but that movie did not have the benefit of Spielberg and a black cast. The Hollywood NAACP and other groups protested the obvious "racism" of the decisions, and even some blacks who had criticized the movie's unflattering portrait of Negro men screamed that it should have won some awards.

We have now reached the point in popular and so-called serious films where the content or message dictates the approval rating of the critics. A pro-black, pro-Jewish or pro-Hispanic movie, even though an artistic horror, rates three or four stars. A pro-WASP movie or play, though beautifully acted and directed, would rate only one or two stars and might even result in some street demonstrations and boycotts, if by some miracle it managed to make it before the cameras.

Style and substance are the inseparable props of art. All the minority racism in the world and all the cowardly kowtowing of critics will not change this immutable law. Defying it may allow craven reviewers to hang on to their jobs in this Age of Mendacity and will fill the pockets of Spielbergs for a few decades, but it will not prevent *Shoah*, *The Color Purple* and similar cinematic and TV tearjerkers from ending up in the ever more crowded junkyard of bad cultural jokes.

Nut Killer Called Rightist

It wasn't exactly a pleasant Christmas Eve for the Goldmark family of Seattle. A brutish nut named Donald Lewis Rice broke into the Goldmark home and, flaunting a toy pistol, brandishing some handcuffs and uncorking a bottle of chloroform, bound and beat father, mother and the two children to death, though the father and one son held on to life for a few more days in the hospital. When Rice was apprehended, the media immediately made the quadruple murderer appear to be a fascist, anti-Semite or right-winger of the worst type. He had confessed he committed his heinous homicides because Goldmark was a Jew and a Communist. Rice's charges were universally denied, though Goldmark's mother, Sally, had been a member of the Communist Party for a time in the 1930s and his father, who came from New York, had won a famous libel suit against a man who had accused him of being a Communist. As for being Jewish, although the papers said he wasn't, the name does not sound too Aryan, and Goldmark, a lawyer, was always on the ultra-liberal side of every cause. In fact, he and presumably his family were so liberal that the four of them (the two sons were 12 and 14) let a crazy with a toy pistol kill them one by one, apparently without even putting up a fight.

The aura of racism which the media fastened on Rice should have been removed, however, the minute it was found that after his crime he took refuge in the apartment of one of his closest buddies, a Negro, and when it was discovered that another of his close friends, a white woman who was something of a guru, had been married three times, twice to blacks and once to an Iranian.

The racist angle turned out to be another of those media pipedreams, but who would have known it? Not a word of Rice's hybrid connections was allowed to seep out in Seattle's "impact press," which cavalierly kept this news to itself. What editor these days would let the truth spoil a good story!

Legalizing Genocide

The Genocide Treaty is merely one more milestone in the worldwide crusade to halt in its tracks any and all objective criticism of minority groups, especially Jews. As such, it was bound to be approved one day by the invertebrate and dilatory U.S. Senate. Like the Martin Luther King holiday, the annual billion-dollar tribute to Israel and the "hate laws" that already exist in several states and several foreign countries, the Genocide Treaty is designed to stifle

any discussion of the major part that racial differences are playing in the world crisis. Making it illegal to criticize them as a group allows dynamic minorities to act under a special protective shield and thereby maintain their certain political and economic advantages over majorities, who can be criticized and slandered at will.

The Genocide Treaty criminalizes not only acts against minority groups, but whatever might psychologically injure them. This makes unlawful any word in speech or print that can be interpreted as causing them "mental harm." A newspaper editorial or column that, say, questions the Holocaust, even a phone call that contains a racial slur, will consequently be a crime. In practice, however, no one in the more than 90 countries that have signed the treaty has yet been arrested or convicted under its provisions.

Also, much has yet to be done before an American citizen can be hauled before an international court and punished for genocide. The Senate's approval contains several reservations that have to be worked out in both Houses of Congress before this international statute can supersede U.S. law. Until such necessary legislation is passed, this country's adherence to the treaty is purely symbolic.

From an Instaurationist point of view, we would like to see the Genocide Treaty enforced immediately by having the ever-obliging Justice Department arrest some Kansas citizen and send him to Switzerland, Uganda or elsewhere to be tried by black, yellow and brown judges for objecting, say, to affirmative action quotas. The court proceedings might turn out to be quite interesting. It would also be interesting to have a U.S. Supreme Court ruling on the international court's ruling.

And wouldn't it be embarrassing for the Jews, who wrote and promoted the Genocide Treaty, to have it first applied to the Israelis, whose killing and uprooting of Palestinians is today's principal example of genocide?

Black Apartheid Booster

Some white South Africans may think it very clever of their government to pay \$390,000 a year to William A. Keyes to act as one of their American lobbyists. Others, certainly most Afrikaners, might think it a total waste. Keyes is one of those fast-talking black Republicans who make a handsome living out of providing the only black face at GOP gatherings.

Not so long ago -- in 1978 -- Keyes hitchhiked to Washington from his home in Gastonia (NC) and got a job as a mail sorter. For no particular reason, except skin color, he was soon hired as a research assistant for one of those numerous and totally ineffec-

tive Republican study groups. From then on it was up and away. The Republicans were willing to pay almost anything to a freakish black who would spout anti-welfare clichés.

In 1982 Keyes was moved into the White House as a "domestic policy adviser." In his spare time (or was it on government time?) he founded a PAC to finance black Republican candidates. This stratagem, of course, came to nothing. But in this unenlightened ninth decade of the 20th century, when race is involved, a man is not credited or debited for what he does, but for his physiological aura. Climbing further up the ladder of successful failure, Keyes finally engineered his South African connection and now will pocket practically all his annual \$390,000 stipend, subtracting only chicken feed for his one employee.

Yes, Bill Keyes has it made! Henceforth, he will have plenty of time and plenty of dough to indulge his favorite occupation -- dating white females.

Philly's on Fire

All over America, young white men are going to prison for fighting back against outrages vastly greater than those known by the insurgents at Lexington and Concord. In Philadelphia, Vincent Callahan, 20, Thomas O'Donnell, 22, George Stewart, 25 and an unnamed minor may soon be joining the swelling ranks of political prisoners. Last December 12, they allegedly attacked an unoccupied house in that city's threatened all-white Elmwood neighborhood -- a house which the Establishment was cynically using as the thin edge of another black wedge.

Ah, you say, but their arson (a gallon of gas on the floor and a match) was cowardly and despicable, hardly the stuff of Valley Forge -- now a parklike, suburban setting 15 miles northwest of Elmwood, where, in the dead of winter, well-heeled conservatives may be seen, driving slowly around in their heated cars, thinking lofty thoughts about the Founding Fathers.

Does anyone think for a moment that Callahan, O'Donnell and Stewart would not greatly prefer spending a cold winter in the countryside, training for combat with the likes of General Washington, to doing such a deed as they are charged with? Alas, our age of technology, centralization and government infiltration has rendered the George Washington approach less than viable.

Philadelphia's black mayor, W. Wilson Goode, and the rest of the Establishment will surely see to it that these young men rot in jail for years to come. Yet William Tecumseh Sherman, out of pure spite, burned hundreds of beautiful Southern mansions, and monuments to his memory continue to adorn the Northern landscape. Much more recently, the Anglo-American bombers levelled Europe's "art city," Dresden, despite

the lack of military targets. They were called "heroes." And just last May, Mayor Goode himself gave the order to drop a concussion bomb on MOVE headquarters with the result that sixty \$100,000 black homes were burnt to the ground.

The four young men of Elmwood, or whoever torched the unoccupied \$20,000 house, did it because it was the only way they knew to fight against the forces which are fast driving all working-class whites from all U.S. cities.

While making comparisons, let it not go unnoticed that Mayor Goode imposed a "state of emergency" on the 70-block Elmwood area last November 22 not because of any deaths or assaults but because crowds of young whites had gathered on two successive nights to noisily protest blacks moving into what some reporters admitted was a "white island in a black sea." The Goode decree, which was lifted only on January 3, forbade groups of four or more people "from gathering or congregating upon public highways or public sidewalks or in other outdoor places in the area."

The South African government, under extreme provocation, with black killings mounting into the hundreds, finally issued such a decree last summer. The American media howled in unison. Yet not one peep was heard from the media when Mayor Goode suspended the civil rights of the whites in Elmwood.

D.C. Horrors

Over the last few months, readers of Washington's major papers have been treated to a series of vile murders perpetrated by members of the city's black "underclass" (as the welfare bureaucracy terms it). In the latter part of 1985, "The 8th & H Street Gang" relieved one of their racial number -- a 49-year-old mother of nine children -- of about \$20 and in the process cut short her life in a particularly sadistic fashion. They impaled her on an iron bar.

In mid-January of this year, the same anthropological milieu produced another horrible murder: the decapitation, dismembering and disemboweling of a five-year-old child by her own mother. Apparently carried out under the influence of "truth medicine" -- LSD and its parallel agent, angel dust -- the child's remains were reported scattered all around the mother's apartment. Said one of the investigating police officers, "It's the most gruesome thing I've ever witnessed. I'll never forget it in my life."

Such is life in inner-city America. Though whites try to forget it, they are daily hostages to the threat of just this kind of sadistic brutality by a race that has never been able to make the transition from the drum to the drawing room.

Thanks to patronizing liberal welfarists who have convinced urban blacks that

their problems arise solely from white racism, the dark-skinned drug culture goes on its hallucinatory way, picking up steam like a runaway locomotive heading straight for the passenger terminal. Few blacks, if any, have the common sense to understand that they alone are responsible for their desolate condition and they alone hold the key to what they do or don't do with their lives.

Nowhere is this cultural delusion better expressed than on a local black-owned radio station, WOL-AM. There, each morning, the listener hears host Cathy Hughes moaning about "oueh pwoblems in deh racist society of dis America." Beyond that, Ms. Hughes offers a vapid menu of racist platitudes about "hows de black folk gots to spend de money in de community -- jes' like de white folk does." On those rare occasions when someone with enough sense to think beyond the next marijuana joint calls in, he usually gets the fast hustle, "You be thinkin' jes' like de white man, brotuh!"

And, in fact, it is there -- in the mental cynicism of the black community's leadership -- where the worst offenses of cultural disinformation are committed. At the local level, it is the Cathy Hughes of the world rationalizing and prevaricating. At the national level, the spiel is put out by high level personalities. In the end, it's the black proletariat, mystified by the sophisticated complexities of white European culture, that stumbles into the self-defeating impasse of blaming others.

To be sure, the white liberals have all gone to the suburbs, driving their BMWs and Merkurs to the outlying Semitic country clubs, while the rest of us are left to endure the consequential social disorders. Aside from the Reverend Farrakhan, the blacks just cannot figure out what is happening, other than to occasionally note that it is their own folk who are dying like flies in the street.

Too Jewish for Jews

The play, *Be Happy for Me*, closed after one performance on Broadway. It was so awful that the *New York Times*, generally quite tolerant toward Jewish forays into the dramatic arts, could find nothing good about it and dismissed it as "Jewish, male menopause comedy." Even in their home base there is a limit to the amount of Jewishness that Jews will put up with in their films, plays and books.

Ponderable Quote

I would level this country with the sweep of my hand, if I could.

Alice Walker, author
of *The Color Purple*



One More Sacrificial Lamb

A certain Gerald Lieb, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, was horrified that the Department of Education would distribute copies of a speech by a department official that defined the U.S. as a "Christian nation." When Lieb wrote a snide letter to the department saying that the U.S. was never a Christian nation and objecting to the "commingling of religion and government" (which has been elevated to a fine art by the state populated by Lieb's racial cousins in the Middle East), he received a forthright reply from a government economist, Christopher Sundseth, which contained this bombshell sentence, "This country was founded by Christians, who came escaping the kind of small-minded tripe that you espouse."

What happened thereafter is routine. Lieb complained about the "insulting and derogatory letter" to Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder (D-CO), who got in touch with Sundseth's superiors. He was fired pronto. The stock of Schroeder shot up a few points in the Jewish community, and she will probably get more Jewish PAC money than she had counted on for her 1986 election race. And one more Majority member went down the tube.

Vengeance Unlimited

Revenge is sweeter than sweet for those who never forgive and never forget -- and never stop cashing in on their shaky, obsessive and twisted memories.

One alleged war criminal, John Demjanjuk, has been airlifted to Israel where, à la Eichmann, he will probably be put in a glass cage (perhaps even the same one) and humiliated for weeks and months on end by a Jewish prosecutor and three judges as the Western media salivate. Not only the book but the encyclopedia of evil deeds will be thrown at him for his supposed sadistic activities at Treblinka in WWII, where he is accused of being "Ivan the Terrible." But Demjanjuk swears under oath he was never at Treblinka. A Ukrainian, he says he was forced into the Red Army, wounded and captured by the Germans in the Crimea, and rode out the rest of the war as a member of a labor gang building barracks for construction workers. The chief evidence against him is a Nazi I.D. card, which he and an American professor who knows about such things claim was forged by the KGB. As anyone familiar with KGB operations can attest, this may well be the case.

Another kangaroo court, this time run by Yugoslavian Reds, awaits Andrija Artukovic, who was kept for months in a federal prison and then flown to Zagreb, Croatia, where he was delivered to Yugoslav authorities on a stretcher. He is 86, legally blind, has severe heart problems, can no longer walk and has difficulty handling his thoughts. Artukovic is accused of murdering "hundreds of thousands of Jews, Serbs and Gypsies" while a minister in the rump government of Croatia during WWII, when Croats achieved fleeting independence from their Serbian masters with the help of the Germans.

