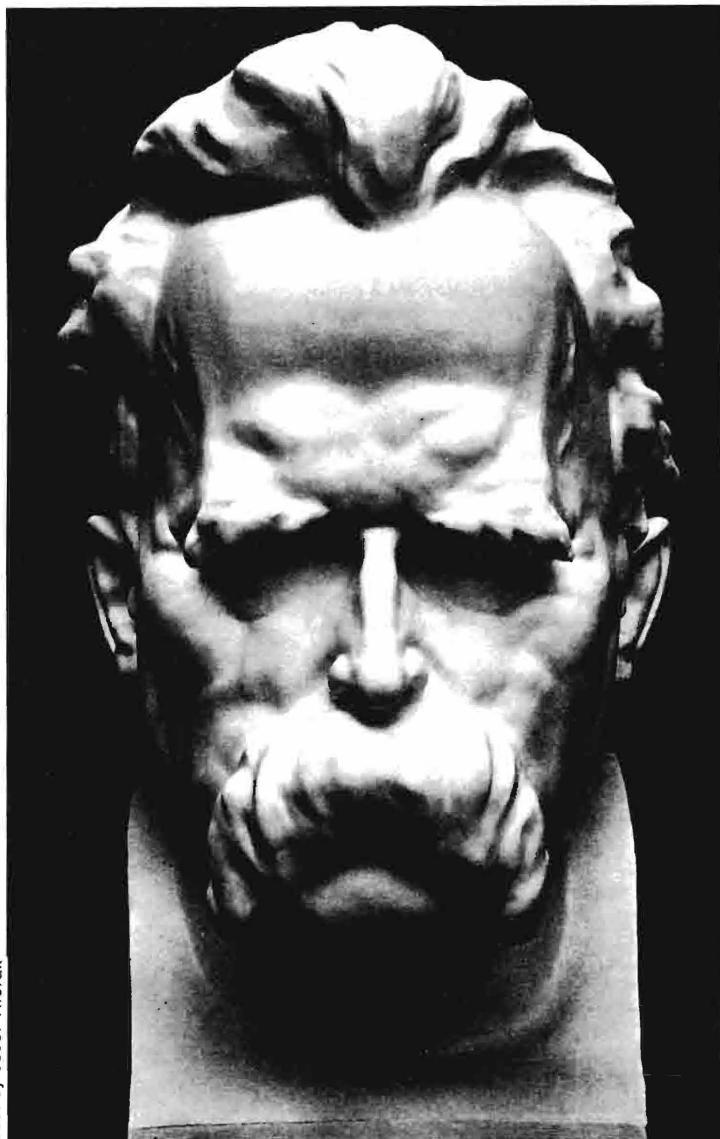


δύστανε, μοίρας ὅποι παροίχῃ.

Instauration.[®]

VOL. 16, NO. 6

MAY 1991



Bust by Josef Thorak

Should
His
Ethic
Be
Our
Ethic?

Friedrich Nietzsche

The Safety Valve

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

□ When Joe Sobran wrote that the N.Y. Times should be renamed Holocaust Update, he was exaggerating to make a point. But most of America's monthly church-related magazines could be given the following title with very little exaggeration at all: Old White People and Young Nonwhites Monthly. I've just been through a mixed stack of mainstream Protestant magazines, and the articles and pictures are shocking. Almost every issue of every magazine of every denomination is filled with Northern European types cooing over colored tykes and teens, and gushing about how the gospel commands that they must be "embraced." White kids are included if they are "blessed" with a disease like Down's Syndrome. Racial (and gender) quotas are *de rigueur*. One could say it's a reflection of society at large, were it not ten times more intensive in the churches. Any healthy, young white Presbyterian, Lutheran or Methodist reading this stuff would be driven to conclude he was superfluous and should apologize for existing at a time when the goal of mainstream Protestantism has become the rapid phasing out of his kind.

289

□ On my new Spell Right Dictionary Memory Typewriter XD4600 Smith Corona the warning light flashes if I dare type "Robertson" or "Instauration."

Canadian subscriber

□ One of the brightest spots in my daily life is being able to analyze your offerings, which inspire profound awareness of the real world.

329

□ On PBS, Bill Moyers interviewed a woman from India who said she came to college in America in order to marry a white man and have mixed-race children so she could speed up the extinction of the white race.

775

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Wilmot Robertson, editor

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□ So you are an ex-American? Me, too. One of my ancestors helped found the New Haven colony, but that was then.

895

□ The other night I tuned into the last half of a Boston Celtics-New York Knicks game. When it was over, the talk show host ripped the losing Knicks up and down, working himself into a semi-frenzy of excoriation. Finally, he angrily blurted out, "The Knicks are just not intelligent." He paused briefly, and in that fraction of a nanosecond I could feel his mental gears shifting from bogus outrage to genuine fear of a ruined career in sports broadcasting. Ever so quickly, and with a slight note of desperation, he added, "in the basketball sense."

321

□ I noted in the Safety Valve (Feb. 91) a letter about the movie, *Symphony of Six Million*, a 1932 opus about Yiddish upward mobility. This was not the first time a Fannie Hurst novel on this theme had been brought to the screen. In 1929, Columbia's first talkie, *The Younger Generation*, covered similar ground. Ricardo Cortez, acclaimed as a Latin lover during the silent era, starred in both films. Cortez was really Jake Kranz—hardly a name to set female hearts fluttering. His brother, Stanley Kranz, became Stanley Cortez and went on to become a prominent cinematographer. If anyone ever does a book on Hispanics in films, I hope the author is not so misinformed as to include the brothers Kranz.

752

□ I read in some newspaper that the most chilling words in English are "Arab terrorist." Hold on, Hymie. The most chilling words are "Jewish State."

190

□ American blacks can say things that white Americans are not permitted to say—at least on camera. Reacting to Bush of Arabia's "Turkey Shoot," blacks have been more critical than any other race. I have come to admire Congressman Ron Dellum's stand. Crises make strange bedfellows.

910

□ With reference to the letter from a Canadian subscriber (Jan. 1991), the Zellers Dept. Store chain is not owned by "a tribe," but by the grade A, certified pure Anglo-Saxon Protestant Thomson family.

Canadian subscriber

□ The local TV news had an interview with an Iraqi woman, an American citizen, who was saying how worried she was about her 52 relatives still living in Iraq. The woman was swarthy and her English sketchy. The interviewer signed off with, "Thank you very much, Bernadette Smith, for your thoughts!"

723

□ Something's mighty fishy when the "WASP ethic" is openly praised in Newsweek, Time and U.S. News, all tub-thumping hotbeds of minority racism. Kind words about WASPs in

their pages are about as common as Ku Kluxers in Harlem. Anything and everything serving to dispossess and ultimately destroy WASPdom are invariably praised to the skies, from Open Borders to the latest machinations of the ADL. Why then this fulsome praise for this despised, endangered species? Could it be that the media suddenly felt a momentary need for us to ensure victory in another of their "good wars?"

404

□ Free speech is no longer an absolute, but depends on who does the talking. The International Herald Tribune recently published a letter from an Indonesian with an Islamic surname asserting that Jews have no right to emigrate to Germany. Had the writer been Hans Schmidt from Bonn, no doubt he'd now be behind bars.

