

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

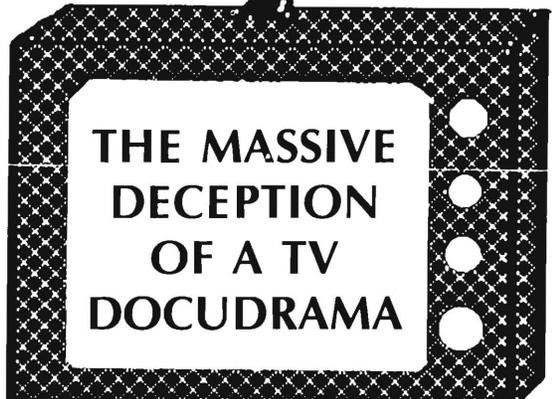
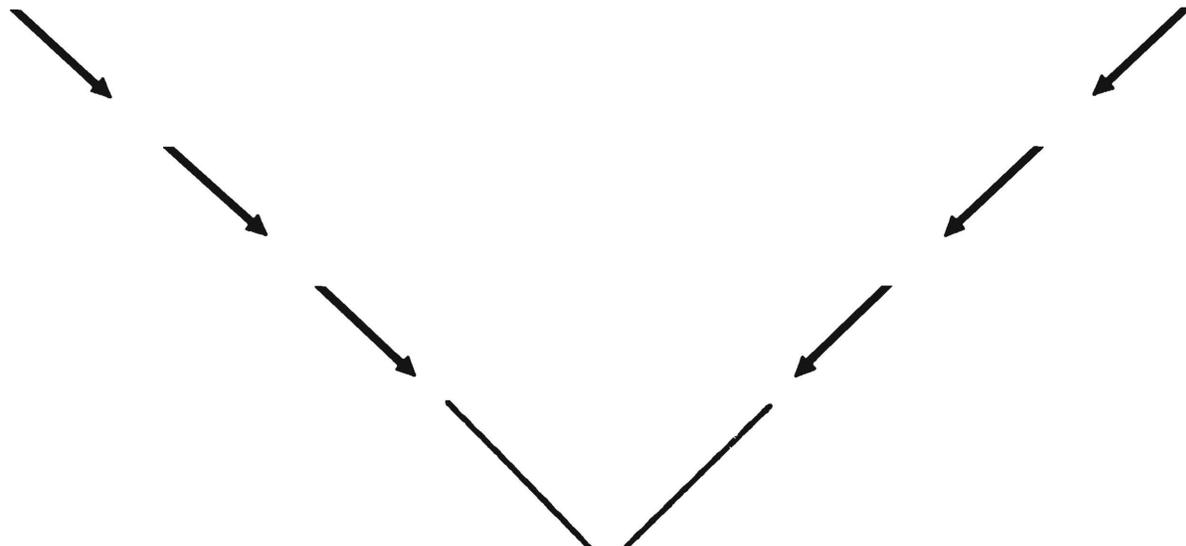
Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 6

MAY 1988

Little Mary Phagan
She left home one day;
She went to the pencil factory
To see the big parade.

She left her home at eleven,
She kissed her mother goodbye;
Not one time did
The poor child think
That she was a-going to die.



Safety Valve

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

The Zionist flack men better start burning the midnight oil. The last time I wrote a letter to the newspaper about Israel, I only received hate mail, presumably from Jews. This time, however, I received five letters of thanks.

787

"A Hanukkah Carol" (Dec. 1987) was a beautiful idea which was carried out very well. I did wonder if Douglas Olson was a reincarnation of Cholly, but Cholly would never have had a naked woman letting "the cool night breezes fondle her body" when there's ice on the ground.

English subscriber

From the Safety Valve letters, I get the impression that some of us are frustrated on account of inactivity in advancing our own interests. Each can contribute to our survival by refusing to enrich the enemy. There is a certain newspaper I refuse to buy, though I sometimes read others' copies of it. I am selective in my purchases, especially of large items and I avoid wherever possible grocery products bearing a certain religious endorsement. We can all help to impose the most effective restraint on their insufferable arrogance. No group is more vulnerable to a Majority boycott.

115

The Trilateralist conservatism of the Wall Street Journal is really worse than Stalinism and maybe even Trotskyism.

208

In a democracy, the votes of two idiots count for more than the vote of one wise man.

230

Tacitus, I believe, said that "Luxury is more ruthless than war." Thus, an epic for the Americans of European descent would at the present time seem a little silly. We're too besotted with material comforts. Whereas the Vietnamese boat people were enveloped by drama that was both grim and terrible, but also possessed of grandeur -- a terrible grandeur! My own two tours in Vietnam had much to do with my emotional attachment to the events and persons involved. Reading Spengler allowed me to see that I was involved in an event of historical import. My perspective was analogous to that of a Moslem soldier fighting in Spain during the Reconquista. Saigon was Seville. Manila will be Cordova. Has *Instauration's* editor placed his own tours of duty in WWII in any sort of historical context? Was it a continuation of the first European Civil War of 1914-18? Or was it something quite different?

548

I had a ball on Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday. As luck would have it, I was assigned to a social studies class at a school where I'm well known to put the cream on the cake, and the subject I taught was Medieval History, a real quick look at Charlemagne, the Crusaders and Viking conquests. You can rest assured those kids -- all white, of course -- heard some stuff I wouldn't dare say in an integrated classroom. Before each class was over I made sure every kid realized that white people better get their act together if we want to survive in the midst of oppressive churches, hostile governments and miserably distorted textbooks. A few kids were actually really angry after I'd alerted them to the problems we face. They were all ready to go out and fight for their rights. For a while it almost made me afraid I'd gone too far and said too much, but apparently I got away with it completely.

428

At a recent conference in Ann Arbor on Women in Science and Engineering, it was pointed out that after 15 years of steady growth, the enrollment of women in these fields has leveled off and in some cases begun to decline. The usual remedies, such as encouragement in elementary school, were proposed to correct the situation and thereby reduce the risks of the U.S. losing its competitive edge (the latest slogan for action). But another problem has appeared -- classroom climate in college. There has been a growth of foreign graduate students as teaching assistants and later, as faculty. These are mostly men from countries that hold different views on the role of women. The gripe is that many do not treat American women as colleagues. The report did not mention whether fluency in English was part of the adverse classroom climate.

981

A couple of months ago they staged a play in Hollywood about Ezra Pound and all it concentrated on was his Mussolini period. I went to it, talked with the director, told him the play was journalistic, not creative, and that his playwright was pandering to the Beverly Hills Jewish crowd by stressing Ezra's anti-Semitism. The director, a nice Jewish boy, replied in a cold and correct letter and talked about how such talk contributed to the ovens at Auschwitz. Oh, sweet Jesus! EP became infatuated with Social Credit because he thought it was the only economic system that makes a place in society for the poet, writer and painter. The present system condemns them to the patronage of rich people and the incredibly stupid commercial publishers in New York and London.

900

I still marvel at the editor of *Instauration's* ability to put out a magazine with practically no staff. Thirty years ago Henry Luce could have hired you and canned all those so-called writers. Think of the dough he would have saved.

922

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CONTENTS

God Bless Jesse Jackson!	4
The Real Seditonaries in the Sedition Trial	6
TV's Murderous Murder of Mary Phagan	8
Bitburg -- Remembered and Reconsidered	10
The "Education" Mania	11
Kaganovich, Stalin's Jewish Toady	13
Cultural Catacombs	19
Inklings	20
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	22
Thoughts from the White Tip	24
Talking Numbers	27
Primate Watch	28
Elsewhere	30
Stirrings	34

□ In your January 1988 issue, Zip 076 includes Hume in "the English philosophical tradition." Hume, described by Boswell as the most brilliant writer of his time, was born north of the border, was educated in Edinburgh, spent most of his life in "that beloved city" and died there. While on the subject of philosophers, I assert Scots can rightly claim John Stuart Mill as one of theirs, despite his London birth. His father, James Mill, no mean figure in his own right, was born in Forfarshire and was his oldest son's personal tutor and the major influence in his life. The article fails to mention many Scottish inventions, such as "The Maiden," the first guillotine (on display in Edinburgh) and radar. The list of Scottish pioneers in innumerable fields of human advancement is virtually endless. As Churchill said, "There is only one thing wrong with the Scots -- there are too few of them."

117

□ I feel I have to correct Satcom Sam (Feb. 1988). On the David Duke interview on Crossfire, Pat Buchanan was not on the show. I have the tape. It was Tom Braden and Fred Barnes interviewing Duke. Duke handled himself admirably. I think you're giving Pat Buchanan a bum rap. He's one of the better right-wing battlers around. Otherwise, I love everything about Instauration and I'm with you 100%.

049

□ Zip 101 rightly credits the Libertarian Party with some sensible positions, but doesn't mention a more subtle and useful purpose it can serve in the cause of racial revival -- that of an ideological halfway house. Many articles in Instauration have deplored the somnolence of Majority members who continue to follow liberal doctrine on racial matters because they lack first-hand contact with minorities that would jolt them awake. These same people, however, are quite sensitive to issues such as taxation, foreign intervention and victimless crime laws which can lead them to seek an alternative to the Republicrats. For some of them, the transition to libertarianism can be personally and socially manageable in a way that a move to full racial awareness could not be, in one step. Once there, they are exposed to more anti-establishment ideas, and they have broken some emotional ties that once obstructed an honest view of their culture. The momentum toward radical realignment is there, and welcome.

553

□ November's article on Spengler, "Race, Culture and History," made fascinating reading. It was a fine piece of writing. One point in particular interested me, and I can't help trying to explain it by way of what Spengler called "rational, i.e., soulless dissection and ordering." The Western preoccupation with distance, or to put it in Spengler's words, our destiny-idea involves "the assertion of human will into distance . . ." All the examples your writer gives of great Westerners who show this trait seem to be of Northern European origin, including Italian Renaissance painters like Leonardo, Botticelli and Titian. I wonder if this emphasis on distance comes from our Paleolithic ancestors' necessary emphasis on hunting?

404

□ As mentioned in Instauration (Feb. 1988), Karl Marx was a racist, sexist and anti-Semite. True, he was of Jewish descent, but nobody's perfect.

878

□ The liberals and their ilk have in effect taken our country away from us. I don't know when and where or how the reckoning will come. In some ways I regret that I will not be around when Der Tag finally comes.

117

□ It's too bad you buried Willie just when I had come up with an apropos jingle for him (sung to the tune of "Pattycake, Pattycake, Baker's Man").

Watermelon, watermelon,
Cadillac car.
We ain't as dumb
As you think we is

789

□ Commander Judy Glenn, a Navy nurse at San Diego Naval Hospital's obstetrics and gynecology department, noted that over a 10-month period, 789 women sailors registered for prenatal care. Of those, 323 or 41% were single. This compared with a 17% figure among civilian women. There used to be a sailor's ditty whose lyrics went, "What do you do with a drunken sailor, early in the morning?" You can sober him up in a few hours, that's what you can do. But what do you do with a pregnant sailor?

077

□ I wonder whether Congress and the White House will expand the embargoes on South Africa to Israel. The Zionists, by the way, are twice as cruel as the Afrikaners.

114

□ If the West was the Titanic, wouldn't the water be up to our bloomers?

Canadian subscriber

□ That gallant knight, Sir Richard Attenborough, wrote an article in the Telegraph Sunday Magazine (Nov. 15, 1987) about his new film, Cry Freedom. In one passage he reveres Steve Biko as "one of the brightest, most charismatic, intelligent and fascinating men ever born in South Africa." Yet toward the end of the article he excitedly claims that the world today is witnessing "a groundswell of revulsion . . . against the whole idea that one human being is superior to another." If Biko wasn't a superior individual -- in Attenborough's eyes -- then what was he?

English subscriber

□ Two requirements are necessary to write a Majority anthem: people and events. You only need to listen to Woody Guthrie's superb songs to know that the potential exists. I'll submit to you though that the person who writes such an anthem won't know what he or she is doing at the time. The writers of "Dixie" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic" did not set out to compose anthems. I'm not sure it's something that can be done purposely.

486

□ The decline and fall of Jimmy the Greek suggests that all characterizations of other races are taboo on television. Far from it: the top-rated cable TV comedy hours are full of, by today's standards, hair-raising material. The night before the Super Bowl saw an HBO salute to the "Improv" nightclub in L.A., and the now-famous alumni of the place (Robin Williams, Billy Crystal, Martin Mull, Paul Rodriguez) spent an hour savaging Jews, Mexicans and homosexuals in addition to the routine attacks on WASPs. Rodriguez, a Mexican Californian, at one point in his spiel stopped to confess, "I don't tell any jokes about Jews, though, otherwise I'm out of a job. It's back to the kitchen for me." When he reproached blond, blue-eyed Martin Mull as "a fantasy out of one of Hitler's wet dreams," Mull, who was on next and seemingly not about to take it any more, started an indiscriminate assault on all his tormentors -- Jews, Mexicans, gays -- which the audience went crazy over. Later that night, Saturday Night Live (out of New York) presented a half-serious commentary on the Israeli hand-breaking of Palestinian teenagers, ending with the remark: "I suggest they try crucifixion. That always leaves a lasting impression."

181

□ Zip 275's letter praising the martial arts is right on target. From experience I can say that the best of the martial arts is kick-boxing, also known as American-style karate. One starts from a Western/white-style boxing stance, which is superior for upper-body fighting to any fancy Oriental windmill motions. Then suddenly up comes a hard leather shoe to the groin (euphemism!) while Mr. Black Power is watching your knuckles. Western-style boxing ignores the legs. Oriental fighting ignores the power of a full-twist Western punch. Kick-boxing combines both; and it gave me the poise and experience last year to stop a black shoplifter on the run who was hurtling past me to a drug-store exit. I derived a great deal of satisfaction from the close encounter.

223

□ What a disappointment the Renegades '87 cover story was. To think that with all the apt and witty nominations you've gotten, the article came out as one more tedious, embarrassing bitch session in defense of Klannish Kranks who have little or nothing to do with real Majority rebirth.

You may have thought Reagan hopeless from the start, but he at least took a pro forma stand for Majority values, and now he's selling us all down the river in a cheap attempt to go down in history as (ugh) liberal minded after all. Though this is plain as day, I'm not sure it's yet been fully decried in Instauration.

Just for the record, as soon as you stop apotheosizing Hitler, the malaproposistically named Richard Swartzbaugh, and others so extreme as to be unrecognizable as true Majoritarians, Instauration will jump about 50% in terms of credibility, respectability and usefulness in persuading others to our cause. To put things a bit more positively, you do such a wonderful job of pinpointing our real friends and enemies, this subscriber would love to see you concentrate more on that!

070

GOD BLESS JESSE JACKSON!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS -- whether Jesse wins, loses or draws -- the American Majority can't help but profit from the Jackson bandwagon. Why? Because it is to our advantage to have the inevitable racial showdown sooner rather than later . . . because our ranks are thinning day by birthrate-declining day . . . because their ranks are thickening, sometimes in linear progression, sometimes geometrically; never, like ours, below the replacement rate and converging toward a racial disappearing act.

Jesse Jackson, needless to say, doesn't savvy that time is working for him and against us, that the longer the minorities wait until they make their final move, the better their chances of winning; that with every tick of the clock they are gaining on us. Jesse is on a roll. He is surprised, amazed, hungrier than ever for public notice and dreaming of a black man moving into that big house in DC, whose name will then be laughingly inappropriate.

Let Jesse be the Democrats' choice for president. Let him run against Bush. Let him beat Bush. Although these three sequential possibilities are hard to imagine and harder to swallow, they would only serve our purpose. President Jesse would raise Majority race consciousness as no white politician could -- a heightened awareness of race being the necessary first step toward our survival. As long as racial boundaries in the U.S. remain fuzzy and blurred, as long as Majority members continue not to know who and what they are, we will get more and more of the hassle we've been getting since Chief Justice Earl Warren inaugurated the era of racial bad feelings with *Brown v. Board of Education*. Up till now, the racial conflict has been characterized by a series of weak white defensive actions against an always increasing number of nonwhite inroads. Call it preliminary skirmishes. If they are not the preliminaries, if they are the main bout, we'd better give up right now and move to the back of the bus.

As many of his supporters must know, Jesse is a con-man, as lowdown a plagiarist as Biden and a self-proclaimed befouler of the soup of white diners who womanizes as wantonly as did his departed black messiah, Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. If any white had mishandled public money as badly as Jesse has mishandled it in Operation

PUSH, that honky would have gone to jail. Just because the invertebrate white Democratic candidates went for months without targeting him with a word of dispraise, just because he was protected from hostile questioning by the racial shield the media and the party bosses automatically bestow on black politicians, doesn't mean he isn't the biggest flimflam artist ever to make a try for the Oval Office. When will the real Jesse Jackson show himself? Probably not until he is comfortably ensconced at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and is suddenly overcome with the urge to hit the fast-forward button.

Everything said here about a Jacksonian presidency applies to a Jacksonian vice-presidency, the only difference being that, as Veep, Jesse will have less opportunity to be Jesse.

Suppose the Democrats deny him the nomination for either job. As his black delegates shuffle out of the Atlanta convention, the inner cities may put on a fireworks display that will rival the soaring flames of the riots that followed the assassination of King, whose bloody shirt, by the way, was symbolically -- but not really, according to other blacks who were closer to King at the time -- grabbed by Jesse, as if he were catching a falling flag in a SWAPO raid on South-West Africa. Following such a super-betrayal by the white pols, the Democratic Party would split apart at the seams.

So it's heads we win, tails they lose.

Despite his black preacher's penchant for earthy epigrams, some of them dragged out of a file cabinet, no doubt, by his Jewish campaign manager, Gerald Austin, Jackson got where he is today, which is miles above where he deserves to be, not by his own efforts but by the efforts of white mediocrats and the racist yell answered so stentoriously by legions of blacks. Jesse has whined and whimpered unceasingly about the difficulty of competing with the other candidates, who had "so much more money." The truth is, Jesse had reels more media exposure than the rest of the Democratic pack, and if time is money in TV land -- and it is just that -- Jesse got tens of millions of dollars of free coverage, far more than his rivals, who when they did appear on the tube gave an extra boost to his momentum by their woeful lack of even the faintest splash of charisma.

But what helped Jesse even more than the abysmal



performances of the other candidates was the scourge of anti-whiteism that has been drilled into the American population so intensively in the last several decades that many of us have come to believe we are guilty of every sin in the book. It follows that, if we are so bad and the Negro is so good, as we are told either liminally or subliminally every night on the box, why not vote for the better man? Why not vote for the black? And if it comes to a choice between Bush and Jackson, why vote for the man who donned a yarmulke and kissed the Wailing Wall in one of the worst emotional outbursts of smarmy schlock in modern American politics?

The white sellouts, and these are the only kinds of whites in high office these days, are even more reprehensible than the black snake-oil salesmen. So who can blame some don't-give-a-damn Democrats for voting for what they conceive to be the lesser of two evils -- or not voting at all? If there had been a Chinaman on the ballot, they might have voted for him in preference to Jesse. Their main object was to show their utter disdain for a system that is almost totally rigged against them.

About the only real opposition Jesse has faced so far has come from certain segments of Jewry. Having been born with long memories, Jews will never forget "Hymietown," the bear hug given Arafat and the palsy-walsy get-togethers with Farrakhan. They are now sharpening their verbal knives to cut down Jesse in Atlanta. Many left-wing Jews, on the other hand, will forgive anyone, even an anti-Semite, if he bids fair to take ever more wind out of the sails of the hated and envied WASP. If it's a Dukakis-Jackson ticket, Jews will feel drawn to a presidential hopeful who, though not a Jew himself, is the first Mediterranean and the first Greek to make a serious run for the highest office in the land, and the first to have a Jewish wife and Jewish children.

Like it or not, we are headed for revolution in this country. The question is what kind of a revolution. Will it be a minority one or a Majority one? Will it be a minority takeover by force or a Majority instauration at gunpoint? The third alternative, racial separation, is really not an

alternative because it could never come about without a revolution. The nonwhites, the Jews and the washed-out whites could not afford to let Majority members move out and set up their own independent enclave or nation, say, in the Northwest. Who would do the work when they left? At any event, America has a revolution in its future -- a revolution that may end in our reincarnation or our obliteration.

No one is moving us faster than Jesse Jackson to the great day that will decide whether we are to be or not to be.

So friends, before we tuck ourselves in bed tonight, don't forget to say a prayer for Jesse, that ill-windbag that blows us no ill.

What They Say About Jesse

It's absolutely clear to me that if Jesse were a white man, he'd probably be getting . . . kicked around rather royally by the press.

Unnamed network correspondent,
Washington Post, Apr. 5, 1988

All he can do is talk. Adolf Hitler made some good speeches, too.

Jeanne (Mrs. Paul) Simon

If he was a white candidate, you would not take Jackson seriously, based on his record. He doesn't have a record.

Jack Nelson,
Los Angeles Times correspondent

The trouble with Jesse is that he ain't never run nothing but his mouth.

Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit

Blacks Take Control Across U.S.

BY LARRY A. STILL
NAPA News Service
WASHINGTON, D.C.—"It is highly likely that for the foreseeable future America's great cities will mainly be populated and governed by blacks. It is also likely that white acceptance of this reality will come slowly, and may be diverted by political or social counter-reaction," two top political experts on elections declared after

studying Mayor Harold Washington's overwhelming re-election in Chicago and Mayor W. Wilson Goode's close re-election in Philadelphia, despite racial overtones. "Race is an undeniably central facet of urban American life," write Paul Maslin and Kirk Brown in "A Tale of Two Cities: Politics and Race in Chicago and Philadelphia," in

Election Politics, a quarterly publication of the Institute for Government and Politics.

However, ethnic politics in America could become "separate, but decidedly unequal if current voting trends among white and black urban voters continue," according to the political consultants to Democratic officials and candidates

"While black voting power increases in most major cities, white Democratic Party leaders must decide whether or how to compete for black and white votes," they add. Maslin is a partner in the public opinion and consulting firm of Hickman-Maslin. The firm's past and present clients include senators Alan Cranston (Calif.), Frank Lautenberg

(New Jersey), George Mitchell (Maine) and Paul Simon (Ill.), a presidential candidate. Brown, research director for the firm, served as analyst for the successful re-election campaigns of Washington and Goode, who won with apparently 20 percent of the white vote which belies the firm's statistics. Despite black mayors in Gary,

Newark, Cleveland, Detroit or Atlanta, "the initial base of support for a black candidate has not expanded. Instead, black political power has sustained itself, based upon an ever increasing minority population. The black and brown minorities are gradually becoming a majority in urban America, but the majority lies" (See BLACKS, P. 2)

THE CAROLINIAN

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Transportation Board Adopts A New, Sweeping Improvement Plan

The North Carolina Board of Transportation recently adopted a comprehensive update of the state's Transportation Improvement Program. The plan programs state and federal funding for a wide variety of projects and activities important to all forms of transportation. This year's TIP is significant in a number of respects. Highlights of the plan include:

- The utilization of multi-year programming for all modes of transportation.
- The incorporation of newly authorized continuing, dedicated appropriations for aviation, public

the letter. The governor also singled out the identification of the Strategic Highway Network as a significant contribution of the program, calling those roads "a blueprint for growth and development." The Strategic Highway Network is comprised of the interstate highway system and other routes that carry high volumes of traffic between major points in the state. Approximately 92 percent of the state's population lives within 10 miles of one of the roads, 83 percent of the state's urban areas of 5,000 or more people are within that distance.

by the board includes a number of Strategic Highway projects. The newly adopted program has two stated goals: to reduce traffic congestion in the state's urban areas and build roads needed for economic growth. Both objectives are addressed by the plan. A total of nearly 1,400 improvement projects are included in the highway portion of the TIP, including 134 projects that were not part of last year's program. The ability to add projects is due, in part, to the recent reinforcement of the state Highway Fund. In 1986 Gov. Martin proposed the "Roads to the Future" program.