Artukovic's son, Robert, who lives in California, is suing the Justice Department for \$10 million. He says his father is totally innocent and is merely a pawn in a U.S. diplomatic effort to play up to Yugoslav Communists in the hope of luring them further away from the maw of the Russian Bear. We think that's a very diplomatic way of describing an even more servile act of the U.S. government -- a craven obeisance to Jewish vengefulness.

The Order in Disorder

A couple of years ago, 23 people set out to change the face of the United States by working outside the system. A few enemies were killed, some places were set on fire, a hoard of money was collected by robbing armored cars and banks, some counterfeit bills were made, and sundry other crimes were committed by the first organized Majority insurrectionaries of the 20th century.

But soon the work of one or more informers began to pay off. Literally hundreds of law enforcement officers were on the march. Eventually the group was rounded up and its leader, Robert Mathews, wiped out in a large-scale, semi-military operation which included an armed helicopter and a whole gaggle of local police, SWAT teams, U.S. Marshals and FBI sharpshooters.

Now 11 of the 23, one of them a woman in her fifties, are in jail, having been given sentences of up to 100 years, sentences which could be augmented in state trials that may follow the 14-week, million-dollar federal trial. If such does not happen, some or all of the 11 may be considered for parole in 10 to 15 years. What about the remainder of the original 23? Some got off entirely by informing, the chief Judas, one Thomas Martinez, getting probation. Others received much lighter sentences by plea bargaining, which is a form of informing, since it puts those who refuse to admit their guilt in a worse light. One of the defendants, who claimed he was really not a member of the group, was represented by a

Jewish lawyer. Only Richard Scutari, a man, like Martinez, with an un-Majority name, managed to escape the dragnet for a time. Given the honor of inclusion in the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list, he was picked up a few weeks ago in Texas.

Will The Order ever be known and considered in the same light as the terrorists who threw that tea party in Boston? Will the informers ever be tagged as American history's most villainous villains?

Who can say? All we can say at this juncture is that, if the majority of 23 revolutionaries turn against their comrades or refuse to support them after their arrest, then the time is still very unripe for action. The spirit of sacrifice and total loyalty so necessary for any revolutionary undertaking is in pretty short supply when the informers and compromisers of an activist group outnumber the other members.

The Order collapsed in disorder in a country too surfeited with consumerism and what passes for "the good life." There are bound to be more Orders in the future and, as the "good life" for most deteriorates into the "bad life" for practically all, there will be a growing sense of honor and trust among their members.

But little will be accomplished until some such group enlists hundreds of thousands of members, 99% of whom will no longer be in the mood to snitch on their fellows the moment they find themselves behind bars.

Lesbian Lawyer Gets Hers

In mid-January 1985, a policeman in a Denver suburb shot and partially paralyzed his ex-wife's lawyer. The four shots were fired at the end of a divorce hearing. The next day the court building was wild with protesters proclaiming the shooting was conclusive evidence of man's hatred of woman and his eagerness to do her violence. That same day the stenographic records of the proceedings were sealed by the judge.

The policeman had four grown children, the youngest 18 and in the Marine Corps. He had been divorced from his wife for two years. The judge was of the Jewish persuasion with pronounced feminist sympathies. The wife's lawyer was of the lesbian persuasion. Just before he pulled the trigger, the policeman had been ordered by the judge to sign legal papers applying for a second mortgage on his home and assigning the proceeds to his ex-wife. The coup de grâce was the judge's ruling that the wife's monthly alimony be raised at once from \$750 to \$1,050.

The judge, whose name, appropriately, is Murray Rectal, has had more of his decisions appealed in three years than any judge in Colorado history. The local bar association is determined to defeat Rectal in the next election. The cop got 20 years.

Another Michelangelo?

Leonardo, Pascal, Alfred Whitehead, Edwin Schlossberg . . . Renaissance men all. Whoa, back up there! Ed Schlossberg? "Renaissance" is the high-falutin' word *People* magazine used to describe Caroline Kennedy's fiancé. Caroline, the daughter of Camelot darlings Jack and Jackie Kennedy, and the stepdaughter of Aristotle Onassis, is a first-year law student at Columbia University.

The lovebirds first met five years ago when Caroline was 23 and Ed was 36. But everything was kept low key for fear that 95-year-old Grandma Rose Kennedy would object to her Catholic granddaughter marrying out of the faith. Evidently this roadblock has been overcome -- after all, any day now Mama Jackie may be marrying her semi-permanent escort, Maurice Templesman, who is as Jewish as Ed. Anyway, Ed and Caroline are expected to get hitched this summer.

Ed, "an intellectual jack-of-all-trades," has two Ph.D.s and wrote one thesis in the form of an imaginary dialogue between Albert Einstein and playwright Samuel Beckett. His daddy, who hails from New York and Palm Beach, is a textile mogul. As an author, Ed has written or co-written nine books on various subjects from home computers to calculator games. As a poet-artist, he paints doggerel (see below) on specially treated T-shirts whose slogans turn different colors depending on the wearer's body temperature.



A Renaissance poem?

In Cold Blood

Ever heard about Paul Fava? Of course you haven't. While both his hands were against a wall, while he was offering not the slightest resistance, Fava was shot and killed by the policeman who put him under arrest. This was a year ago and the officer is

still free and walking the streets of Zoo City. Why haven't you heard of this? Because Fava was a white kid and the murdering cop is a black.

Two Styles of Sinking Buckets

Among the special events of the recent National (sometimes impolitely called the "Negro") Basketball Association All-Star Game was the "Slam Dunk Contest." In this event, the contestants perform gymnastic gyrations and ballet sautéés while in the act of "slam dunking." Getting the ball through the hoop is not important. It's how well you "style and pro-FILE." Points are awarded by a team of judges.

All the participants were black. The winner was 5' 7" Spud (short for Sputnik, 'cause he jump so high he almost go into orbit) Webb.

A different kind of skill showed up in the long-distance shooting, which was easily won by Larry Bird (basketball's last white hope). Las Vegas bookies paid Bird the ultimate compliment by refusing to make book on this contest. Apparently they know what their cousins in the social sciences don't. But then they wouldn't be bookmakers for long if they didn't.

Undercounting Jews

Majority members who would like to know the number of Jews in their midst are totally beholden to Jewish statistics. This is so because Jewish organizations are opposed to a federal census of Jews -- and what Jewish organizations want, Jewish organizations in this day, age and country almost always get.

How do Jews count Jews? Largely by means of telephone surveys. The calls are supposed to be random, yet they often skip newly developed areas. Also, Jews who are called and asked if they are Jews over the phone have been known to deny the allegation. Soviet Jews are especially reluctant to talk. In a survey in St. Louis, only one in ten would agree to answer questions. Israeli immigrants are equally secretive, often refusing to admit that they are permanent residents, although they may have been in the U.S. for more than a decade. Jews who only speak foreign languages, Jews in the military, in nursing homes and college dormitories are also likely to be excluded from Jewish head counting.

All of this adds up to what an article in the Jewish monthly, *Moment* (Dec. 1985), claims is a gross undercount of Jews. In fact, writes the author, Gary Tobin, "it seems quite possible that the Jewish populations of the largest metropolitan areas have been underestimated by as much as 5% or even 10% . . . [This] might involve hundreds of

thousands of Jews."

For example, the *American Jewish Yearbook*, the main source for the annual "Jewish Census," estimated the number of Jews in Phoenix to be 32,000. A semi-scientific study conducted shortly afterward came up with a figure of 45,000, a difference of 40%.

It is also important to know who are defined as Jews. The latest *American Jewish Yearbook* count for the United States is 5.8 million, but this figure includes some 500,000 "non-Jews" living with Jews in the same households. Who exactly are these people? As Gentile wives or husbands or "roommates" of Jews, should they be counted as Jews? The author of the article says that if they "behave as Jews," they should be. He is probably right, but many physical anthropologists would disagree.

Never in ancient or modern history have figures been tossed around so arbitrarily as have numbers associated with Jews. Six million died in the Holocaust; 4 million were gassed at Auschwitz; 5.8 million reside in the U.S. Yet these numbers are often based on little more than hearsay.

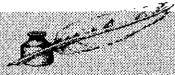
The media may have enshrined these figures, but that doesn't mean they are correct. Someday, in a more enlightened age, when historians have freed themselves from the anti-Semitic taboo and are able to examine and weigh them, they may be relegated to the realm of myth and primitive numerology. Meanwhile, the world has become a slave to the Jewish tyranny of numbers, and all that the few independent thinkers who still exist among us can do is whisper our skepticism.

More Than Skin Deep

One of the largest serial murder flareups in U.S. history has occurred over the past four years in the Seattle area. Most of the bodies, found either in various stages of decomposition or reduced to skeletons, were dumped in unfrequented and tree-lined locations south of the city. All known murder victims have been female; almost all have been involved in prostitution. An unusual feature of the case is the random mix of black and white victims.

The Green River murder toll increased to 35 by the end of December with the discovery of two skeletons about 100 feet apart in a heavily wooded ravine. Within a few days the King County (Seattle) medical examiner's office identified the two sets of bones as to sex -- both female -- and race -- one black, one white. The race of other Green River skeletal remains has been identified by dental records and other bodily data.

Yet we are constantly being told that racial differences are limited to skin color!



Crime-Happy Newcomers

While Cuomo says there is no Mafia, would he also agree that there is no non-Italian crime organizations, such as the ones *Newsweek* (Dec. 30, 1985, p. 26) listed and said were giving the Mafia a run for its money? City by city, they were:

San Francisco: Taiwanese, Japanese, Vietnamese

Seattle: Vietnamese, Taiwanese, bikers

Chicago: Mexicans, Colombians, blacks, bikers

Detroit: Arabs, blacks

New York: Colombians, Israelis, Pakistanis, Asians, Albanians, Lebanese, Nigerians

Atlantic City: Blacks

Philadelphia: Israelis, blacks, bikers

Miami: Colombians, Cubans, Canadians

Houston: Mexicans, bikers

Las Vegas: Colombians, Cubans, bikers

Los Angeles: Mexicans, Colombians, Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, Israelis

The Israelis, *Newsweek* explained, dominated insurance fraud in Los Angeles and in New York. "Russian immigrant thugs [a euphemism for Soviet Jews] are now a force in extortion and contract murder." Colombians, the most violent group, run the \$60-billion-a-year cocaine trade. Mexicans and Southeast Asians are taking over the "illegal commerce in heroin." Albanians and Israelis are also into drugs. Asians move so fast from city to city that the FBI and local law enforcement agencies can hardly keep up with them. The Chinese specialize in racketeering.

Of Pound and Perlmutter

Ezra Pound is always good for a snappy quote. The *Spotlight* recently cited one of his wartime shortwave radio broadcasts from Italy: "The danger is not that you will be invaded," he told his faithful American listeners. "It is that you have been invaded." Last summer, Donald V. Clerkin's *Euro-American Quarterly* (P.O. Box 2-1776, Milwaukee, WI 53221) recalled how Pound was fond of saying, "Think, dammit!" -- and how his friend and fellow poet, e.e. cummings, once rejoined, "You sadist, you want people to think!"

On the centenary of Pound's birth last October 30, the *Washington Post* quoted Guy Davenport, ardent Pound admirer and author of *The Geography of the Imagina-*

tion: "I have seen students learn Chinese because of him, or take up medieval studies, learn Greek, Latin, music; the power of his instigations has not flagged."

Pound was the opposite of a philistine. For a philistine, one turns to Nathan Perlmutter, national director of the Anti-Defamation League, who, last September 6, was given a forum in *National Review* to confess (for a change) to his and the ADL's philistinism. As a young man, Perlmutter recalled, he had loved Voltaire and Jack London, and "worshipped" Nikos Kazantzakis of *Zorba the Greek* fame. Then he made the mistake of reading the "wrong" works of all three men, notably the Greek writer's autobiography, *Report to Greco*. The anti-Semitism therein ended his adoration forever.

Growing older and more sophisticated, Perlmutter learned that anti-Semitic characterizations pervade much of Western literature. The ADL, he said, is delighted to "play philistine" in order to put an end to that tradition. But, he added disingenuously, "The ADL has never accepted the role of censor. We have not sought to remove a single book from a shelf, a single play from the boards, a single film from the screen." To paraphrase the title of Arthur Butz's book, Perlmutter's barefaced assertion could be described as "The Lie of the 20th Century."

In a different sense than Guy Davenport had in mind when speaking of Ezra Pound, one may say of Nathan Perlmutter, "The power of his inquisitions has not flagged."

Black Ballot Fixing

The great problem with civil rights legislation has always been that, despite the congenital irresponsibility of many of its boosters, it is supposed to work both ways. It was mainly designed to protect Negroes, but Negroes, like whites, are expected to obey the legislation. That, of course, was just about the last thing many civil rights beneficiaries would think of. Imagine having to obey laws that you inflict on your opponents!