German subscriber

□ I just received the March issue of Instauration. All I can say is, please, please do not cut editorial content. Print the publication any low-cost way you can, but please don't shorten it. It's like losing one day of a weekend or getting a lunch hour cut in half. In other words, too painful to even consider!

752

□ Reporters writing about David Duke never stop harping about his KKK membership. Wonder what keeps 'em from referring to Fat Face as "The Date Drowner!"

901

□ I blame the libs and the mins for Bush's war. If they hadn't called him a wimp, none of this would have happened. Never mind that it cost \$50 billion. Never mind that parts of the Middle East will be an ecological mess for decades. Bush was determined to prove his machismo.

327

□ However you slice it, Jews engineered the political climate that sent us to the Middle East. With blacks and Latinos now swarming into positions of importance, we're sure to have similar "involvements" in sub-Saharan Africa and Latin America. Minority interests will become increasingly American interests, minority battles America's battles. It really won't matter

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that we whites will never have heard of Big Chief Wigglewalk or how his tribe was horrified by the kidnapping of his daughter, Princess Liverlips. The body-snatching (or some other outrage) will be the pretext for armed intervention. The big networks will interview The Man in the Street, who will solemnly state, "The world cannot tolerate such a crime, even in such a remote place as....Where did you say we're going?"

220

□ Bush glows with pride over how U.S. high-tech wonder weapons knocked out Iraq. What the unsophisticated, trusting American fails to consider, however, is that the use of such ace-in-the-hole weaponry renders it substantially less effective next time around. In the Iraq walkover the Armed Forces tipped our military hand—one that was painfully and very expensively built up over decades of R&D investment. These billions were spent not for the purpose of combating a Third World nuisance, but for repelling an aggressive superpower. So the real cost of defeating Saddam cannot be reckoned in terms of hardware replacement alone. Because they didn't think it wise to let the world in on our most important military secrets, most of our senior officers cautioned against our intervention in the Persian Gulf.

402

□ It may be unbecoming of me, but I can't help relishing Prexy Kennedy's predicament. Stanford was one of the early perpetrators of trashing Western Civ courses. Tuning into a TV debate between Kennedy and then Ed.-Sec. Bennett, I noted the former's enthusiasm for "multiculturalism" and doing away with studies that had to do with DWEMs (Dead White European Males). I'd love to see Kennedy do some time for letting taxpayers pay for his creature comforts, but I know he won't.

190

□ The New World Order should be called what it really is: the continuation of the Democratic Insanity Fair.

Austrian subscriber

□ Recently a huge banner was strung between two of the largest buildings on the Rutgers University campus. It was the work of the Haitian Students Association and commemorated the black revolt on Haiti in 1791. Imagine honoring Negro savages who massacred an entire population of whites! This at a state university founded and run by whites! Wake up whitey. You're in a death trance!

089

□ Instauration in its new desktop publishing incarnation still looks good, even though it's a bit trim. I hope it will eventually return to its usual size.

207

□ Has anyone noticed the most recent manifestation of the New Racial Privilege at work in athletics? I've read several enthusiastic stories about how a group of Negroes who starred in other sports (e.g., Edwin Moses in track and Herschel Walker in football) have suddenly become prominent members of the U.S. bobsled team. Like the coverage of the Jamaican bobsled team at the last Winter Olympics, this sto-

ry has the obvious "cute" angle. It's a case of that old, "Anything whites can do, blacks can do—maybe even better." One group in this affair remains curiously (or not so curiously) overlooked: the whites who used to comprise the first-rank U.S. bobsled team. Their position is rather analogous to the 20 or so white generals who Colin Powell zipped past on his way to head up the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

933

□ Israelis have a way with the English language. The mass expulsion of Palestinians they are planning is blandly called a "transfer." But when Israeli leaders visit Washington they come to discuss a "mutual defense arrangement." What's mutual about it? We agree to defend them and pay them for the privilege. All they do is deposit the checks.

783

□ I don't believe that Jews were largely responsible for propelling America into the war to save tyranny from degenerate emirs. That inglorious maneuver bears the imprint of George Bush, the Republican Party's latest exponent of mega-imperialism. For the east coast branch of the GOP, international interventionism has always been a big thrill. Midwestern Republicans, on the other hand, historically have taken the broader, less enthusiastic view of gunboatism, seeing in the principles of Manifest Destiny a disastrous break with the isolationism of another, wiser George.

043

□ Dr. Frances Welsing, the nuttiest of the nutty breed of black shrinks whose intellectual posturing embarrasses even her tribespersons, attained truly heroic heights of idiocy recently when she explained over a D.C. radio station why Nazis had such a racial hatred of Jews. "You see, the word 'Semite' comes from the Latin prefix 'semi,' meaning 'only half white.'" Is it unfair to suggest that Franny is only semi-there?

220

□ Almost all the dramatis poisonae in the Senate Ethnic Committee's investigation of the Keating Five go down in my book as seemingly very intelligent—the committee members, the "defendants," the lawyers, the paralegals and the witnesses. But intelligent is not really the right word. I should say "sharp," a mental trait that generally reaps great benefits in a multiracial democracy already in steep decline.

299

□ Dat ol' rascal Martin Luther King Jr., here he bin first a-stealin' dat German fellas' name. Dat's how he gits de Revrunt stuff. Den when he ain't after all dem white ladies he steals dat fellas' teesis an' dat's how he gits de Doctor stuff. Sakes alive, dat ol' spade sho'nuff gits de jump on dem white folk!

Canadian subscriber

□ As a sort of sociological experiment I made up a protest sign and attended both the anti-war and pro-war demonstrations at the Texas capitol in January. My sign, unlike any others at either demonstration, told it like it was: SHABBAS GOY GEORGE FIGHTS ISRAEL'S WAR. U.S. OUT OF MIDEAST! Need I add that it required only about 120 seconds for irate, kinky-

haired, hook-nosed lib-minners to rip the poster from my hands at the "anti" demonstration. Later I was ordered to remove the repaired sign from the "pro" demonstration by an irate, nearly psychopathic Vietnam vet of "conservative" persuasion. "Get that—sign out of here!" he screamed. "We're not bigots! Israel is our friend! You need to get behind the president, you——!" Bush of Arabia's war has convinced me, once and for all, that waking up the American Majority is, was and ever will be a hopeless task. Rotsa Ruck.

540

□ Dumb Saddam Hussein! If the war to destroy him could have been delayed for another 30 years or so, he would have had a fighting chance. It would have been one mud country attacking another.

084

□ What I have found most unsettling is the mass jingoism/hysteria that the anti-Saddam crusade set off in this country among Majority members. My neighborhood is one of retired professors and state employees—hardly your ordinary jingoies. But you should have seen the flags and yellow ribbons. I have been virtually shouted down by previously polite people when I even dared to bring up the Israeli role in all this. The war fever proved to me that American whites are too stupid to fight for their own survival. Oh, they'll cheer and howl and send their own children off to die for the "freedom" of yellow, brown and black people all over the world. But they'll gun down, imprison and ridicule their own sons who fight for their own racial survival right here in what was once their own country!

679

□ Yep, I knew it was coming! Israel says those relatively few Scuds that fell in built-up areas in Tel Aviv damaged 6,000 buildings.