It's not really that bad -- yet! But the headline in a North Carolina Negro newspaper may not be false, merely a bit premature.

THE REAL SEDITIONARIES IN THE SEDITION TRIAL

IT WAS NOT A VERY EVEN CONTEST. An army of U.S. marshals, prosecuting attorneys, jailers, informers, detectives and government agents equipped with gigabyte computers, telephone taps and high-tech electronic "house bugs"—all arrayed against 13 (originally 14) harassed and harried defendants, some of them religious cranks, some romantic revolutionaries, some distinguished for their loose lips, many already in jail serving sentences that range from 20 to 250 years, one of them on death row.

Such was the *mise-en-scène* of the seditious conspiracy trial staged in Fort Smith (AR), a town notorious as a hangout for outlaws back in the days of the Wild, Wild West. The legal proceedings bore a certain insidious resemblance to the Moscow show trials of the 1930s. Judge Morris Arnold himself admitted it was in "some respects a political trial" and dismissed one of the accused, Robert Smalley, for lack of evidence. He did not admit, but should have, that it was a trial where some defendants were being tried, at least indirectly, for the third time for crimes they were convicted of in Seattle in 1985. When it comes to double and triple jeopardy, Justice in America is moving far away from Anglo-Saxon common law—so far away she is no longer blindfolded. Her eyes are now wide open, glaring with hyped-up animus and antiwhite racism. Forget fairness, forget equity, shred the Bill of Rights. Mobilize a giant KGB-type task force and go out and round up a group of citizens, some of whom had never even known each other until their arrests, and accuse them of spinning a fantastic web of conspiracy and murder to overthrow the government and set up some kind of racist state. It all makes sensational, circulation-building headlines for the gutter press, while giving the FBI the opportunity to demand more money when it goes before Congress to ask for its annual appropriation.

The white-bashing that went on in Fort Smith was actually two trials in one. There were the members of The Order, an outfit which may or may not have expired with the immolation of its founder-leader, Robert J. Mathews, in an air and ground attack by a combat team of 300 law enforcement agents, including an armed helicopter, on a house where he was holed up on Whidbey Island (WA). The Order members were charged with seditious conspiracy. They had already been tried and sent to jail in Seattle, after 10 or 11 of their good buddies turned state's evidence against them. Two of them, Bruce C. Pierce, 33, and David E. Lane, 49, were tried again and found guilty of violating the civil rights of a Denver Jewish talk show host, Alan Berg, who was gunned down in his garage. The charge was not murder, mind you, but civil rights violation, and the sentences handed out to the two defendants (two others were acquitted) was 150 years each, to be served consecutively with the 100- and 60-year sen-

tences given them, respectively, in the Seattle trial. These kinds of numbers are sheer madness, but anything goes in a courtroom when the defendants are Majority activists.

Three of the defendants charged with seditious conspiracy were not at the previous two trials, but were dragged into this one, largely because of previous socializing with members of The Order. The oldest is Richard G. Butler, a 70-year-old retired aerospace engineer who recently had a triple heart bypass operation and was not exactly in the proper physical shape to take over the U.S. government by force. He is the talking head of the Aryan Nations, the group to which some Order members belonged before they went on the warpath. Arrested at the same time as Butler was Robert E. Miles, 63, the minister of an esoteric church in Michigan, whose precarious state of health is hardly up to the rigors of storming the Pentagon. Miles believes strongly in the establishment of an all-white homeland in the Northwest as a means of preserving the white race in America. The third person in this trio was Louis Beam Jr., 41, a Vietnam vet, who, after the warrant for his arrest had been issued, hid out in Mexico for several months. When he was caught, his wife shot and wounded a Mexican undercover policeman. She thought her husband was being kidnapped. All in all, Butler's and Miles's crimes apparently consisted of talking a little too tough and a little too specifically about ways of establishing a white homeland, though one government informer, a religious fanatic, claimed Miles gave him a mess of cyanide to poison the water supplies of Washington (DC) and one or two other cities. Beam's sin was to have set up a computer network to supply information to the perpetrators of the various alleged "conspiracies." Many of the voluminous pieces of evidence that were introduced against the defendants involved the receiving, handling and distribution of \$3.6 million stolen from a Brinks armored truck—an armed robbery which the prosecution made much of in the Seattle proceedings.

Another group of desperadoes in this somewhat disjointed trial was comprised of four men (plus David W. Snell, also charged with conspiracy) who were accused of planning two killings to exact revenge for the death of Gordon Kahl, a tax protestor who, like Mathews, met his death in a government shoot-out. The two Wades, father William and son Ivan, supposedly conspired to finance the killing of the judge who had dished out jail sentences to those who had harbored Kahl, and the FBI agent they thought was responsible for Kahl's death. The van in which the team of avengers set out to commit their nefarious deeds was wrecked en route on an icy road, a mishap which was taken as a sign of God's disapproval. So the expedition was called off. The Wades, incidentally, wanted to

be severed from the other defendants and be given a separate trial. They declared they were Choctaw Indians and claimed the jury was stacked against them because it contained no braves or squaws. This outburst of Indianism threw an embarrassing glitch in the Fort Smith legal scenario, which had been built around the theme that all the evildoers were goose-stepping white supremacists.

As is the rule in such affairs, the ratio of informers was exceedingly high—high in number and high in status. James D. Ellison, the government's star witness, was the leader of the Covenant, the Sword and the Arm, a wacky, muscle-flexing religious cult. Along with his second in command, Kerry Noble, he was ratting to the rafters against many of the other defendants, in an effort to reduce the 20-year jail sentence he had received for a fling at what the government called racketeering. The sight of two leaders of an organization acting as stool pigeons to obtain the convictions of some of their followers who, if they did commit any crimes, were doing so at the behest of their leaders, is not a pretty one. Under cross-examination Ellison, who admitted he had already received \$16,000 from the government for his snitch artistry, claimed that his family tree goes back to David, that old Hebrew homo who lusted after Jonathan. He also confessed to having two wives waiting for him on the outside.

Defendant Snell, 57, was in hot water twice over. Accused of seditiously conspiring with members of The Order, he also rode in that assassination van that never got to its destination. In addition, he was charged with trying to blow up an interstate natural gas pipeline, though the explosives misfired and no hole was found in the pipe. Snell, who had already been given the death penalty for murdering a pawnbroker and an Arkansas state trooper, was practically immune from further punishment. One informer, Daniel R. Bauer, was charged in the indictment with reviewing "Jewish" publications at a Seattle library and snooping around the Jewish Defense League office in the same city. Since he was now working for the government, he had been removed from the list of defendants.

Some of those in the dock acted as their own lawyers, which is understandable because Miles's attorney, N. C. LeRene, half-Jewish, half-Lebanese, wanted \$50,000 up front. Beam asked the jury to watch Ellison's feet when he was testifying. "No man that's not psychopathic can lie without being nervous." Peter Lake, a Hollywood creep who joined the Aryan Nations under an assumed name in order to cash in on a video exposé, testified that Butler had once spoken admiringly of Adolf Hitler. While staying in the Aryan Nations' compound, Lake joined lustily in the badmouthing of Jews and blacks—all the better, he explained, to pull the wool over Butler's eyes.

Some of the testimony of the prosecution's witnesses was so repetitive and irrelevant that Judge Arnold ordered Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven Snyder to get on with the case and eschew further talk of swastikas and Nazis. Arnold seemed like a relatively fair judge, and the jury was almost completely, if not completely, composed of Majority members. That, besides the absurdi-

ty of some of the charges, was about all the defendants had going for them, since truth counts for very little in this type of media- and ACLU-approved legal lynching.

Miraculously, however, all 13 defendants were acquitted. When all was said and done, it turned out that the only seditious aspect of the trial was the seditiousness of the government prosecutors, whose case was really nothing less than a seditious attempt to trash the First Amendment.

Note: Although hardly anyone knows about it, another seditious conspiracy trial has been taking place in Massachusetts. Seven of the defendants are white. One is black. Since this is left-wing sedition, the media are not interested. The Negro has already pleaded guilty. He was given a seven-year sentence.

Big Bucks for Informer Martinez

The man who came out of the sedition trial and the previous two trials smelling most like a rose--or most like a skunk--was Thomas Martinez, who, although involved up to his neck in The Order's unlawful forays, saved his own skin by being the first to blow the whistle on his erstwhile comrades. A swarthy Hispanic from Philadelphia who belonged more properly to La Raza than to a militant white racist group, he nevertheless wormed his way into the organization's confidence and became one of its counterfeit bill passers. He was picked up by the cops when he stupidly tried to change a phony ten for the second time in a Jewish-owned store.

In no time he was singing like a cage full of canaries and was the wired-up Judas goat who led the FBI to The Order's leader, the late Robert J. Mathews, who managed to escape the first government trap by breaking out of a motel surrounded by the feds with only a bullet wound in his hand. In the confusion an FBI sharpshooter also winged the motel manager.

Although he was an accessory to many more serious crimes than counterfeiting, Martinez was rewarded for his "cooperation" by being given probation. It wasn't long before he went to the ADL and is now a well-paid Zionist agent on the lecture circuit making big bucks by talking about the crimes that he committed and for which he sent his onetime pals to jail. He is also the co-author of a teary confessional written with a hack named John Guinther, in which he portrays himself as a martyr risking his life to bring a message of truth, light and minority racism to the masses. The title is *Brotherhood of Murder* and it can be ordered for \$17.95 from McGraw-Hill Books, 11 West 19th St., New York, NY 10011, if any Instaurationist should want to buy some expensive bathroom tissue.

Martinez started out in life by hating the Negroes in his integrated high school. Now, as he writes in his book, he regrets this hatred and quotes his mother, "Tom, I always told you the Jewish people were good." There wasn't much money in going after Negroes, was there, Tom? Pimping for Jewish racists brings in much more of the green stuff, doesn't it, Tom?

TV'S MURDEROUS MURDER OF MARY PHAGAN

NBC-TV'S LATEST ANTIWHITE, anti-Southern, anti-Populist, pro-Jewish goggle-boxer, *The Murder of Mary Phagan*, wasn't too schlock-ridden from a dramatic standpoint, but let's see how it squares with the facts. As became glaringly evident by the first reel, it had been more heavily doctored than the usual docudrama, which may be why Orion Pictures, a purely Jewish film outfit, financed it, and why Brandon Tartikoff, the purely Jewish chief of NBC-TV's entertainment division, chose to buy it and give it five hours of precious prime time on January 24 and 26.

FICTION

Played by the aging Jack Lemmon, a Southern governor who was a sure thing for the U.S. Senate willingly sacrificed a brilliant career in national politics by commuting the death sentence of a Jewish pencil factory manager. A cultivated man who enjoyed listening to Puccini, this Jew was wrongly perceived by a largely redneck population to be the violator and murderer of a teenage girl.

The docudrama quickly bypassed Mary Phagan and made Leo Frank the tragic figure. In the traditional Hollywood mode, a non-Jewish actor, Peter Gallagher, was cast (or rather miscast) as a Jew. Frank comes across as little short of angelic, with an equally angelic and attractive wife who stood by him all the way.

It soon became apparent that Frank, the president of the Atlanta B'nai B'rith, was a martyr, a victim of the Georgia and U.S. legal system. Though he had some outside support, white racism in Georgia turned the whole state against him and left him at the mercy of a corrupt old-boy network.

Thomas E. Watson, who became one of the south's greatest senators some years after Frank's lynching, was characterized as a political "boss" who ruled Georgia politics like an early-day Richard Daley. It was intimated that Watson was the gray eminence behind Frank's trial.

Hugh Dorsey, the Fulton County solicitor and the attorney who represented the people of Georgia in the trial, was played by Richard Jordan, the most Nordic-looking actor. Consequently, he had to be the villain of the piece. Less than subtle sneers and grimaces typecast him as an unscrupulous, hypocritical, on-the-make politico who enthused over the task of framing Leo Frank.

FACT

John Slaton was governor of Georgia from 1913-1915. In 1914, in the middle of his term, he ran for the U.S. Senate and was defeated. Consequently, despite the main dramatic theme of the film, his career was already on the shelf before he commuted Leo Frank's death sentence. Slaton, though depicted as a man of principle in the TV show, had very few principles in real life. While serving as governor, he was a partner in the law firm which collected at least \$250,000 in legal fees for defending Frank. Transpose that tidy sum into 1988 dollars and it's hard to see exactly what Slaton was giving up in his "sacrificial" act.

In real life Leo Frank, born and bred in Brooklyn, was not exactly an Apollo Belvedere. Nor was his wife a modern version of Aphrodite. Mrs. Frank, hyped as a paragon of loyalty in the film, actually refused to visit her husband for the first seven weeks he was in prison. Frank ran a sweatshop in which more than a hundred teenage girls worked ten hours a day for 12¢ an hour. Some of these employees testified their boss had a "bad" character. To prevent any details of this "badness" from coming out, defense attorneys decided not to cross-examine.

Almost the entire Northern press was on Frank's side, so he was by no means alone in his fight to beat the rap. At his disposal were the huge financial resources of U.S. Jewry. As for getting his day in court, his appeals were turned down once by the U.S. Supreme Court and five times by the Georgia Supreme Court. The film did not point out that Frank took the stand as an "unsworn witness," which meant that under Georgia law he could not be cross-examined.

Watson, a scholar and the author of biographies on Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson and a two-volume history of France, was no political boss. He had no connection whatsoever with Frank's trial and did not even comment on it until eight months after the verdict.

Hugh Dorsey was actually a respected and talented prosecutor who later became a governor of Georgia. He stayed strictly within the parameters of the law throughout Frank's trial.

FICTION

Mary Phagan's father was portrayed as a ne'er-do-well who lived off his daughter's meager earnings.

Ku Klux Klan-type mobs were filmed breaking up the trial with racial chants of "Hang the Jew" and similar taunts.

In order to get to the "truth" of the Phagan murder case, the good-hearted, principled Governor Slaton presided over a special court of inquiry which turned into a second trial.

The chief witness for the prosecution was Jim Conley, the janitor at the factory, who claimed that he helped Frank carry Mary's body down to the cellar. Unabashedly, the film came up with a pre-civil rights, almost a pre-Civil War, stereotype of the shiftless, lying black, a character no longer permitted on TV -- unless, of course, his Rastus-like behavior helps build up sympathy for a Jewish hero.

The film tried to pretend that Alonzo Mann, the office boy who served as a defense witness, showed up 70 years after the trial of his own accord, because he had a change of heart. For the good of his soul, he wanted to recant his earlier testimony and said that he only saw Jim Conley, but not Frank, carrying Mary Phagan's body.

The Confederate Memorial Ball in Atlanta was a gala event in the film. The widow of Stonewall Jackson was one of the star attractions.

Little attention was paid to the jury that convicted Frank, which reinforced the impression that it was composed of twelve bigoted illiterates.

Members of Tom Watson's, Hugh Dorsey's and Mary Phagan's families are still alive in Atlanta. One can imagine what they must have felt seeing their forebears demeaned and denigrated on national TV. But such humiliation is the price Majority members have been paying ever since showbiz fell into alien hands. The humiliation will continue until the entertainment industry is returned to the people who represent Americans as a whole, instead of one narrow, race-obsessed group.

The promotional hype that preceded *The Murder of Mary Phagan* was as damaging to historical truth as the video itself. The worst example was an article in TV Guide by Morris Abrams, a Reagan appointee to the Civil Rights Commission, who resigned some months ago to become chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. As such, he has emerged as one of the prime apologists for the Israeli soldiers who have been busy gunning down, beating and clubbing Palestinian teenagers.

Abrams's article was headlined, "They Lynched an Innocent Man -- as the Governor Tried to Save Him." In a few more years, may we expect to see a similar exculpatory headline in an Abrams TV Guide promo for a miniseries that will prove Jonathan Pollard's innocence?

FACT

Mary Phagan's father died years before his daughter was raped and murdered.

No such raucous interruptions took place. The event was cooked up by the filmmakers to add a Ku Klux Klan flavor to the proceedings.

No such court of inquiry was held. If it had occurred, it would have been an outrageous violation of criminal justice procedure.

Jim Conley stuck to his story under one of the most relentless cross examinations in U.S. courtroom history. It lasted three full days. All that could be pinned on him was that he had been an accessory to the murder. He was released from jail one year after Frank was convicted of first-degree murder.

When Dan Rather reported on Mann's fortuitous reappearance on the *CBS Evening News*, he said Mann "saw" the murder. Mann saw no such thing. That Conley was carrying Mary's body alone without Frank's assistance did not prove that Frank was not the murderer. Jerry Thompson, a reporter on the payroll of the American Jewish Committee, found Mann and shepherded him from Tennessee to Atlanta. In the late 1950s, Mann had made the same confession to Ralph McGill, the civil rights crusader, who considered the story the alcoholic ravings of a publicity hound.

Mrs. Jackson was not in Atlanta when the alleged Confederate Memorial Ball took place -- alleged because it never occurred.

At least four Jews were members of the grand jury that indicted Frank.

**A delayed post-mortem of the President's famous visit
on May 5, 1985, to that most famous of German graveyards**

BITBURG -- REMEMBERED AND RECONSIDERED

THE JEWS BEHAVED exactly as the most ardent anti-Semite would have wished. That a President as Judeophilic as Reagan should have had to put up with the vicious name-calling and shameful questioning of his morals that has been going on ever since can only raise questions about the morality of those who wage campaigns of hate against the dead, declare the music of Wagner and Strauss to be tainted by Nazism, and lash out at friend and foe alike who either attempt to heal their wounds or investigate the facts of their grievances. One would expect more perspicacity from the Jews, for the sophistry which claims the President's visit to Bitburg condones the persecution of the Jews by the Nazis is exactly the same as the one which characterized, not so long ago, any association of Christians with Jews as condoning the latter's murder of Christ.

It's a marvel our politicians, including the two senators from New York, didn't march off with shovels and spades to dig up the offending SS men who had the impudence to get themselves killed nearby and buried at Bitburg, and drive stakes through their hearts and rebury them at the nearest crossroads. So loud was the outcry it would not have been surprising if the mayor of New York and his administration, or any members of it still at large and unindicted, were to dedicate a section of Central Park as a site for an annual ceremony in which the bodies of SS men could be flung on dung heaps to rot. Our Washington politicians are to be commended, however, for the restraint they practiced in not authorizing several millions of dollars for searches of German graveyards to find one full of approved corpses -- kosher dead Germans, so to speak.

That a chorus of venal politicians should join the condemnation is not to be wondered at, but that the Catholic archbishop of New York should lend himself to the low passions and prejudices of the day passes belief. Is it any wonder that ordinary people are cynical about the church? If Cardinal O'Connor had nailed shut and barricaded the great bronze doors of his cathedral and stood before them with his crozier in his fists, declaring that no one should enter who had not forgiven his enemy, he would have been performing a Christian act. Why didn't he just come out and say that when it comes down to practical matters, such as resisting political pressure from the Jews, the quaint ideas contained in the New Testament are just buncombe? He could then advise us to disregard all that maudlin nonsense about loving our neighbors and forgiving our enemies as sentimental excesses spoken by an impractical dreamer, and get on with the worship of his real god, Nemesis.

This is not hyperbole. The incredible fact is that in Amer-

ica today not even the holder of the most powerful office in the land can act like a Christian and a gentleman with impunity. The President is called to account and reviled from the shrine of Nemesis, while the wretched occupant of the nation's most prestigious pulpit doesn't scruple to imperil his soul by denying those teachings of his church which were its glory and inspiration and which even the ancient pagans found irresistible. What religion is this in which Nemesis -- Revenge -- whom Hesiod characterized as the Daughter of Night, stalks even into our churches and speaks with the tongues of our prelates? Is this Catholicism? Is it Protestantism? Is this Christianity?

It is a dark night indeed, in which the country is at the mercy of the atavistic urges inspired by a primitive, wrathful religion whose adherents not only hate their enemies, but also hate those who refuse to join them in their hatred. Not that they lack for those of us who will join them. To our disgrace, they are there in plenty, on dais and pulpit, who will persecute their former enemies and revile those of their own countrymen who would treat those former enemies with common decency, let alone Christian chivalry. What kind of hatred is this, that pursues its object beyond the awful gates of death? Does it know any bounds? Any limits? Has it no scrap of shame?

It is a shameful lack of chivalry, indicating the decay of soldierly virtue, which prompted those members of veterans organizations to object to the President's visit, especially on grounds such as the incident at Malmedy, which some historians now say was manufactured by American wartime propagandists. The subsequent actions of American troops, in which German prisoners were murdered on explicit written orders, have been hushed up for decades. There is plenty of blame to go around, and if we are going to continue to punish the Germans, we must at last convene a tribunal like the one at Nuremberg to convict and punish our own criminals as well, or admit that might makes right, in which case it would be better for our souls to dispense with trials altogether and simply slaughter our enemies out of hand, rather than compound our criminality by perverting our courts and outraging justice.

That today, forty-three years after war's end, such mean-spiritedness, such lack of generosity, such downright inhumanity should be tolerated and encouraged is the direct result of a half-century of continuous anti-German propaganda coming from our cinemas, our televisions, our newspapers, magazines and books, until our view is so distorted by the exaggerations, lurid half-truths and the lies of base minds and vulgar imaginations that our former enemies appear worse to us than the fiends of hell itself.

Since we have come to believe in neither God nor Devil,

and the Devil always being closer to our hearts, we have invented one for our time in Hitler, with a gallery of attendant demons named Himmler, Goering and Goebbels, and legions of fiends comprising the SS, the Wehrmacht, and any other Germans whose gallantry in battle frightened us, and whose comparative lack of hypocrisy in politics shamed us.

Having achieved the diabolization of our enemies, the next stop was not so much a deliberate self-deception on our part as a natural degeneration of that endearing ingenuousness which refuses to believe that our soldiers could ever commit atrocities and chooses to believe we are on the side of the heavenly hosts. After all, the last time this happened, Satan and his legions were defeated by St. Michael and his army of angels. And so, the spurious diabolization of our enemies was followed by the trumpeted canonization of ourselves. It was simply breathtaking. Posterity can only congratulate us on our capacity for self-approbation. Hitherto unsuspected virtues were discovered everywhere. At one time and in certain circles it was even thought that Stalin was the new St. Michael and the best Satan-fighter of the lot.

How we have been polishing those brass halos ever since! How we have been admiring our papier-mâché wings! It is only as we examine the Allies' conduct during the war, when, among other crimes, they initiated the wanton bombing of women and children, and the deliberate cruelties and brutalities they inflicted on their prostrate and defenseless foe after it, that it becomes apparent that those false wings will never do for a band of angels with feet of real clay. Well, some of us were sure those supernatural appendages were unsuited to Stalin, anyway.

That the victors, in contravention of any conceivable legal right, had the incredible effrontery to sit in judgment on their helpless enemies in the postwar trials at Nuremberg is only made understandable, if scarcely forgivable, when it is realized that one of the purposes of the trials was to conceal the crimes of the Allies, and not to discover those of the Germans, whose guilt, in any case, was assumed from the start.