This must have been the line of reasoning that motivated civil rights leader Spiver Gordon of Eutaw City (AL) when he personally mishandled black absentee ballots in the 1984 Democratic primaries. Gordon, an official of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and a Eutaw City councilman, was sentenced to six months in jail, a \$1,000 fine and 500 hours of community service for mail fraud and for giving false information to an election official. Gordon had persuaded elderly and mentally incompetent blacks to mark their absentee

ballots the way he wanted them to. This was exactly the practice that he had so loudly criticized white election officials for back in the days before the Voting Rights Act was passed. Gordon, by the way, is only one of eight blacks who have been on the receiving end of 210 felony charges for absentee ballot fraud. Recently convicted on the same charge was James Colvin, the black elected mayor of Union (AL).

Raiding the Heartland

One of the many convenient myths invented to bemuse whites into not resisting their descent into second-class citizenship is that nonwhites take out their criminal tendencies on each other, that blacks and browns, not whites, are the chief targets of black and brown violence. This is only a half-truth that is becoming a quarter-truth. The main reason that whites as a group have escaped black crime is geographical. It's hard for a Harlem mugger to practice his chosen profession in a suburb of Tulsa.

But don't think that the day of cross-country crime is not fast approaching. When rats empty one cupboard, they look for another. Since ghetto cupboards are becoming increasingly bare, the predators are ranging further and further afield. When we hear that crime in the suburbs is increasing, we are led to believe that this is the work of suburbanites. Not so. More and more of it is the work of inner-cityites out on four-wheeled criminal larks.

The law enforcement officials of Scottsdale (AZ) came around to this view after a recent armed robbery of a jewelry store. The six men arrested were members of a Los Angeles street gang, composed of what police described as young people from "low income and refugee communities." Another jewelry robbery in Bellevue (WA) a few weeks earlier had also been the work of marauding Angelinos. Concurrently, bands of young Vietnamese, some traveling in vans, have been committing crimes in Idaho, Texas, Louisiana and Florida. Their specialty is stealing late-model Japanese cars and car stereos. When this gang was first organized, its members concentrated on shaking down fellow Vietnamese. Now, says a California Justice Department official, "they are branching out."

Big Brother Word Processing

The hackers at Michigan State University have developed a computer program that analyzes compositions written by students in English courses. The program checks for grammar, syntax, punctuation and spelling. In perfect harmony with the times, it also sends out warning signals when it discovers any "racist" or "sexist" language.



Cholly Bilderberger



FROM THE MAILBAG:

Dear Cholly,

I enjoyed reading Richard Swartzbaugh's series of articles, "Utopia of the Instincts," which concluded in the December 1985 issue, but I found most of it hard going, and some of it downright incomprehensible.

In the last article, he seemed to be saying that we whites have a conflict between what we are and what we have created. What we are is white and a race, to put it as simply as I can for myself, and what we have created is our society. I think his image of our society as a mirror which mocks us is clear and even brilliant, and I can follow his argument at the end in which he says that a showdown between what we are and what we have created is coming, if not already here.

It's what's in between that confuses me. The business about Hegel superseding Darwin, with the resultant picture of man controlling his own evolution through "dialectic"; nature "alienating itself"; and more, much more, in the same vein. Finally, he cites Wilmot Robertson's *The Dispossessed Majority* as an illustration of his argument that we have dispossessed ourselves, but that book seems to me to argue that we have been dispossessed by outside forces, specifically the minorities.

Can you shed any light on these problems?

Dedicated to Clarity

Dear Dedicated,

I doubt that I can shed much light, and shall very likely only muddy the waters further, but we all like to take a crack at explanation and I am, naturally, no exception. So here goes:

Like you, I admire Swartzbaugh. For one thing, he fits my preconceived notion of how the flow of thought should proceed in this most confusing area: from the large to the small. It is tempting today to rail at the specific abuses; but in the long run it is far more constructive to look for grand first causes. Swartzbaugh does not stoop to listing the endless day-to-day incidents of minority brutality and Majority funk; he seeks the unified theory which would explain everything.

I like this approach, because I think it is essentially practical. I think the answer lies in the past, and Swartzbaugh agrees with a vengeance; I would go back a mere few thousand years, he goes to the dawn of human biological time. Until we are agreed on general theories, we can't proceed to specific remedies; Swartzbaugh thinks of nothing but general theories. As you can see, I am favorably disposed toward his approach. Now to his theories themselves:

Like you, I find some hard going. Like most academics, Swartzbaugh tends to write for those in his field rather than for the general reader. This has, in modern academia, a stultifying effect on style. In advanced cases, the style can become impenetrable. With Swartzbaugh, quite a bit of light penetrates the thickets of tortuous sentence construction and syntax. My own solution for the areas of permanent darkness is to ignore them. There's enough provocative material in the lighted areas to compensate; more than enough, actually.

Your terse synopsis of his last article is accurate enough. The grist for my mill is his firm assertion that we created our world -- our "civil society," as he calls it. And his equally firm assertion that this creation has turned into a monster/god which we worship and which is destroying us; and that our only hope is to destroy it before it finishes us off. I have been saying all that in my own, non-academic fashion for years, and it is naturally pleasant to find corroboration.

(In this context, don't worry about Hegel and dialectically controlled evolution and the supercession of Darwin. That is just Swartzbaugh's way of anchoring his ideas to the perceived dogma of the immediate past. It gives his ideas a kind of legitimacy -- and in any detailed examination of them it is important to explain their relationship to the past -- but you don't need to understand Hegel or Darwin to follow the most important parts of his picture.)

You have put your finger on a very interesting contradiction in the dispossession picture. Swartzbaugh does not say in so many words that *The Dispossessed Majority* supports his argument of dispossession from within (self-dispossession), but he does cite examples from it, and we are left with that implication. You are right, it seems to me, in feeling that the book suggests dispossession primarily from without. Swartzbaugh further says that the book "highlights the sense of alienation that whites feel everywhere." My own reading suggests that this was a sense which the book wished to explain and/or bring about. In other words, if the sense existed consciously in a majority of the Majority, or even in a sizable part, it would have long since boiled over in some sort of counterreaction. The book would not have been necessary.

I believe, with Swartzbaugh, that we have dispossessed ourselves. Which means that those who have swarmed into all areas vacated by our self-dispossession are not the instigators of our problems. They are not dispossessors, but looters in an already abandoned society.

Note Swartzbaugh's splendid opening sentence in that article: "Nowhere on earth does the white man have a worthy foe, a peer whom he could take seriously, except himself." The statement should be graven in the hearts and minds of all who would deal seriously with questions of

society and race. Note, too, that nowhere in that article does Swartzbaugh go back on his opening. Nowhere does he inveigh against Jews, blacks and other looting minorities. His concern and concentration are only for and on whites.

He has, let us concede, the right end of the stick. If all his arguments and ideas were quite wrong (they are not), he would still be a model because of the correctness of his approach based on that one sentence. He understands that the looters in the abandoned streets are only looters, and have no intrinsic interest or meaning to whites. White survival depends on understanding the white creation of its very own monster/god, its all-devouring society, and then destroying it. Should that process take place, the looters would automatically be dispossessed and, in the homely phrase, "put in their place." It would be so simple and inevitable that it doesn't bear discussion.

Conversely, if Swartzbaugh has the right end of the stick, all those who spend their time complaining (to say nothing of howling) about the minorities, have the stick by the wrong end. Serious whites, following Swartzbaugh's dictum, should swear off minorities completely, as some may have done with such health hazards as tobacco and alcohol. Like those substances, carping about minorities is an addictive, counter-productive habit. None of those who suffer from it can ever hope to take the first step toward true understanding and real action. They are permanently stranded along a sort of mental and psychological Skid Row, using endless anti-minority whining as winos use cheap drinks — as an excuse to evade the real world.

That real world is a grim place, in which it is not at all certain that we whites are capable of survival. It is a difficult place to take straight, without rose-colored glasses, drink, drugs or other intoxicants. And most difficult of all is the problem of what "to do." It is all very well to say that we should be looking for unified theories, but very few whites are qualified to do that, even if they have the freedom to do so. What about the rest? Exactly what does a concerned white do to satisfy his craving to do something?

I wish I knew. There is certainly no consciously linear solution. That is, no one can say, "Improve yourself in every way every day, and when there are enough whites doing the same thing, everything will come to a head and turn out right." And yet . . . wouldn't a happy ending have something of that in it?

If we consider the signing of the Declaration of Independence a positive illustration of whites at work — perhaps one of the last we have — we may ask how the signers arrived there as a clue to how we might arrive somewhere, some day. Obviously, there is a difference between a change only in the methods by which materialistic society would proceed rather than the immense shift away from such a society in any form, but the behavior patterns could still be pertinent.

John Adams, for example, one of the prime movers toward independence, did not start out as a young man with formed ideas on doing away with British control, but was interested only in his own career. We may ask, however, what drove a fifth-generation New Englander from a family of modest farmers into becoming an ambitious lawyer and intellectual. He did not join his relative, Sam

Adams, nor Paine in complaining constantly about British unfairness — in fact, he was even the successful defense lawyer for the British soldiers accused in the so-called Boston Massacre. But in retrospect we may say that everything prepared him for the Continental Congress in which he played so important a part. It was not a conscious preparation, and it was not linear, but it was complete and effective within the required parameters. The same could be said for all the delegates.

In thousands of years, looking back to a successful white renaissance, should such occur, the same might be said about men who had an official part in bringing it about. And the lesson would be the same: There seems to be a sort of unconscious preparation at work in the lives of men who do important things, and very little conscious preparation.

Applied to our own time, it would seem that no concerned whites consciously know what we should do, only what we should not do. For the rest, we can only attempt to understand the message we are receiving. This process works on several levels. For someone like Swartzbaugh, the information received through the senses is sophisticated and multi-dimensional, and calls out for an attempt to be professional and find unity. At another extreme, the information is simple and crude, and calls for a gun and disunity. The rest are in between. But, if successful, the pattern would have more and more whites looking for unity, no matter on what level. Until, at last, would come the point at which this desire for unity would become so strong as to require an outward form. At which time would come action.

As pretty as this simplification is, it remains only a possibility. Equally possible is the scenario in which there is no mounting desire for unity, but, instead, a continuation of current white apathy culminating in a formal white end of some sort. Certainly, this is the scenario to which all signs point at the present time. Without an awakening to the need of some sort of unified theory and practice, it will be the scenario of record.

It is not, then, that we need to adopt Swartzbaugh's theory (or any other specific theory), but that we need to understand that it is only through some agreed theory, leading to some agreed practice, that we are going to be set in motion.

This may seem rarefied and of no practical use to those unequipped for or unattracted by theorizing. "All very nice for you theorists," they say, "but what do we do on a day-to-day basis?" Well, do what unhappy masses have always done: grumble, fret, spill over into spasmodic reaction, and wait for your leaders to finish theorizing and start leading.

Unponderable Quote

A presidential commission says new tests for lethal genetic diseases are creating an urgent need for guidance on ethical questions being raised It threw its moral weight against using genetic tests to choose the sex of a child or produce a superhealthy race of people.

Chicago Tribune, March 1, 1983

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Mere Talk, Act I, Scene II.

Leander and Cynthia are sitting in the bow window of an old public house looking out onto a street where a broad-shouldered cockney in shirtsleeves is selling shellfish from a large wheeled stall or "barrow." The rain is drizzling down.

CYNTHIA. This is fun. You know, I could never have come here by myself or even with a girlfriend, not because this pub isn't perfectly safe but because of getting here -- you know. Or do you? I suppose for a man it's so different. You don't have to worry about mugging or anything.

LEANDER. I was so very pleased when you agreed to come, just on the basis of that introduction by Eugene. I know that you were in some doubt.

C. That dreadful cocktail party! I suppose one gets used to them. They're part of the job. But that horrible woman with the butterfly glasses was so insinuating, and Chandra is so pushing. I really was grateful when you invited me for a drink. It's just that -- I don't know you, you see, so I had to make a fast decision.

L. So you didn't think I was dangerous?

C. Oh no, I could see you weren't. You have lovely clear eyes, like Mummy's malamute, Freddy.

L. And you have eyes like cool blue pools, and a face like Pallas Athena, and hair like soft spun gold, and a lovely slim body, and a delicate, bewitching scent which I can't describe.

C. My goodness! do you always compliment girls like that? -- after five minutes' acquaintance? You must have a lot of success! Anyway, I don't wear scent -- only a very little eau de cologne.

L. That's why I can just catch that scent -- like Freddy.

C. Look at that man outside. He doesn't seem to mind the cold drizzle, but just gets on with selling shellfish and making his customers smile.

L. The quips are part of his stock-in-trade, and he doesn't mind the weather because he's healthy and active.

C. Still, think what a fuss Hysteria would make about socio-economic deprivation.

L. Not in this case, I think.

C. I think I can guess why -- wrong kind of animal for lavishing sympathy on.

L. Just so. Besides, he's not too poor, judging by the roll of notes he just pulled out.

C. What are those big shellfish on the right side of his barrow?

L. They're called whelks, and they're the cheapest. But actually they're very good. It's only because they're common that people look down on them -- just as people take

green grass and trees for granted until they become scarce. You know, in the last century servants used to ask how often they would have to eat oysters in the week, because oysters were considered poor food; and on the Rhine there were actually laws passed to stop people from giving their servants salmon more than two or three times a week. It's not much of a salmon river any more.

C. Quite the ecologist, aren't you?

L. Oh, yes, that's what matters most. My job is really part of it. We publish coffee-table books on wildlife, you know, and I edit them.