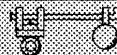
Canadian subscriber

□ Today in Britain it is chic to practice miscegenation: well-dressed young executives pawing at their overly made-up African models in the Underground; young, sad women pushing mulatto infants in strollers with one or two more in tow. As I rode a bus in London an elderly veteran chatted me up. He told me he fought the Nazis in WWII because the army was the only job available. He went on to say that post-war socialism had made Brits lazy, weak and crazy. In a loud, steady voice, he announced that if there were any real Brits left they'd "run those black apes into the sea." This brought some ugly frowns, except from an older Negress who seemed quite amused. I asked my interlocutor what he thought of German reunification. He said he thought it would be nice if everyone could be free in their own country. Not to worry, said I. "When the Luftwaffe regroups and takes off again, it could resume the blitz on London and never hit an Englishman!"

849

□ The other night I stopped in at my friendly neighborhood supermarket to pick up a few items. Walking down one of the aisles, I noticed a group consisting of three black women and a young child. As I passed them, I briefly overheard their conversation. It was in Spanish. Instantly I felt the metaphysical despair of that

The Safety Valve



loneliest of souls, the American Instaurationist. I've lived my entire life in a "non-rainbowed" (i.e., white) suburb. It wasn't all that long ago when it would have been unusual just to see black people in the neighborhood store. To hear black people speaking Spanish (often Dominicans) or pidgin French (Haitians) I had to venture all the way to Zoo City. Now such rare delights are becoming available in one's own backyard. Can we ever thank the liberal-minority coalition enough?

121

□ I remember listening to a comedy album back in the mid-1960s entitled, *You Don't Have to Be Jewish*. I've forgotten everything about it except for one brief segment in which an elderly Jewish man engages in a dialogue with God about why Jews are his Chosen People. The punch line comes when the Hebrew plaintively moans to Yahweh, "Could you please choose somebody else?" Whether the Jews would really be interested in assuming a less prominent role in history in return for some peace and quiet is a ponderable question. Today, the ostensible mission of the Jews in the Diaspora—at least the one we hear most about—is to be a "light unto the nations." As a lifetime member of the American goyim, I can't help but reflect now and then about what has happened to us since that "light" started to shine on us. As I survey the results, this guy feels like asking the Jews, "Could you please shine on somebody else?"

755

□ There is something I like about turning pages, whether they're turned forward fast to learn "what happens next" or turned back slowly to reread, rethink and remember certain passages. I prefer turning pages to pushing buttons.

774

□ According to the N.Y. Times, "crimes of hate against Arabs and Jews in the U.S. rose to record levels in 1990." There was no mention of any such crimes against white Gentiles. Harlem, here I come! Now I feel safe anywhere.

142

□ Facial hair, popular among blacks and Jews, may signify more than social or religious custom. It may say that each, for his own reasons, disparages the color of his skin. For blacks that's understandable on any number of counts. For Jews the logic may be a bit harder to penetrate. Their whiteness, after all, has been their ticket into decent folks' society. Without it, they'd be peddling dime-store beads to Third World nomads.

971

□ It's odd that nowadays we have advanced knowledge in nutrition, yet people are sicker. We have more sophisticated equipment for crime fighting, but violent crime rates are higher. We have made great advances in psychiatry, yet people are more deranged. We have more books on positive thinking, yet people are more negative. We have made significant technical breakthroughs in forensics, yet more murders go unsolved. Publications like *Soldier of*

Fortune and Guns and Ammo have more readers and subscribers, yet ever more mutants walk the streets.

630

□ Now that the Gulf War has wound down, Instauration will have some new subscribers. I have given a piece of my racial mind to men over here who feel as I do. Part of my success is due to the blacks' inconsistency under fire. Normally they have a very tight hold on what goes on in this army. But here the whites had to take charge because of the blacks' total inefficiency.

APO zip withheld

□ People complain and complain about the media, so why do they keep reading the N.Y. Times? Why do they watch shows that offend them? Why do they keep buying the products that finance these shows?

403

□ Question: What should be the proper response to a country which persecutes a minority yearning to secede, secretly develops or tries to develop nuclear weapons, invades a tiny neighbor, attacks a U.S. Navy vessel ostensibly by mistake and scoffs at UN resolutions? Answer: If it's Iraq, use crushing force to punish it. If it's Israel, guarantee its security and give it \$3 billion a year.

372

□ Whenever Israel is discussed it's considered axiomatic the U.S. has to back up the Zionist state with money and weapons. The debate is never Why, but How Much and How Many!

Scandinavian subscriber

□ Here in the Griffith Park section of L.A., where I live, the area literally swarms with Armenoids and their similarity in looks and behavior to Jews is staggering. A local Armenian merchant looks so much like an obnoxious Jewish professor I once had in college that they could be identical twins!

900

□ Too many Americans think it is good that we have ruined Iraq. "That will teach them to mess with us again. Ha ha!" When I suggest that we could have solved the problem with the blockade, they ask me why I don't leave the country, since I don't like the way it's run.

224

□ Not so long ago I felt sorry for Majorityites—for what Jews et al. were doing to them. The Gulf War changed my mind. What I saw was a bloodthirsty mob following a madman. For what? To do the Children of Israel's dirty work. My fellow "Anglos" are contemptible. It's the "deer hunter syndrome" Instauration once wrote about. Craven cowards enjoy nothing more than killing something helpless and defenseless. Retreating Iraqis made more interesting targets than squirrels and deer. The added horror is that "we" are just somebody else's assassin. We can't keep Third Worlders out of our own neighborhoods, but will fight a war to keep one bunch of Arabs from taking over an-

other bunch's turf. Why didn't we fight for the dispossessed Tibetans, a nicer group of people than Arabs? About all that can be said is that nothing will contain the madmen in Washington until they destroy themselves. And as far as I am concerned, they can take the rest of the "American people" with them, no matter how you care to define that aggregate.

208

□ Now that Washington's Holocaust Museum is abuilding, the Vietnam Memorial will soon be the second most morbid thing on the Mall. Even if the Holocaust were 100% genuine, it would take a very perverse mentality to construct a museum dedicated to mass murder.

213

□ George Bush reminds me of a type you often find in the civil service. They give the impression of being whiney wimps and grovel at the feet of those above them. But give them a little power and they develop a Jekyll and Hyde personality. Bush really is a bureaucrat: perhaps the first Mandarin type to become president. Even worse, he has been bitten by the religious bug.

182

□ While waiting in a doctor's office, I came across a copy of Boston magazine. A black columnist recently hired by the Boston Herald was featured. His hiring was saluted as a giant step forward—a feat that will bring the Herald out of the Stone Age. (Isn't it funny how the more America "moves out of the Stone Age," the more life in America resembles the Stone Age?) The Herald's publisher is D. Herbert Lipson; editor, David Rosenbaum; managing editor, Alan Eisner; editorial page editor, Ms. Rachelle Cohen. As Trotskyite Lenni Brenner pointed out in his book, *Jews In America Today*, the People of the Book have become the People of the Magazine.