And now it may be seen why all four powers sat on the

court: to prevent any one or any combination of them revealing the culpability of any other. It only remained to show the world that the demon Germans bore the sole guilt. To do that, mock trials, perjured testimony, suppression of evidence, lack of competent legal representation and coercion became the rule. Tortures were employed that common decency forbids describing, all taking place in an atmosphere of sensationalism and hysteria that would make the witch trials of the Middle Ages seem to be models of enlightened jurisprudence.

The spite that has swirled around us since the Bitburg visit has revealed that a half-century of anti-German propaganda continued at a wartime pitch has borne bitter fruit, not the least of which has been a kind of war waged on the dead. It's as though we were speaking about a race of infernal fiends instead of the poor dust that we shall all become.

The youth of the SS men buried at Bitburg is particularly pertinent, for even supposing every crime alleged to have been committed by the Nazis were true ten times over, how can we, by the light of a hindsight that fate did not grant them, demand they solve, in the stress of war, the moral questions and the standards of behavior, whose ambiguities have puzzled older and wiser heads in the leisure of peacetime? All they knew, most of them, was that their country was in a desperate, titanic struggle. If they lost their sense of proportion in the hurricane of events, they did no more than thousands of others on both sides. Whatever else may be said of them, they were faithful to their comrades, their country and their oath -- faithful unto death.

So, let us finally say, "enough." Here, where Sergeant Death takes the muster of his grim ranks, let horrible Nemesis turn away her hateful face. It is for God to judge them, as it is for God to judge us. Let him who would usurp that prerogative do so at his soul's peril.

Requiescant in Pace.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THE "EDUCATION" MANIA

IT NEVER CEASES, this din for "more and better education." Every candidate for virtually every office in the land must *pro forma* pledge himself to this goal. Illiteracy "must be wiped out," we hear, and the test scores of American youth "must be dramatically improved."

Further, every new immigrant to America believes in "education" as fervently as he believes in the medicinal properties of the national booze of his country of origin. "My children *will* go to college and get an education," he solemnly affirms, eyes shining with the reflection of the American Dream.

Then there's the mammoth and ongoing public relations campaign that has made illiteracy more of a stigma than

herpes. In one television commercial, a fellow who cannot read his daughter a bedtime story is made out to be the twin of the chap who's always sent to fetch the left-handed monkey wrenches.

Education is the solution to all the problems of the world, we are told, or at least that is the implied message. The Educational Establishment promotes this line as gospel, and peasants from the earth's four corners arriving on our shores, as well as those already here, swallow it down with their Coca-Cola.

Education, then, is much like Peace -- it's pretty damn wonderful, and woe to the nihilist who dares question its worth. It's one of those rare items that all humanity can

agree confers great benefit not only on the recipients but on the world in general.

Yes, everyone talks of "education," but what they are really speaking of is *training*. Education is an opening and broadening of the mind and soul, an instrument designed for comprehensive intellectual and spiritual development. In this sense, all education is self-education, although gifted guides along the pathway are of great and unquestioned value.

Training, on the other hand, is in most respects the opposite of education. Training is a narrowing, a closing off. Training is routine drill, to "fit" one for a particular career. And to this specialized end, mind and heart are usually firmly padlocked.

In an early essay, "On the Future of Our Educational Institution," Nietzsche decried the tendency of the German schools of his day to shift their emphasis from education to training. If that great European sage worried about the institutions of higher learning in his country at that time, one can imagine his reaction to contemporary American "education."

Americans are a highly pragmatic people, and so it is, as it must be, that *training* and not education is imparted in every college and university in this nation. And that which is taught under the rubric of Liberal Arts, and related courses, is mostly a propaganda line designed to suspend the student-victim in time, specifically the time of Woodrow Wilson or FDR. Or, in some cases, the time of John Dewey or Franz Boas, or Lenin or Freud. It is a mistake to believe that the ignorant are far more susceptible to propaganda than the "educated." In fact, the reverse is true. The latter group, in general, is much easier to propagandize than the former, particularly if the party line is decked out in some snooty and pretentious intellectual attire.

Any perceptive observer on a college campus will note that those being put through the Liberal Arts propmachine seem almost genetically preselected for it. Their physical and psychic energies are usually much lower than those undergoing science training (although some exhibit a neurotic energy, a spastic kind of hysteria), and their faces and forms are considerably less fair.

(Certainly there are exceptions to this, both students and teachers, and these exceptions are perhaps America's hope for the future -- truly *educated* people, with a respect for facts and a disdain for ideologies and propaganda, with a strength of spirit that complements depth of mind. These lone eagles are surely out there, having soared from the ivy-covered walls, but they are a rare and endangered species.)

There is nothing wrong, per se, with training. A soldier must be trained -- i.e., narrowed -- as must a physician, attorney, engineer, banker and businessman. But training is not education, and education is not propaganda, and the confusion of terms, and thus of reality, is a source of great damage -- individual, national, cultural and racial.

That which is called higher education in America is really a complex of training factories, interspersed with a few indoctrination centers posing as repositories of wisdom. In *Imperium*, Yockey points out that with the coming of late democratic conditions, "the principle of mass was applied even to the field of education. America with less

than half the population of the home soil of Western Culture had in the 20th century ten times as many institutions of higher learning, so-called." He also correctly noted that when everyone is given a diploma, the diploma loses all meaning.

What is the real value of mass education? In fact, what is the value of universal literacy? Some of the great names of Western literature made their reputations when less than five percent of the population of Europe could read and write. Reading was an art to be cultivated, not something passed out as a "right," like penny candy at a child's party. The literate of that time quickly recognized quality, and authors of genius did not have to compete in the marketplace with writers of commercial junk.

Was the ordinary person in those days less of a man or less of a woman because of a lack of reading ability? Were they less robust, less spirited, less straight and true, or even less intelligent or self-reliant than the dispirited and propagandized contemporary mob that wolfs down the daily newspaper with its morning coffee and donut?

Are the products of our training factories really all that superior to the yeomen of yore -- particularly when all too often much of the training and drilling misses the mark? As an example, there are probably *thousands* of people processed through the mills of academia who can precisely detail the "periods" of Picasso, or discourse grandly on every nuance of 19th-century French literature. There are likely *hundreds* of archaeologists and agronomists digging around in the deserts, and seemingly *trillions* of well-trained attorneys scouring over our megalopolitan wastelands like famished locusts. But where can one find a capable and well-trained *automotive mechanic*, for god-sake, to honestly and properly repair a motor vehicle? (I am convinced that there are no more than ten such men in America, and that they operate underground so as not to have great throngs besieging them day and night.)

It takes more real skill to be a superior mechanic than it does to be a good lawyer, and it is far more socially useful. Despite all the emphasis on training, anyone seeking a genuinely capable and trustworthy mechanic in America may as well run naked through a Plains Indian gauntlet, for all the pain that must be endured. Of course, we do have to realize that a lawyer keeps his fingernails neatly manicured, while a mechanic must often get as dirty and greasy as the engines he works on. Today, to "get an education" means, when all is said and done, that one will forevermore have clean fingernails.

D.H. Lawrence decried universal literacy, though recognizing the hopelessly romantic nature of his condemnation. I am one with him in spirit. Specialized training and ideological feedings are actually destructive of native intelligence, which at one time had great survival value. The *capacity* to be educated is, as it always has been, the property of the few. The slogan, "mass education," is an oxymoron. The masses can be trained, to varying degrees of skill, or they can be propagandized and mobilized; but educated -- never.

Universal education and literacy are no panacea. They came about in the first place because the moneyed elites -- which always have had liberal ideologues and democratic governments fronting for them -- needed the people who

had been put through this training to staff the lower-level executive slots, to interpret the mass of instructions and memoranda, to pass on the vital technological data, to type and read the mail, to peruse commercial and political propaganda. It is interesting that the progress of technics is making less necessary the previously required reading skills. If Money can accomplish its aims without literacy, we can expect to see reading and writing ability levels dip even further.

Unfortunately, this will not mean that the population in general will become superior, in any way that can be imagined: the garbage will simply enter their minds via television, computers, robotic dog and pony shows, or whatever other geegaws await us in the future. All it means is that they'll become even more superfluous, except as consumers and cannon fodder.

VIC OLIVIR

KAGANOVICH, STALIN'S JEWISH TOADY

THOSE WHO BELIEVE Commissar Josef Stalin was the most effective anti-Semite of modern times -- in the sense that he liquidated his top Jews while Hitler let his Jewish elite go and concentrated his wrath on the less chosen of the Chosen -- have a fairly airtight case, with one bothersome exception: the existence and continued presence during the Stalin era of Politburocrat Lazar M. Kaganovich.

When Stalin first inched his way to power in the early 1920s, the Soviet Union's ruling circles were loaded with Jews, not only in the Politburo, but in the armed forces, the media, the universities and the diplomatic corps. Even Lenin, enthroned at the apex of the Communist Party, was at least one-quarter Jewish.

After Lenin's death, Stalin exiled Trotsky, his chief Jewish rival, and in the 1930s wiped out the Party's remaining Jewish bigwigs, many by the handy device of confession-box show trials. By 1939 the only Jew who remained in the ruling clique was Kaganovich, who, in addition to his high ranking in the Party, was a close friend of Stalin, perhaps even a relation. His sister, Rosa, had either married Stalin or moved in with him -- or both. At least, this is what Kaganovich claims, although the liaison has been specifically denied by Svetlana, the dictator's daughter.

Stalin and Hitler pulled off the surprising and excruciating (to Jews worldwide) Russian-German Nonaggression Pact in 1939, which detonated WWII. When Hitler double-crossed him and invaded the Soviet Empire, Stalin put a temporary hold on his anti-Semitism, but only until the Wehrmacht was thrown back and the Third Reich surrendered.

The fires of WWII had hardly cooled when Stalin ordered the Soviet press to take off against "cosmopolitans," not much of a code word for Jews because they were also identified by name. On the night of August 12, 1952, 24 of Russia's leading "cosmopolitans" were murdered in the basement of the Lubyanka prison, and some 217 Jewish writers and poets, 108 actors and 87 painters and sculptors and 19 musicians disappeared into Gulags, some to reappear miraculously decades later, many to vanish forever. Zionism was now a crime and practically all Jewish institutions (including synagogues) and Yiddish publications were shut down. Nevertheless, Kaganovich managed to hang on to his Politburo seat throughout the entire purge and was only fired when Stalin died, either by poison or by heart failure.



Lazar Kaganovich

Unreconstructed anti-Semites rely on the existence of Kaganovich to prove that Stalin's bloodthirsty winnowings were all based on party infighting and had nothing to do with race. Others of an opposite frame of mind believe with Khrushchev and many other non-Jewish Soviet leaders that Stalin was as anti-Semitic as they come. Kaganovich, the argument goes, was kept on as a token and his high office and his physical well-being rested entirely on slavishly obeying Stalin's every whim, even to the extent of betraying his fellow Jews.

Kaganovich's cloying renegadism and sycophancy are the themes of an interesting new book by an American Jew, Stuart Kahan, who happens to be Kaganovich's nephew. After a long interview with his uncle, who until his death a few months ago was the occupant of a modest two-room Moscow apartment, Kahan wrote that Kaganovich was a self-hating, anti-Semitic Jew who went out of his way to persuade Stalin and the Party elite that he had drained the last drop of Jewishness from his Communist soul.

In *The Wolf of the Kremlin: the First Biography of L.M. Kaganovich, the Soviet Union's Architect of Fear* (Morrow,

NY, \$19.95), Kahan reveals some hitherto unknown facts (or gossip) not just about his Jewish anti-hero, but about Jewish and non-Jewish Party hierarchs.

- Goateed, round-faced, puffy-cheeked Nikolai Bulganin, with his twinkling blue eyes, one of the top-ranking non-Jews in the Stalin era and later president of the USSR, was married to a Jewess. Marshal Kliment Voroshilov -- infectious smile, pleasant looking -- also had a wife of Jewish extraction. Lev Kamenev (né Rosenfeld), the brother-in-law of Trotsky, was Lenin's literary executor. The co-editor of Lenin's papers was Grigori Zinoviev, Lenin's closest assistant. Both were Soviet Founding Fathers, both were Jews and both were liquidated by Stalin in 1936.

- Maria Ulyanova soothed the hypertension of her brother, Lenin (his nom de guerre was taken from the Lena River in Siberia), while he sat on his rocking chair stroking his cat, by playing Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Wagner and Tchiakovsky on the piano. Lenin's favorite piece was Beethoven's *Appassionato*. Unlike his less deluded Jewish compeers, Lenin liked to hunt and backpack.

- Anastas Mikoyan, Armenian commissar and so-called Soviet financial genius, was a 5'3" runt with olive skin, wavy black hair, sharp nose, upturned lips and a needle-thin black mustache.

- Vyacheslav Molotov was another "shorty." He had a thin neck, jaundiced complexion, a high, squeaky voice, blue eyes, delicate soft hands and a Jewish wife, Paulina, who was dumped in a Gulag for her real or suspected affection for Golda Meir. Molotov gritted his teeth and went on servilely serving the man who put her there.

- Stalin, known to his intimates as Koba, had "yellowish eyes," sallow pigmentation and a pockmarked face. He was only two inches taller than Mikoyan. He apparently had poor circulation and was always rubbing his hands to keep them warm. Spartan in his habits, Stalin made an exception for good food and hard liquor. He once belted down 30 shot glasses of vodka during one political gathering. History's hardest-nosed dictator was a night person who got to the office at 11:00 A.M. and worked right through till 1:00 A.M. with brief breaks at 4:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M. for a snack. Like other Politburo members, all of whom were forced to follow his example, he put in a seven-day work week.

Lazar Kaganovich was the eyes and ears of his boss. He spied on Lenin's widow, Nadezhda (Natasha) Krupskaya, and spied on Stalin's second wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva and testified that she had committed suicide, though her husband's hands were not entirely clean in the matter. Was it guilt that caused his nervous breakdown one week after her death? Stalin's first wife, Katherina, died of tuberculosis after three years of marriage. No one is quite sure how Nadezhda met her end. Some said peritonitis; most said she had shot herself in the head. She had been Stalin's wife for fifteen years.

Kaganovich broke into the Soviet limelight by helping to dispel and crush Ukrainian nationalism in the 1920s. His number-one aide in the massive crackdown was Nikita Khrushchev, whose daughter later married a Jew. To get in the good graces of the many Jewish Communist leaders in the Ukraine, Khrushchev played up to the Jewish nerds, who then comprised more than half of the student body at

Ukrainian universities.

Among Kaganovich's many jobs was that of Commissar of Transportation. He claimed responsibility for constructing Moscow's garish subway. He also bore a great deal of responsibility for the Ukrainian famine of the early 30s by being put in charge of Stalin's anti-kulak crusade in what was once Russia's breadbasket. As a Ukrainian Jew, he had no problem with overseeing the starvation of millions of Ukrainians, since historically Jews and Ukrainians had gotten along about as well as Jews and Palestinians do today.

In the same renegadish spirit that inspired him to join the non-Jewish Stalin against the Jewish Trotsky,² Kaganovich swallowed the Russian-German pact. Only Beria, Stalin's fellow Georgian, the head of the KGB, protested, possibly because his mother was half-Jewish. (Beria, by the way, was a notorious pervert whose sadism was expended on young boys.)

The goriest example of Kaganovich's toadyism came when his brother, Mikhail, whom he had managed to make Commissar of Aviation, was framed on a spying charge by Stalin. Instead of protecting his brother, Lazar gave him a pistol, with which Mikhail then committed suicide. This was too much for Lazar's non-Jewish wife, Maria, who berated her husband for his fraternal perfidy.

The career of Kaganovich tells us that if the reward -- and the fear -- are great enough, one or two Jewish power-players can always be found to betray their own kind. In the U.S., since there is no political leader with enough power and clout to order and reward such betrayal, no such proditor has emerged. At present the Jewish masses in this country are holding tight, while a few of their intellectuals quibble over unimportant aspects of domestic policy or on how to treat Palestinians. Based on the present measure of its cohesion, it will be a long time before American Jewry produces a Kaganovich.

1. Khrushchev turned on Kaganovich after the death of Stalin and the short interregnum of Malenkov. He had him expelled from his last job as First Deputy Premier. According to Kahan's sensationalized account of Stalin's demise, presumably told to him by "Uncle Lazar," Voroshilov, Bulganin, Molotov and Kaganovich himself hastened the deterioration of Stalin's health by getting Rosa to feed him the wrong medicine. The decision to get rid of Stalin was made after a dramatic March 1, 1953, meeting of the Presidium in the Kremlin, in which Stalin's once loyal servitors, led by Kaganovich, ordered him to stop killing and deporting Jews.

2. "That Trotsky, unquestionably the most outstanding man among the Bolsheviks, was a Jew did not seem an insuperable obstacle in a party in which the percentage of Jews, 52%, was rather high compared to the percentage of Jews (1.8%) in the total population." Kahan, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

Ponderable Quote

I would have allowed myself to be shot without any fuss. But it is not possible to hang a German Field Marshal. This I cannot permit for the sake of Germany. Besides, I have no moral duty to carry out the sentence of my enemies. I choose therefore the manner of death of the great Hannibal.

Hermann Goering, in a letter
written shortly before his suicide

The Racial Slowdown in Washington

Sorry, but I'm going to let the cat out of the bag. Racial prejudice is a fact of life in the FBI. Not only there, but in the Commerce, Labor and Defense Departments as well. Indeed, wherever governmental personnel administrators have been hiring qualified employees to perform work efficiently, discrimination is the order of the day.

When I entered the civil service in 1964, it was common knowledge that government personnel managers were regularly bypassing the largely black DC job market and sending their recruiters into the white hinterlands of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York to sign up talented high-school graduates. Anxious to escape the bleak prospects of farm, steel mill and coal mine economies, these recruits became the raw material of the federal bureaucracy.

They were all over Washington in those days -- well-scrubbed, bright-eyed, naturally courteous and ever helpful. Over the years, through dint of hard work and perseverance, these young whites, mostly of the female gender, would advance to the rank of clerkdom, living respectable, if sometimes lonely, lives of dignity, while enjoying the privilege of serving their country. Tens of thousands clustered along the leafy charm of Washington's Paris-like Connecticut Avenue in tiny flats, filled with the Biedermeier bric-a-brac that identified a "respectable" lifestyle. Eventually, with 30, 40 or even 50 years of governmental service in hand, they'd slip back to their native towns, often to take care of an aging aunt on their barely sufficient pensions.

With the ascension of Lyndon Johnson, all that began to change. New clerical hires became increasingly black. Slowly, a new cultural ethos began to permeate the government's secretarial ranks. Cultureless dark-skinned damsels from sharecropper backgrounds began to fiddle with IBM electrics. More often than not they were unable to find the "on" switch.

But worse was yet to come. Within a decade, a new generation of blacks arrived on the scene, armed with reams of civil rights regulations and battalions of lawyers to enforce them. Black clerks took on airs as indifference became sullenness and sullenness became arrogance. By the 1970s government professionals would find it frustratingly difficult to run their offices with this low-IQ army. Clerical errors, even in important letters, would become routine -- a standing joke instead of an occasion for horror. Filing systems would break down. On-the-job drinking and drug addiction were S.O.P. Office productivity plummeted as fast as office morale.

As a consequence, the entire civil service had changed by the mid-1970s. Whites, some who had forgone larger salaries for the opportunity of working on public issues, abandoned ship. Gone was the prestige associated with a federal appointment. Competitive hiring examinations were first modified to eliminate the "cultural advantages" of whites, then dropped altogether.

The Carter administration marked a new low in pandering to this bottom-of-the-barrel work force. Only the last-minute appearance of two phenomena staved off complete disaster -- the government contractor and the personal computer.

The heavily pro-business Nixon administration began widespread use of private sector government contractors -- "Beltway bandits," as they're derisively called around the capital. Employed first to circumvent civil service laws prohibiting "politicizing" the government (at that time loaded with pro-Democrat staffers from previous administrations), private contracting also became a means of maintaining productivity in the face of black listlessness and goldbricking. Increasingly, jobs (from keypunching to printing to survey work to statistical analysis) were shifted away from the Federal Triangle to glitzy office buildings in the Maryland and Virginia suburbs.

Costs rose accordingly. In contrast to a government worker who might make a salary of \$20,000 a year, the charge for a contract worker often amounted to three times as much. Another one of those hidden costs of "civil rights."

Today, the government has become so dependent on private contractors to end-run around black incompetence that their employees are increasingly (though quietly) being shifted directly into government offices, sitting at government desks, doing the work of government clerks (but costing vastly more). It's all quite illegal. But nobody dares blow the whistle. If it were to stop, government would stop. The blacks on the federal payroll simply can't, or won't, do the work.

The personal computer has been an administrative life-vest for the government professional. Today most senior bureaucrats find it more efficient to write their own letters and reports, using word processing software. Consequently, black clerks are left with less work than ever. Even this is more than most of them can handle.

What do they do now? In the morning they load up on mountains of greasy breakfast food from the cafeteria. Later come the coffee breaks. Lunchtime is the time to run shopping errands. And it's always time to congregate and giggle at "whitey" for De Man's stupidity. Between January 1985 and March 1986, for example, one charmer used to perch outside my office, resting her head directly on her desk for multiple hours of snooze. (Her awakening was an occasion for a vigorous shaking of the head, relieving her Afro of the peanut shells therein imbedded, the product of an earlier culinary encounter.) Eventually she found herself the ward of another state agency, one that specializes in iron bars, the "victim" of narcs who raided her single-headed family residence one midnight and "framed" her for peddling heroin.

IVAN HILD

Third World Debt Crunch

In recent months, financial pages have told a long-anticipated story of big New York banks painfully adjusting their books to the reality of their increasingly worthless Third World loans. Multibillion-dollar set-asides in the form of bad-debt reserve funds that eat directly into profits have plunged some of the biggest banks into the red and

sent their stock prices skidding just as the curtain is about to fall on the second act of an economic melodrama which covers the entire century. (The first act was an equally foolish, though smaller spate of Third World lending that reached its peak in post-WWI days.)

In the early 1920s, New York and Chi-

cago investment houses bearing such names as Kuhn, Loeb, Warburg and Schiff, embarked on a foreign lending spree that was encouraged by the increasingly easy money policy of successive presidential administrations. Throughout this get-rich-quick era, investment houses touted the wondrous virtues of offshore bonds whose

security was based on little more than Albanian utility companies and Peruvian waterworks.

The years which followed taught a sad lesson about the solvency of such debtors. By the late 1940s half of Latin America's private debt was in default and the other half was being served on an "adjusted" basis. But all this was nearly forgotten or ignored in the gaudy 1970s. Third World private debt ballooned again, this time to gigantic proportions. The total external debt of the non-oil developing world leaped from \$600 billion to almost a trillion dollars, equal to about 40% of these debtor nations' gross domestic products. To service this debt required more borrowing, but by the mid-1980s, no more lenders were to be found. Along with the foolish optimism generated by pie-in-the-sky growth estimates from economists, the likelihood of debt repayment for the Third World states evaporated.

Currently, U.S. bank exposure in this debt amounts to about \$100 billion. With most of it trading in the New York second-hand debt market at about 60 cents on the dollar, banks have already lost as much as \$40 billion, though they've only written off a few billion to date. Nine U.S. banks are in deep, deep trouble, with their exposure (\$63 billion) more than 1.5 times their paid-in capital.

Though no one is really sure how this mess came about (some people whisper that Richard Nixon made secret promises to the bankers), what is incontrovertible is that few of these loans, even if they had been wisely invested, which they were not, could have earned a sufficient return on

capital to meet interest payments. Why? Because the necessary level of Third World economic productivity just isn't there. If it had been, the economic and financial problems of these countries would have vanished long ago.