C. I envy you. We publish novels in our section of the Hainfeld empire, and I thought it would be such fun -- learning all the secrets of the human heart, you know. But whenever I read any manuscript that's in the slightest degree hopeful, they reject it out of hand. Successful novels must be scatological, it seems, with plenty of drugs, despair and dirt.

L. They call us Sloane Rangers, and they resent our "fresh air fixation," as I've heard it called. Look, are you free next Sunday? I belong to a birdwatching group, among others, and we are going to drive down into Kent and take over the watch on a hoopoe's nest. The idea is to learn about its habits while keeping away any possible egg-collectors. You'll need old clothes because we have to kneel in a ditch.

C. Thank you ever so much for the kind invitation to spend Sunday in a ditch, but as a matter of fact I'm booked up. Chloe has promised to give me a preview of some wonderful Roman clothes she's showing next week. I went to Rome last summer and felt so dowdy beside all those lovelies on the Via Veneto.

L. What does it matter? I can see through clothes in a trice, though sometimes I wish I couldn't. No amount of clever packaging can conceal second-rate goods.

C. Well, five minutes ago you gave me a hint that I am not a second-rate bag of goods, and anyway, girls don't just dress to please men. There's one's *amour propre* to consider.

L. Yes, and the welcome jealousy of other women!

C. Hark at our masculine Puritan -- so full of contempt for the childish ways of women!

L. Oh no, I was just miffed because you despised our hoopoe. I know that feminine ways are built in, as masculine ones are. The ethologists have demonstrated that. Besides, there's plenty of human evidence from the good old days.

C. I see, so women are perfectly predictable. All you have to do is consult your ethological handbook and instant success is yours. And just what do you mean by "the good



old days''?

L. (*eagerly*). Why, the Upper Palaeolithic, when man and nature were still in balance.

C. You must be barmy. Don't you realise how much shorter their lifespan was then?

L. Yes, but they *lived*. They didn't spend most of their time seeking a substitute for living, or an anodyne against the pain of it.

C. You must admit your views are a little unusual.

L. Perhaps, but they're pretty well-grounded all the same. I can see how everything interrelates. When I first understood, it was like a mystic revelation, or like that old Highland hymn: "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,/ When first my soul believed."

C. "I once was lost, but now am found/Was blind, but now I see." Are you a scientist by training?

L. Well, I'm on the way to being one. You know, when I'd finished three years on a short service commission in the army, I'd hoped to go to Oxford or Cambridge. My qualifications were good enough on paper, but I hadn't reckoned with the quota system, which operates against people from schools like mine. I didn't want to go to some secondrate establishment where all they do is learn sociology by heart, whatever they're supposed to be studying. So I was pretty well reconciled to having no degree.

C. That's rather a disadvantage in publishing.

L. I know, but then I found out about the external degrees at London University. The final exams are marked together with internal ones, and have just the same standing. So I polished up my maths and biology, and now I'm doing a degree in zoology. What about you?

C. Well, I was never much good at maths, or anything else, really -- only gardening, because Mummy taught me so much, and I love flowers. Also, I can draw, so I just went to the Ruskin School of Art. By the way, did you see those wonderful watercolours of roses at Spink's in King Street?

L. No. I'd need a guide. Will you show them to me -- perhaps on Saturday morning?

C. I'll ring you tomorrow and tell you if I can.

L. And wait! After the exhibition, will you have lunch with me? I can't take you to a restaurant in the Piccadilly area, but I can offer something better -- food and wine bought over the counter at Fortnum's and consumed in the lovely garden of St. James's Church a hundred yards away. There are hundreds of flowers and a view down over Jermyn Street of the best cheese shop in London. There are big bins for the paper bags, and a little coffee house for afterwards.

C. What if it rains?

L. I wouldn't care -- not if you were there. We'd just have to postpone lunch and content ourselves with a coffee and a cake. Anyway, the sun will come out, if only to look at you.

C. Be careful! Remember Canute's courtiers, who claimed the laws of nature would suspend themselves! Now please keep your promise and see me home.

To Be Continued

* * *

I thoroughly approve of the item, "Fan the Flames," in the February '86 issue of *Instauration*. In England our free-

dom to disseminate information is restricted by a series of laws against racial incitement (i.e., fighting back). If provocative stickers are found on you, or in your house, prosecution will probably follow. However, my own experience teaches me that it is possible to make an impact in almost perfect safety if the following points are kept in mind:

1. Select short propaganda items and turn them into stickers by pasting innocuous glue on the back. They should be difficult to remove.

2. Never carry more stickers than can be put up in a few minutes, and make sure none are left on you when you have finished.

3. One well-placed sticker can work wonders. I have in the past plastered an entire underground station late at night, but now I carry only one sticker at a time and try to place it where it will make the maximum impact (e.g. in the middle of a notice board, on the rear window of a minority-ite's car, in a supermarket, in a train, on a ferry-boat). Never place a sticker in a mean place. Putting one in a public lavatory, for instance, will do more harm than good.

4. Make sure that the stickers are appropriate to the district and target group that you are aiming at. Special attention should be paid to items of feminine interest (e.g. about rape and street crime).

5. Never paste up stickers in your own area. None of us are as invisible as we think, and stickers appearing in your home areas will sooner or later be suspected to have come from you.

6. Non-stick items of greater length are highly suitable for placing among hand-outs (e.g. for the use of tourists or students).

7. Don't forget that the products of photocopying machines and typewriters are individually distinguishable to the trained eye. Don't use your own for this purpose.

8. In the very unlikely event that you are cornered by someone who sees you putting up a sticker, don't reply to him, just move away and make for public transport. But never run. Remember that his denunciation can do you a lot of harm, so leave him with the need to stop you physically if he wants to go further. If you have no more material on you, it is going to be very difficult to pin anything on you in any case, especially if you have left no evidence at home or can remove it in time.

Ponderable Quotes

Why then do they still identify the God of Moses with the God of Jesus? The one said, 'I am a jealous God and visit the sin of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' And the other said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Is it the same promise?

A.A. Milne,
Year In, Year Out

It's not that some of my best friends are Jewish, it's all of my best friends.

Stephen Birmingham, homosexual specialist in Jewish social history, *Chicago Sun-Times* (May 31, 1985)

Representative Robert K. Dornan (R-CA) is the occasional occupant of the "right-wing seat" of *Crossfire* (CNN, Galaxy 1, Transponder 7, weekdays at 7:30 P.M.), whose left-wing perch is permanently occupied by Tom Braden, an old newspaper hustler who is half an honest liberal and half a vicious character assassin of any Majority member who appears on the program and so much as dares to express any thought that favors his own kin over the kith of the truckling Braden's beloved minorities.

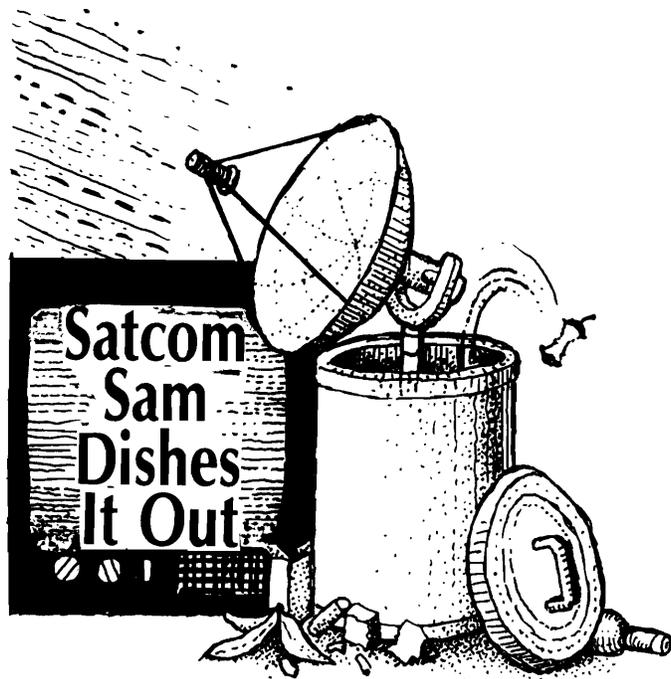
After Dornan's loose-mouthed, fast-lipped speech in the House denouncing Vladimir Posner, the Soviet commentator who was picked by ABC-TV to refute a dreary Reagan speech on defense, Braden started out his nightly program by accusing his co-host of anti-Semitism. In one of his most sycophantic appeals to Jewry to date, Dornan had denounced Posner for covering up for Soviet anti-Semitism. He tried to drive his point home by calling Posner a "disloyal, betraying little Jew." No matter how pro-Semitic a politician is or pretends to be, he is never permitted to call any Jew "disloyal" and "betraying" even in the process of proving his own 100% devotion to Zionism.

The ADL summoned Dornan to a special hearing the next day in which he cravenly apologized and begged pardon. He said he called up every rabbi in his district to ask for forgiveness, and he had the Congressional Record amended to read, "betraying little turncoat." At the beginning of his *Crossfire* program, Braden only grumpily accepted Dornan's renewed apologies. Ironically, the gist of the program that night was the right of Posner to reply to Reagan, a right which Braden staunchly supported only a few minutes after he had attacked Dornan for exercising the same right in his criticism of Posner.

Dornan is one of the more repulsive politicians of the kosher-conservative clique. He is a nephew of the late Jack Haley, the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*. After a short, inglorious career in B movies and a TV sitcom, he started a talk show on a Los Angeles television station, then ran for Congress, serving two terms before he was ousted by a Democrat. He won back his seat in the 1984 Reagan sweep.

Dornan had one previous run-in with Jews when he stated for the record, "New York liberal Democrats only build F-15s for Israeli pilots, not for our pilots." This, of course, produced the usual series of Dornan mea culpas and another routine recital of all the things he had done for Israel, such as voting for every pro-Israeli bill ever introduced in Congress. He made the cheese more binding by pointing to his nomination as the Jewish War Veterans' "Man of the Year."

Dornan's true feelings about Jews have managed to sneak through in a couple of Freudian slips, which makes his subsequent tearful apologizing and groveling all the worse. It demonstrates once again the venality of the modern American politician, who, for the sake of votes, financial contributions (bribes) and



media approbation, is willing to go all-out in support of a cause which he realizes is harmful to the national interest and only good for a people he basically detests.

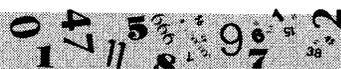
* * *

Morton Rubenstein, onetime head of the Mutual Broadcasting System, is the new president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the federal moneybags for PBS. Chairman of CPB and the most influential voice in the disposal of her organization's annual \$159.5 million budget is Sonia Landau, the only child of a Denver Jewish family, whose name is never revealed in her "bios." She has revealed, however, that papa made a lot of money in oil wells and the department store and hardware business. She married Arnold Landau, a California lawyer, in 1969 and divorced him ten years later. At present, she is the missus of John Corry, the TV critic of the *New York Times*, a marriage which could, if it already hasn't, engender a conflict of interest for both spouses. Sonia gets \$150 a day for each day she works for CPB, a paltry sum for a millionairess. Although a soi-disant Reaganite, Sonia is hot for ERA and differs sharply with the President on the abortion issue.

* * *

On the *CBS Evening News* (Feb. 17, 1986), Dan Rather said Rio de Janiero is in Argentina. On *60 Minutes* (Feb. 16, 1986) Morley Safer announced that there were 50 million Hispanics in the U.S. The Bureau of the Census comes up with a different number. It estimates that there were 16.9 million Hispanics in the U.S. in March 1985.

Talking Numbers



The average Israeli has savings in one form or another of \$9,500, compared to \$7,180 for the average U.S. citizen. (*Chicago Sentinel*, Feb. 6, 1986)

#

Bishop Tutu's Johannesburg diocese is \$150,000 in the red because of the growing lack of enthusiasm of his white congregation. So he raised close to \$1 million in a 12-city U.S. tour. What one white subtracts, another can be euhred into adding.

#

403,811 Americans visited Israel in 1984; 133,764 Germans; 131,304 Brits; 125,121 Frenchmen.

#

West Germany is financing 80 to 90 research projects in Israel to the tune of \$3 million per year.

#

It costs Australia \$3.7 million a year to detect and deport 5% of the country's 50,000 illegal immigrants. The latter figure is the official government estimate of the number of illegals, though every Aussie with half a brain knows it is a gross undercount.

#

George Will banks between \$12,000 and \$15,000 for each of the 40 speeches he makes a year. Robert Novak gets \$6,000 per spiel; William Safire, \$18,000.

#

45% of the respondents to a recent Gallup Poll (*Washington Post*, Jan. 16, 1986), put down the media as biased. 41% described news organizations as liberal; 19% as conservative.

#

Outfielder George Foster, whoever he is, will pocket more than \$2 million in salary in 1986 from the New York Mets, making him the highest-paid player in the major leagues.

#

A money-raising ad for the Statue of Liberty Foundation featured 12 "great Americans": 6 Jews, 2 Scandinavians, 1 Irishman, 1 German, 1 Austrian and 1 Greek.

#

Canada's 25,000 Eskimos contributed \$75,000 to Ethiopian famine relief. Whereupon Canadian taxpayers shelled out more than \$50,000 to send 4 Eskimo officials on a tour of Ethiopia.