191

□ There is a persistent illusion existing at virtually all levels of white America that somehow minority racism and the ideological left can be "bought off" by sufficient concessions. Witness the "War on Poverty," which was essentially a huge bribe meant to forestall further rioting. I suspect that even Instaurationists may inwardly succumb to this idea at times. For example, as we are all well aware, one of the most prominent racial battlefields is in the educational realm, where so-called "multiculturalism" is now the order of the day. In reading the ridiculous fantasies of the "Afro-centric" curricula—Negroes gave the Ancient Greeks their philosophy, Beethoven was black and all the rest—do we not secretly think, "Let them feed their own children such nonsense, as long as they leave ours alone!" Well, they are not going to leave ours alone. I know for a fact that high-school students in New York State are being taught that the intellectual origins of the Articles of Confederation came from the Iroquois (rather than from centuries of slowly evolving European political philosophy). I have also heard that tired and hateful cliché which has Europeans cowering in caves while "African kingdoms" developed indoor plumbing and many other civilized accoutrements. This balderdash is being purveyed to classrooms full of not only their children but ours.

100

Fair Skin Is a Man Catcher

A remarkable piece of objective scholarship managed to penetrate the January 1986 issue of the *Journal of Ethnic and Racial Studies*. Entitled, "Skin Color Preference, Sexual Dimorphism and Sexual Selection: a Case of Gene-Culture Co-Evolution?" it was authored by Peter Frost and no less than Pierre van den Berghe, who is perhaps America's leading sociologist of race and race relations. It is one of the very few biological studies of human physical beauty published in the U.S. in recent years.

Van den Berghe and Frost begin by stating that in any given race the women tend to have lighter complexions than the men. They then use standard ethnographic files to locate 51 societies on five continents which have recorded their preferences for human skin color. Of these 51 societies, 30 preferred lighter women and 14 preferred lighter women and lighter men. Three preferred only their men to be lighter, although a closer look at these atypical three reveals that they also may have preferences for lighter women. A closer look at the remaining four societies—two of them from New Guinea—which supposedly believe that "dark is beautiful" demonstrates that these rare cases are founded on very dubious sources.

Van den Berghe and Frost's study also provides copious skin color data for such racially disparate lands as Indian, China, Bali and Brazil. All these countries, despite their vast nonwhite populations, favor lighter women. Surprisingly, the blazing climates haven't negated preferences for complexions which, if unprotected against ultraviolet rays, can be highly carcinogenic.

"As for North America and the Caribbean," the sociologists report, "the case for widespread preference for light skin scarcely needs to be made." They add, "It even extends to many Afro-Americans despite reactive protestations that 'black is beautiful'..."

Arabs regard the lightest women as the most beautiful. Their ideal woman has skin "as white as snow—strange praise indeed to come from a people very few of whom have ever seen snow."

The two sociologists' comments on European aesthetics extend back to the Etruscans and Romans, although their survey, located comparatively few studies in the ethnographic literature which record the type of women most admired by modern Europeans. They suggest, reasonably enough, that whites just take for granted that the cream of their women will have the creamiest complexions: "In countless literary sources (such as love poems) stretching over millennia...the ivory-, lily- or snow-skinned, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed blonde has been the Western ideal of feminine beauty...."

Over time, upper classes of all races have become lighter-skinned than their fellow countrymen, because they have repeatedly skimmed off fairer women from the lower classes. This association of class with skin color has contributed to lighter-pigmented folk being held in high esteem and, conversely, the darker-pigmented held in low esteem.

Even Third Worlders are not too keen on melanin. Searching for the cause, liberals can only take refuge in the environmentalist explanation that nonwhites are just mimicking the values of the European "imperialists," who used to comprise their ruling class. Although there may be some truth to this, as van den Berghe and Frost concede, they

point to the aesthetic preferences of ancient Egyptians, medieval Japanese and Aztecs—peoples who existed before the rise of the European empires—to show that the selection of lighter women as mates has always depigmented the upper classes.

The two sociologists might be faulted on one score. They fail to mention that in many cultures the ruling class is able to remain indoors while the masses toil under a burning sun. Consequently, the tanning factor may have influenced this low-melanin aesthetic. For example, the Japanese phrase for "high-born" means "deep window"—a way of saying that the nobility is noted for remaining indoors.

Does tanning, "working in the noon-day sun," merely give the appearance that men are naturally darker than women? Does sunburn only make it appear that classes are stratified by pigmentation? Van den Berghe and Frost rebut these arguments by citing, where possible, modern studies which measure pigmentation of the inner upper arm, where the skin is scarcely if ever touched by the sun's rays. To the horror of nurturists, a definite pattern emerges of lighter women being more highly valued regardless of the race under consideration. Having looked at the environmentalist explanations of this evaluation and found them wanting, van den Berghe and Frost turn to their main hypothesis: that men's aesthetic preferences are shaped by their genes.

The first genetic explanation they propose, only to dismiss it immediately and without explaining why, is the one advanced in "The Racial Beauty Contest" (*Instauration*, Nov. 1989), which proposes that men are attracted to women who have youthful, neotenous physical traits. As one such trait is a lighter-than-adult complexion, men will very likely carry an inborn preference for light complexions in women.

More plausible, van den Berghe and Frost reckon, is their claim that medical research has found that a woman's skin darkens when she becomes temporarily infertile—during pregnancy or an infertile phase of her menstrual cycle. This suggests that a link may exist between a woman's skin coloration and her "fecundability." In preferring to mate with light-complexioned women, men may unknowingly be selecting the most fertile women.

In the present-day United States the minorities' admiration of the "Majority look" is one of the few assets—the Aesthetic Prop, as *Instauration's* editor calls it—that Majority members still possess in the ongoing racial confrontation. A vital part of this look, particularly for women, is a fair complexion, which, van den Berghe and Frost predict, will soon return to oust suntans, particularly since it is now well known that the tanning of light skin often leads to cancer. (Suntans, incidentally, are a temporary camouflage that can be disposed of at will. They send a message that the owner is healthier than he or she really is and is affluent enough to loll around beaches and visit expensive tanning salons. Dark-complexioned whites seldom go in for tanning.)

Be that as it may, it is heartening to report that, in at least one corner of academia, two scholars are attempting to lay a biological foundation for the most important and the most pleasing of all human aesthetic preferences—men's attraction to female beauty.

The definitive book on Ernst Zündel's jousts with the law

Remembering Big

Texans never lie; they just remember big. So my dad once remarked about 30 years ago. With witnesses to the Holocaust, this remembering gets bigger and bigger. It also happens in every Perry Mason novel, even under hypnosis. Remembering big is an ineradicable part of human nature.

Oddly, Europeans and especially Englishmen, are usually willing to put the faculty of remembrance on trial, a racial propensity that goes a long way in explaining such institutions as trial by jury, trial by crucial experiment in science, trial by elections in politics and trial by competition in the economy. It requires a certain aptitude and attitude to conduct such trials. By uniquely combining the two, Europeans have made the bulk of world history.

I rather doubt though that Texans really remember bigger than other people. Still it's a very good sign when a Texan is challenged, though it's a better sign when he challenges himself. It shows that the spirit of progress is still alive, even if the particular Texan's particular claim about the size of the fish he caught is of no great consequence.

What are the most entrenched dogmas (collective cases of remembering big) today? Christianity is still holding firm in a surprising number of places, especially among secularists who all but assert that Jews are the Chosen People and that one death of a Jew during 1933-45 is "too many." Other rock-hard dogmata are democracy, the equality of races and produce-and-consumism.