Most of these loans to the Third World were never invested at all. Once the dollars were converted into local currencies, they were diverted to consumer items and to welfare spending, at the very unpropitious moment when export earnings on Third World raw materials were being squeezed by slumping prices and the costs of imports (mostly oil) were soaring.

Liberal politicians like Senator Bill Bradley want to link the debt problem to U.S. foreign policy and trade interests, offering taxpayer-funded incentives to the debtor nations in the form of debt forgiveness. Jesse Jackson calls for massive debt forgiveness without any quid pro quo at all -- a dark-skinned Marshall Plan.

The alternatives seem to boil down to letting the New York banks go down the drain or sending the taxpayer to the rescue. If it comes to the former, the bank failures could lead to massive credit contraction. In a fractional reserve banking system, where one dollar of reserves lost is a multiple of credit contracted, that would spell a depression.

Taxpayer forgiveness of the \$100 billion owed to U.S. banks by tacking that amount onto the national debt would add about \$8-\$10 billion to the annual tax bill. Needless to say, New York bankers are very favorable to that solution. It gets them off the hook and puts the onus of bad business judgment on the wrong shoulders. What's

more, it could free up the bankers and the debtors to engage in still another irresponsible round of lending/borrowing.

The one ray of light in this financial imbroglio is something called debt-equity swapping, which would impose the rigor of market discipline *and* the prudence of Euro-American banking judgment on the Third World. Say you're one of the dabblers in the second-hand debt market who is purchasing a Mexican debt at a 40% discount. The paper is then presented to the Mexican Central Bank for redemption at par into pesos, preferably at the premium prevailing in the free market. The proceeds are then applied to purchasing a Mexican airline or some other publicly owned asset that is being liquidated in a distress sale. When the accounts are settled, the external debt is reduced, the banks are ahead, the investor has exchanged rapidly deteriorating debt paper for real property, and the Mexican people have been quietly and cleverly rescued from the financial clutches of their rapacious and corrupt government leaders.

Who is against this idea? Leftist social theorists from the Ivy League to the Ivory Coast, who can't tolerate the idea of making the Dark Countries pay their own way. These bleeding hearts cannot and will not understand that the longer the Third World economic basket cases are left to drift in the doldrums of their own decisions, the less chance they will have to feed the ever hungrier mouths of their ever increasing number of offspring.

IVAN HILD

Was Math the Brainchild of an Indo-European Proto-Race?

It is a matter of common observation that in regard to anything capable of being invented, transmitted and retained, all races, ethnic groups and cultures may be divided into three groups. There are the inventors; there are the intermediate groups that, unable to invent, can still copy, learn and retain; and there are those least cultured groups who cannot perform any of the functions of the intermediate groups. Perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of a continuous scale of ability to assimilate items of culture, for this may be what we see in the varying attempts at imitating that American innovation, the written constitution. The Japanese are usually held up as an example of successful emulators. Surely the decline of Haiti since the expulsion and massacre of the French exemplifies the rapid and almost total loss of a formerly rich cultural heritage of alien origin.

Invention is perhaps the rarest of human achievements. Only a tiny fraction of us can hope as individuals to do more than help to preserve and cultivate what has been passed on to us. Newton's apple does not fall often, and it is selective about whom it hits. The same applies to peoples, nations and cultures, and the inference -- unpopular among equalitarians -- is that most things, ideas and customs are invented only once.

There is, or there used to be, a distinct school of cultural anthropology, the diffusionist school, based on the view just outlined. One of its leaders was Lord Raglan, who has been quoted as saying, "Take the Greeks, now. Clever fellows, the Greeks. They didn't have stirrups." American military personnel in the Pacific in WWII met some pretty isolated natives on occasion. Some of these possessed a remarkable instrument for making fire. It had a plunger,

by means of which air in a small hollow chamber was compressed until it became hot enough to ignite tinder. It was in some ways superior to a cigarette lighter, especially in the jungle.

This remarkable invention was rather naturally, but erroneously, attributed to some savage forebear. Specialists assure us that the gadget was copied from a patented 19th-century invention of British origin, which was once pretty well known. The savages deserve credit not for inventing it, but for seeing its special value to them, and for copying it serviceably in bamboo. There is historical evidence to show that Westerners who used the lighter had once been in the neighborhood, and the presumption is as strong against independent invention as it would be if a fairly isolated people were found using alphabetic writing. Sequoyah devised the Cherokee syllabary,

but he did not invent the art of writing independently.

Some anti-diffusionists believe the English custom of taking a lady in to dinner on your arm is a survival of the Stone Age, related to a universal ritual of counting. How many will be at table? The diffusionist view on counting is that all the peoples of the earth count, not because circumstances and the rational nature of the noble savage determine this response, but because in the remote past one advanced tribe hit upon the idea and made it a basic ritual. Since it was such a good idea, neighboring tribes quickly picked it up and now the custom has been passed around to nearly everyone. This argument seems to this writer much more reasonable than the opponents' -- but this is all by the by.

It is not difficult to surmise which is the more established view nowadays, the diffusionists' or their opponents'. Diffusionism is against the presumption that, being all almost mechanically alike, we should all act alike in similar circumstances -- that, given the same circumstances, white folks would be whacking grubs out of rotten logs like Australian Abos, and *mutatis mutandis*, Abos would have founded Virginia. Of the two opposing points of view, which prevails at the present time? The answer, my friend, is the one that is blowing in the anti-diffusionist or simultaneous invention wind. It is the more remarkable, therefore, to find a book, *Geometry and Algebra in Ancient Civilizations*, from an established publisher and by an established scholar that supports the diffusionist view -- by its conclusions, if not in a polemical sense. Springer Verlag in West Germany is about the most respected publisher of serious mathematical works in the world.

The author deserves a short biography. Professor Bartel Leendert van der Waerden was born in 1903 in Amsterdam. He is the author of *Moderne Algebra*, which has remained an extremely influential textbook

from its publication in 1930 to the present. During most of this period, and arguably even now, it has been the textbook of modern higher algebra, the kind that you learn after calculus and is a graduate course in some of the less notable American universities.

Among his other claims to fame, van der Waerden is an acknowledged expert in the subject of mathematics in antiquity. *Geometry and Algebra in Ancient Civilizations* is quite accessible to the mathematically educated -- any engineer or high-school science teacher should be able to understand all the math in it, albeit with a little bit of mental elbow grease. The English is smooth; only Springer is to be blamed for the few misprints. The explanations are particularly clear and simple. When the reader needs to be told what Pythagorean triples are, he is told.

The author has no axe to grind and is in no sense doctrinaire. That he has earned a respected position as a scholar in the field obliges us to pay attention when he says that something is probable. The conclusion he comes to, after some very interesting detective work, is that certain specific items of mathematical knowledge, shared by the ancient Egyptians, Indians, Babylonians, Chinese and Greeks, must go back to a common origin. He ventures a "tentative reconstruction of a mathematical science which must have existed in the Neolithic Age, say between 3000 and 2500 B.C., and spread from Central Europe . . ."

This science seems to have included the statement, if not a proof, of the Pythagorean theorem that the sums of the squares of the legs of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. Indeed, after looking at all the evidence, he feels that Thom's megalithic yard of 83 cm. is well established, and that the occurrence in megalithic monuments of measurements that amount to Pythagorean triples is a

fact. (A triple of numbers, a, b, c is a Pythagorean triple if $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$; thus, 5, 12, 13 is a Pythagorean triple, since $5^2 = 25$, $12^2 = 144$, $13^2 = 169$, and $25 + 144 = 169$.)

The builders of such ancient monuments as Stonehenge knew that such triples of numbers would be the measurements of a right triangle and incorporated that knowledge into the engineering of the structure. Stonehenge, by the way, is older than the Pyramids.

More tentatively, the book ventures the conjecture that the people who originated mathematics spoke an Indo-European language -- this on the double basis of the geography of the megalithic sites, which are European, and the decimal counting system as it is built into the structure of Indo-European languages. Contributing to the conclusion is the striking fact that both Greeks and Hindus, in other words, both wings of the Indo-European family, associated altars with geometrical constructions, with divine wrath to be expected if the construction was not exact.

Dressed up slightly differently, stated more sensationally and calling it Aryan or *Indogermanisch*, with allegations that only Northern Europeans ever initiate anything, that the Chinese must have some white blood, and such, the book could be dismissed as the work of an obvious crank. That it most certainly is not. Nor can any evidence of crypto-racism be found. Van der Waerden was the assistant of Emmy Noether, the physically unattractive "mother of algebra," and spent WWII in Zurich. The whole Central European mathematical milieu was hostile to German nationalism, and van der Waerden is Dutch. Noether was Jewish. One would expect a man coming from such a background, if he indulged in distorting facts, to twist them the other way.

Dispossession in the Northwest

When I grew up in the Seattle area, the people were largely of English, German and Scandinavian extraction. There was a smattering of blacks, some Orientals and almost zero Hispanics. The Irish, Italians, Poles and Jews were few and far between, and the Puget Sound area still does not have many of these people. The first blacks in any considerable number were brought in from Chicago (about 1910) as strike-breakers by a coal mining company supplying fuel to the railroads. I remember a long conversation with an 80-year-old real estate man, who told me the federal government was shipping in blacks during WWII. I asked him if they were coming to work in the war industries. He just laughed.

The largest black migration into this area coincided with the civil rights movement and was very noticeable by the early 1960s.

Orientals were first introduced as coolie labor to build railroads and work in the coal mines. The recent influx was a product of the 1965 Immigration Act. It's becoming a flood. The first Hispanics were recruited to work the central Washington fruit orchards. Instead of going home, the illegals just moved west to the Seattle area to collect their welfare benefits.

Western Washington has been liberal during almost all of my lifetime. Prior to the admission of Alaska and Hawaii, John Gunther, author of *Inside USA*, described

the nation as consisting of 47 states and the 48th socialist state of Washington. The Depression and strong unions were major factors in shaping the left-wing tilt, which made the University of Washington the second largest industry in the state. It was a hotbed of radical activity as far back as I can remember. Today, the main mall of the university is called "Red Square."

The state of Washington is dominated by Seattle and the adjacent Puget Sound areas. Even though the minority component in Seattle and Tacoma is relatively small -- 15% or so -- it is almost nonexistent in the suburbs and in western Washington (except for Indians). The civil rights movement and anti-Vietnam War demonstrations,

centering about the University of Washington, caused a great deal of racial ferment. The media supported the agitators and minority racists, while the institutions, including the city, county and state governments, stumbled over themselves to meet the non-white demands. The drug culture and sexual revolution exploded. Since then Seattle has become a mecca for one of the largest homosexual populations in the country.

The Seattle area media (three dailies, three commercial network-affiliated TV stations and one PBS station) is very, very liberal, especially two of the dailies. A profusion of articles in these papers extols the

exploding minority population, praises the racial diversity, demands complete racial integration and beats the drum for social change.

The Democratic Party of the state is rapidly becoming another British Labour Party. Union leaders, strong backers of the Democrats, are an important part of the leftist establishment, as are the social sciences, philosophy, psychology, history and political science departments of the University of Washington. Only mild deviations from leftist-liberal views are permissible. The ultraliberalism of the newspapers is not surprising when one realizes that

many of the journalists are graduates of the University of Washington School of Journalism. Almost as influential as academia in controlling the thought of this area are the mainline churches, under the leadership of the Church Council of Greater Seattle.

There's more than a whiff of Scandinavia in Washington State these days. One of the whitest states is also one of the most liberal. Nordicism and liberalism is a lethal combination that leads to the destruction of the former and the corruption of the latter.

981

Music Cartel

The Dispossessed Majority accurately described the contemporary American theater when it noted that homosexuals and Jews were its two main props. In Joan Peyser's biography of Leonard Bernstein, we find that the same coalition has been dominating the American classical music scene in recent times. From Bernstein to David Diamond to Aaron Copland, a network of urban Jewish gays has taken over.

That this was not an inexorable decree of fate is noted by author Peyser in her comments about American composer Roy Harris. While Copland was admittedly influential in the 1920s, Harris, born in Oklahoma and proclaimed an "authentic American genius" in *Musical Quarterly*, "held center stage." But, Peyser writes, when Bernstein met Harris in 1938 the two did not hit it off. With Copland, on the other hand, Bernstein

found far deeper ties. Like Bernstein, Copland came from a Russian-Jewish background; his family name had been Kaplan. Like Bernstein, Copland was urban; he'd been born and raised in Brooklyn. Like Bernstein, Copland was left-wing politically. Like Bernstein, Copland was homosexual. . . . Bernstein's conducting and playing of Copland's works surely helped to move him into the position of preeminence that had been occupied by Harris.

Harris's works are rarely played today, while Copland's highly overrated compositions are fixtures of the concert hall and public television.

Peyser believes "the alliances set up in New York in the early 1940s are as crucial to an understanding of some of the most important [modern] art as the alliances set up in Paris in the postwar years among Boulez, Stockhausen and John Cage are to the understanding of European music." Bernstein's allies were Jerome Robbins, the choreographer who worked with him on several Broadway shows, composer Mor-

ton Gould, who gave him some important boosts early in his career, and composer Marc Blitzstein, who influenced him not only musically but encouraged his sorties into left-wing politics.

That virtually all of Bernstein's important connections were and still are with fellow Jews would not be surprising to composer Gunther Schuller, who noted,

[H]e is so adamant about music being Jewish. It is important to him that a composer is a Jew, that a performer is a Jew. He told me that "Triplum," my composition, has a Jewish soul. That is meant as a compliment. I am not a Jew. When Lenny says, "you can almost be Jewish," that is considered by him to be the most supreme of compliments.

Peyser goes on:

Many composers who were not programmed during Bernstein's time at the [New York] Philharmonic, or were not conducted by him in his hundreds of guest engagements over the years, attribute his rejection either to their heterosexuality or to their adoption of the serial technique. But Bernstein's reluctance to play [Samuel] Barber or, for that matter, Virgil Thomson, indicates that these speculations are simplistic. More complex considerations invariably prevail.

Peyser, unfortunately, doesn't get into these "complex considerations."

The great composers of the West have traditionally tapped the roots of their culture for inspiration. But as non-Westerners have come to dominate Western music, the influences have become increasingly exotic. From the "serial" technique of Arnold Schoenberg, a kind of composition by mathematical equation, to the synthesis of jazz and classical music (Gershwin), to today's "minimalist" style, a form which repeats a melodic line over and over monotonously, American music has lost its moorings to the Western past and, as a

result, has little interest to listeners. Two of today's leading composers are Steve Reich and Philip Glass. The former Jew has been heavily influenced by African and Indonesian music, while the latter Jew, for years a self-proclaimed Tibetan Buddhist, has drawn inspiration from Hindu music.

Modern America has often been compared to the Weimar Republic, both in respect to its cultural degradation and its political neuroticism. Shortly after the National Socialists came to power in 1933, a book called *Kurfurstendamm* by Friedrich Husong was published. It contained the following interesting passage.

A miracle has taken place. They are no longer here. . . . They claimed they were the German Geist, German culture, the German present and future. They represented Germany to the world, they spoke in its name. . . . Everything else was mistaken, inferior, regrettable kitsch, odious philistinism. . . . They always sat in the front row. They awarded knighthoods of the spirit and of Europeanism. What they did not permit did not exist. . . . They "made" themselves and others. Whoever served them was sure to succeed. He appeared on their stages, wrote in their journals, was advertised all over the world; his commodity was recommended whether it was cheese or relativity, powder or Zeithheater, patent medicines or human rights, democracy or bolshevism, propaganda for abortion or against the legal system, rotten Negro music or dancing in the nude. In brief, there never was a more impudent dictatorship than that of the democratic intelligentsia and the Zivilisations-literaten.

Is there a more accurate description of the present-day American cultural scene? But where is the American "miracle"? Meanwhile, the "impudent dictatorship," which has moved to this side of the Atlantic, continues to rule unopposed.

162



Sense and Senselessness

"Sensitive" and "senseless" have been taking on a special semantics of their own that has little to do with the original root words. Some years ago, "sensitive" meant endowed with sensation and easily affected, while "senseless" was taken as meaning unconscious or lacking mental perception.

Now, like bush beans in mid-summer, whose tendrils shoot up in all directions, sensitive has become a word that appertains almost exclusively to race. Any person who does not cater to or show proper respect for blacks, black history, black virtues is definitely not sensitive. A reporter, for example, who mentions that a mass murderer happens to be black, becomes almost as guilty of criminal conduct as the murderer himself. The mere utterance of the word, "pickaninny," by a non-black is the acme of insensitivity. On the other hand, a black is not one whit insensitive when he resorts to such ethnic slurs as "redneck," "honky" or "cracker" to describe one or more whites.

"Senseless" has gone off in an even wider tangent. A "senseless" crime has come to mean one which is racially motivated, but whose motivation the media and local authorities have decided it would be better to conceal. In San Francisco a few months ago, two young Chinese Americans, Harold Lee and Ellen Wong, were strolling through Aquatic Park shortly before midnight when their paths crossed that of two Negroes. Shortly thereafter, Lee pumped seven 9-mm slugs into the body of Leonard Prince, 18, one of the blacks. The headline of the San Francisco Chronicle blared forth, SENSELESS SLAYING IN AQUATIC PARK. Price's companion, Marcus Thompson, backed up the word "senseless" by attesting that his late friend had said nary a word nor made nary a move, yet Lee had shot him dead. No one, including the police, seemed too anxious to get Lee's story and Ellen was too distraught, according to the media, to talk.

So San Franciscans were asked to believe that, for absolutely no reason, an Asian had gunned down an innocent Negro who was doing nothing but peacefully enjoying the night scenery.

It took a few days for some glimmerings of truth to worm their way out of the standard media and establishment obfuscation. It turned out that both Lee and Wong had done a lot of talking to the police -- talk which the police had deliberately withheld. Prince, a Negro who had previously served time for drug running, had apparently decided to pull off a double mugging.

When Lee resisted, he was struck in the face. A former security guard, Lee happened to be armed. The killing may have been senseless to the San Francisco Chronicle, but when the story finally came out, it was not at all senseless to 99% of the paper's readership.

It was almost certainly a strong desire to stop a replay of New York's Bernhard Goetz scenario that caused the San Francisco media and police department to put out the "senseless" story.

Not only Instaurationists, but a sizable slice of the U.S. population, is beginning to understand that when the word "senseless" appears in the report of some crime, it more often than not means the opposite -- not senseless but sensible -- in the sense of protecting one's possessions and often one's life.

People, even the continually lied-to and continually deceived American people, have an unusual ability to keep abreast of liberal-minority word-twisting.

Kosher Wings

Back in April 1982, a veteran airline captain who "happens to be an Instaurationist" described for the magazine's readers what life is like on the "Kosher Klipper flights" between New York and Miami.

How truly he wrote!

John Arnold of the Miami Herald has also described the miseries of life on "a jetliner six miles high . . . between New York and Miami" in a Feb. 9, 1986, piece:

They all want better seats. They call each other names and fight in the aisles. They want to eat and drink their fill, and each wants more than anybody else. When they whine and complain, they might give you a little kick in the shins to let you know they're unhappy . . .

Legends and myths are born in the skies between the Big Apple and the Big Orange. These are the most famous (or infamous) round trips in domestic jet travel among airline employees: the 60 or so flights a day from New York to South Florida's airports . . . Ask any flight attendant who has ever worked on one.

Once -- only once -- a promotion for German sausages and cheeses was put together in Miami. By day's end, all the goodies were gone. Searching the airport, an employee found them "strewn around the gates where we had been boarding the New York flights." The tasty-looking morsels were hastily dropped by the thieves when found to be made of wood!

Mini-riots are almost routine events aboard New York-Miami flights, reports Arnold, as is quickie sex in the tiny rest rooms.

"Dress well," he advises, "but remember to dress as if someone will spill food on you."

If further confirmation was needed, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the editor of the Tulsa Tribune, provided it last fall (Washington Times, Oct. 20). Jones described a near-riot which he witnessed at Miami Airport on September 28 after a New York-bound flight was canceled due to mechanical problems. (*So take them up next time, already!*)

After five people were arrested for assault, "99 pushers, shovers and screamers were put aboard a DC-9, leaving the rest to spend the night, at Eastern Airlines' expense, cursing and tearing their shirts and beards."

"Tearing their beards?" Surely, we're seeing a meaning which was never intended!

"A jetliner 6 miles high with 60 flights a day?" The ominous, indelible digit even pops up in air travel.

Black Clash

For 62 years the Rockettes consisted of 36 high-kicking dancers -- all white. For last January's Super Bowl halftime show, however, the line was augmented to 44 dancers. One pair of legs, for the first time, was black.

Five years ago, when the pressure to "lighten down" the dance company was first applied by the kaleidoscopic racial lobbies, Violet Holden, the director of the Rockettes, was unenthused. "One or two black girls in the line," she asserted, "will definitely distract." In January, after the fateful decision was made, Jennifer Jones, the proud possessor of the ebony limbs, was told by Holden that she had been misquoted.

When interviewed, Russell Markert, the 82-year-old impresario who put the Rockettes together, said if he was still in charge, he would have to be "forced" to hire a black dancer. He indicated that skin is part of a dancer's costume and one costume that differed clashingly from all the others would not be a sight for sore eyes.

It's not yet certain whether Jennifer will be kept on indefinitely now that the latest Super Bowl is history. What is certain is that black dancing groups in Harlem, Broadway and elsewhere, will stay black and that white dancing groups, like the population at large, will become ever more mottled.

Ponderable Quote

We have congressmen who discriminate against blacks, against whites, against Hispanics, against women. They will never tell you that.

Senator Alan Simpson (R-WY)



Instaurationist at the Polls

I did some work at a local polling place on Super Tuesday. It was like a Cholly Bilderberger satire. The setting was a middle-class and high-prole suburb of DC, rather than in the clubhouses of the upper crust.

Twelve people worked one day to serve about 800 voters. All but two of the workers were women, the two men both being Republicans. Democrats outnumber Republicans about two to one in this precinct.

I noted a general class difference between the Democrats and Republicans. Most Democrats were working-class or white-collar proles; the Republicans were older and more middle-class. Some were young professionals or Yuppies.

At least three of the 12 workers at the poll were Jewish ladies, all Democrats. The turnout was around 30% of the total number registered, but almost all those with identifiable Jewish names voted. Turning out in such disproportionate numbers (80-90%) for a primary gives the Jews a lot of political clout.

There were a lot of recent immigrants from East Asia. Perhaps half the people with Chinese names pulled levers. A few Asian Indians voted, but their number was small.

I think all the blacks were Democrats. A few had unusual first names, but it's generally not possible to identify blacks by their monikers.

Jews would hang around for a while and gossip. Much of their conversation was one-upping each other on how much weight they had lost. Marv lost 40 pounds, Abe 50, Ron 65. All were still pretty fat.

Ron, who is active in the Democratic Party, was in and out all day and acted like a magnet for the other obese Jews. The leaner Jews seemed to move in and out quickly and quietly, more like members of the other groups.

There is absolutely no evidence of any political movement waiting to be started in this election district. Who or what could ever bring together the Jesus freaks, the Yuppies and the white Democrats?

ZIP WITHHELD

Shoot the White Cop

Texas's two largest cities have liberal lady mayors, Kathryn Whitmire of Houston -- widow, Methodist and onetime CPA -- and Annette Strauss of Dallas -- married to Ted, the brother of chief Democratic Party fixer Robert Strauss. Ever since they moved into their respective city halls, they have been echoing Hispanic and black whinings and whimperings of police brutality. No matter that the crime rate in the two cities keeps spiraling and the spirals are largely

due to spiraling black and Hispanic crime. The media, of course, join lustily in the cop-bashing, thereby fanning minority hatred for lawmen and leading inevitably to the murder of white policemen.