The Martin Luther King Federal Holiday Commission managed to raise only \$300,000 of its projected \$1.5 million budget.

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The Los Alamos National Laboratory has spent \$4 million since 1980 fighting discrimination and civil rights lawsuits.

#

The sloppy work of auto workers under the influence of alcohol and drugs adds an extra \$175 to the cost of every U.S.-made car.

#

It is expected that 80% of the 60,000 Haitians in Florida will not return to Haiti, even though their "political persecution" by Baby Doc Duvalier (their excuse for coming here) has been ended with his departure for foreign parts.

#

There are 12 to 15 million illegal aliens now in the U.S. So states a man who should know, Maurice Inman Jr., general counsel for the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

#

San Francisco is fast becoming the world's first "Gasian" city. Jonestown-by-the-Bay is already 33% Oriental, 20% gay. White families with children have declined from 61,000 in 1960 to 24,000 in 1980. In the same time, nonwhite families with children have increased from 18,000 to 33,000.

#

Britain had 110,000 illegitimate births in 1984 and 146,000 legal abortions. Bengali, the second language in Inner London schools, is spoken by 12,000 children.

#

The U.S. Hispanic population, now numbering 16.9 million, has grown by 16% in the last 5 years, 5 times as fast as the population at large.

#

Illegal aliens are counted when apportioning congressional seats. If they weren't, Indiana and Georgia would each have one additional congressman, while California and New York would each have one less.

#

In 1960 the U.S. had 285,933 practicing lawyers; in 1980, 542,205; in June 1985, 653,680.

The California Supreme Court overturned the death penalty in 11 cases in the last 24 hours of 1985. Since 1977, the Court has rejected capital punishment 52 times and affirmed it 13 times. The latter cases are still being appealed in federal and state courts.

#

Last September, as many as 60 Haitians were tossed overboard to drown from an overcrowded 45-foot sailboat smuggling illegal aliens into Florida. The dead had complained of ill treatment or had otherwise earned the dislike of the black crew.

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Blacks are the most numerous smokers of menthol cigarettes.

#

The number of million-dollar awards in damage suits has risen from 7 in 1970 to 401 in 1985. Because of increasing product liability costs, Piper Aircraft Corp. will no longer make its small recreational planes and is laying off 850 workers.

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52 fast-food restaurants are robbed every 24 hours in the U.S.

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The word "his" has been expunged at least 10,000 times in the campaign to remove "sexual bias" from Minnesota's statute books.

#

Last October, 92% of the whites taking the Texas high-school junior graduation tests passed; 80% of the Asians, 79% of the Indians; 75% of the Hispanics; 67% of the blacks.

#

Four West German math teachers joined 93 Americans in a teacher competency test in Atlanta. The latter brought their calculators along; the Germans left theirs in their motel. 45 of the participants passed. The Germans placed 2nd, 5th, 9th and 11th.

#

"Light-skinned people of European descent now total 34% of the world's population. By the end of this century they will number 25%." (*World Press Review*, Dec. 1985)

#

Four Pakistanis, who own land in California but who are not U.S. citizens, and live in Pakistan, received \$153,000 in government subsidies for participating in a rice program. Meanwhile, American farmers continue to go bankrupt at an alarming rate.

Primate Watch



The Chicago Police Department keeps two unmarked cars on standby, their use reserved exclusively for guarding **JESSE JACKSON** whenever he comes to town.

☆ ☆ ☆

ERNEST A. EDWARDS JR., the black developer who won the contract to rebuild 61 of the houses burned to the ground in Philadelphia's **MOVE** rebellion, was arrested on forgery and theft charges last August. In December he was arrested a second time for robbery, conspiracy, theft, receiving stolen property, simple assault, riot, disorderly conduct and criminal mischief.

☆ ☆ ☆

ARMANDO ESTRADA, **ARMANDO GARCIA** and **ROMAN RODRIGUEZ** are the three drug-dealing Miami cops recently jailed for committing three murders. **OSVALDO COELLO**, **RODOLFO ARIAS** and **ARTURO DE LA VEGA**, three other Miami policemen, were arrested for racketeering and trafficking in cocaine.

☆ ☆ ☆

The black groom was **JON ST. ELWOOD**, 33, a player in *The Young and the Restless* soap. The white bride, **IRENE HUBBARD**, a beauty company exec, was 30 years older. At least there won't be any children.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I don't consider them human, they are subhuman." So bespoke **BHAGWAN SHREE RANJNEESH** of Americans from his \$460-a-night hotel room in New Delhi, after his hurried exit from the U.S. **ROBERT ROETHLISBERG**, a "Texan," shelled out more than \$5 million for the guru's 85 Rolls Royces. Meanwhile, five women followers of the Bhagwan were put on probation for five years for arranging 400 fraudulent marriages to get U.S. citizenship for alien cult members.

☆ ☆ ☆

D.N. MALCOLM, the black driver of a Buick weaving down Interstate 81 in Virginia one night last January, shot Trooper **R.M. McCOY** in the face when the latter ordered him to pull over and approached his car. Previously Malcolm, an illegal alien from Jamaica, and his black companion had shot the man who had given them a lift and stolen his car. After killing the State Trooper, they raided the house of Anthony Loicano, stabbed him to death, kidnapped his wife, Christine, and took off in the Loicano family van. Following a high-speed chase, the van overturned and the two illegals shot their hostage and "committed suicide," according to the official report.

Sandinista strongman **DANIEL ORTEGA** used his Diner's Club card to charge \$3,500 worth of high-fashion spectacle frames and lenses for himself, his wife and his daughter on his trip to Zoo City last year. While in the U.S., **SEÑORA ORTEGA**, a graduate of a British convent school and a swank Swiss finishing school, visited with **JANE FONDA**, **WARREN BEATTY**, **GARY HART**, **BIANCA JAGGER** and **HARRY BELAFONTE**.

☆ ☆ ☆

Smuggling bodies is a pretty good business these days. One "**TRAVEL AGENT**" in Raymondville (TX) brought in 550 illegal aliens a month (at \$2,000 to \$2,500 each) in vans, 18-wheelers and mobile homes. The new crop of wetbacks in this area of Texas now includes **ISRAELIS**, **IRANIANS**, **KOREANS**, **PAKISTANIS**, **PORTUGUESE**, **EGYPTIANS**, **NIGERIANS**, **SRI LANKANS** and **GHANIANS**.

☆ ☆ ☆

Senator KENNEDY, one of the nation's leading proponents of gun control, had to work fast to get his bodyguard, **CHARLES STEIN JR.**, released from the Washington (DC) clink. Stein had tried to enter the Senate Office Building with two submachine guns and nearly 150 rounds of ammunition. **Senator METZENBAUM** is an even greater hypocrite, if such is possible, than his fat-faced colleague. Long the leading critic of CIA covert operations and dirty tricks, Metzenbaum formally stated in an interview on WKYC-TV in Cleveland, "And maybe we are at that point in the world where Mr. Gaddafi has to be eliminated." Host Dick Feagler chimed in, "You mean, literally?" The senator replied, "Literally, literally." On a 12-city fund-raising tour, **Rabbi KAHANE**, the ex-Birch Society member, openly called for the Libyan dictator's assassination and said the U.S. should "bomb the hell out of" Tripoli.

☆ ☆ ☆

Six years ago **RAYMOND POREMSKI** of Detroit received his high-school diploma. Since he still can't read it, he is suing his school district for allowing an illiterate like himself to graduate.

☆ ☆ ☆

Thomas Fehmel and Winifred Danz, both 28, were due to be married on February 1. But two weeks before the wedding he and his fiancée discovered **ANTHONY CRIPPEN**, a Shinnecock Indian, burgling Fehmel's apartment. Since the betrothed pair recognized him, Crippen, with 16 previous arrests, hacked them both to death with the help of five kitchen knives.

The **SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS** (Dec. 10, 1985) appeared with this banner front-page headline: **MEXICAN IMMIGRANTS CALLED BOON TO STATE.**

☆ ☆ ☆

Trying to do one better than his colleague, **Senator ROBERT KASTEN** (R-WI), a "conservative" Episcopalian who was arrested last December for drunken driving and running a red light, **Senator DAVID DURENBERGER** (R-MN), a liberal Catholic, was taken into custody at Logan International Airport in Boston and charged with disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. The Minnesota solon had jumped into a cab at the head of a long line of people waiting for taxis and refused to get out when ordered to do so by a policeman. A friendly magistrate let him go.



Cab-napper Durenberger

☆ ☆ ☆

The body of blonde Melissa Ackerman, 7, horribly sexually abused, was found near her home 30 miles from Chicago last summer. Detailed pictures of the gruesome event turned up in a kiddy porn magazine called *Pure*. **PETER GUS SOTOS**, whose apartment contained pictures and news clips of Melissa, has been charged with maintaining, distributing and possessing child pornography.

☆ ☆ ☆

Seven men pleaded guilty on Dec. 27, 1985, to tax evasion and fraud for claiming hefty deductions on contributions to the American Cancer Society which they had never made, thereby cheating the IRS out of \$4 million. Their last names were **FREDETTE**, **GERSHUNY**, **SHAPIRO**, **GOLDBERG**, **HARRIS**, **LEDERMAN** and **MINDER**. The alleged mastermind of the tax fraud scheme, **MIRIAM GRUBARD**, a former American Cancer Society fundraiser, will be arraigned later.

It pays to be a Zionist flack. How it pays! **JEANE KIRKPATRICK**, the American Beate Klarsfeld, just rang up \$100,000 in her personal cash register from a Jewish foundation for being 1985's most prominent American Israel Firster. Jeane's son, **JOHN**, is also heavily invested in the booming minority business -- as executive director of HAVE (Hispanic American Voters Education) and as a member of the law firm of Barnett, Alagia, Zamora and Suarez. The Suarez is the present-day mayor of Miami.

☆ ☆ ☆

MICHAEL BOAZ TAHORI, HERZEL AROBAS and **PATRICIA ANNE MOHALLEY** were arrested at the Seattle-Tacoma Airport in January for possession of \$1 million worth of prime quality cocaine. The two men are Israeli nationals.

☆ ☆ ☆

ANTHONY GERALD WRIGHT, a black, was arrested and held on \$50,000 bail in Fort Worth after being charged with the rape of a 65-year-old cancer-stricken white woman in her hospital bed.

☆ ☆ ☆

Alleghany Commuter Flight 1050 was put in danger of crashing when a black passenger rushed into the cockpit and began hitting the pilot. **JOHN GARY JOHNSON** was subdued with difficulty by the rest of the crew. The plane did not allow smoking and Johnson lost his cool when he was ordered to douse his cigarette.

☆ ☆ ☆

Selling \$40 gemstones over the phone for \$900 was **PAUL FINKELSTEIN's** business until he was arrested for fraud. Though he had swindled gullible Floridians out of millions, the judge let him off with 10 years' probation. Meanwhile, the "indigent" Finkelstein cruises about in his twin-engine Chris Craft and lives in a luxury two-story townhouse with a balcony on the Intercoastal. His current monthly expenses run about \$3,785, not counting what he spends on his boat.

☆ ☆ ☆

YOKO ONO has not seen nor spoken with daughter Kyoka, her child by religious cultist Tony Cox, since 1977. Cox won custody in the 1969 divorce.

☆ ☆ ☆

An American Dental Association ad featuring Americans with the winningest smiles contained four and only four photos: **WALTER PAYTON**, the black NFL football player; **BALU NATARAJAN**, the dusky winner of the National 1985 Spelling Bee; **LEONTYNÉ PRICE**, the black diva; and **MEL FISHER**, the salvager of sunken treasure.

EDWIN FEULNER, the so-called conservative who heads the so-called conservative Heritage Foundation, wants the U.S. go to war with Libya and Iran. In the warmongering columns he mails out to newspapers, Feulner never reveals he is married to a Jewess and, according to Jewish law, has Jewish children.

☆ ☆ ☆

Single black mothers should start thinking seriously of polygamy. Such was the advice given at a luncheon for 800 Negroes by **HORTENSE CASSIDY**, president of Delta Sigma Theta, a sorority of black professional women.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ex-Veeep **WALTER MONDALE** arrived in Israel in late January as a freeloader on the first plane of Pan Am's new New York to Tel Aviv run. It was Fritz's sixth trip to his favorite foreign country.

☆ ☆ ☆

RALPH RICHARD of Pawtucket (RI) is accused of raping his 4-month-old daughter, Jerri Ann. Wife **DONNA** is charged with beating her to death. The black couple will be tried separately.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although he has now racked up 20 accidents, involving six fatalities, two of them children on a school bus, **LESLIE DAVIS**, a black engineer of Florida East Coast Railway, is still at the throttle of his 3,000-horsepower locomotive. For relaxation Davis, who wears bifocals, says he reads the *National Enquirer* "a lot."

☆ ☆ ☆

First he killed a cab driver, then the owner of a car he stole, then he robbed, raped and murdered a 65-year-old grandmother, then he robbed and murdered a 55-year-old woman sleeping at a rest area. In the course of the latter crime the victim's eyelid was blown onto his pants when he shot her in the face. Killer **KEVIN MALONE** proudly let it stay there and wore it as a badge of honor. Malone, of course, is black. All his victims, of course, were white.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although he pleaded guilty to mail fraud in his business dealings with the 1984 New Orleans World Exposition, **BENJAMIN MAYERS**, the Seattle novelty king, was handed a \$50-\$75 million contract (no competitive bidding) by Vancouver's Expo '86.