We find libertarians who believe in the Free Market and conservatives who believe in Tradition. There are ritual invocations of cultural relativism by the left and of absolute standards by the right. Many careers have been effortlessly advanced by attacking strawmen at each pole of the relativism/absolutism continuum.

I am not sure which dogma you attack will get you run out of town on a rail the fastest. Village atheists do not fare well in small burgs in Appalachia. Sighters of Bigfoot and flying saucers are not welcome in physics labs. Sexists, racists and homophobes, however benign and timid, do not fare well at Vassar. Times change. Free Market types are much more acceptable at universities than they were 30 years ago. Ditto with joggers and vitamin pushers at medical conventions.

Holocaust Hype

Denying the Holocaust, even in private, gets you in trouble. I must confess I am as drawn by the Holocaust controversy as politicians are drawn to pork barrels and televangelists to breaking the Seventh Commandment. But why should the Holocaust be the West's most sacred cow? Why less division of opinion on this than on any other subject? Why haven't all those eyewitnesses who remembered big been cut down to size?

From a financial standpoint the Holocaust industry is dwarfed by the gargantuan national budget and even by that part of the gargantuan state (health, education and welfare) that lives off the belief in racial equality. Manufacturing (a smaller industry than health, education and welfare, by the way) has a larger stake in the economy than the Holocaust has, even if the latter's stake is expanded to include support for Israel. It would be foolish to deny that Anti-Defamation League bureaucrats have an interest in keeping their racket going, though whether the average Jew is better off in a subculture that encourages him to look for a Nazi under every bed is a difficult question. But the ADL's budget is not big enough by itself to keep the Holo-

caust pot steaming.

A better explanation for the Holocaust's status as the number one sacred cow is a synergy of influences, the most important being that WWII went straight into the Cold War. The cooling off period, such as followed WWI, never happened. The anti-Communists joined the anti-Fascists in upholding the notion that the victors were right and the defeated were wrong. Even without the Cold War the military establishment would have wanted to keep the Holocaust on the front burner.

Another major reason for Holocausty was that the left needed Hitler badly. Some cynics even say Jews needed him. But the Jews can always trumpet and exaggerate their achievements, from being the co-founders of Western civilization with the Greeks, through keeping Europe alive by their money-lending in the Dark Ages, to their disproportionate number of Nobel Prize winners of the present day. Indeed, Zionism could actually become a form of genuine racism (as opposed to the religionism of the late Meir Kahane, who would allow Arabs who converted to Judaism to remain in Israel), if Ashkenazi Jews started taking the survival of Israel seriously and saw the necessity of cutting down the Sephardic as well as the Arab birthrate. On the other hand, the left needed Hitler for a devil to enhance dictators like Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot and Castro.

Some lesser Holocaust boosters: the apocalyptic Christians who see Israel as the end of the world; more moderate Christians who see the Nazis as being almost as anti-Christian as the Commies and Comsymps; those secularists who see the Jews as the Chosen People. To all this, I add again the simple fact that men do not like to admit they were wrong. The virtue of subjecting your sacred cows to rigorous trials is only a little more prevalent in Europeans than in other races (though that little more is a key to world history).

Having the Jews and the Christians, the left and the right, welfare state and warfare state, all believing in the Holocaust is simply too much of a target to resist. And this is so even if what happened in German concentration camps half a century ago is closer in cosmic significance to the Texan's fish than it is to racial differences going back half a million years (or ten thousand times as long). The habit of questioning entrenched dogmata is contagious, even if not as contagious as one would like.

Still, the Establishment might be right. It should never be regarded as the final word, though it is rather often the best word at the time. This applies much more to the hard sciences, with their fairly good error-correcting mechanisms, than to the social sciences, where such mechanisms are less robust, and to religion, where they are nonexistent. I myself have foolishly agreed with some hardy souls who challenged the Establishment (the cancer cure-all laetrile comes to mind). I soon learned to be a little cautious, to at least wait for the other side to respond. Sometimes I'm persuaded by the last book I've read on a subject, as is the case with the Kennedy assassination. At other times, I've given up hope of any unbiased accounts at all—e.g., acid rain.

I decline to go into certain controversies, since at best all I can hope for is to become one more expert. I will go into racial differences in intelligence, however, since there are several positive arguments for the differences. Although each one of these arguments can be criticized individually, not one single scientific study has come up with data that indicate the differences are in fact minute. The education Establishment surely has the funds to produce positive evidence for egalitarianism. What we get is

rumble bumble.

With the Holocaust, the state of the evidence is different. Witnesses do remember big, but one should not presume perjury at the outset. Quite a lot of Jews are missing. Man's inhumanity to man is well known. The Exterminationists do have a case, and it is not quite enough for Revisionists to note conflicts in the testimony, despite their embarrassing number. Even the allegation that the culprits covered their tracks by destroying incriminating evidence is not altogether farfetched. After all, Creationists have all sorts of arguments to make a monkey out of Darwin, and very few laymen (or scientists for that matter) can handle them all. Happily, there are books by scientists replying to the Creationists (and earlier ones replying to Immanuel Velikovsky), but they were too long in coming. I am still waiting for a reply by the Exterminationists.

Holocaust Revisionism has been simmering in the U.S. for over 20 years, but the kettle started to boil when Arthur Butz published *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* in 1975. There have been a spate of books since. I single out Wilhelm Staeliglich's *The Auschwitz Myth* as a thorough, systematic attempt by a lawyer to assemble every piece of evidence he could dig up for the Revisionist case, which is the first job of any attorney for the defense. At what point that creature of Anglo-Saxon law, the "reasonable man," should have changed from an Exterminationist to a skeptic and later to a Revisionist, I cannot rightly say. I was a Revisionist before I read Butz's book, but I was also inclined far too much toward laetrile. David Irving became a Revisionist, publicly at least, as late as 1988. I am not going to chew him out for his late blooming.

Superlative Book

Robert Lenski's magisterial reportage on Ernst Zündel's courtroom travails, *The Holocaust on Trial*, should (I can only hope) move large numbers of Exterminationists into the skeptic camp and skeptics into the Revisionist camp. The debate has at last proceeded beyond the stage where skeptics have to wait patiently while the Establishmentarians get off their high horses to answer their critics. Lenski put the Establishment in the position of having to respond and, as you can read in his book, the Exterminationists made a rather poor showing. For David Irving, the Revisionist position was cinched during the trial by Fred Leuchter's testimony that hydrogen cyanide simply could not have done what it was claimed to have done.

Lenski's book is by far the best book on the Holocaust. Legal trials aren't the only kind of trial in the West, and the conduct of the judge in this one was in many ways appalling, more so than the book lets on. Having been able to read large chunks of the actual transcript, I believe Lenski should have spent more time on the parts of the trial conducted in the absence of the jury. Still, *The Holocaust on Trial* is enormously absorbing and gives an extremely accurate and step-by-step account of both sides of the debate.