John Chase, a Dallas cop, was handing a traffic violation ticket to a black when Carl D. Williams, another black, came up and started sounding off about racism. As the argument grew heated, Williams grabbed Chase's gun. By now a crowd of jeering blacks had gathered. "Shoot him, shoot him," yelled the canaille. Williams did just that -- three times in Chase's face at point-blank range. Called to the scene, policemen were too late to save their fellow officer, but they did get revenge of a sort by killing his killer.

The Dallas Police Association asked Mayor Strauss and three minority city council members not to attend Chase's funeral. After all, it was the constant kowtowing of these officials to minority racism that bore a great deal of the responsibility for his murder and triggered the barbaric yelps for blood that came from the throats of the cop-hating and cop-baiting blacks.

Why any white policeman would want to work in any big American city these days is beyond comprehension. For one thing, blacks have advantages over whites in hiring and promotion because of racial quotas. For another, a white with a badge in an urban black area is a sitting duck for Negro snipers. A white officer who avoids getting killed by shooting first in a gunfight is often considered more of a lawbreaker than his attacker. More frequently than not, he is suspended from the force, dragged into court and accused of deliberate murder by the media and nonwhite hate groups.

The white cop in megalopolitan America is a walking zero-sum game. He has so much going against him that only the prideless, the time-server and the bottom-of-the-barrel whites hang on, which is why it is becoming increasingly difficult in the biggest U.S. cities to distinguish between the cop and the criminal, between the arrester and the arrestee.

The Problems of Jewish Royalty

At Cornell University, a Jewish fraternity set up a booth with a life-size inflatable doll bearing the sign "Slap a JAP."

At American University in Washington (DC), two Jewish disc jockeys sponsored a "Biggest JAP on Campus" contest.

Syracuse University's domed stadium has often echoed to thousand-throated chants of "JAP! JAP!" as pep band members pointed to expensively dressed female students unlucky enough to stand up alone.

Syracuse U is 13.3% Jewish, Cornell is 14.2%, and American University is officially 10.7% -- though some students will tell you the real numbers are higher.

Like the "Polack joke," the "Jewish American Princess" is largely, perhaps entirely, a Jewish creation. Experts in JAPology, who have begun staging deadly earnest JAP conferences around the country recently, point to the image's origins in novels like Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar* and Philip Roth's *Goodbye Columbus*. But now some Jewesses are trying to subtly shift the blame.

Author Francine Klagsbrun told a huge crowd in New York last September that JAP is "the new anti-Semitic code word." Attorney Sherry Merfish and art critic Sherry Chayat were two of the other "sherrys" on hand for the verbalizing competition. Merfish came cross-country from Houston to complain about a greeting card she had seen featuring a "JAP Olympics," including events like the "mah-jong jump," the "bank vault" and -- yes -- "cross-country kvetching"!

The undisputed "prince" of JAPologists is Dr. Gary Spencer, a sociologist at Syracuse University. Last November, Spencer was invited to a JAP conference held at American University, where he described his interviews with 200 students on the deep topic of "what is a JAP?" Most agreed that a JAP -- not always Jewish, but it helps -- is defined first by her wardrobe and by her "attitude problem": "She's pushy, aggressive and materialistic. She's an obnoxious, materialistic bitch." Spencer discovered that his school's campus is divided into "JAP havens" ("maven havens") and "anti-JAP zones."

Supposedly, the JAP is something new under the sun. Back in 1921, however, a German Jew named Eduard Fuchs compiled a stunning 310-page book entitled *Die Juden in der Karikatur*, in which earlier versions of the JAP abound. It's a shame Dr. Spencer isn't able to interview some ancient Babylonians.

Clearing the Air About AIDS

Recently the American Civil Liberties Union has won a stunning series of court victories giving the AIDS virus civil rights. Apparently far too many straight citizens think queers and their lifestyle pose a threat to mainstream America. A few doctors actually side with these reactionary elements by daring to propose that certain viral diseases -- colds, measles, mumps, smallpox, polio, hepatitis and meningitis, among others -- can be spread by casual contact or through food, water and even contaminated air.

Sizewise, some viruses compare to living cells like BBs to basketballs. At first, this sounds a little ominous. Overly excitable

people might hallucinate about tiny particles of death floating around a room after an AIDS carrier sneezes. Such people have obviously been doing far too much thinking for themselves. That's a serious disease in itself, but, fortunately, it's easily cured by heavy doses of TV, which assure us that AIDS can't be caught by breathing contaminated air. Let's just hope they're tuned to a different channel whenever the media slips up, such as happened last November 13, when CNN's Bernard Shaw stated that an AIDS-contaminated blood sample stolen in Atlanta wasn't really a threat to the public because exposure to air kills the virus *after a short time!* Just how long, by the way, is a "short time"? Long enough for those little buggers to get wafted into somebody's body and start proliferating instead of dying?

But who believes everything on TV, anyway? Government spokespeople have told us again and again that AIDS can be acquired only through contact with the body fluids of an infected person. (Purists with a scientific bent might recall their high-school chemistry class, when "fluids" included liquids and gasses.) And it's not just the federal government that's oozing confidence about how safe AIDS is. Oregon's Governor Neil Goldschmidt recently decreed homosexuals should have special protection against discrimination in the workplace.

Never fear! Homosexuals, particularly those with AIDS, can expect gobs of affirmative action to make up for past injustices. The wine and cheese claque is mobilizing a massive effort to help them in every way possible. Teachers' unions, for instance, are striving to attract afflicted homosexuals into the educational system. This will expose children to wonderful new learning experiences and give homos a chance to strut their stuff as role models for America's future leaders.

Maybe one of those kids will discover a cure for AIDS. Then we can all start breathing a little easier.

Knight in Kosher Armor

A "perfect record on behalf of U.S.-Israel relations and world Jewry" -- that's the endorsement Oregon's Representative Ron Wyden has earned from such influential members of his network as James Tisch of Loews Corporation and Marshall Brachman of the Israel lobby. These two gentlemen were quoted in a fundraising letter Wyden sent out to 15,000 Jews in January. If a large enough war chest is amassed, he is all but certain to challenge Senator Mark Hatfield in 1990. He had actually planned to go after Bob Packwood's job in 1986, but was dissuaded by Jewish leaders who reminded him that Packwood could always be counted on for strong support of Israel.

Oregon's senior senator has a less kosher reputation. At times it borders on the anti-Semitic, such as when Hatfield failed to support "forgiveness" of interest in Israel's huge debt to the American taxpayer.



Hatfield -- not sufficiently pro-Israel

Wyden's more-than-ample nose gets bent out of shape about such "insensitivity." The ogre Hatfield must be vanquished. Then, even though the pro-Israel vote among Oregon voters is negligible, the state will provide two fearless pro-Israel knights instead of one on the national political chessboard in Washington.

Incendiary Academics

Kay Warren is an anthropologist at Princeton. She's also part of a growing academic movement which seeks to "separate sex from culture and to obliterate the familiar metaphors of male and female. No more 'Father Time' or 'Mother Nature' . . . The barriers come down . . . only when stereotypes and the engine of vernacular that drives them are destroyed."

And Kay and her crowd mean *destroyed*. "The gender revolution is all encompassing," continues an obviously delighted Michael Norman in the New York Times (Dec. 23, 1987). "[T]he idea of gender has transfixed scholars, seized them with its fire and light. Here is a chance to spin epistemology into method, to take an idea and turn it loose upon the world."

Those who shuddered only when the Negroes of Watts screamed, "Burn, baby, burn," had it wrong, baby, wrong. The Destroyers -- those who deserve a big D -- are at Princeton, Yale and Harvard. If you don't believe it, hark to the closing paragraph of Michael Norman's paean to Destruction:

Kay Warren is passing her postulates on to her students, many of whom are carrying the fire and light into some of the

country's oldest and most traditional corporations and public institutions, where they are likely to practice some of their teacher's incendiary ways.

Sixty years ago, "Papa Franz" Boas sent his race-leveling disciples from Columbia University into all of America's institutions. Today, the National Review reports that the Dresdenish fate of the South Bronx will inevitably be shared by most other American cities.

As we play together multiracially in our neighborhood ruins, why not be mentally ill as well? "Mama Kay" Warren is just itching to push us over the edge.

Staggering Statistics

"Feminism is no longer a threat, but a fact -- indeed, perhaps the central fact of American life today." So concludes Nicholas Davidson's review of *Feminism and Freedom* by Michael Levin. Donaldson argues (in National Review, Feb. 5, 1988):

Because feminism's unisexist ideology is incompatible with human nature, society will never conform to the feminist ideal of its own accord. Feminists are obliged to mobilize the coercive machinery of the state in pursuit of their goals. It is the unique virtue of Levin's book to document the degree of mobilization that has been reached.

"Affirmative action" is now ubiquitous in American life. Under the federal gun, corporations, universities, and state and local governments devote enormous amounts of time and money to identifying and selectively promoting less-qualified females at the expense of better-qualified males. Levin calculates the resulting net loss in the productivity of American business, which may reach as high as 36%. (Needless to say, the Japanese have no such problem.)

Another "central fact of American life today" is forced racial integration and racial "affirmative action." If feminist quotas and timetables have cut American productivity as much as 36%, how much have minority racist quotas cost? By studying Levin's methodology, one might produce a second and even more staggering statistic.

Ponderable Poem

And I have kissed her red, red lips
And cruel face so white and fair;
Around me she has twined her arms,
And bound me with her yellow hair.

Negro poet
James Weldon Johnson,
The White Witch

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

"Sir Alec" Douglas-Home is not one of my favourite people. A typical Conservative Party time-server of the old school, he served as Prime Minister from 1963 (when war-criminal Harold Macmillan resigned owing to the Profumo scandal) to July 1965 (when he himself resigned in favour of the absurd Edward Heath). "Sir Alec" didn't do much; in fact, he resembled the First Sea Lord in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, who "polished up the handle of the big front door":

I polished it up so carefuller
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

He also continued to preside over the mass inflow of coloured immigrants without doing anything about it, and in due course won the 1964 general election against Mr. Harold Wilson. He attracted some sympathy when Wilson referred to him as "the fourteenth Earl of Home" (pronounced "Hume," the title he had formerly held) and he retorted by referring to "the fourteenth Mr. Wilson." He wasn't up to much as a person, but at least, as Diana Mosley remarked, he looked like a gentleman.

But "Sir Alec" (né Alexander) has a brother who is a gentleman, namely William Douglas-Home, who has written several amusing plays, including *The Kingfisher*, which Rex Harrison made such a success on Broadway. (Harrison also took the main part in a TV film of the play, acting opposite Wendy Hiller and Cyril Cusack.) I can only assume the kind of people Tom Wolfe writes about in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* went to the play because they could hardly believe that anyone could be so kooky as to behave in a restrained and civilised way -- you know, like Einstein having a book of etiquette in his lavatory.

Before the attack on Le Havre in 1944, William Douglas-Home, as a captain in the Royal Armoured Corps, refused to obey orders and attack the city. The Germans, knowing that the attack was imminent, and obeying Hitler's order to turn the Channel ports into fortresses so as to slow down the Allied advance, offered to evacuate all French civilians through the Allied lines. This offer was refused, because the Allies argued that if the civilians were allowed out, the Germans would be able to make use of the food they would otherwise have eaten, and so hold out longer. In the event, over two thousand French civilians were killed in the terrible bombardment which followed. Douglas-Home was court-martialled, cashiered and sentenced to a year with hard labour in a military prison (no picnic, I can assure you). "Sir Alec," of course, as a good politician, tried to persuade him not to rock the boat.

Now why is the "quality press" suddenly impelled to rake over these old ashes? Quite simply, because of the Waldheim affair. The Commission of Historians appointed to research into Waldheim's past have come up with the argument that a number of German officers "circumvented or even defied" orders which they considered immoral *without any serious consequences to themselves*. Therefore, Waldheim should have done the same -- Q.E.D. (Good heavens, and these failures to obey orders occurred under Nazism, when the slightest disagreement with authority is supposed to have resulted in being sent up the chimney!) For good measure, the case of William Douglas-Home was dug up out of the files, where it has been gathering dust for forty-four years.

Now let me spell out just why this comparison does not hold water. In the Balkans, the Germans were fighting a very dirty war against an enemy that not only disregarded the Geneva Convention, but even tortured prisoners to death so as to benefit from the polarisation following the inevitable reprisals. What is more, the Germans were obviously losing the war, and it was already becoming clear just what that would mean -- in terms of misery, degradation and murder -- for the German people. What if Britain had been in that situation? Would not William Douglas-Home have done his duty, as Waldheim is accused of doing?

There is, of course, the question of the handful of British commandos, including an Australian captain, some (but not all) of whom disappeared after falling into German hands. Waldheim is accused by the indefatigable Robert Rhodes James (Conservative M.P. for Cambridge) of being involved in this, though no evidence has been produced so far. In fact, much of the evidence against him to date has consisted of outright perjury and forgery. If it hadn't been, he would have had to resign long ago. Yet the allegations continue, without anyone daring to suggest that the perjurers (Israelis who claim to have actually seen him in an SS uniform, striking old Jews with a stick, or carrying huge suitcases of Jewish valuables, also in SS uniform) and forgers (Yugoslavs responsible for the bogus telegram published in *Der Spiegel*) should be punished in any way. Instead, the hypocritical cry goes up that *Waldheim* is a liar.

Well, of course he is. As a South African called Mitford Goodson recently wrote in a letter to *The Spectator* (20/2/88): "[P]revarication was necessary to escape the attention of war crimes tribunals, whose activities may be described as unconventional. Both prosecutors and judges were drawn from the Allies, a foreign legal system was used, *ex post facto* laws were introduced, *tu quoque* was only permitted in the case of Admiral Doenitz, and there



was abuse of the rules of evidence." In other words, the omission in Waldheim's memoirs of his participation in the Balkan campaign can easily be explained as part of a cover-up which had begun years before and without which he would never have been allowed to have a career of any significance at all.

The case of the captured commandos is meant to touch people like me, who can so easily feel, "there but for the grace of God went I." I am rather in the position of the French politician who recently got into hot water for saying that Barbie did not only transport Jews to Germany but also innocent Frenchmen! Hitler is known to have given the order that Allied officers, even if in uniform, were to be shot if captured with partisans. This was not good, and if I had been on the receiving end, I should have objected strongly; but one must consider the circumstances, as Max Hastings, editor of the Daily Telegraph, has recently argued.

But while we are about it, let us recall the case of thousands of American and British soldiers known to have been captured by the Germans but still unaccounted for. Elementary, my dear Watson: they must, of course, have been murdered by the wicked Nazis. Not so. It seems, according to James Sanders in the Washington Times (6/11/87), that the Germans kept a careful record of all their prisoners and that up to 20,000 American and at least 8,462 British prisoners "liberated" from the Germans by the Russians were sent to Siberia without either of the Western Allies making any fuss about it at all! The information comes from American National Archives files, and "indicates that the State Department, Pentagon and Central Intelligence Agency possess significant data that continues to be withheld from the public and Congress after more than forty years. This despite Executive Order 12065, a 1977 directive that ordered the declassification of all government documents more than thirty years old."

Now here is the *real* scandal which, if mentioned in the British press, must have been buried at the bottom of page 94. Will Mr. Rhodes James be staking his career on getting to the bottom of it? You can bet your bottom dollar he won't! Oh no, he will be telling us that, even if it's true, the disproportion in numbers doesn't signify, because "the life of one human being is as significant as those of thousands" (unless those thousands are Jews, of course). Besides, it was necessary not to annoy the Russians, who had been our allies in the great coalition to destroy Nazi Germany, which was responsible for deporting and murdering people (other, more valuable people, of course).

If there is one thing that fills me with disgust, it is the sight of Anglo-Saxons in one of their periodic fits of selective indignation.

It seems to me, however, that the present situation must lead to at least some positive results -- unless Waldheim loses all dignity and sense of proportion; and there is no sign of that as yet. After all, it's not as though he is like Faurisson, or Zündel, or Keegstra, daring to be a Daniel, a martyr for the truth. On the contrary, he is just a very normal sort of time-server who has to be destroyed, partly because he was too even-handed as Secretary-General of the United Nations. Either he will continue his term as President to the very end, which will be a slap in the eye for the World Jewish Congress, or they will succeed in forcing

him out, which will lead to renewed anti-Semitism in Austria -- a country where, at least until recently, there seems to have been much less anti-Semitism than in, say, France or England. My own bet is that Waldheim's resignation, if it occurs, will be taken as a confirmation of Austria's guilt, and will be followed by huge demands for money, money, money. For what? Why, in order to fund the virtuous Zionist state, where the military are shooting people, burying and burning people alive, breaking their bones publicly and beating them on the private parts -- all in the name of self-defence! When Mr. Edgar Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress, states that "Waldheim is only the symbol of Austria and its participation in the Holocaust," I am quite sure that money is what he has in mind.

Well, as for me, I am not buying any more drink produced by Seagram's, the biggest drink concern in the world, of which Mr. Bronfman is the major owner. I shall have to get by without Canadian Club (which is a lousy whiskey) or Seagram's gin (also lousy). I shall just have to content myself with a glass of Isle of Jura malt, Plymouth dry gin, in company with my Auntie Seamight.

I believe that the Austrian government has already begun making *ex gratia* payments to all emigré Jews who apply for them (non-Jewish emigrés of the same period need not apply). But they are trying to placate the implacable. Refusal to pay, pay and pay again will lead on to the next stage in the media campaign, which I think I can already predict. When Austria's application to join the European Community comes up, it will be repeated *ad nauseam* that this is just a new attempt at *Anschluss*, and Italy will support the campaign because integration of Austria in the European Community would mean that South Tyrol would automatically rejoin South to North and East Tyrol. So the Zionists and the Italian Fascists will be allies -- not for the first time. They were already in cahoots during the last war, when it came to killing British soldiers -- just as Communist Jews were in cahoots with the Prussians during the first world war. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!*

Ponderable Quotes

[U.S. journalists] are generally in a very humble position, with scanty education and a vulgar turn of mind . . . the American journalist . . . abandons principles to assail the characters of individuals, to track them into private life and disclose all their weaknesses and vices.

Alexis de Tocqueville

There are political cartoons, remarks on television situation stories related to Catholic themes which, if they were related to Jewish or other racial groups, would evoke enormous cooperative protest.

Bishop William H. Keller, chairman,
U.S. Bishops Committee for
Ecumenical and Interreligious Affairs

Thoughts from the White Tip

WHILE MRS. THATCHER continues to be the dominant politician in the West today, the man we have all been longing for has already appeared -- and gone. He, too, is a Briton, or should I say, an Englishman. Enoch Powell, a scholar and a man of action combined, a youthful brigadier in wartime and a great speaker with a marvelous command of English, warned his country repeatedly of the menace of nonwhite immigration before he was dismissed from the cabinet by that pompous Edward Heath, and was succeeded by Maggie, whom he understandably detests. Powell, the racist, has now been offered a peerage, but has refused it because he does not consider himself historically qualified to sit in the House of Lords. His old seat in the Commons, however, is now occupied by a sluttish West Indian Negress with painted features who is no doubt popular with Mrs. Thatcher. After all, when the prime minister was in Jamaica, she heaped much praise upon the murdered pop star, criminal and drug addict, Tosh.

Mrs. Thatcher has apparently been too occupied listening to the urgings of her black friends to have had the time to read the latest edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, in which the editor, Captain John Moore, stated that contrary to what many Western governments and politicians have been led to believe, the Cape sea route remains of vital strategic importance. He said that Western politicians "had no doubt been well briefed by members of the African National Congress." The fact remains that Communist control of South Africa would be a major blow to the West. This is so obviously true that it should need no stressing. Yet Mrs. Thatcher, like President Reagan, resolutely refuses to supply South Africa with submarines and long-range reconnaissance aircraft, equipment which could not possibly be used against the native population.

A close friend of Mrs. Thatcher, we are told, is an elderly Free State Afrikaner, Sir Laurens van der Post, who is an author and an authority on Bushmen and the Kalahari Desert, and lives by choice in London. He is an adherent of Carl Gustav Jung and believes in the Collective Unconscious, in dreams, intuitions and in the shaping by irrational forces of the destiny of nations. It is a belief that transcends all racial differences, all ideologies such as nationalism and all the other limited forms of consciousness "which bedevil our human world." "The brotherhood of man is coming by fair means or foul," he exclaims, "because there are cosmic energies which cannot be suppressed." This imposing, otherworldly man who deprecates his own native country, has become a kind of Rasputin-like guru to the Royal Family. He has obtained a



particularly strong influence over Prince Charles, to whom he was introduced by the late Lord Louis Mountbatten (a poofah, we are told), whose half-Jewish wife was sufficiently worldly to keep climbing into bed with Pandit Nehru. This explains why Prince Charles jots down his dreams in a special diary and why he talks to his flowers and plants to make them grow. Prince Charles has more recently been spending some time in the Kalahari, sleeping under

the stars in the company of Botswana historian Alec Campbell and Sir Laurens himself. The Prince of Wales presumably did a lot of dream jotting in that primeval and lion-ridden region.

I had my first doubts about Sir Laurens when I read about his daring venture into the heart of the Kalahari in search of the last remaining tribe of pure Bushmen, during which he was accompanied by cameramen and newspapermen from Britain and elsewhere -- quite a safari! The search for the elusive Bushmen went on for weeks, with the Britons dropping out because they "couldn't take it any more," by which I suppose they couldn't stand going round and round in circles getting nowhere. I mention all this because I know the Kalahari pretty well myself. I also know a little about the Bushmen, the purest remaining Bushmen, little tawny yellow men with little bows and poisoned arrows, who inhabit northwestern Botswana, not central Kalahari, with its Bushman-Negro hybrids. The joke of it is that these genuine Bushmen can be visited from the hotel in Gobabis in South-West Africa in less than a day. You can breakfast in the hotel, drive to the border post at Sandfontein, enter Botswana and the Kalahari in your Land Rover, meet the Bushmen at about lunch time, take photographs and drive back to the hotel for dinner.

* * *

Danielle Mitterrand, the wife of the French president, must bear much of the responsibility for arranging the talks in Dakar between disaffected South African politicians and university fellow travelers of the African National Congress. The South African delegation was headed by the former leader of the Progressive Federal Party, Van Zyl Slabbert, some existing members of the PFP, Coloured heads of universities and the favorite white academic contributors to our local rodent press. No important members of the ANC bothered to attend. Following the resounding defeat of the PFP in the last elections (it was entirely "out-progressed" by the ruling National Party,) a number of PFP members resigned and resorted to extra-parliamentary activities, leaving the field to Mrs. Suzman, who is becoming sillier by the day, and to the nominal head of the PFP, Colin

Eglin, a cretinous pol if ever there was one. At any rate, Madame Mitterrand did her best in Dakar to bring about ANC rule in South Africa. Later, she was to be seen in Paris talking to the multiracial South African pop group headed by a white man with the unlikely name of Clegg. She sent him a note saying that she "supported what the band has stood and fought for" -- this, just in case anyone thought that rock bands were simply meant to entertain people.