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1981, when his United Bank of America was going under, Chairman **SAMUEL SAX** spent \$5,000 of his depositors' money on personal phone calls to Israel.

Eleven persons, mostly if not all minorities, were found guilty in Chicago in January for cheating the Illinois Medicaid program out of \$20 million. The ringleader was **MORTON GOLDSMITH**, who had \$250,000 in local bank accounts, yet by claiming he was a pauper got a lawyer whose fee was paid by the citizenry.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **WALL STREET JOURNAL** blames the economic miasma known as Haiti on "bad government."

☆ ☆ ☆

After being told the defendant was a victim of racism, an eight-member military jury chose life imprisonment instead of death for black Navy Petty Officer **MITCHELL GARRAWAY JR.**, who stabbed a white lieutenant to death with a 12-inch Marine knife while at sea off Bermuda.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOHN ZACCARO JR., son of **GERALDINE FERRARO**, was arrested for trafficking in cocaine in Middlebury College (VT). "He was certainly the major dealer at the college," said the Middlebury Police Department. There was evidence he had been selling drugs on campus before his mother's bid for the vice-presidency.

☆ ☆ ☆

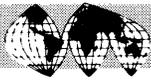
RAYMOND MILIAN-RODRIGUEZ, another one of those Cuban-born Miamians who have been enriching U.S. culture of late, laundered an estimated \$1 billion in drug profits before he was sentenced to 35 years in jail and fined \$6.49 million. He was carrying \$5.4 million in cash when arrested at the Ft. Lauderdale airport.

☆ ☆ ☆

Democrat **MARLENE JOHNSON**, the present Lt. Governor of Minnesota, was convicted of shoplifting in 1970. **DAN COHEN**, a Republican Party liner, slipped newsmen this information, which didn't stop her from handily winning the 1982 election. When it was printed, he was revealed as the tipster. Claiming he was promised anonymity, he is now suing three Minnesota newspapers for breach of contract, misrepresentation and fraud.

☆ ☆ ☆

It started out as black-white puppy love. **MALKY**, the 17-year-old street smart Chicago black, loved Grace, the 16-year-old Italian-American white. They had dated for two years, until Malky decided his teenage dream girl had started to "badmouth" him. When he went to her home to complain he lost his temper and killed her with a baseball bat. Grace's nine-year-old brother, John, who tried to help his sister, was also bludgeoned to death.



Canada. The British Columbia Free Speech League claims that the book, *Legends of Our Time* by Elie Wiesel, reeks of race hatred and should fall under the government ban on works criticizing Jews and other minorities. As the League sent its formal complaint to the proper authorities, those same authorities were prohibiting the importation into Canada of *The Life of an American Jew in Racist, Marxist Israel* by Jack Bernstein. Being anti-Zionist, the book automatically came under the censor's ax, since Canadians are not allowed to read the Palestinian side of the Middle East conflict. If they should, they might start asking questions about Israel, about Jews in general and even, God forbid, about the Holocaust.

It is this terrible fear of Canada's masters that Canadians might be induced to start thinking for themselves, which brought about the cancellation of a debate at the University of Toronto between South African Ambassador Babb and an anti-Apartheid fanatic, Professor Irwin Cotler. Four faculty members said that they would go to court, if necessary, to prevent the debate, a threat which cowed university officials into calling it off. The professors were afraid that Ambassador Babb might present Apartheid in a favorable light.

The only good news on the censorship front was that the Deschenes Commission, another of those inquisitorial bodies with the mission of plunging Canada deeper into the morass of book burning, was dealt an unexpected blow when Sol Littman, whose charge that the late Josef Mengele had once tried to enter Canada was responsible for the hue and cry that set the commission up, backtracked and confessed he had no evidence for his allegation.

* * *

The Simon Wiesenthal Center in Toronto used the tax number of another "charity" in a mail-order campaign asking for donations, which the center promised would be tax-deductible. Such a promise in this case is totally contrary to Canadian law. The government promised to investigate, but the promise is just about as far as anyone expects the investigation to go.

* * *

Talk about hate literature! Some of the most hate-filled attacks of recent times have been dripping from the venomous pen of Irving Layton, the Jewish bard who at odd moments is called Canada's greatest living poet. Not liking a recent biography of himself written by a lady literary critic, Elspeth Cameron, Layton has deluged the public, the media, the universities and various institutions with poison pen letters. Here are

a few drops from the inkwell of vitriol he poured on Cameron.

[M]y loathing for the genteel, Anglosaxon [sic] sensibility that makes of Canada a sanctuary for ambitious mediocrities like yourself . . . a liar, a cheat, a hypocrite and a phony. I've chosen these words carefully, Elspeth . . . lies, distortions, inaccuracies, anti-Semitic slurs and misstatements about my life and career . . . evil, lying bitch . . . filthy, lying literary strumpet . . . academic semiliterate WASP . . . sexual fantasies as well as her anti-Semitic bias which perhaps comes naturally to the daughter of a prominent WASP physician . . . reeks from WASP self-righteousness . . . a class-conscious snob . . . the living symbol of everything I've ever loathed about this country . . . you'll wish with every rotten fiber of your being . . . that you'd never seen the light of day but had run out of your mother's womb like piss from a whore's vagina . . . [See the Canadian magazine, *Influence*, Feb.-Mar. 1986, p. 62]

But even this didn't satisfy Layton's overflowing biliousness. He actually wrote a letter to Elspeth's husband saying, "So what's it feel like to be married to a pathetic liar?"

Here we have a vicious racist attack against Anglo-Saxons by a member of a race that has instituted the "hate laws" that have all but closed down free speech in Canada. Yet the newspapers barely mentioned it and the authorities are sitting on their hands. While Jewish racial vituperation against WASPs and Canadians of German and Eastern European descent, although conducted on a 24-hour-a-day basis, go unpunished, a few isolated attacks on Jews by non-Jews are treated as crimes and the perpetrators dragged into court and either fined or sentenced to jail.

Britain. Although Jews comprise only 1/200th of the 56.5 million Britons, about 23% of Maggie Thatcher's cabinet was Jewish, until Leon Brittan, the Minister for Trade and Industry, was let go for lying in the recent Westlands helicopter scandal. When asked about a replacement for Brittan, John Stokes, a Tory MP, suggested a "red-blooded Englishman." Such words are red flags to the minority monitors of British public opinion. The Jewish Board of Deputies, whose operations include the snooping functions of the ADL in the U.S., brought Stokes quickly to heel. Apparently he was foolish enough to think that one could opt for a bona fide Englishman with bona fide English blood cells to fill an important government post in an English country. He humbly apologized, though he

added he was "amazed that the remark could be construed as anti-Semitic."

* * *

Eleven Brits are now facing jail for publishing and distributing literature that rubs minority racists the wrong way. The law under which they are being prosecuted is Section 5A of the Public Order Act, which makes it a crime to distribute

divers items of written matter which are threatening, abusive or insulting in cases, where having regard to all the circumstances, hatred was likely to be stirred up against racial groups, namely coloured people, Asians and Jews in Great Britain.

Among those charged are John Tyndall, ex-head of the National Front and present leader of the British National Party. He promises to fight this un-British attack on free speech from low court to high court.

* * *

Jewish influence in British drama is even more pervasive than it is in government. Harold Pinter, Tom Stoppard, Peter Shaffer and Arnold Wesker are among the most prominent British playwrights and all are Jews. Shaffer was responsible for *Amadeus*, the play and film which tried to turn Mozart, the West's most sublime musical genius, into some kind of a juvenile buffoon. Wesker, who admits "Jewishness pervades everything I have written," has just finished a TV documentary on Zionists for West German television. He considers his major work to be *The Merchant*, a rewrite of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, which makes Shylock the hero of the piece instead of the villain. His work in progress is a play on the theme that Jews are "an indigestible element" in the Gentile world. Wesker says, most ungratefully,

I often feel there is -- I don't know if it is a Jewish paranoia -- but I have a suspicion that the English literary and theatrical establishment, whereas it is prepared to let the entrepreneurs be Jewish, like the publishers, the theater managers, the producers and film makers, it is determined not to let the English scene become as Jewish-dominated as the American scene.

* * *

Jah Bones (yes, that's his real name) is the bossman of Britain's estimated 15,000 Rastas, those dreaded, dread-locked, pot-puffing Jamaicans who mix voodoo with a far-out brand of Christianity. Bones wants his flock to migrate back to where they came from.

I want repatriation because I do not want to fight English people on the streets, and, anyway, repatriation is inevitable . . .

If we want to live with dignity and self-respect, we have to get out of this country. On this I agree with Enoch Powell. Just because a few black people were born in this country does not mean they are British.

France. On Jan. 28, 1981, four minority racists waylaid a young French nationalist, Michael Cagnet, a student studying for a Ph.D. at the Sorbonne, in a Paris suburb and doused him with sulphuric acid. The results are shown below.



Michael Cagnet before the attack . . .



and after

A passerby noted the license plate of the car that sped the criminals away after their foul attack. Apparently in no hurry, the police finally tracked down the owner of the automobile, a Jew named Marcel Aziza, the father of a young Zionist thug, Yves Aziza, in whose room were found all kinds of incriminating documents. A few months

previously, a similar acid attack had been carried out on an 85-year-old man, Charles Bousquet. It was a case of mistaken identity. The minority goons were really after Pierre Bousquet, the editor of a nationalist publication, *Le Militant*.

A commission of inquiry found that before the police arrived at his father's apartment, Yves Aziza had fled to Munich, where he had relations who managed to get him to Israel. Michael Cagnet remained in a hospital for almost three months, receiving several skin grafts. He was classified as 25% permanently incapacitated because of scars on his left eye and around his mouth and the overall disfigurement.

On Feb. 14, 1981, a Paris court issued a bench warrant for the arrest of Yves Aziza, who is still at large, presumably in Israel. The other three acid throwers have never been identified or arrested.

West Germany. Nothing horrifies the West German establishment more than the specter of anti-Semitism. When the war was lost, the German power elite, who inherited the political, economic and social wreck that Hitler and the Allies had left them, decided the only policy that could keep Germany from being consigned to the graveyard of history would be complete and abject surrender to world Jewry. Everything Jews wanted would be given them. Not a word of criticism of Jewry would be permitted.

This policy, although a craven and servile one for a once proud nation, proved to be correct. West Germany was allowed to exist and, provided it paid the Jews and Israel the greatest amount of war reparations in history and provided it never questioned Jewish or Zionist politics at home or abroad, it was once again to become one of the world's great industrial powers.

Although throughout the post-WWII years and the rosy days of the "economic miracle," right-wing groups in Germany were put in their place, often by force, anti-Semitism, banned by law, nevertheless managed to make a weak peep or two. The peeps have grown louder in recent months.

Some Germans, having seen their nation toe the Zionist line for the last 40 years, finally decided it might be time to "normalize" its relations with Jews, that is, to put these relations on the same footing as West Germany's dealings with all the other peoples of the earth. First of all there was Bitburg, when Chancellor Kohl and Ronald Reagan actually defied Jewish wishes. Then came neutral or occasional complimentary statements about Jews in left-wing publications like *Der Spiegel*, which recently carried an article about Mayor Koch of Zoo City. In his 1977 election campaign in New York, *Der Spiegel* commented, "the beautiful Jewess, Bess Meyerson, appeared before the voters side by side with the ugly Jew, Ed Koch." The mayor

immediately screamed anti-Semitism and claimed *Der Spiegel* was trying to "recapture the spirit of *Der Stürmer*." What really got Koch's goat was not the comparison of Jewish beauty and Jewish ugliness, but that *Der Spiegel* had gone on and explained that Koch had dragged Bess Meyerson to his election rallies in order to dampen insinuations that he was not a certified heterosexual. *Der Spiegel's* exact phrase was that the Jewish Miss America "machte ihn männlich."

Other so-called affronts to Jews emerged in the form of objections to some late-blooming payments to "Jewish slave laborers" by a German bank which had bought the Flick industrial empire. (Non-Jewish slave laborers, of course, though many times more numerous, got nothing, as the Polish press complained.) Indeed, one sharp-tongued Christian Democrat Bundestag delegate, Hermann Fellner, said this new outburst of payola "creates the impression that Jews are quick to show up whenever money tinkles in German cash registers." Hardly had this storm blown over when Count Wilderich von Spee, the mayor of Korshenbroich, opined that one way to balance his city's budget was to "kill a few rich Jews." The count had to resign, but not before a town meeting had given him a boisterous reception and festooned him with flowers.

Then there was the attempt to put on a play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, which dared to make a heavy out of the lead character, a Jew. When forced to cancel the production, Günter Rühle, the theater manager, warned the "no-hunting season" on Jews was over. To top off all these embarrassing gestures of verbal liberation, Günter Dürr, a Socialist Party leader, denounced the now reclusive Menahem Begin as "a murderer, fascist and terrorist."

Russia. Postal authorities here have refused to deliver letters from Israel with stamps bearing the likeness of Theodor Herzl, the founding father of modern Zionism. The letters, practically all to Soviet Jews, are being returned to their destination with the words, "Addressee Unknown."