I now await a further reply from the Exterminationists. But let us do more than wait. Let us think of how they might respond. The gas used in the gas chambers might not have been hydrogen cyanide after all. What about those other poison gases used during WWI? What about good old nitrogen? We know that lettuce will keep fresh for weeks at room temperature in pure nitrogen. Air is about 80% nitrogen and 20% oxygen, but oxygen is necessary for life. A man would suffocate quickly in an all-nitrogen environment and releasing it into the air, unlike HCN, would cause no problems whatsoever. Pure, or mostly pure, nitrogen is obviously too expensive to use in grocery stores, but how cost effective would it be as a people killer?

Any good defense attorney must envision responses along these lines. Too much response and the Exterminationists will look more and more like Creationists trying to explain where all the water went after the Flood. (Remarkably, I read of this diffi-

culty in a book by an evangelical. It would take eight times the water in the oceans to flood the earth to the top of Mt. Everest.) Exterminationism looks more and more like a miracle-mongering religion to those of us who have already delved into the Revisionist literature.

Lenski's reportage, to repeat, is superb. Yet one cannot help but suspect that he underreported the telling points the prosecution made. It is just too baffling that the jury would vote, unanimously, to convict Zündel and, moreover, convict him of the crime as charged, of deliberately spreading news that he knew to be false. It makes one despair of our race and wonder about trial by jury, except that trial by Establishment experts would be even worse. The uneducated man, at least, does not suffer from educated incapacity.

Although the exact brain processes are not understood, religion manages to nullify the critical faculties by way of ritual repetition. Richard Swartzbaugh once noted that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity—that mess of illogic—is eventually regarded as intelligible by those who recite the Creed over and over again. So also for the miracles of the Holocaust. One believer, though not a True Believer, told me he had "seen it on television," invoking an epistemology so absurd that I, for once, did not press him with more arguments. Another spoke of her belief in the Holocaust "as a Christian duty!" Still, even the Christian TV watchers among the jurors ought to have been persuaded by all the defense testimony to have acquitted Zündel.

On principle, on the Western principle of subjecting everything to continuing trial, I do not regard the Holocaust dispute as forever closed. In practice, I will go on waiting for a respectable Exterminationist response, but I won't get really interested when the passage from Exterminationism to skepticism to Revisionism is no longer exclusively one way, like the traffic over the former Berlin Wall. Tom Martinez, who turned state's evidence against members of The Order, has moved the other way, but as far as I can tell from his book, all he has done is switch from ad hominem against the Jewish Conspiracy to ad hominem against anty-seemites. He never explained any basis for either his old or his new beliefs.

Though I try desperately to have an open mind, I don't expect to become an Exterminationist. For that I suppose I will be accused of not having an open mind. However, I juked the laetrile idea, but not as soon as I should have (it never worked on animals). I juked it when the diehard defenders quibbled about the statistical methodology used by Establishmentarians in experiments they finally got around to performing on humans. A panacea, which is what laetrile was supposed to have been, should have overcome even poor experimental designs.

Meanwhile, the traffic from Exterminationism to Revisionism thickens. David Irving has gone public as a Revisionist. Others have gone public as skeptics. Still others have quietly stopped condemning the gassing of the Six Million. I have no idea how loud the controversy will get. It may join other topics, like communism in Eastern Europe, which very few really believed seriously, but which no one wanted to be the first to decry in public. What amazed me most about the crumbling of the Berlin Wall was not so much that it happened but that the East German and Soviet leaders said nothing in defense of their decision to let it happen. If you can believe that politicians can suppress their natural proclivity for hot air, why, you can almost accept the Holocaust!

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

To order *The Holocaust on Trial*, softcover edition, 544 pages, illustrated, send \$25.00 plus \$2.50 postage and handling to Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., P. O. Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.

Byron, a Celtic Anti-Semite?

Michael Foot, the author of *The Politics of Paradise—A Vindication of Lord Byron* (Collins, 1988), was the late left-wing socialist leader of Britain's Labour Party in the 1983 general election. The son of a Scots father and Cornish mother, he was best described as a fervid Celt, since, when chosen for a Welsh constituency, he assured everyone his blood was "100% Celtic." Foot writes in his biography of Byron:

Considering how passionately Scottish were the Gordons and how the Byrons married and intermarried with the Trevannions from Cornwall, Byron was much more a pure Celt than was usually appreciated. He could, like many Celts, come to regard the English as a foreign race, even when he was happy to use their facilities and their language.

In his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, however, Bryson listed himself as an "English" poet. His life can be described as an unflagging revolt against the rigid Calvinism of his first ten years in Aberdeen. Foot's book illustrates the extent to which the Labour Party in Britain is fueled by surrogate Celtic nationalism.



The author tries to prove that Lord Byron was a left-wing socialist all his life, though eight Byrons fought at Edgehill in 1642 on the side of Charles I.

One of the works Foot quotes is Byron's *Age of Bronze*, published in 1823—a long, versified survey of post-Napoleonic and post-Congress of Vienna Europe. The following lines, Foot remarks coyly, are "very rude."

*How rich is Britain! Not indeed in mines
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor, (save in paper shekels) ready money.
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John¹
And now, ye Kings, they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan "from Indus to the Pole."
The banker-broker-baron-brethren speed,²
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculations follow each success;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild percentage from exhausted Spain.
Nor, without Abraham's seed, can Russia march
Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch...
Where now, oh Pope is thy forsaken toe?³
Could it not favour Judah with some kicks?
Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks"?
On Shylock's shore, behold them stand afresh,
To cut from nation's hearts, their pound of flesh.*

1. King John is said to have had Jews' teeth pulled out to force them to loan money to him.

2. The "brethren" are obviously the Rothschilds.

3. At one time the correct way to greet the Pope was to kiss his big toe.

In Dispraise of Asians

Bravo for publishing in the December Instauration the ravings of the self-styled "Asian American male!" (I've got news for you, epicanthic buddy, you're no American.) Such a contemptuous reply to A.F. Svenson's article, "Saving the Horned Angel" (Aug. 1990) should have been expected. Among much else, the gook geek's drivel sent up a warning flag about the all but overlooked danger posed by the real world majority, the Asians.

As someone who has spent a few years in Asia, I feel qualified to make some general observations. First, the proposition that the average Asian is equal to the average Euro-American in intelligence is, to say the least, shaky, though it may be true of Asian immigrants from Japan and China. Immigrants are a pretty select group and tend to have some superior qualities that can push them to the top. I will accept that the Chinese and Japanese immigrants may represent an unusually bright group, the crème de la crème, so to speak. If they are diluted into the masses of their stay-at-home brothers, we would have a more sober and more accurate view of Asian intellectual gifts. That said, Asians are obviously more intelligent and advanced than other nonwhites.

Here I must hasten to add the proviso that while the above statement is true of certain Asians, it's not true of all. Many Asian countries have yet to produce even a modest number of world-class scientists.

We whites tend to view Asians as hard-working, nerdy, clever little dinks, not bad neighbors, usually polite and well-behaved. On the surface all of this is no doubt true. On the surface.

Beneath, things are different. There are no people on earth who are as violently racist and xenophobic as Asians. The Chinese and Japanese are, again, two obvious examples, but they are by no means the only ones. The bitter intensity of the Vietnam War was in large part a result of the almost psychotic racial hatred of the Vietnamese Communists for whites, especially American whites. Koreans, who hate the Japanese with a passion, also have a surfeit of hatred for the white man.