Soon afterward, President Mitterrand broke off diplomatic relations with South Africa because of the arrest and imprisonment by the Ciskei authorities of a young French Marxist, a Monsieur Albertini, who had been caught smuggling arms for the ANC. Mitterrand was well aware that Albertini was guilty, that the Ciskei is an independent state and that South Africa has no jurisdiction over it, but this did not matter. He saw the incident as an opportunity to boost his waning popularity by rushing bravely to the help of a Red-lining compatriot who had fallen afoul of the puppets of the hated Pretoria regime. In any case, France, like all the other Western countries, refuses to recognize these homelands, such as the Ciskei and neighboring Transkei, to which South Africa has granted independence, as this would amount to a recognition of apartheid. What it means is that South Africa can do no right. If she refuses to give blacks everything they ask for, that's wrong. If she grants them their independence when they ask for it, that's also wrong. The outcome was that the South African government persuaded the Ciskei to release Albertini, a craven action that unquestionably was wrong.

As it happened, Mitterrand was soon to find himself in a nasty dilemma brought about by a young South African, Jason Lucas, who was given the Legion of Honour for his "fearless destruction" and capture of five armed gangsters who had been terrorizing Paris. The gunmen (race unstated) burst into the carriage and started at once to threaten passengers, including Jason, whom they should have passed by as he is much bigger than the ordinary Frenchman and looks dangerously tough -- by no means a normal French "Metro-gnome," so to speak. He acted not only to protect his wife, but because thugs and bullies disgust him. Mrs. Lucas said she knew something was about to happen when she saw Jason "position his elbows. I don't think they ever knew what hit them. They went flying everywhere." Or as he said, "I just clobbered and hit out and this lot collapsed." When the police arrived they found the gangsters disarmed and either still unconscious or semi-conscious.

The difficulty was that the award should have been given to Jason by Mitterrand himself during the course of a reception in Paris. Then it was discovered that the Englishman was actually a South Africa, and not a black one! Most embarrassing! Finally it was arranged that Jason should receive his award in the French Consular offices in London. It is little wonder that when it was all over, Jason should have commented that he was "longing for the peace of Cape Town."

* * *

When the Dakar contingent returned home, a large contingent of the AWB (Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging/Afrikaner Resistance Movement), headed by Eugene Terre'

Blanche, were waiting for them at the Johannesburg airport. In the interests of their own safety, the police wouldn't allow the appeasers to enter the airport buildings and hold a news conference. Also present was the BBB (Blanke Bevrydingsbeweging/White Liberation Movement), headed by Professor Schabot, "a man of culture with a rebellious heart." No member of either of the two parties was arrested because neither was disobeying the police or broke any laws. The police, however, did arrest a number of black students and 16 reporters on harassment charges, which caused the press to scream with rage and utter its usual insults at "strutting stormtroopers." The reluctance of the policemen to touch the AWB and their understandable hatred of the press is driving the media absolutely frantic.

A few days later, the AWB warned Rev. Allen Hendrickse, the Coloured leader of the Labour Party and a number of President Botha's cabinet, not to hold a party conference in Pretoria's historic Skilpadsaal (Tortoise Hall, from its shape). There was a great to-do about this, but eventually the Labour Party, not relishing any punch-ups with the Stormvalke (Storm falcons), wisely backed down. Some days later came the violent Jewish reaction to the holding of a memorial service in Pretoria for Rudolf Hess, which represented a "resurgence of Nazism" and invoked the horrors of the "Holocaust, in which six million Jews perished." Terre'Blanche, who participated in the memorial service for Hess, was in no wise intimidated. He told arrogant Zionists, "This is my country and no one will tell me whom I may or may not honour, or where I may or may not lay a wreath." The Jews replied they would build up a Jewish Defense Organization, although they must know they would be ill-advised to brawl with Afrikaner mastodons.

After this verbal skirmish, the AWB decided to show its "contempt" for the recommendation of the President's Council that Kruger Day (Paul Kruger's birthday) and Founders' Day (the 1820 arrival of the English settlers) be scrapped as public holidays. The group held a mass rally at the monument at Blood River in Natal, where the Voortrekkers gained a crucial victory over the Zulu hordes. "The war has begun!" Terre'Blanche exclaimed dramatically, as he told his followers they should regard it as noble to die in their struggle for the preservation of a Boervolkstaat. "Mr. Botha," he cried out, "you can't govern this country without the Afrikaner because then it won't exist, but you won't govern it for much longer anyway." For the sake of the children of their forefathers, "Afrikaners should again be prepared to fight" against the government.

Since Afrikaners are an emotional people, the AWB appeals to their gut feelings. Not an intellectual movement, the party dares to act, and has a strong and organized following. The BBB is also becoming a presence in the Johannesburg suburb of Mayfair, where the Group Areas Act is not being sufficiently enforced to prevent nonwhite infiltration. Interestingly, the Conservative Party has refused to disown the AWB, a refusal which worries the National Party politicians. Equally worrisome is that the Transvaal rural areas are turning solidly against the National Party, to the extent that the town of Schweitzer-Renecks has declared officially that no NP politicians,

including cabinet ministers, may attempt to enter it.

There cannot be much doubt that matters are rapidly coming to a head. In the next general elections, due in 1989, the shock the NP received from the Conservative Party in the last elections is certain to be more severe. Indeed, the statement made recently by F.W. de Klerk, the Transvaal leader of the NP, who aspires to succeed P.W. Botha as president, that "White domination must come to an end," might even persuade many English voters to turn to the Conservatives.

But if the Nats do manage to scrape home on the strength of the English vote, what then? Matters will eventually come to a positively explosive head, for the Afrikaners will not tolerate black rule. Their last resort will be to put into effect their planned Boervolkstaat (the Afrikaner people's state) comprising the Transvaal, Orange Free State and northern Natal.

* * *

The misguided South Africans who made up the Dakar delegation were a mixed lot who had nothing in common beyond their fanaticism. The nonwhites among them were driven by racism and the whites by their liberal religion, though all were encouraged by their government's piecemeal reformist capitulations. Very few of them are mentally up to snuff, though one or two of the university professors, those who contribute to the newspapers, are fairly intelligent. Nevertheless, they are blinded by their strange idealism and merely confirm that, while such creatures as intelligent liberals do exist, there is no such thing as a wise or sensible or even sane liberal. Dr. Dennis Worrall is one of their ilk, always as far to the left as his Jewish wife, but who was nonetheless selected by the government as South Africa's Ambassador to Australia and then to the United Kingdom, where he was never known to defend apartheid. He is undeniably an intelligent man and a positive darling of the press, yet is undone by his fanaticism and megalomania. During the last general elections he stood as an Independent and deliberately opposed a cabinet minister, and lost, which prompted Foreign Minister Pik Botha to remark that had he known earlier how Worrall was going to turn out, he would have sacked the man while he was still an ambassador. But why couldn't he have known earlier?

Then there is Nadine Gordimer, a writer heaped with foreign awards, the literary equivalent of Mrs. Suzman and, like her, never referred to by the press in other than reverent tones. The most intelligent one of them all, however, who has now left for Canada and to whom the rest bowed in homage, was an authentic German by the name of Heribert Adam, who soon established his non-Nazi credentials by marrying a Durban Indian woman. A university professor of no mean standing, he was the only liberal newspaper contributor whose writings were readable. His systematic demolition of Nadine Gordimer's political comments on South Africa was masterly because it was informed by plain common sense. The trouble with liberals as a whole is that they stand on their heads instead of on their feet, so that even when they view the world perfectly clearly, the picture they receive and transmit is always

upside down. With them it is a matter of *furor scribendi* and *furor loquendi*, succeeded inevitably by the final stage of mental sickness, liberal logorrhea.

Confessions of a Rube

I'm a racist, danged if I ain't. Have bin most of my days too, but jist plumb didn't figger it out 'til now. And iffen that don't flip yer lid, hows about this: all my kinfolk goin' way back were racists. Yessiree, I figured that out too. Come to me like a bear to bacon.

Look at it this way. Iffen they wasn't racists and takin' natural-like to their own folk, why, today I'd be hash-brown. Maybe like one of them sodbusters 'cross the Rio Grande. But I ain't. I'm white. Now in these here mighty peculiar times they tell me that bein' white maybe ain't the thing to be. But doggone it, it's plain to see. That's what I am.

Now you take my old Ma and Pa. I reckon they were the gol-darndest racists you ever did lay eyes on. Yep, Ma was from them there West Virginny hills. She figured her folk were jist a tad better than even them Greek gods, by golly. Same fer Pa.

Now take me and my brothers. We stepped up smart-like and joirred fer that big scrap with Mr. Hitler and his sidekicks. We wuz told some of them furriners would take over here 'less we went over there and gunned 'em down real good-like. "C'mon, boys, keep America free," they wuz a-hollerin' at us. That's when they sent them local Japs -- that's what they called 'em -- a-packin'.

Well, we finally did it. After a-scratchin' and a-clawin' the biggest part of four years, we corralled them mighty tough Germans and Japanese and their buddies. Then them furriners started comin' in again.

And they still keep a-comin' -- any old way -- and everybody's a-hollerin' and a-cussin' and everything. But them danged different folk jist keep on a-comin', more and more of 'em all the time. Don't seem right, somehow. Not after us doin' all that scappin' fer -- as them big shots said -- Our Way of Life.

A feller sez to me, "Don't say nothin', 'cause if you do, yer a racist."

I sez to him, "Wall, they tell me them Isralee-ites and them Japanese fellers, why they don't let a heap o' furriners onto their spreads. And fer damn-sure they won't let 'em marry up. Now ain't they racists?"

"Nope," sez he, "them guys are special-like. They get to keep 'em out. Somethin' 'bout them wantin' to be a -- what they call -- a homo-jeen-ee-us people."

"Well," sez I, "If I stick up fer us whites and want us to be homo-geen-us too, am I a racist?"

"Yep, yer a racist," he sez. "All us whiteys are racists. But we're all a-feared to let on."

"Wall, now, some of them furriners comin' in, are some of them guys racists?"

"Nope, they cain't never be racists, no matter what."

'I'll be danged," sez I, "sure looks like I'm a racist alrighty. But it sure don't matter a pinch of moonshine to me."

Talking Numbers

In 1985, 77 of the largest 100 U.S. companies funneled far more money into left-tilted than right-tilted public interest groups. (Source: Marvin Olansky, *Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy*)

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24.6% of U.S. college freshmen are aiming for a business career -- double the percentage of 20 years ago. Nationwide, 24% of freshmen say they are liberal; 20% conservative, 53% middle-of-the-road.

#

About 30% of the mixed-race voters and fewer than 20% of the Asian Indians voted in the 1984 South African elections.

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By the first year of the 21st century, there will be an estimated 1 lawyer for every 300 Americans.

#

Last year 30,000 Jewish homes poured \$21.2 million into the coffers of the Greater Miami Jewish Federation. A tidy sum, considering the October stock market crash. Dade County Jewish charities will get some of the money. Israel and other foreign Jewish agencies will get the rest. All tax free, of course.

#

The Chosen, a \$2.5 million musical based on Chaim Potok's Talmudic novel, played 52 previews and 6 performances before it shuttered.

#

In the New York City school system, 21.3% of the students are white; 38.1% black; 33.9% Hispanic; 6.6% Asian; 0.1% Amerindian. As to the race of the school principals, 71.6% are white; 19.9% black; 7.5% Hispanic; 0.3% Asian.

#

8 of the world's 10 largest corporations are Japanese. IBM and Exxon come in second and third, respectively. Topping the list is Nippon Telegraph and Telephone.

#

Of the 125,000 Cubans who arrived in Florida on the Mariel boatlift in 1980, 1 out of 5 was believed to be a onetime convict, black marketeer, juvenile delinquent or criminally insane. Some 550 of the 3,000 Marielitos who have holed up in Las Vegas are allegedly career criminals. In New York the Cuban boatlifters represent 0.5% of the population, but control 25% of Zoo City's narcotics trade. (Source: Australian Advertiser, Nov. 26, 1987)

Emigration of Soviet Jews in 1987 was 8,155, compared to about 1,000 in 1986 and 51,320 in 1979.

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23.9% of Washington (DC) residents "strongly agree" the world was created in six days; 22.4% "strongly disagree."

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The promoters of the Miss Black America Pageant borrowed \$45,000 from the city of West Palm Beach last summer. Pageant officials have welshed on all but \$4,000 of the loan.

#

The average 2-bedroom apartment in Manhattan sold for \$437,700 in November 1987. Average asking price: \$754,500.

#

55.4% of the "refugees" who have been in the U.S. for less than 3 years are feeding at the public trough.

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3.7% of U.S. households have 1 member who was a victim of a violent crime in 1986.

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The National Science Foundation is offering 3-year fellowships (each worth \$57,900) to minority college graduates interested in getting advanced science and engineering degrees.

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Black organizations are pushing hard for an increase of California's minimum wage from \$3.35 to \$5.01 an hour.

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12 health care workers have acquired AIDS virus from on-the-job exposure. (Source: Centers for Disease Control)

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28,531 cases of syphilis were reported in the U.S. from Jan. 1 to Oct. 24, 1987 -- a 34.4% increase over the same period of the previous year.

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Only 18 of the 4,500 members of the Montreal Urban Community's Police Department belong to what Canadians call "visible minorities." The black population of Montreal is now close to 100,000.

#

More than 50 mail order houses are now busy finding Asian brides for U.S. males.

About one-fifth of the press coverage of the 1984 presidential primaries was devoted to the primary in New Hampshire, which has 0.4% of the U.S. population.

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Foreign-born women bear 1 out of every 10 children born in America, or 370,000 out of the 3,625,000 baby crop in 1986.

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The Riggs Bank of Washington (DC) is writing off one-fifth of its \$132 million in loans to the Third World.

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Minority children now comprise almost 30% of the pupils in U.S. public schools, 16.2% of them blacks. The black teacher component has dropped from 8.1% in 1971 to 6.9% in 1986.

#

Boomingest U.S. city is Naples (FL), whose population shot up 41.2% in 1980-86; shrinkingest city is Duluth (MN), down 8.7% in the same period. Sarasota (FL) has the highest percentage (30%) of old folks (65 plus); Anchorage (AK), the lowest (2%).

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60% or thereabouts of the American boys born these days are circumcised. Only 30% of Canadian male infants lose their foreskins; less than 1% in Britain.

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The final bill for Tabatha Foster's multi-organ transplants (liver, small intestine, pancreas, stomach and colon parts) may come to \$1 or \$2 million, depending on which edition of USA Today you read. Only \$49,000 had been raised for the 3½-year-old black girl by January 1 of this year.

#

The first 4 years of President Ronnie's reign saw \$37.4 billion in printed money channeled into the construction of 111,195 housing units for the poor and homeless.

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The run-of-the-mill black murderer spends 91.7 months in prison; his white counterpart, 79.8 months. Black rapists are incarcerated for an average 55 months; white rapists, 43.9 months.

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Over a 1-year period, 515 divorces were registered in Moscow for every 1,000 marriages. For every 1,000 women pregnant for the first time in the Russian capital, there were 272 abortions, 140 illegitimate births, 271 births in the first month of marriage and 317 births conceived after marriage. (Source: Russian magazine, Smena)

France is home to 3.8 million foreigners, says the National Institute of Statistics and Economic Studies; nearly 4 million, states the Ministry of the Interior; more than 6 million, according to the Front National.

#

In 1986, the FBI reported 17 acts of domestic terrorism -- 10 by Puerto Rican groups (1 killed, 2 injured); 5 by right-wing groups affiliated with the Aryan Nations (no one injured or killed); 2 by Jewish groups (17 injured).

#

The North Vietnamese regime has graciously permitted the airlifting to these shores of 8,000 to 12,000 hybrid children of black and white GIs, together with 22,000 of their relatives. The Communist Viets call these kids *bui dui*, "the dust of life." This new infusion of Mongoloid genes into the American body politic is expected to take 2 years and cost \$5 million.

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At the turn of the 15th century, approximately 20% of the income of the cities in the Holy Roman Empire was provided by Jewish taxpayers. (Jewish Press, Feb. 6, 1988, p. 50A)

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703,351 foreigners visited South Africa in 1987; 644,502 in 1986.

7 big-budget Jewish rabbinical and lay organizations are among the most active boosters of gun control. "No other religious body has as many groups enlisted or has made such a sweeping commitment to the cause," writes the American Rifleman.

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There is now 1 government employee for every 15 American citizens -- about the same ratio that plagues the Soviet Union.

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A 10-year study of "normal" San Francisco homosexuals revealed that 28% had more than 1,000 sexual liaisons; 70% had more than 100. Only 2% had remained "married" in the period. (Psychology Today, Feb. 1987, p. 60)

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NBC has 6 female TV reporters out of a total of 70; CBS 14 out of 76; ABC 14 out of 77.

#

More than one-third of Mexico's 82 million people don't have access to running water.

#

As of early April of this year, at least 130 Palestinians were killed by Israeli soldiers in the uprising which started early last December. 660 have been wounded by gunfire and thousands beaten.

Advertisers will spend an estimated \$25.9 billion on network and local TV this year, up from \$23.2 billion in 1987.

#

Companies located in Kansas City (MO) have now paid -- under protest -- more than \$4 million in extra school property taxes ordained by a federal judge to speed faltering school desegregation. Since the courts have no power to raise taxes -- for any purpose -- this totally arbitrary act of the judiciary is being appealed. But it's quite possible the Supreme Court will either reject it or refuse to hear it. The High Bench in recent decades has been in the forefront of Constitution-bashing.

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Fraud in the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program, which cost \$7.9 billion in 1985 (3.7 million families, 11 million individuals) is probably amounting to \$1 billion a year. (Inspector General, Department of Health and Human Services)

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The National Health Service of Britain, which has almost 1 million people on its payroll, spends nearly \$40 billion a year and treats nearly 100,000 patients per day. At present some 600,000 patients are waiting for operations. Many have already waited for months, some for more than a year. (Washington Times, Jan. 25, 1988)

Primate Watch



Too clever by half was **DAVID FRIEDLAND**, an erstwhile New Jersey state senator convicted of taking huge kickbacks for arranging Teamsters Union loans. After he had turned informer and done some squealing for the FBI, he took off for the Bahamas and there staged his own death in a fake scuba-diving accident. It didn't wash. U.S. lawmen finally caught up with him in the Maldives Islands, where he was running a diving shop. He arrived back in the U.S. in chains, leaving behind his blonde shiksa, **COLLEEN GOLIGHTLY**, an Indiana-born bimbo.

☆ ☆ ☆

Reflect on the 150-year sentences given some members of The Order for violating a dead Jew's civil rights. Recall the various double-digit jail terms handed to the Howard Beach kids. Then compare these sentences to the 12 years recently given to **ANGEL CASTRO**, a Miami hospital accountant, who killed his white boss, Charlotte Johnson, in cold blood. The judge was **ALFONSO SEPE**.

Life turned sour for Tennessee **Judge STERLING GRAY** last November when he was forced to resign after being indicted for accepting a \$28,000 bribe from two defendants in a drug case. Some months later, his 32-year-old wife, Kristine, walked out on him. Gray then decided to end it all with a shotgun. He took Kristine along with him.

☆ ☆ ☆

CLIVE ROBINSON and **MARK WELLMAN**, the two black males who raped a six-year-old girl while her mother held her in a convenient position, have been given 45-year prison sentences (15 years before a chance of parole). The cooperative mother, **SHELLY CARTER**, who received cash and crack for acting as "holder," got 12 years.

☆ ☆ ☆

ROBERT HWANG, a dentist, stole a Stradivarius violin from a New York music shop in November and lit out for Tokyo, where he tried to sell it for one megabuck. He was quickly arrested by Japanese police.

One of America's richest Jews, who with brother **LAURENCE** is rumored to give \$1 million a year to Israel, **PRESTON TISCH**, after serving as Postmaster General for only 18 months, is gone. He did nothing of consequence to improve the services of the overpaid and underproductive laborers in this monopolistic vineyard. He has been succeeded by another Jew, **ANTHONY M. FRANK**, a savings and loan magnate whose family beat the Holocaust by skedaddling out of Nazi Germany in 1937.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **NOXIOUS NINE**, temporarily down to eight at the time, voted 4-4 to uphold a glaringly unconstitutional quota law which New York dreamed up to promote blacks and Hispanics to police sergeant over far more qualified whites with much greater seniority. A split vote in the Supreme Court automatically means endorsement of the lower court's decision.

☆ ☆ ☆

Two New York cops, **ESMERALDO DIAZ** and **ROLANDO ROSA**, have been arrested and charged with robbing a dice game at gunpoint.



Sadist **JOEL STEINBERG**, who beat his illegally adopted non-Jewish daughter, Lisa, to death, is in an isolation ward in Zoo City's Riker's Island prison. The death threats are pouring in from other inmates. Hedda Nussbaum, his battered mistress, has been undergoing psychiatric treatment to repair her bruised psyche and plastic surgery to repair a tear duct, smashed nose and ripped lip -- all courtesy of her Jewish lover-boy. Lisa, it turns out, was used by Steinberg as his "beard," or drug courier. He hid cocaine and heroin under her dress, trusting that the narcs wouldn't frisk a six-year-old girl.

☆ ☆ ☆

Prominent blacks are sponsoring money-raising rallies for convicted and indicted black politicians. **WALTER E. FAUNTROY** (the non-voting House delegate from DC) is beating the drums for the **MITCHELL BROTHERS**, two Maryland pols who accepted a \$50,000 bribe to block a government investigation of Wedtech, the corrupt, bankrupt minority business firm. **JESSE JACKSON** lent his good(?) name to a fundraiser for **A. REGINALD EAVES**, the indicted Fulton County (metro Atlanta) commissioner. The standard black answer in these cases is "racism."

☆ ☆ ☆

In Cambridge (MA), black councilwoman and state representative **SAUNDRA GRAHAM** has family trouble. One son, **DAVID**, has recently been arrested on a drug charge; another son, **DARRELL**, an ex-pimp, is also facing a drug rap.

☆ ☆ ☆

Two days after the recent Jimmy the Greek blowup, **HARRY EDWARDS**, sociology Ph.D., professional black racist and assistant to baseball tsar **PETER UEBERROTH**, went on TV and said that entering a press box at a sporting event is like walking into a "Ku Klux Klan meeting." Edwards has not been fired; not even reprimanded. **HOWARD COSELL** once called a black football player a "monkey." Cosell now has his own TV show. **MIKE WALLACE's** notorious quip about watermelon and taco eaters was quickly forgotten, and he still makes more than \$1 million a year from his sinecure on *60 Minutes*. Greeks just don't have the built-in racial immunity of loose-lipped blacks and Jews.

☆ ☆ ☆

A 7-to-21-year jail sentence was given **STUART LIEBOWITZ**, who fled to Asia and then to Canada before being extradited and put on trial for stealing \$6 million in insurance premiums.

C.D.B. BRYAN, the hack author of *The National Geographic Society: Years of Adventure and Discovery*, took the Society's incomparable magazine to task for its ethnoncentrism. Bryan's anti-WASP remarks inspired the minority-ridden **VILLAGE VOICE** to comment, "for decades the magazine was relatively upbeat and racist . . ." If you're not a minority racist, you're a racist. So intimates the Voice, which, if it follows its own admonitions, should prefer Hustler to National Geographic.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lawyers for three Palestinian women who survived the Sabra and Shatila massacres sought damages from **AMOS YARON**, the Israeli military attaché in Washington, for "wrongful torture and murder" of their relatives. Yaron's part in the massacres was so blatant that even the Israeli Kahane Commission recommended stripping him of his command. Instead, he was promoted to major general and sent to a posh post in Washington, where he moves freely in the highest social and political circles. The Palestinians had their suit thrown out by a U.S. district judge. Only foreigners who commit crimes against humanity, such as **ARIEL SHARON**, can get away with suing people for damages in U.S. courts.