Greece. Elsewhere (Dec. 1985) carried a report about a Greek sea captain who made 11 black stowaways walk the plank in shark-infested waters off the coast of Somalia. The captain explained that the act was not as bad as it sounded because "sharks don't eat blacks."

An *Instauration* correspondent in Europe took an interest in the affair and wrote to the Greek captain. He received a reply on Jan. 27, which cast a different light on the matter, as frequently happens when news stories are followed up. The stowaways, wrote Capt. Antonios Pliotranopolous, had actually revolted. With great difficulty, he and the crew managed to herd them back in the



fo'c'sle. When they broke out again, the captain decided to put them in one of the lifeboats and send them ashore. Refusing this order, they were forced to don life jackets. Thereupon, the crew half pushed, half persuaded them to jump overboard, not a life-threatening situation since the ship was only 1½ miles from the shore and there were numerous villages on the shoreline. After all 11 were floundering in the sea, they were thrown pallets and barrels to use as rafts.

When the ship got back to Greece, some members of the crew tried to blackmail the captain, threatening to tell the authorities what had happened unless he gave them sizable sums of money. The captain said no. That's when the matter got into the hands of the press and the courts.

The captain, who has two young children and a wife to support, got ten years, though he explained he was only trying to protect his ship from an armed rebellion. The crew members, including the informers, were given lesser sentences.

Israel. A certain Joan Peters, whom the media have been reluctant to identify except to admit she was once a CBS correspondent in Lebanon, has written one of the greatest hoaxes ever to appear in print. It's entitled *From Time Immemorial* and barefacedly tries to prove that the Jews have a demographic claim on Israel. By a clever twisting and selecting of figures, Miss, Ms. or Mrs. Peters alleges that it was the Palestinians, not the Zionists, who streamed into the Holy Land early in this century, mainly in order to cash in on the job opportunities offered by the Zionist economic boom.

Peters's book is not just a partial lie -- it's the whole cloth. Yet it has received favorable reviews in leading newspapers and magazines. Once again, because Majority reviewers are too craven for the task, the truth had to be rescued by a few dissident Jews. Anthony Lewis, who tries to inject some consistency and coherence in his dogmatic liberalism, called the book "slippery." Professor Yehoshua Porath of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem criticized Peters unmercifully in the *New York Review of Books* (Jan. 16, 1986). Albert Hourani, an Oxford historian, called the book "ludicrous and worthless."

Nevertheless, the fabrication of history is a growth industry in a culture obsessed with Jews and things Jewish. Peters' book continues to be taken seriously, although the historic fact of the Zionists' forcible dispossession of the Palestinians has taken place and is still taking place in front of our very eyes.

The theme of the entire book is easily nullified by three sentences from the *En-*

cyclopaedia Britannica (14th Edition, Vol. 17, pp. 133-34).

In World War I, Jews comprised 10 percent of Palestine's population. By 1940 there were 456,743 Jews in Palestine -- one-third of the inhabitants. The remaining two-thirds consisted of 145,063 Christians and 1,143,336 Moslems, whose ancestors had lived in Palestine for a hundred generations.

* * *

From the *Jerusalem Post* (International Edition, Aug. 10, 1985):

Three young Arabs from the village of Arabbuna in the Jenin district are reported by the police to have confessed to the kidnap-murder of Afula teachers Yosef Eliahu and Lea Elmakais. The army had already demolished their homes. If they are convicted, it will not be by a mob, but by a duly constituted court of law.

Weren't the accused already convicted if their family's homes were demolished?

Wonder how Congressman Stephen Solarz, who supports any Israeli atrocity 100%, would react if he were brought to trial on some charge -- operating as an agent for a foreign power, for instance -- and before he appeared in court his house in Brooklyn was bulldozed flat?

India. We hear so much about democracy in India and we hear so much from India about white racism, we thought it fitting to mention that this country, which contains within its borders millions of untouchables and a caste system based on color, has recently re-instituted public hangings. The first persons to feel the noose were a mother-in-law and a husband found guilty of that peculiarly Indian crime of bride-burning. Hindu brides still stand a chance of being killed, usually by being doused with kerosene and being set on fire, when their dowry is considered insufficiently liberal by the groom or members of his family.

Japan. Is there a gene that determines our taste in music? A team of Japanese doctors decided to give the idea a try. They subjected 126 awake and bawling babies and 60 sleeping babies, all one week old, to different types of music -- rock, jazz and classical. When Brahms's "Cradle Song" was played, 70 to 90% of the crying babies stopped crying. When rock and jazz were played, 80 to 90% of the criers kept crying. Although none of the sleeping infants was awakened by the soothing sounds of the "Wiegenlied," four of them woke up and started bawling when the doctors switched to rock and jazz records.

South Africa. Five scientists from an "unknown" country were drifting helplessly on an Antarctica ice flow and facing death from cold and starvation when they were rescued by members of the South Africa Antarctica expedition. Incredibly, the scientists refused to be picked up until their rescuers promised not to identify their country of origin. They didn't want anyone to know that they had been saved by "white racists." The rescued scientists were almost certainly Russians because the Soviet Antarctic station is the next-door neighbor, so to speak, of the three research stations that South Africa maintains in the frozen continent.

* * *

The white Anglican Dean of Johannesburg, the Very Reverend Mervyn Castle, was found guilty on Nov. 22, 1985, of committing an "unnatural sexual offense" with a black man in a car in a public park. He was fined \$300, which was paid by Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Tutu, who gave Castle a hearty hug before the trial began.

* * *

In semi-urban Sasolburg, which the National Party has held since 1953, the Herstigste Nasionale Party candidate, Louis Stofberg, the first MP to be kicked out of the National Party after refusing to condone integration, captured 6,606 votes and won by a margin of 367. He thus became the first HNP MP. Some called it poetic justice.

The victory of the "untouchable" HNP produced such shock waves as (1) a hastily organized secret meeting of a delegation of the Anglo-American Corp. with President P.W. Botha and (2) the first-ever TV interview with HNP leader Jaap Marais. In regard to the election, Willem Kleynhans, liberal head of the department of political science at the University of South Africa, said that the HNP had an able nucleus and that its victory "must be greatly attributed to the professional way in which it fought."

A stocky, blue-eyed admirer of Robert E. Lee and Paul Kruger, Louis Stofberg is acquainted with the works of Nietzsche and can best be described as a happy warrior. He sacrificed a lucrative law practice to become the HNP's general secretary for 16 years, during which the party was subjected to media witch-hunts, social ostracism, the break-up of its meetings by political opponents, government dirty tricks and phone tapping, for which P.W. Botha had to pay Stofberg \$500 in settlement in 1981.

Asked why he fought so long in adverse circumstances without much prospect of success, Stofberg said he drew his strength from historical examples: "I was constantly convinced that if we persevere long enough, victory would not stay away, unless someone could prove that the Afrikaner people is destined to be destroyed and then we would still continue the struggle."

Philippines. How do you define a democrat? In Manila a democrat is a millionairess who runs for president and announces in advance that if she loses she won't accept the outcome. When she does lose -- at least officially -- her followers seize the government TV station by force, take over the streets, and she rides into power on the shoulders of defecting generals.

How did all this come about? Well, NBC sent over 35 staff members, plus six crews from its Asian offices, plus Tom Brokaw. NBC and CBS rented earth stations for live satellite coverage. ABC air-lifted a complete 15,000-pound earth station to Manila at a cost "significantly less than \$200,000." CNN, which only sent ten people, arranged for a satellite uplink from the Philippine TV station. CBS rented the entire top floor of Manila's plush hotel for its 30 to 40 staffers. Altogether, the networks spent several million dollars boosting their candidate, Corazon Aquino.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the great outburst of democracy in the Philippines was really nothing more or less than a coup, engineered in part by a nightly U.S. TV barrage against Marcos. It could have been and should have been, according to the Philippine constitution, crushed by the army, but the order never came from the lips of the aging and debilitated strongman. Cory Aquino won because of her wealth (her family owns some of the islands' richest banks and biggest sugar plantations) and because she had the support of the

bigger guns, the heavy artillery of Field Marshals Rather, Brokaw and Jennings.

"The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga" is an old song. No Marcos, no Aquino, no NBC-ABC-CBS propaganda juggernaut is going to clean up the economy of a country of 7,100 islands that is already in the grip of a Communist insurrection and a long-festered secession movement of Moslems. Massive genetic engineering would be the only way to solve the Philippine problem.

One of the Communists' first acts after Cory took power was to ambush and kill 16 Filipino policemen. Mrs. President responded -- despite the pleas of the United States -- by freeing a lot of imprisoned Reds, who want to kick the U.S. out of its military bases so they can hand them over to Gorbachev. When the time comes to renew the leases in 1991, Cory may go along with them or she may take the blackmail route.

Meanwhile, Filipinos continue to pour into California and overload this country with more and more of the genes that from the beginning of history have proved totally incapable of establishing an honest and efficacious government.

Haiti. it wasn't the international pressure, not the country's economic collapse, not the riots in the streets, not the cut-off of U.S. foreign aid, not even the stinging denunciation by the usually soporific Secretary of State, George Shultz, that brought down Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier.

According to Cecilia Rodriguez, a correspondent for the Colombian newspaper, *El Tiempo*, it was that Old Black Magic! Just as Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Shahs, sealed his own doom when he started messing with the mutfis, mullahs, ayatollahs and assorted religious fanatics, so the President for Life of the Western Hemisphere's most rundown nation cut short his own reign when he stopped paying homage to Haiti's voodoo hounsans (priests) and mambas (priestesses). According to Señora Rodriguez, "Voodoo is to daily life in Haiti what the Protestant work ethic is to life in the U.S."

Unlike his father, Papa Doc (himself a hounsan), Baby Doc chose to listen to Western advisers and turned a tin ear to the beat of the jungle drums. French anthropologists assert that the West's failure to recognize the power of voodoo over the local population was the reason why international development projects failed in Haiti. The various foreign agronomers, cartographers and geographers simply ignored the vise-like grip superstition has on Haitian society. "Voodoo governs everything, our moral codes, the way we rationalize, eat, and work the land," head hounsan Max Beauvoir explains. Baby Doc was even blasphemous enough to veto a request by the hounsans that the University of Haiti open a School of Voodoo Medicine. In so doing, he stuck the final pin in his own voodoo doll.

Stirrings

The Split in Jewry

Jewish power in the U.S. is so all-pervasive, it takes a lot of soul-searching to figure out how to end it. The best chance at present appears to be a breakup of the Jewish establishment from within. Signs of this are already visible in Israel, where the religious Mediterranean Jews from the Middle East are falling out with the irreligious, socialist Alpine Jews from Poland. Without the support of the latter, the pioneers who built Israel, and their descendants, the Zionist state will collapse decades before the expiration date that geopolitics has set for that most artificial of nations.

Some of this newfangled divisiveness has lapped over into the American-Jewish community. Rabbi Meir Kahane, the terrorist chief of the gang that wants to exterminate the Arabs as thoroughly as Jews of old exterminated the Amorites and other peoples, began his inglorious career as the leader of the Jewish Defense League, whose members heartily approve of bombing Soviet embassies, assassinating American Arabs and U.S. citizens from Eastern Europe, and other acts of mayhem and violence. When Kahane moved to Israel and became head of the fanatical, right-wing Kach Party, he bequeathed the mantle of JDL leadership to a Canadian-born, Los Angeles goon named Irv Rubin. Now Kahane has accused Rubin of involvement with dope peddling and damned him for fraternizing with two of Kahane's bitter enemies, one Murray Wilson and one Bertram Zweibon, whom, he says, are trying to have him assassinated. He also accuses them of burglarizing the JDL's New York City headquarters.

Since, in an effort to keep his U.S. citizenship, Kahane signed an

affidavit submitted to a U.S. court that he would no longer have anything to do with the JDL, Rubin says he is now in complete control of the organization and that his erstwhile boss can do nothing to remove him.

It is *Instauration's* guess that, if it weren't for the Arab threat and the American taxpayers' annual tribute, Israel would fragment into a million pieces. The most neurotic population group in the world can hardly be expected to have the necessary statecraft to govern a technically bankrupt nation that is in a constant state of war. Since the Arab threat is not likely to go away until Israel goes away and since it is most unlikely that an Israel-first Congress would discontinue American aid anytime soon, the only short-range possibility for Israel's downfall remains a split in the Jewish ranks. If you can't weaken your enemy by your own strength, you must rely on his own weakness to do the trick. So we must cross our fingers and hope that the Jews in Israel, in the U.S. and worldwide are approaching closer to the day when they begin to fly at each others' throats. Only then will they get off our backs. Only then will we be able to stop worrying about them and start worrying about ourselves.

Massachusetts Rebuffs Fairy Lobby

Two years ago the Massachusetts House of Representatives passed a law enshrining homosexual rights by a margin of four votes. A few months ago it went into political reverse and defeated the same bill 88 to 65. AIDS changes minds. As of today, Wisconsin is the only state that has a law specifically protecting homosexuals against discrimination in housing, employment, credit and public accommodations. Massachusetts, however, remains the only state to be represented in Congress by a self-proclaimed sodomite, Gerry Studts.