We tend to forget that parts of Asia were under the heel of Westerners for hundreds of years. Europeans may have achieved formal political control of territory in East Asia only towards the end of the 19th century, but culturally and commercially the West dictated to the East for many, many decades before that. For a once proud people like the Japanese, this was a terribly bitter pill to swallow.

The conduct of Westerners in Asia, living like lords and surrounded by Asian women, will not soon be forgotten. The worst blow for the Asians, however, was the knowledge, deep in their hearts, that the white man was superior. The Asian, who lives in a world of black and white, yin and yang, couldn't lie to himself about that.

The coolie who wrote in reply to Svenson's article was expressing in very clear terms the real feelings of many, if not most, Asians living in America. Too intelligent to openly confront the whites (in contrast to the confrontation-happy blacks), Asians plan to bide their time. Following natural urges as old as time itself, they will slowly increase their foothold in this land until we will have no choice but to try to expel them bag and baggage. Coming from a

world of human ant heaps, without even the concept of mercy or pity, they will never understand our feelings about them. It would be wise for us to consider what fate Asians reserve for us, should they prove the ultimate victors. Let me assure you, chivalry and "romanticism" will play no part in their treatment of a cowering and defeated enemy. A glance at Asian history is all that is needed to demonstrate what happens to those they vanquish.

The letter of the coolie is instructive for a number of reasons. He mentions at least three times the penchant of whites for violence. Ah, so! For all the martial arts movies and ninja comic books, Asians are quite aware that whenever we feel like it we can reduce any number of Asians to submission. As much as they envy us, they fear us. It is the combination of envy and fear that generates their racial hatred.

The white, by his very nature, is incapable of feeling true hatred for any other man, especially for nonwhites. How could he? It is laughable to think that a white might envy a nonwhite. (Have you ever met a white who would voluntarily change his race?) Fear, in its real sense, the fear produced by helplessness before an irresistible force, is unknown to the white. He knows that in the end, supported by his brothers, he can defeat any force on the planet. Feelings of inferiority? The race that has remade the world in its image and that has conquered every other race, not once but dozens of times, need not worry about that possibility. Of all races, it is only the whites who do not object to being compared with others. We know in advance how we will stack up. And so do they.

I am not sure that the writer of the letter, referred to as "the coolie," was even an Asian. He may well have been a Jew or even, just possibly, a hopelessly mangled young white (it could not have been a black; the spelling was too good and the writer had some knowledge of grammar). He could have been a homo, but, to save time and space, I'll accept that it was in fact some chink slobbering over some Aryan beauty while he vented his spleen on all the white fraternity brothers who didn't want him and his kind crashing the party. (Remember the scene in *Animal House*, when the misfits try to rush the top-flight fraternity?) Whoever the guy is, he has done us a favor.

I suggest that every issue of Instauration carry one or more such carping letters. I am sure they come in by the carload, probably from rotating nonwhite ethnic groups. (Leave out letters from pro-minority whites; their desperation and angst would be depressing rather than amusing.) The letters will help jog some of our more pacifist brothers out of their dream state and into the real world. To quote Mr. Chop Suey, we are surrounded by billions of maniacal mudmen who would like nothing more than to send us "to another planet." These guys are out there and they are real. If you think, like some of our misguided friends, that we are going to "win them over" with scholarly dissertations, you may as well eat the business end of a .45 right here and now. May I suggest a name for a monthly column of anti-white ranting: "Mumblelings from the Muds."

N.B. FORREST

A Footloose Subscriber Leaves a Few Tracks

France. I have seen a great deal of Sicily and Naples, a little of Calabria and Sardinia, bits of Greece and Andalusia, but nothing as racially trashy, as Marseilles, which was genetically North Africanized centuries ago. The faces are as North African as Neapolitan phizies, but even uglier in mood and manner.

The mistral, hard, cold, relatively dry—the north wind that blows steadily across southern France—is piercing me with a thousand ice needles.

My local travel agent is a tall, young blonde who studied at an upstate New York women's college, reads women's glitter magazines in English, lives in Aix-en-Provence and has unfeigned contempt for Marseilles. I ask her to arrange a Paris round-trip. An old college classmate lives there with her husband.

The Eighth Arrondissement is silk-stocking. Nearby Alexander Nevsky Cathedral is the house of prayer for the aristocratic exiles. Nevsky was a race-traitor who groveled on his knees, head in the dust, at the feet of the Mongols, but fought off an incursion by the Nordic Livonian Knights. Nevsky, the weakling, the savage repressor of his own people, is now a saint of the church.

My friend greets me. One look at my dishevelled state and she hands me a beautiful homespun sweater from her husband's native Corsica. No, he is not a gangster; his people were highland shepherds. He did well on France's nationwide school exams, "Le Bac," and won a poor-boy's slot in the state-run college for colonial administration. After graduation he spent several years as a judge on a horseback circuit in the bush of Gabon, with a holstered pistol for protection. He used it to shoot snakes, not the harmless, vacuous Gabonese.

Having spent many years in Vietnam, where his family had a plantation, he retired after the North Vietnamese takeover to a lovely, run-down, genteel flat in Paris. His wife works for an American news bureau. Though she's lived in France for 23 years, her French is still rudimentary. "I'm not going to speak that god-dam language at home," she outbursts. "I have to speak the damn thing all day in the office!" Her bilingual son has done poorly on "Le Bac," even on his second try. Currently he is running pizzas around on a wind-blown motorbike. Pa is an anti-Communist, embittered at the Viet Cong, well disposed to the Vietnamese people, and quietly pro-American. Since he persistently discourages any criticism of the U.S., our conversation is limited.

Egypt. The ride from Port Said to Cairo takes me past expensive fish farms and other modern efforts at alleviating millennia of poverty. Then a long stretch of fine-grained alkaline desert, interspersed with numerous military bases. A few monuments to the unknown dead of various wars have pedestals on which are perched several generations of Soviet tanks. My guide gives me the Egyptian spin on those wars, casually referring to them as "the fight for freedom" or words to that effect.

Cairo's National Museum is a joy to behold. I am warned I won't have enough time, that I could spend days there. When the closing bell rings—all too soon—I eye the German tourists. They are all over the place, just as in Ireland and the Mediterranean play islands.

Next day it is on to the Pyramids. I file out of the bus into the shop in front of the Sphinx, its massive face riddled (a pun-induced exaggeration) with Arab bullet holes. I buy some scarabs with ancient hieroglyphics supposedly representing my name.

Long, close-packed lines of tourists simultaneously ascend and descend the Big Pyramid's Grand Gallery. The interior reeks of urine, quite possibly from borderline claustrophobics.

A long, sleepy ride back. Desert at night, imagination's de-

light. Shadows, distant fires, stars. At Port Said I stop at a Coptic Christian-owned hotel, down a few mid-Ramadan Coptic beers, and watch...an Israeli TV cops and robbers program! Then off to a Korean restaurant to guzzle beer, wine, whatever, all discretely served in Ramadan teapots, in deference to any locals who care. No one seems to. Egypt's prime characteristic is apparently its easy-goingness.