☆ ☆ ☆

WALTER WHITE JR., a black in spite of his name, was the recipient of mucho media sympathy when he claimed the U.S. Agriculture Department branch office in Arkansas was full of racists. The sympathy increased after he won a racial discrimination suit and his house was burned down. He claimed that a partly burned cross in the embers indicated that his bigoted white coworkers had exacted revenge. Because it sounded like his civil rights had been violated, the FBI entered the case. In no time, agents discovered that White himself had been behind the burning of his house. He has now been convicted of ten counts of arson and fraud.

☆ ☆ ☆

He was as gay as **GORE VIDAL** and as Jewish as **NORMAN MAILER**, but now **SHELDON ANDELSON**, Los Angeles homo numero uno, has gone to that special bath house in hell reserved for sodomists. Andelson died of AIDS in late December, much to the dismay of **Senator EDWARD KENNEDY** and **WALTER MONDALE**, for both of whom he had once raised large amounts of campaign funds. Andelson, a regent of the University of California, was a multimillionaire and had a lavish spread in Bel Air, which came to be known as the "gay White House."

A 5'7" "timid," mustachioed **HISPANIC** with a pockmarked face has molested young school girls in Queens (NY) at least 15 times. His latest victim is a nine-year-old he followed home from school and fondled in the lobby of her apartment building. He has also been known to sodomize his prey. In the same week in Queens, a two-year-old girl was allegedly raped by **KEITH FURMAN**, 18. The race of the Hispanic's 15 victims, of Furman and of the despoiled child was not mentioned.

☆ ☆ ☆

It had to happen. **HAROLD T. SHAPIRO** is the new president of Princeton, once the most aristocratic U.S. university and now a multiracial, multisex academic hovel noted for the weirdos in its faculty. **LEON KAMIN**, the most heredity-hating psychologist in the (Poison) Ivy League, is a pillar of respectable scholarship at Old Nassau.

☆ ☆ ☆

Most secretaries of state fade away when they leave their high office. Not **HENRY KISSINGER**, whose roster of titles includes chairman of Kissinger Associates, an international consulting firm; member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board; counsellor to the Chase-Manhattan Bank; director of such blue-chip corporations as American Express, Union Pacific and R.H. Macy; trustee of such blue-chip institutions as the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and Metropolitan Museum of Art. Kissinger's visibility is at its highest candlepower, however, when he goes on the air as an "explicator" for ABC News.

☆ ☆ ☆

HAL MINTZ, head of the business department of East Los Angeles College, runs a moonlighting operation called 20th Century Travel Advisors. But don't think it sells weekend excursions to Acapulco. It's L.A.'s most profitable massage parlor, where the masseuses will give customers more than a rubdown for a \$100 tip. Local authorities say Mintz is running the best little whorehouse in southern California.

☆ ☆ ☆

He is ailing, his hair is thinning, he has the itch and an ear infection, and he's down to one Rolls, but the **BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH**, now back in India, assures his dwindling following he doesn't have AIDS. He swears he was poisoned during his stint in a U.S. jail.

☆ ☆ ☆

Tying for second place in a Hollywood columnist's Tackiest of '87 Poll were **JESSICA HAHN** and **DONNA RICE** for "sleeping with someone and then talking for profit and publicity." The winners -- no surprise -- were the super-tacky Bakkers.



Canada. The Second Great Holocaust Trial is bringing to light just as much extraordinary revisionist testimony as the First, which took place in 1985. Regrettably, that light has been dimmed, as the Canadian Jewish community's demands that the Toronto and national media ignore the legal proceedings has been half-way effective. Despite the brownout, however, publisher Ernst Zündel has once again established an international team of expert defense witnesses, some of whose most telling points have been reported by the Toronto Star (circulation 500,000) and then picked up by the Canadian Press wire service and relayed to dozens of smaller papers across the country.

Television coverage has been extremely limited, in contrast to the CBC's almost nightly broadcasts of 1985. Limited as well has been the coverage by Toronto's *Globe and Mail*, which calls itself Canada's "national paper," although its circulation is only about 300,000. In 1985, *Globe and Mail* reporter Kirk Makin provided unusually fair and extensive coverage of the First Zündel trial.

This year's retrial became necessary when the guilty verdict of 1985 was overturned on appeal and Ontario's attorney general, Ian Scott, who could have let the matter drop, ordered a new proceeding. (For *Instauration's* coverage, see especially the issues of May 1985, December 1986, April 1987 and October 1987.) The charge, this time as last, is the obscure one of "knowingly" publishing a false and injurious report -- namely, the Holocaust-doubting booklet, *Did Six Million Really Die?* This year's trial commenced belatedly on January 18, and will probably stretch into early May.

A rather unfair question which we put to Zündel concerned the identity of his "star witnesses" to date. Reluctantly, he mentioned three names from among the many individuals who have given the court their valuable dissident perspective on the Holocaust.

Ditlieb Felderer, one of Zündel's star witnesses, made a stunning slide presentation. He is the Swedish researcher who has repeatedly gone to Poland and crept around the off-limits sections of the alleged "major Nazi death camps," taking tens of thousands of photos which raise profound, unanswered questions about the establishment's account of "mass gassings." Equally effective was Mark Weber, an American historian whose five days on the witness stand brought forth a surfeit of little-known yet thoroughly documented material which unraveled the entire fabric of the Holocaust story, as the world knows it today. Zündel later called Weber's wide-ranging testimony "magnificent" and dub-

bed him "the Robert Faurisson of North America," referring to the French revisionist historian who had not yet testified.

Some observers thought the most sensational defense witness was J.G. Burg of Munich, whose own Holocaust-debunking book appeared in the 1950s. Burg, a witty, intelligent German Jew, was imprisoned in several Axis camps during the war years, was active with Jewish groups in Germany after the war, knew many Jews who lived in other camps, and attended the Nuremberg Trials. A staunch partisan of the Left all his life, Burg bitterly denied the reality of Nazi gas chambers and of any German program of extermination, and dropped many other "historical bombshells" along the way. At one point he told the court about his extended conversation with Ilya Ehrenburg, the leading Soviet Jewish propagandist of the era, during a recess at the Nuremberg Trials. Ehrenburg told Burg that he wandered all around Auschwitz after the war, but found no evidence of any "gas chambers."

Burg praised Zündel's courageous work most highly, and noted that with two or three more men like him in the world, the Jewish people would have nothing to fear. His point was that Zündel was helping to uncover and publicize basic truths which all Jews needed to hear, and doing so in a responsible way which posed no ethnic threat. The Crown's attorney, John Pearson, flummoxed by this atypical "Holocaust survivor" with the abundantly Jewish physiognomy and political credentials, refrained from any cross-examination.

Burg was not the only Jew to come to Zündel's aid. Felderer's Hungarian-Jewish mother escaped to Italy about 1942, carrying baby Ditlieb in a wicker basket. He later joined Jehovah's Witnesses, who still insist that 60,000 of their members were murdered in Nazi camps. Felderer spent several years investigating the matter and determined that the real number was about 200. This naturally led him to question the Six Million figure.

There have, of course, been many non-Jewish witnesses for the defense. In their ranks should have been a British Columbian geologist, John Ball, who wished to testify about his recent research in Washington's National Archives. Ball uncovered about eight aerial reconnaissance photographs of the Treblinka camp made in 1944 by the Germans, after they had abandoned the area to the advancing Russians. These photos, which had received no publicity before the current trial, clearly show that the camp was still standing after the Germans had left it for good. It was not the Germans, bent on covering up a mass murder, who dismantled it, as often claimed, but the Soviets, bent on inventing a mass

murder. Treblinka was never either a "concentration" or "death" camp in any sense, but rather a "transit camp," as all the German records have always shown, used simply in transferring Jews to the East as part of a vast ethnic resettlement program. Sadly, the Ball evidence was disallowed by the judge, in a special session with the jury absent, on the grounds that Ball, though an expert on geology, was not an expert on aerial reconnaissance, just as much of the evidence presented by Professor Faurisson and others in the 1985 trial was technically disallowed. This was one of the grounds on which Zündel's attorney, Doug Christie, successfully appealed the guilty verdict. District Court Judge Ron Thomas might do well to beware of the traps which ensnared his predecessor, Judge Hugh Locke.

There are important expert witnesses yet to appear for the defense, several of them unknown to the wider revisionist community. Also remaining to be told is the story of a flagrantly illegal act committed by Zündel's foes early in the present trial. Yet this, together with certain portions of the proceedings having been "conducted behind closed doors," cannot be reported until the trial is over.

The prosecution found only two experts and/or survivors who -- this time around -- dared to come under the searching cross-examination of defense attorney Doug Christie. Professor Raul Hilberg of the University of Vermont, the world's foremost authority on the "exterminationist" side of the Holocaust debate, frankly admitted that he would not care to repeat his ordeal of 1985. In fact, no Jews would do so. That left Professor Christopher Browning of Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma (WA) and Charles Biedermann, director of the International Tracing Service of Arolsen, West Germany, as the only two experts for the prosecution. Browning was Hilberg's hand-picked stand-in. Both exuded confidence under sympathetic questioning by Crown attorney Pearson, but wilted when Christie entered the fray. Indeed, they were visibly shaken to learn for the first time about documented Allied atrocities from which they had been carefully shielded all their professional lives. (What a superb "learning tool" these Zündel trials have been!) An account of the Browning and Biedermann testimony will appear in *Instauration's* fuller subsequent account of the Second Great Holocaust Trial.

For one horrifying moment, back on February 2, the Zündel case seemed lost, as Judge Thomas took pretrial "judicial notice" of the Holocaust. That is, he formally advised the jury that the German slaughter of the Jews was simply "a fact," which no reasonable man could deny. Fair enough (as it turned out). No revisionist historian has ever denied that some Germans slaughtered some Jews during the National Socialist era. What has been debated are such meaningful issues as these:



1. How many died? Exactly six million? One million? Half a million?
2. Was "gassing" involved in the killings or not?
3. Was there ever a plan or policy in Germany to "kill all the Jews"?

On all these three vital questions, the dogmatic establishment has taken a severe beating from the facts already brought out in Trial #2 and previously brought out in Trial #1. The judge's decision to take "judicial notice" of the "reality of the Holocaust" has not jarred the revisionist position in the slightest.

The exterminationist position is crumbling almost daily before the cumulative evidence of many "little people" who were themselves incarcerated in places like Auschwitz during the dreadful years. One such is Maria Vanderwaarden, a simple yet courageous Gentile Austrian woman from a farm background, who crossed the ocean to tell Toronto and the world that she was a prisoner in Auschwitz from late 1942 until 1945, and knows very well that mass murder was never practiced there (though many thousands did die). On the train en route to Auschwitz in 1942, Vanderwaarden learned through whisperings that she and the others would be "gassed." When she was then stripped and shaved on arrival and led into the "showers," she reckoned her life was over. But water, not gas, came out of the shower heads, and she emerged safely on the other side. Yes, she saw plenty of suicides and executions in her years at Auschwitz, and mass deaths from typhus (which almost claimed her), but there was nothing like an extermination program taking place in any part of the camp. "What is true, is true," she says despairingly in the face of the unremitting propaganda. The prosecution could not or would not find any "survivor" of its own to call Vanderwaarden a liar.

In a recent press interview, Zündel made two significant points: First, as he sees it, history is not effectively rewritten in scholarly journals aimed at the hundreds, but in forums and movements accessible to the millions. Second, the orchestrated Jewish censorship of his second trial has indeed been halfway effective. Most Canadians who avidly followed the first trial are scarcely aware of the second. The thousands of supportive calls received in 1985 have become fewer in 1988. The fault is not his own, for he gives his all to the revisionist cause every day. Instead, he points an accusing finger at those in the revisionist community who could be helping him "blast the historical blackout," as Harry Elmer Barnes use to phrase it, but are consumed by lethargy.

Zündel's address, unless or until he goes

to jail for his thought-crimes, remains 206 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario M5A 2L1, Canada.

* * *

Who are the richest Canadian Jews? It's a toss-up among the Belzbergs, the Canadian branch of the Bronfman family and the Reichmann brothers (Paul, Albert and Ralph). The latter trio arrived in Canada from Tangiers in the middle 1950s, and in 30 years they became the world's biggest property developers (Olympia Tile and York). Their World Financial Center in Manhattan rents office space for \$50 a square foot.

In 1985-86, the Reichmanns took over Gulf Canada and Hiram Walker, previously North America's largest non-Jewish wine and liquor firm. There was so much financial hanky-panky involved in the Hiram Walker acquisition that the Reichmanns are now being sued for \$9 billion. In turn, they have filed a billion-dollar libel suit against the Toronto Sun for a story alluding to the possibility that when the family was living in Tangiers, it dealt with Nazi business interests. Where the Reichmanns got their original seed money is still a mystery. Some say from the British Rothschilds; others think it rolled in from the Hungarian Jewish Gestetners (stencil duplicating machines). Renée, the wife of Samuel Reichmann, the Budapest-born father of the trio, is a cousin of David Gestetner, who worked his way up to become a British multimillionaire.

All three Reichmanns, veddy, veddy Orthodox, sport either black homburgs or yarmulkes except when they are asleep or in the shower. They shut down all their multifarious business activities, including building construction, on the Sabbath.

In his book about the Reichmanns, *The Master Builders* (Totem Books, Toronto), Peter Foster provides some hitherto unknown information about Marvin Davis, a gold-plated pillar of the U.S. Jewish establishment. Hiram Walker, before it was acquired by the Reichmanns, paid Marvin Davis \$759 million for his privately owned oil company. Davis had assured the buyers that they were getting a company with "proved reserves" of 11 million barrels of oil and 173 billion cubic feet of natural gas. The real figure turned out to be 8 million barrels of oil and 83 billion cubic feet of natural gas. To help clinch the sale, Davis told his non-Jewish buyers the main reason he was selling was that he had "incurable cancer." Eight years later Davis, who has bought 20th Century Fox and bought and sold the Beverly Hills Hotel since he sold his firm to Hiram Walker, has, in the words of author Foster, "staged a remarkable recovery from his terminal condition."

Britain. Englishmen used to be famous for their sportsmanship. Some historians say the English invented it. Now they seem to be disinventing it. In the first lap of the World Cross Country Championship trials at Gateshead, four anti-apartheid hooligans broke through some barriers and tried to block Zola Budd, the 21-year-old South African long-distance runner, who is now a British citizen. Zola avoided them, stayed in the race and managed to come in fourth.

* * *

A few months ago, when he assumed control of the programming of British television's Channel 4, almost the first act of Michael Grade, the son of Jewish showbiz whiz Lord Lew Grade, was to ban the airing of a docudrama on the bombing of Dresden. Grade's cop-out was that the "intercut" between fact and fiction was not adequately balanced. German Holocaust, no! Jewish Holocaust, si!

France. Twelve mainly Jewish groups sued Jean-Marie Le Pen, the leader of the Front National, for stating in a radio talk show that the Holocaust was a footnote in the history of WWII. Le Pen appealed the decision, that ordered him to pay one franc in damages to each plaintiff. The appeal was rejected. Now he has to pay 1,001 francs to each of the 12 groups harassing him. Undaunted, he says he will continue to appeal.

* * *

The late German philosopher, Martin Heidegger, the father of existentialism, has probably had more influence in France than in any other country. French guru Jean-Paul Sartre was his most famous and most dutiful "borrower" and disciple. There is very little in Sartre's philosophy that cannot be traced to Heidegger.

That a German and onetime Nazi should be considered the most influential 20th-century philosopher is a stumbling block to Jews. In discussing Heidegger in the media, Jews often pay practically no attention to his ideas, but talk about the horror of the man who actually joined the Nazi Party and was appointed rector of Freiburg University with the active approval of Hitler's government. Heidegger's disciples always believed that when Nazi educational procedures became too rigid for him, he resigned from his post and spent the rest of his life writing and teaching, far removed from politics.

Now to gladden the hearts of Nazi-bashers, a left-wing Chilean who claims he was a classmate of Heidegger's at Heidelberg, which would make him rather ancient, if not senile, positively declares that Heidegger was a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi from day one. The gossip-monger is Victor Farias, whose book-length polemic against Heidegger has appeared in French. Among

other things, Farias declares that Heidegger did not resign his rectorship because the Nazis were getting too Nazi-ish, but because they weren't Nazi enough. After reading Farias's snide putdown, François Fedier, a leading French philosopher, called it a "shameless falsification."

Perhaps the most damaging charge laid against Heidegger by Farias is that he had never denounced the Holocaust, an act which has now become a religious test for acceptance into the academic establishment. What's more, Heidegger's first essay, composed back in 1910, was dedicated to Abraham a Sancta Clara, a monkish 17th-century tub-thumper whose sermons often held the Jews in low esteem.

On a somewhat higher level, Jacques Derrida, the Moroccan Jewish swami of the cultish linguistic fad known as deconstructionism (nothing means what it's intended to mean), fortuitously discovered and pedantically traced some tenuous lines of thought that tie Heidegger and Nazism to the same philosophical tree.

Sein und Zeit (Being and Time), Heidegger's masterwork, is a wondrous creation of the human mind. The author expresses ideas so deep and so beyond our usual levels of cogitation that he practically had to invent an advanced version of German to get them across. If anyone has ever understood, described and prescribed for the messed-up condition of contemporary man, it is Heidegger. Is his philosophy any less valid because his politics don't appeal to Jews? Or because he didn't take off for New York and Hollywood when Hitler came to power?

* * *

The case of Henri Rocques, the author of a Ph.D. dissertation listing the many inaccuracies and outright fabrications contained in the Kurt Gerstein papers, one of the bibles of the Holocaust, is not closed. Rocques received his doctorate for his Gerstein study, but then had it snatched away from him by the French Minister of Education. Early this year, Jean-Paul Allard, the assistant dean of the faculty of languages at the University of Lyon, the professor who presided over the jury that approved Rocques's thesis was approached in the university parking lot by some masked men, who proceeded to throw him to the ground and kick him around. The aging professor was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was treated for a severe wound in the head..

West Germany. A report from Holocaust revisionist Denis Doyle. In Koblenz, West Germany, in the "Gymnasium auf dem Asterstein," a teacher of Latin ethics named Rudolf Koch presented the revisionist view of Auschwitz to his students to reinforce his contention that the ancient wars described in Latin texts were much more brutal and ruthless than modern wars. After the state promptly indicted him, Koch was convict-

ed. In addition to a fine and an impending prison term, against which he has appealed, a so-called "Berufsverbot" was imposed against him. Unless rescinded, it prohibits him from ever teaching again.

Roy Godenau is facing an impending prison term for protesting Rudolf Hess's incarceration. Previously he was indicted for distributing Spotlight's *The Great Holocaust Debate*. He recently beat the latter charge in court.

Friedrich Rainer, an Austrian, is still awaiting appeal of his conviction for being irreverent about the Holocaust in the presence of Simon Wiesenthal.

The idea of a German language revisionist newsletter has been tried out and the response was a deafening silence. The German psyche is a study in itself, and under present conditions very few Germans are receptive to revisionism -- a triumph of the "Frankfurt School"? national masochism? authoritarian adherence to a deceiving orthodoxy? fear? apathy? despair? The English-speaking world is, for whatever reason, certainly more receptive to this underground issue.

Austria. From a subscriber in Vienna. On the evening of March 10, President Waldheim spoke to the Austrians on the anniversary of the Anschluss. He acquitted himself reasonably well under the circumstances, decisively rejecting the concept of collective guilt, though at the same time apologizing for the Holocaust. The nervousness he displayed in earlier TV appearances was gone, and it almost looked as though he had decided to stay put. Meanwhile, his leftist and liberal enemies were holding demonstrations against him. Since they drew only a few hundred supporters, they were very selectively filmed.

Much more interesting was a meeting which took place in Vienna's Palais Auer-sperg on the evening of the next day. Recently, a political group called Aktion Vorbild Oesterreich has sprung up, consisting of people who are disgusted with the me-tooism of the People's (conservative) Party in accordance with their "Great Coalition" with the Socialists. They want a more thoroughgoing kind of Conservative Party, like the German CDU-CSU. Above all, they are concerned about Austria's image, which has been distorted beyond imagining by the media.

In practice, these people are the kind of conservatives who supported the implicitly fascist regimes of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, but were nonetheless anti-Nazi. The meeting began with a recording of Schuschnigg's speech of resignation just before the Nazis marched in back in 1938. Since my wife and I represent views which are scarcely pro-Schuschnigg, we kept to the back of the hall and clapped only when we agreed to clap.

Admittedly, there was quite a lot to applaud. The second item on the program

was Josef Haydn's Kaiserquartett, which contains the old imperial anthem that later became *Deutschland über Alles*. While making some prudent reservations, the principal speaker, Professor Dieman, went after "the enemies of Austria," saying that it was all very well to warn against "hostile stereotypes," but many of Austria's enemies did conform to such stereotypes. They included anti-democrats who refuse to accept the result of the presidential election; freemasons, who had been so prominent in the recent financial scandals, including a lodge specially set up to defame Waldheim; socialists (who were a "red flood, even worse than the brown one which had engulfed Austria in 1938"); left-wing Catholics, especially in the Cartelverband (a Catholic organization like Opus Dei which overlaps with the Masons); so-called "artists" like a certain Hrdlicka, who live on Austrian tax money, produce "entgeisterte Kunst" (cf. Goebbels's expression "entartete Kunst," or degenerate art) and at the same time defame Austria. Dieman lit into Otto von Habsburg, who was recently responsible for expressing anti-Waldheim views in a left-leaning journal (though the speaker was very sorry to include him in the list). He also criticized Jews (with many exceptions, he was glad to say) who had ganged up against Austria, dwelling particularly on the cases of Edgar Bronfman, with his "alcoholic empire," and Simon Wiesenthal, who is always, he said, trying to have it both ways: playing the pro- and anti-Austrian at the same time. As for the charge that Waldheim was a liar, only two Austrian politicians have been convicted of lying -- both of them socialists: the former finance minister, Hannes Androsch, and the former Bundeskanzler, Fred Sinowatz. (Although Sinowatz is a Burgenland Croat, his real origins are gypsy. That is why he looks like the worst kind of Hindu businessman and is often called Ziganowatz.)

Professor Dieman spoke with such vehemence that the chairman nervously tried to gloss it all over. But the damage, I am glad to say, had already been done.

Since the war, most Austrians have played the part of unwilling victims of Nazism, quietly happy about what the Russians have called "a creeping Anschluss." West German firms found subsidiaries and bring in higher technology, while Austria does well in the tourist trade and plays a "reasonable" part in international affairs.

Who would have guessed that Waldheim, for years the internationally admired Secretary-General of the UN, would be the excuse for the massive campaign of defamation against Austria? The Austrians have taken note that Bronfman, who heads the World Jewish Congress, promised them that if they dared to elect Waldheim, the years of his presidency would not be "honey-licking" years. They know that their flag was torn up publicly in the Knesset on June 12, 1986, and that any accusation against Waldheim is given the widest possible cur-



rency by the international media, with snide remarks against Austria included at every opportunity. Waldheim has even been accused of being a spy for the Soviets.

The publication by Der Spiegel of a telegram pretending that Waldheim gave orders for the removal of Yugoslav civilians to concentration camps, has been proved a forgery, but punishment of the culprits is hardly to be expected. The Wochenzeitung reported a bribe of 200,000 Austrian schillings being offered for "witnesses" of Waldheim's alleged atrocities.