College Prof Speaks Out

Suppose an intelligent Majority member wants to do some reading on the subject of race and intelligence and its relationship to poverty, crime and unemployment. His local bookstore or library will contain numerous works by Montague Francis Ashley Montagu (né Israel Ehrenburg) and Stephen Jay Gould. It was Montagu who, in the 1942 edition of his oft-revised *Man's Most Dangerous Myth*, referred to Soviet Russia as the "outstanding example of perfect management of ethnic group relations under unusually difficult economic conditions." As for Gould, who boasts that he learned his Marxism on his daddy's knee, he espouses the pop-Marxist dogma that no differences in cognitive ability exist between racial groups and that any belief in such differences is merely a ploy of the existing social order to oppress and suppress less fortunate groups. If our intelligent Majority member wants to explore the possibility that such observed differences are the direct result of racial differences in cognitive ability, he'll have to do a lot of exploring. Arthur Jensen's *Straight Talk About Mental Tests* (Macmillan, 1981) is aimed at the general reader, but the author hews carefully to his line of expertise -- psychometrics. The one book that covers all the bases of this hereditarian point of view, Stanley Burnham's *Black Intelligence in a White Society*, is the one book you can't get in any bookstore. It can, however, be purchased by mail for \$3.00, postpaid, from Social Science Press, Box 5712, Athens, GA 30604. It examines and summarizes material from the fields of history, psychology, neurophysiology, economics and criminology and provides references to the original research for those who wish to dig deeper.

Professor Burnham gives us a taste of black literary style with the following "essay" written by one of his students:

My basic point in my term paper was that Black mothers and daughters had it rough in life and that no one in society really understood the hard life. They had it, hard in a "white world" that caused a lot of discomfort with black people in trying to get along today. Blacks are at each other throat not with each other against one another. This also, makes that some how that Black people have got to find some way of bringing unity together in the "white world."

And so on for three tortured paragraphs.

While Burnham considers the black-white differences in learning ability to be "so glaring, so manifestly obvious, that they cannot be wished out of existence," he doesn't consider the situation hopeless. Rather, he recommends, too optimistically we believe, a series of steps which, if implemented, would allow blacks and whites to live peacefully and prosperously in the same society. He argues that all programs of social intervention should lower romantic levels of expectation to a realistic level of expectation. Looking into the future, he argues for government-funded obstetrics for all women (as much to encourage reproduction among the capable of both groups as to discourage it among the incapable), a graduated tax allowance for each dependent child based on parental income level and, finally, a generous cash award for welfare mothers who agree to be sterilized after their second or third child.

A Blow Against Academic Corruption

Courage is such a rare commodity in these dog days of civilization that any display of it should be shouted from the rooftops. Our shouts are dedicated to Jan Kemp, the 6' 2" University of Georgia instructor in remedial English and mother of two, who grew tired

of the phony marks given to Negro athletes so they could stay in college and not be expelled like ordinary students when they failed to maintain a required grade average. Dr. Kemp, whose Ph.D. is in English, sharply protested when nine "Ds" given to black remedial students were arbitrarily raised to "Cs" by her boss to allow the flunkers to play in the January 1, 1982, Sugar Bowl.

In return for her protests, Kemp was demoted, eventually fired and made the target of a smear campaign, which, among other things, attempted to link her to a homosexual teacher. She replied by suing her bosses for slander and libel.

Then things started to go downhill for Kemp, who was not the confrontational type and had a history of mental depression. Twice she tried to kill herself, once by plunging a kitchen knife in her breast and later with an overdose of antipsychotic drugs. Somehow she managed to pull through and filed a second suit, this time for violation of her right to free speech.

When the case came to trial, a sympathetic jury awarded Kemp a \$2.6 million judgment, which included \$80,000 in lost wages, \$200,000 to compensate her for mental distress and \$2.3 million in punitive damages. Reeling at the verdict, university officials promised not to admit any more athletes who were incapable of handling college-level courses. They also promised to investigate the hoary practice of tampering with student grades.

Dr. Fred Davison, president of the University of Georgia since the late 1960s, tendered his resignation as a result of the affair. His departure is no loss to the school, whose band director's banning of the song *Dixie* for the last sixteen years has been upheld by Davison as an exercise of "academic freedom."

Georgia is not the only university that has been corrupting academic standards in order to enroll star athletes who can be counted on to increase the sale of tickets at sports events. But Jan Kemp so far has been the only university professor to put her career -- and at times her life -- on the line to try to stop it. Give the woman an "A" for courage.

Fighting to Keep Their Farms

"A group of farm activists wearing military garb is encouraging Upper Midwest farmers to arm themselves with guns and 'Christian economics' . . . to protect their farms from foreclosure by 'bankster gangsters.'" This from the Associated Press in January.

The news item is probably a typical wire service exaggeration designed both to titillate and to scare city slickers. But even if it's half true, it demonstrates that at least some farmers are not taking their financial beating lying down. Most of the meetings were addressed by Tommy Kersey, a Georgia farmer who used to be the head of the American Agriculture Movement. The speakers were careful to eschew any racial remarks, but people in the audience were heard to murmur and whisper such buzzwords as "Jews" and "Zionist conspiracy." Well they might, since New York grain speculators are making more in a week buying and selling futures on food products than the men who grow the food make in a lifetime.

The farm activists were also unhappy about the billions going to Israel each year and the new free trade agreement with the Jewish state. These billions would have saved thousands of American farms from foreclosure, and the elimination of tariffs on Israeli food imports into the U.S. is another smack in the face for American agriculturists, especially citrus growers.

Ponderable Quote

Wise men are never scholars and scholars are never wise men.

Lao-tse

Books That Speak for the Majority

***The Dispossessed Majority** by Wilmot Robertson. No one who reads this all-encompassing study of the American predicament will ever again view his country in the same light. The author brilliantly recounts the tragedy of a great people, the Americans of Northern European descent, who founded and built the U.S. and whose decline is the chief cause of America's decline. Although replete with cogent criticism of the people and events which have brought America low, the book ends on a positive, optimistic note, which envisions a resurgent American Majority liberating its institutions from the control of intolerant intellectuals innately programmed to destroy what they could never create. Over 100,000 copies sold. Revised, updated, expanded edition; 613 pages, index, bibliography, more than 1,000 footnotes. Hardcover, \$20; softcover, \$8.95. Condensed paperback Popular Edition, 364 pages, no scholarly frills, \$3.95.

***Ventilations** by Wilmot Robertson. The author of *The Dispossessed Majority* firms up and expands some of his key ideas. In 14 probing essays he answers his critics, comments on Watergate, Russian anti-Semitism, women's liberation, foreign affairs, and tells young Majority members how they can best oppose the reverse discrimination that is making them second-class citizens. Also included is a blow-by-blow description of the attempted suppression of *The Dispossessed Majority* by the media establishment. The last two essays propose both a moral and practical solution to the ethnic dilemma by transforming the U.S. into a racial confederation. Softcover, 115 pages, \$4.95.

***Race and Reason and Race and Reality** by Carleton Putnam. In response to the black power agitation of the 50s and 60s came two searching, scholarly, objective, last-word studies of the equalitarian movement. When everyone else was silent, Carleton Putnam -- lawyer, airline executive and historian -- spoke out. In reasoned, crystalline prose he methodically demolishes almost every point, argument and cliché in the liberal-minority ideological handbook, warning us in advance of the affirmative action programs that were bound to follow. Softcover, both books for \$6 (total 317 pages), \$3.25 separately.

***Why Civilizations Self-Destruct** by Elmer Pendell. If we are to survive we must reverse the lethal age-old process that increases human quantity while reducing human quality. In the precivilized states of man, natural selection produced a superior variety of human being whose intelligence and industriousness were eventually channeled into building an advanced social order that protected instead of eliminated the unfit. When the protected outnumber the protectors, civilization begins to die. If we follow Dr. Pendell's advice, we could be the first to successfully defy this apparently inexorable life-and-death cycle. 196 pages, index. Hardcover, \$10.

***Best of Instauration - 1976 and Best of Instauration - 1977.** A choice selection of the contents of the first two years of *Instauration*, Wilmot Robertson's monthly magazine. The original page size has been retained, which means that the 116 pages of each book represent at least 348 ordinary book pages. Virtual encyclopedias of revisionist history, the two volumes look at the world from a Majority perspective. Brilliant, factual writing on philosophy, history, literature and current events that cannot be found in any other contemporary publication. Softcover, each volume, \$10.

The Mediator by Richard Swartzbaugh. The author, an assistant professor of anthropology, explains how and why the mediators and go-betweens who abound in America exert great influence over our daily lives. The book's subtitle could easily be "The Unmasking of a Powerful Establishment." Hardcover, 133 pages, index, \$5.95.

The Might of the West by Lawrence Brown. The best of all possible antidotes to Spengler. The author, a scholar-engineer, says Western civilization did not begin in Greece but in medieval Europe. The Renaissance was a time of reaction, interrupting Western progress by turning it backward to Athens and Rome. The eternal conflict with the Levantine culture hobbled the West's scientific and cultural growth with dogma and irrationality. The wealth of information in this epochal study conclusively demonstrates there was more light than darkness in the Dark Ages. Hardcover, 549 pages, index, \$20.

The French Revolution in San Domingo by Lothrop Stoddard. A grim, frightening, lucid account of the step-by-step destruction of white civilization in the richest island in the New World. By the time the Negro emperors had taken over, every single white colonist, together with his wife and children, had either fled or been massacred. The end result was Haiti, today the poorest and most rundown of the West Indian islands. Softcover, 410 pages, \$7.

Camp of the Saints by Jean Raspail. Ghastly, shuddering, mind-reeling scenario of what is in store for the Occident if liberalism and apathy continue to weaken the Western will to survive. The author, a bitterly sardonic Frenchman, charts the dying convulsions of France from the day a million famished Third Worlders pile on a fleet of leaking hulks in Calcutta and sail off to the land of milk and honey. The first great uncompromising novel of modern times. Originally published by Scribner's. New paperback edition with new preface by the author. Hardcover, 311 pages, \$12.00; Softcover, \$5.

The Ideal and Destiny by Richard McCulloch. An 11th-hour philosophy for racial salvation. Championing the cause of Northern European man, this extremely intelligent diagnosis and prognosis of our time of troubles tells us how to rise above the nationalism, internationalism, and religious and class sectarianism that have broken us asunder. To ensure our resurgence, the author has developed new and constructive ways of understanding history, economics, sociology, political science, anthropology, culture and aesthetics, especially the latter. He launches a bitter attack on altruism, which he defines as the quest for nonexistence, and on the "metaphysical significance" given by the media to all the failed programs and programmers of society. Hardcover, 534 pages, \$20.

Which Way Western Man? by William G. Simpson. There is almost no unpopular subject which the author, a onetime "worker-preacher" who abandoned Christ for Nietzsche, does not meet head on. He comes out foursquare for eugenics, both negative and positive. He despises the very thought of human equality. He is sure that physical beauty is linked to spiritual beauty. In a day when the word, aristocrat, has become an obscenity, he promotes aristocracy with all the resources of his high intelligence. A fascinating intellectual odyssey. 758 pages, hardcover, \$15, softcover, \$8.

The Crowd by Gustave Le Bon. The great, half-forgotten French prophet jumped the gun on Freud, Ortega and Pareto in a study of the popular mind. Crowds, wrote Le Bon, do things which individuals would never do. They have a personality of their own, often a destructive personality, and they are the unruly offspring of mass democracy. Le Bon's low opinion of historians, his rueful opinion of religion and his high opinion of race are refreshingly controversial and mentally stimulating. Paperback, 207 pages, \$4.50.

A New Morality from Science by Raymond B. Cattell. An internationally prominent social scientist rejects liberalism and racial leveling in a profound and challenging work that searches for new ethical values from the domain of science. The author's eminently sensible proposals for a new evolutionary ethic based on behavioral genetics rather than on religious, liberal or Marxist dogma have been greeted by book reviewers with almost total silence. Published in 1973 by Pergamon Press. Softcover, 482 pages, index, \$11.

The Conquest of a Continent by Madison Grant. The classic work on American racial history. The author, beginning with the founding of the colonies by Northern Europeans, examines the genetic components of every state in the U.S. and every country in the Western Hemisphere. By making race his central theme, Grant enriches his pages with events and trends that have escaped the attention of conformist historians. Hardcover, 393 pages, index, \$15.

Race by Dr. John R. Baker. The world-renowned Oxford biologist has assembled almost all the available physiological and historical evidence to prove that races differ mentally as well as physically. It provides the reader with the excited feeling that he has discovered a whole new fund of knowledge, almost a secret knowledge, since the facts have been kept from him for so long. There are many keys to history -- Toynbee's, Spengler's, Marx's, Freud's -- but surely it is time to have a book that may well provide the master key. Softcover reprint of the 1974 Oxford University Press edition, 625 pages, profusely illustrated, bibliography, index, \$10.

Toward a New Science of Man by Robert Lenski. One of the greatest living constitutional psychologists explores the deeply rooted biological forces which underlie white despair and disintegration by quoting from and commenting on the wisdom of the ages. The search for behavioral causes of decline uncovers many little-known relationships: eye color and reactivity; social mobility and fertility; somatotype and personality; human beauty and symmetry. Some 2,000 quotations from over 500 great writers on such all-important (and often neglected) topics as Nationalism, Parasitism, Dominance, Shame, Sexual Selection, Migration, the Nature of Conflict, and "all the ideologically hot subjects of our day." Softcover, 251 pages, illustrated, index, \$7.25.

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