Last year, a number of Israelis were invited to Vienna to testify against Waldheim. Although the testimony was all false, the Israeli "witnesses" not only drew their fares and expense money from the Austrian embassy in Israel, but later claimed at the Ministry in Vienna that they had received no compensation at all. So they got their money twice over.

A recent program on Austrian TV whitewashed Tito and made out that the Order of Zvonimir, awarded by the Croat fascist government to soldiers like Waldheim, who participated in the Kozara offensive against the partisans, was an award for participation in war crimes.

The fact is that Bronfman's attempt to prevent the European Community from considering Austria's application to join "as long as Waldheim is president," describing it as "another Anschluss," has got under the skin of businessmen here. They know that exclusion from the European Community would be very bad for the Austrian economy. The Austrians are unlike the Swiss, who have a more powerful and balanced economy, not dependent to such an extent on that of West Germany.

But I fear worse lies behind all this. Not only will the Jews do their damndest to exclude Austria from the European Community. They may also incite the Yugoslavs, who are burdened by their enormous inflation rate and unworkable political system, to externalize their problems by invading the Austrian province of Carinthia. The tiny Slovene minority was recently urged to force local German-speaking schoolchildren to be taught in Slovene with the Slovene children, though most of the Slovenes on the spot are content with the present arrangement, whereby only those who want to learn Slovene do so. This issue could well provide the excuse for Yugoslav intervention. Meanwhile, the left-wing marionettes of the Jews are at work. European MP James Ford (Labour, Manchester, a city with a large Jewish population) is asking the European Parliament to prevent Austria from joining, as long as the "integration" of the Slovene schoolchildren is in doubt.

On the other hand, the Soviet Union seems not only to have withdrawn its objections to Austria's membership in the Eu-

ropean Community, but hopes to benefit from technology channelled into the Communist countries through Austria. Down-town Vienna is now full of Hungarians buying up every microcomputer they can find. A little blackmail of the United States and European Community, as regards the consequences of Austria's exclusion, could well work wonders. After all, Japan would be quite ready to act as supplier of high-grade technology to Austria, while she exports middle-range technology to the Communist bloc (all that it can currently consume at most levels).

Of course, the charge of anti-Semitism will continue to be leveled against Austria, but remember that everyone who doesn't do what the Zionists want is sure to be given that label, even if he is a Burmese, like Secretary-General U Thant (described as a "slant-eyed anti-Semite" in London's New Statesman), even if he is a Jew, like Dr. Kreisky (accused of "hating his mother" by Begin). As Professor Dieman says, we have just got to get used to calling our enemies by their proper names -- whatever we get called in return.

Soviet Union. Jews are being allowed to leave Russia again in considerable numbers -- more than 8,000 in 1987 (according to Jewish organizations), nearly 10,000 (according to the Russians). Eleven Jews have recently been elected to the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and a Jew, or someone who resembles a Jew, Comrade Yaroslavsky, has joined the Politburo. The superboring, super-skewed docudrama, *Shoah*, has been shown in Moscow. But what about that high-powered conference of university scholars and professors in Leningrad who didn't challenge a note handed up from the floor and read by the chairman without comment? It said in part, "Nothing can be changed in this country unless we have renounced Marxism as a thoroughly Zionist teaching." Another note asked the question, which was read but not answered, "What is the role of Jews in the conspiracy against the Russian nation?"

* * *

A pair of social dissidents who knew Gorbachev in the early days, when he was working his way up the Communist party hierarchy, have accused him of being a stool pigeon, a bootlicking apparatchik and, horror of horrors, an anti-Semite. Fridrikh Neznansky and Lev Yudovich, classmates of Gorby at Moscow University, wrote a report for the U.S. government in 1984 that has recently been leaked to a West German newspaper. The two attest that Gorbachev, who was elected secretary of the Komsomol, the Young Communist League, in the last two years of Stalin's regime, "enthusiastically" supported the

Soviet dictator's anti-Semitic line, including the denunciation of "rootless cosmopolitans," a term that was generally followed by a recognizably Jewish name. They further charge that Gorby got his first job in the party by telling tales about the drinking habits of the man he succeeded.

Panama. If the U.S. wants to get rid of Noriega, it would make sense to first get rid of Mike Harare. Who is this mysterious Mike? He is a former Mossad hitman, currently coining money as an arms broker in the sale of at least \$20 million worth of weapons to the Panamanian government. He also happens to have a firm hold on Noriega's ear. For obvious reasons, the U.S. has asked Israel to order Harare to leave Panama.

But what Israel is asked to do by the U.S. and what Israel does are not necessarily the same. It is not known if Israel has stopped training the musclemen who comprise Noriega's large force of bodyguards. What is known is that Harare is buddy-buddy with Noriega and that the latter's daughter, a Catholic, attends Panama's Israeli School.

It is a learning experience to compare Congress's and the media's treatment of Noriega, the right-wing strongman, with the way they treat Castro, the left-wing commissar, who has also been deeply involved in the drug trade and has accepted payoffs for allowing Cuba to be used as a way station for cocaine flown to the United States from Colombia (Washington Post, March 10, 1988). Congress's liberal true believers are leading the fight to get Noriega out at the very time they are leading the fight to keep Daniel Ortega and his Sandinista bandidos in.

Reagan, the media and Congress, which have been tearing into Panama of late, have not been exactly forthcoming in reporting events. Every day for almost a month the evening news was announcing that Noriega was on the verge of decamping. Nothing was said about the fact that most Latin American countries, in one of those recurrent attacks of anti-Gringoism, were standing behind the drug lord. Washington's teary-eyed sympathy for Eric Delvalle, the president in hiding, would have been more explicable if viewers had been told he is Jewish.

To M.B. and E.W.

*In this heyday of peace-prized
War starters and dysgenic laureates
Nobel maggots feed on dead lies
To the accompaniment of
The deep rumble of
Chaos laughing.*

Discombobulating Ma Bell

When the bigwigs at AT&T heard about the resolution that was going to be put before the company's stockholders, their synapses sputtered and short-circuited like a telephone pole struck by lightning. The National Alliance (P.O. Box 2264, Arlington, VA 22202), which owns 100 shares, asked for a vote to end AT&T's affirmative action program, which, like all such unconstitutional, minority-massaging measures, racially discriminates against white workers. The phone giant's executives moved heaven and earth to kill the resolution, but when the National Alliance appealed to the Securities and Exchange Commission, AT&T was ordered to comply with the law. In its notice of the 1988 shareholder's meeting, the National Alliance's resolution was printed in its entirety. All AT&T could do was devote more than a page to condemning it and praising Ma Bell for its policy of doing everything in its power to hire, coddle and promote blacks, but not mentioning that a lot of this hiring, coddling and promoting was accomplished at the expense of whites.

The outcome of the vote was never in doubt, but it was a good try.

Cooking the Censors

Try as they could, Jewish organizations were not able to get those blood-curdling television pictures off the air. They were able to tone down the follow-up in the press, which was almost as full of veiled criticisms of the Palestinians as it was of stories of Israeli brutality. The picketing of the offices of ABC-TV News, which had dared to compare Israel to South Africa, had some effect in warning mediacrats not to linger too long and too embarrassingly on what the Israelis were doing.

Nevertheless, the American public was pretty well shook up by the events transpiring in the "only democracy in the Middle East" -- so shook up that 30 of Israel's most servile senatorial flunkies, led by Messrs. Cranston, Inouye, Metzenbaum and Kennedy, signed a letter warning that Israel, and especially Prime Minister Yitzhak (Hit Man) Shamir, better shape up. Lending the admonition a deaf ear, Shamir came to Washington right in the midst of the bloodbath and was warmly received by Shultz and Reagan. (Yet Kurt Waldheim, the duly elected president of a *civilized* country, is forbidden entrance to the U.S.)

In spite of the dramatic and searing TV coverage, Israel's month-long bombing of Beirut (phosphorous bombs on hospitals) was quickly and conveniently forgotten. No doubt the Palestinian insurrection in Gaza and the West Bank will also disappear down the West's cavernous memory hole. There was, however, one difference this time -- those 30 senators, pro-Zionist to the core, putting their John Hancocks on something critical of Israel.

Jesse Helms, the political switch-hitter who turned from the Senate's sternest critic of Israel to its biggest booster, joined a minority of Jewish senators (Specter and Hecht among them) who refused to sign. His political and moral ganglia are evidently not disturbed by the killing of some 130 Palestinians, most of them kids who were born in refugee camps not too far from where Jews had grabbed their families' homes and property in what should be known, but isn't, as the rape of Palestine.

Note: As blood flowed on the West Bank and Gaza streets, it was announced in Pittsburgh that the city's public safety director, Glenn Cannon, would make a trip to Israel to study Zionist "law enforcement procedures." Pittsburghers wondered if he would learn the intricacies of such types of Israeli law enforcement as burying Arabs alive with bulldozers. The mail sent to Cannon was so heavy that he finally had to cancel his trip.

After the Fall

Al Campanis and Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder have now fallen by the wayside. Yet never or almost never in the millions of words expended on their allegedly racist remarks did any newsman bother to investigate the truth or untruth of what they said about Negro racial differences in intelligence (Campanis's remarks about the black lack of "necessities") or in eugenics and physiology (the Greek's remarks about breeding and "high, big thighs").

One newspaper, the Houston Chronicle (Jan. 24, 1988, p. 8) did print a garbled follow-up, which reluctantly admitted that there may have been some truth to the Greek's comments about breeding. John Hope Franklin, one of the establishment's most respected Negro historians, was briefly quoted to the effect that some breeding was going on in the antebellum South. The fact is that page 178 of Franklin's widely touted *From Slavery to Freedom* deals with this subject directly. Here are just two quotes:

[T]here seems to be no doubt that innumerable slaveholders deliberately undertook to increase the number of saleable slaves by advantageously mating them and by encouraging prolificacy in every possible way.

Moncure Conway of Fredricksburg, Virginia, boldly asserted that "the chief pecuniary resource in the border states is the breeding of slaves". . . .

What a Negro historian writes in a highly recommended book produces no hostile reaction, but when a sports oddsmaker or analyst says the same thing on TV, it becomes a national scandal. Truth these days has come to depend on who speaks it. What is a fact in a black mouth becomes a lie in a white mouth.

In rebuttal to other various statements of Campanis and the Greek, we quote the following from *Instauration* (Jan. 1980, p.20):

[L]ong articles have recently appeared in *Time*, *Sports Illustrated* and other publications going into sumptuous detail about various inherited physical traits that account for black dominance in sports. The principal anthropological findings seem to be that, compared to whites, Negroes have longer legs, shorter and more muscled calves, more muscled upper arms, a greater body to weight ratio, a smaller lung to body ratio, heavier bones, even larger adrenal glands. Last but not least, Negroes are more double-jointed and limber (the two basic physical requirements for "hanging loose"). All these differences make it possible for blacks to run faster, jump higher and hit harder than whites -- and it is this running, jumping and hitting ability that accounts for their superior performance in track and field, basketball, football and baseball. In basketball, for example, players who don't jump well are described as having "white guy's disease."

Getting Rid of the Competition

A few years ago Rudy Stanko had it made. The Polish-American cattleman, a multimillionaire, was the biggest supplier of fresh meat to the military. Today, Stanko is serving a six-year jail sentence and his business is kaput. What happened to turn his life upside down in such a short time? What dropped him almost overnight from near the top to the bottom of the American social ladder?

Stanko has written a book, *The Score*, about his downfall, which he blames on Jews who plotted to drive a non-Jew out of a business (or cartel) dominated by the Chosen. It's a gruesome story, in which NBC-TV and Senator Tom Harkin (D-Iowa) play a part. If true, the Jewish penetration of American business can no longer be ascribed to Jewish business acumen, as the conventional wisdom has it, but to Jewish conspiring.

Anyone interested in this potentially explosive book may order Rudy Stanko's *The Score* from the Institute for Christian Business, 940 R Street, Gering, NE 69341. Price, \$15 postpaid. Phone (308) 436-7200.

The Dark Ages at Dartmouth

Conservatives in Ivy League colleges have a pretty rough time. When any argument or confrontation arises between Majority members and minorities, the faculty, preponderantly white, but also heavily Jewish, immediately comes down on the ones with the fair complexions. In the ongoing squabble at Dartmouth over an illiterate, four-letter-wordish black music professor, William Cole, and the half-truthful, half-fearful Dartmouth Review, two of the journal's editors, Christopher Baldwin and John Sutter, were suspended for a year and a half, the review's photographer for half a year, and a fourth staffer was given a year's probation. What else could be expected from an administration headed by James Freedman, the college's latest Jewish president, who joined a rally demanding that the so-called offenders be booted out for good?

The Dartmouth Review had a run-in with Professor Cole, whose favorite instrument is the bongo drum, several years ago, when the editors were so amazed at the depth of his ignorance and the height of his hubris that they honored him with a feature article. He sued for libel, but dropped the charges when he found he couldn't get the libel law revised in his favor. When liberal-minority students built an illegal shantytown on campus to emphasize their dislike of apartheid in South Africa (but not apartheid in Black Africa), Dartmouth Review staffers eagerly joined the self-appointed wrecking crew called the Dartmouth Dozen that sledge-hammered it down. A few months ago the Review asked Professor Cole to apologize for calling them "white boy racists." Flying into a rage, he broke the camera of the journal's photographer. The Review's release of pertinent parts of a phone call to Professor Cole show all too clearly what is happening to the Ivy League professoriat.

Review: Mr. Cole? Why did you hang up on me, sir?

Cole: Hey, man . . . You're racist dogs . . . You're going to put your racist bull[deleted] in the paper . . . I know that you mother-[deleted] are going to do the same thing you always do.

Review: Which is what, sir?

Cole: You're the scum of the mother-[deleted] earth . . . You're a racist! You're bigots! You're sexists! . . . You're all [deleted] [deleted] white boy racists!

From the above dialogue, it seems that the cultural level of Dartmouth is about on a par with that of a Harlem elementary school. The four accused members of the Review staff will appeal, but in a mentally closed shop like Dartmouth, they'll need some luck. As a matter of fact, what have they got to lose by leaving? They should be happy to be free of such a thoughtless cadre of educational throwbacks as the Dartmouth faculty, which rushed to Cole's defense. The unfairly treated students should be euphoric that they can now throw off the intellectual straitjackets which have become a required article of clothing for present-day collegiates.

Sick Joke

Human decency in this country and century has become so degraded that some of us are often at the point of giving up completely on *Homo sapiens*. We certainly should give up on Doug Clark, a columnist (calumnist?) for the Spokesman Review of Spokane (WA). In his January 2, 1988, column, Clark actually rejoiced and joked over a particularly low trick that someone played on Richard Butler, the ailing, 70-year-old head of the Aryan Nations, who was acquitted in April on charges of conspiring to overthrow the U.S. government.

Butler had a German Shepherd that inadvertently ran into a porcupine. The dog was taken to an animal hospital where quills were removed from his inflamed muzzle. Before the dog was released, however, some person called up, pretended he was Butler, and ordered the dog to be castrated. The vet quickly obliged.

Doug Clark thought this was screamingly funny. One wonders how he would feel if the same trick were played on his dog -- or on him!

After 50 years of obsessive and pathological anti-Germanism, anti-WASPism, pro-Semitism and mountainous Holocaust propaganda, hardly any tragedy of any kind can befall a white activist. All the milk of human kindness is curdled when race-conscious Majority members are involved. As far as the media are concerned, all such whites must be publicly dehumanized. But what the dehumanizers fail to understand is that the obloquy they force on others must boomerang on themselves. The specialist in hate, the accuser of hate in others, himself is bound to acquire over the years a large supply of the same commodity.

Unfortunately, the hatemonger who hates what he calls hate groups or hate literature seldom gets around to understanding that he actually out-hates his targets. The man who has AIDS and doesn't know it is far more of a menace to society than the AIDS carrier who is conscious of his predicament. The same may be said of hate-obsessed newspaper columnists.

Inouye Backtracks

Senator Daniel Inouye (D-HI) was forced by public outcry to author a bill, which was promptly enacted, that rescinded the \$8 million payola he slipped by Congress and President Reagan and allocated to a bunch of North African Jewish schoolmasters in France. Nothing was done to reduce other government millions sent to other Jewish institutions, which are religiously oriented. This has been going on for years without any complaints -- until the Inouye giveaway -- from the ACLU, the courts, Congress or the White House. Church and state tend to get very entangled when money for Jews is involved.

Black Hero Muffled

James Meredith, the first black to desegregate Ole Miss (with the help of a phalanx of gun-toting federal marshals) is well established in the civil rights pantheon. In February, however, he was "disinvited" from speaking at Hollins, a women's college in Virginia, by the very same people who invited him to help celebrate Black History Month. Members of the Black Student Alliance, having had second thoughts, decided the onetime Negro hero was not a "quality" speaker and was too "vague," too "negative" and too "abusive." Meredith of late has been critical of his black brethren, actually going so far as to ask them to stop hitching their wagons to affirmative action, drugs and welfare checks and take a chance on free enterprise instead of forever downing it. Another problem is that Meredith speaks an earthy black English, which is not appreciated by the black college elitists, who have adopted the King's English.

Teacher's Faux Pas

A few years ago, Instauration published a satirical, not unfunny job application form for minorities that had been circulating about the country in Samisdat style. One copy must have turned up on the desk of Ted Ault, a ninth-grade social science teacher in Pleasant Hill (CA). He gave it to his students, he said, to familiarize them with the practice of racial stereotyping. Unfortunately for Ault, such multiple choice answers as "charity hospital, cotton patch, free public hospital, lettuce field" for the item "Place of Birth" didn't go over too well with his minority pupils and their parents.

The expected clamor was not long in coming, and its main theme was "psychological child abuse." Ault was immediately suspended while the school board pondered assigning him to another institution as far removed as possible from Pleasant Hill. Since he has put in 20 years in the system, he can't be fired out of hand.

Change of Mind

Crime in New York City and the woeful inadequacy of city officials to deal with crime are getting so bad that a couple of veteran antiwhite agitators have actually written articles admitting that Negroes, yes, Negroes, are at the nub of the mess -- not poverty, not racism, not any other of the many excuses that liberals and Jews over the years have used to cover up the simmering black guerrilla war against whites and against their own kind, which corrupt or naive criminologists call a crime wave.

Hugh Murray, a veteran Congress of Racial Equality agitator, vigorously and courageously attacked the NAACP and ACLU in an article in the New York Tribune. He accused the pols and the media of using Howard Beach to paper over the fact that blacks commit a much greater number of crimes against whites than vice versa.

Another joiner of the small but growing number of recanters is Pete Hamill, noted Village Voice scribe, screenwriter and anti-white propagandist, who for years was the sans pareil model of the ultraliberal equalitarian, putting his body where his mouth was by marrying an Hispanic, Ramona Negron, and fathering two half-Hispanic children. In an article in Esquire (March 1988) entitled, "Break the Silence, a Letter to a Black Friend," Hamill sounds off against the black underclass, charging that one of the main reasons for this group's criminal behavior is its abandonment by middle-class blacks. He accuses his "black friend" of trying to ignore the existence of "this ferocious subculture" by retreating "defensively into the clichés of glib racialism."

Hamill came out and admitted that he had deliberately chosen to cast a blind eye on this problem for years. He now confesses he was dead wrong and begs his "black friend" to join him in trying to civilize the black underclass before it is too late. In all his mea culpas, however, Hamill still cannot bring himself to talk about the racial aspects of the inner cities' boiling anomie. He still insists it's a class problem. If he had insisted otherwise, Esquire would not have accepted his article.

How to Save the Nordic Race

White birthrates are almost in a free fall. Although demographers, who predict the rise and fall of population groups, have often come a cropper, it's a fairly safe bet that the present numerical decline of the white race, especially its Northern European component, is going to continue at a clip which may halve the present number of whites in the world only a few generations down the pike.

Nordics are committing racial suicide faster than Alpines or Mediterraneans -- and apparently nothing can be done to stop it. It's almost a certainty that such old standbys as baby bounties, progressive tax breaks for more than two children and medals for mothers of big families won't alleviate the situation. What is needed is a real shot in the arm -- a root and branch change of the economic system to bring back the conditions where the more children the merrier, where a human litter was an economic boon instead of a crushing economic burden.

Pending broad-based economic reforms which will favor instead of penalize expanded white birthrates, the decline in Nordic fertility can only be arrested and reversed by non-standard means of childbearing. It may sound like pie in the sky futurology, but science will surely someday develop artificial wombs which can be implanted with human embryos. Why not tomorrow? It's now possible to fertilize the eggs of women with the sperm of men in vitro -- that is, in the laboratory instead of in the female body. It is now also possible, though with some difficulty and with many misses, to implant an embryo fertilized outside the womb into the

womb and have it come to term. In fact, there are now some 10,000 fertilized embryos in deep freezes throughout the world, 3,000 in Britain alone. But what is so far quite impossible is to implant an embryo in an artificial womb, for the simple reason that such an apparatus does not exist and, as far as is known, one is not yet on the drawing board. But this doesn't mean it can't be done. Once one such ersatz womb is invented and "works," there would seem to be no reason why they couldn't be turned out in quantity, perhaps in the millions and tens of millions.

The invention of a successful artificial womb should rank with the greatest inventions of all time. It would not only end the pain and pangs of childbirth. It could revolutionize population dynamics. It could literally save the Nordic race from extinction.

The working Nordic mother could continue at her job and still have babies. The physical demands saddled upon her for nine months would vanish. Frozen embryos and artificial wombs would permit Nordic mothers to be fruitful and multiply long after their age of childbearing is past. It would even be possible for non-Nordic women to have Nordic children.

Stretching the imagination even further, it's possible to foresee a day when every child in the world would be born from an artificial womb. Among other advantages, this would permit the number of children from every race to be controlled in such a way that no race would be able to outbreed and overwhelm another with sheer numbers. Let's not forget that surging and sinking birthrates have been one of the main causes of war.

Since Nordic scientists are in the forefront of the birthing revolution, we must hope they will accelerate their research by developing and perfecting an artificial womb. They will not only be performing a great service to future women of all races, but at the same time may save their own race from oblivion.

Straws in the Wind

- When the mother of a Narragansett (RI) boy, who was sexually abused by Rev. William O'Connell, found out the priest was being protected by his bishop, she sued the Catholic diocese for \$14 million. In their defense, church officials claimed that the Constitution "long prohibited the review by a civil court of the qualifications of a clergyman or his appointment to a clerical office." Judge Americo Campanella rejected this specious argument. The litigation will proceed.

- Despite Jewish complaints and maneuverings, the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh put on an exhibit, "In the Claws of the Red Dragon," sponsored by the German-American National Congress. Featured were photographs and eyewitness accounts of atrocities committed by the Red Army as it drove 12 to 15 million Germans out of their homes and lands in East Prussia and other formerly German areas in Eastern Europe during the closing days of WWII. Jews managed to close down "Claws" for a couple of weeks, but this caused such a counter-reaction that the library was forced to reopen the exhibit. The whole affair was an object lesson in propaganda. People who attended the exhibit learned about one of the greatest atrocities in history (at least 2,000,000 died in the flight). And they also learned that some very powerful people believe it's commendable to deny the Holocaust of the uprooted Germans, but that it's practically a crime to deny the Holocaust of Jews.

- In 1977, Iowa repealed a law permitting the sterilization of those who are "mentally ill or retarded, syphilitic, habitual criminals, moral degenerates or sexual perverts and who are a menace to society." But in February, the Iowa Supreme Court, in the case of a Japanese couple who wanted to have their retarded daughter rendered incapable of having offspring, ruled that sterilization could be again carried out with court approval.