Spain. Cartago Nova, the ancient Carthaginian city on Spain's Costa Brava, is set in a small, bowl-shaped harbor surrounded by steep hills and a tiny harbor mouth. Remnants, relics, ruins are everywhere. Nothing grandiose; just the hors d'oeuvres of archeology; a fascinating Punic, Roman, Gothic, Moorish ruin under a later Roman, Gothic, Moorish ruin, which in turn rests beneath modern buildings.

At the foot of the attractive town center, on the water, is a monument to the "Heroes of Cavite," the woefully outnumbered Spanish sailors who looked down the barrels of Admiral Dewey's guns from the Spanish naval anchorage at Cavite, Manila Bay, 1898. Terrible human losses, 100% ship losses. Dewey, by the way, sank none of the larger Spanish warships—they had already foundered in the mud from old age and lack of maintenance before the first shot in the Spanish American War was fired.

I've always felt rather embarrassed by that conflict. The U.S. acted much like drunk British football rioters. Oh well, if virtue is its own reward, so is villainy. Look what we got out of it! Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines and, even worse, the Pacific theater of WWII.

Balearic Islands. Across the water to Palma de Mallorca. Wrong time of year, but the place is still crawling with Scandinavians and high-roller Germans in palatial yachts, well-preserved, well-heeled, middle-aged Herren with wives(?) half their age. Downtown Palma is a shined-up Mediterranean port, a little resorty, too much demi-wog and too damn much U.S. Navy. Young American servicemen, clean-cut kids next door or sloppy Willie and Joe, Bill Mauldin types are myths. The U.S. and the U.K. seem peculiarly fitted to disperse through an unenthusiastic world a seedy, mouthy, punkish breed of sailors. The senior NCOs and the non-regular officers are exceptions, the NCOs very much so. But the way things are structured, these two "castes" have little power, sandwiched as they are between the self-serving in-groups at the top and the snot-nosed brats at the bottom.

My first night in Palma I come across a lounge full of blacks reveling in the nocturnal company of nearly stark-naked Scandinavian girls.

Ibiza, of Clifford Irving fame, is a tonier island than Mallorca. Irving was the crook who bamboozled a publishing company with a fake Howard Hughes bio and nearly had the firm renamed the Irving Trust. Gentle hills are topped with small forts and the shoreline is ringed with fortress-like churches—refuges during the Algerian slave raids that devastated southern Europe for hundreds of years. The churches, I notice with a considerable twinge, bear a striking resemblance to the Alamo.

Sicily. The locals treat me to several Italian sticky wines and stickier pastries. "Africano" is the local slang for something of a bungler or greaseball. In virtually every southern Italian port, peddlers hawk large, ominous-looking black dolls.

Italy. At the Finnair desk at Rome's Fiumicino Airport, I am told it costs about twice as much to go to Helsinki, one way, as it does to take a round-trip flight to New York. I decide to change my plans and visit my ancestral breeding grounds in West Cork.

"Wotan has put a hard heart in my breast." (Ancient Scandinavian saga)

Ethics and White Liberation

White activism, at this time, seems to be going in two directions in search of its moral foundation. One faction goes the route of Christianity, but disavows Judaism; the other is more radical and seeks to divorce our race from its alleged Judeo-Semitic heritage altogether.

Members of the first group charge that today's Jews are distinct from the people of the Covenant, that they are spiritual imposters whose lineage has somehow crossed with our own, that a great moral chasm separates the Old from the New Testament and that their teachings are irreconcilable. Christian activists of this type maintain that the New Testament is more advanced in its ethic, more "otherworldly" and more in touch with white/Aryan religious sensibilities than the Hebrew scripture. I doubt that the subtle Christian racialism advocated here makes much sense. The attempt to divorce one Testament from the other is an exercise in futility. Christ himself, it appears, put stock in these older scriptures and was himself presumably of a racial type that most present-day Bible-toters would find alien. Moreover, his ethic of submission (Matthew 5:39), if actually practiced, would hardly achieve the goals of white activism.

Now we come to the second faction, the group that seeks a permanent divorce from everything Jewish and everything Christian. According to this line of thought, Judeo-Christianity is a totally inadequate vehicle for the expression of Germanic or Northern European religious impulses and should be abandoned by whites. Christian faith, we are informed, is burdened with notions quite contrary to the white ethos. Such ideas as original sin and eternal damnation, such moral precepts as humility, denial of the flesh, love of enemies and cheek-turning pacifism are all at odds with our deepest instincts. They can only lead—and in many cases have already led—to our spiritual ruin.

The upholders of this anti-Christian view make much of the philosophy of Nietzsche, who undertook late in the last century to provide an objective account of both morals and religion. Nietzsche's intention was to cast aside all respect for tradition and to consider human experience from the perspective of a neutral observer. In keeping with the times, the fiery, iconoclastic German philosopher believed that the human race was a part of the animal kingdom and subject to the same instincts that regulated the behavior of every living creature from amoebas to whales. Like Schopenhauer before him, he decided that the basic driving force of every human being is the will to survive and gain mastery over the environment.

Nietzsche concluded that morality was nothing sacred or God-given, but was the codified effort of a race to protect itself from extinction. Far from being universal or grounded in some higher truth, morality was a set of man-made regulations that varied with time and circumstance. Consequently, the morality of a socially dominant "master" race might exalt strength as a virtue and look askance at self-abasement. The morality of a "slave" group (such as the ancient Israelites in Egypt) developed along different lines, in accord with a different survival strategy.

Nietzsche's analysis attracts many white activists, who feel their race is hampered and handicapped by its Judeo-Christian "duty." Should justice, they ask, be left to a supreme being? Should they refuse to resist or counterattack, no matter what is being done to them? What is this but self-castration? The correct ethic is not some higher "principle" but survival.

The survivalist morality has a certain allure. It calls to us from a world where strength rules and it raises, in the mind's eye, the vision of pagan kinship, of strident song and high adventure that (so we fancy) was once our own. It strikes a chord we have not heard for centuries. But is it the first sound of racial reawakening or is it

a dissonant chord? Many frustrated whites no doubt will agree it is the former. But present-day Nietzscheans, as they try to replace an ethic of submission with a survivalist morality, may be overlooking something very important.

There is much in Nietzsche that is worthwhile. But it is possible to appreciate his insights without sharing his conclusions. As far as I am concerned, he did not have the last word on ethics any more than Marx had the last word on political science. Much as I admire Nietzsche's originality, I don't find his cavalier treatment of moral values compelling.

I am particularly unhappy with Nietzsche's claim that morality is reducible to a combination of instincts. I disagree that it is some mere excrescence of self-interest, enacted into law by the state and then sold to the public as having a life of its own. To me morality is sacred, authoritative, awesome and supernatural.

Beliefs about goodness vary, but it does not follow that goodness is in any way subjective or illusory. Diverse attitudes towards what is ethical may indicate not the absence of a moral absolute, but diverse apprehensions of moral absolutes, filtered by the cultural lens through which they are viewed. This diversity may reflect a single truth, real and absolute, as seen through many eyes under different situations, in much the way that varying sensory experiences may reflect different aspects of a physical object. It is a similar case with religion, where the divine object may be apprehended in a number of ways according to the circumstances and cognitive apparatus of the believer. Moral diversity no more proves the rightness of Nietzsche's view of ethics than religious diversity proves the rightness of atheism.

Why is this issue important? It is, I believe, essential. For if mere survival is our *raison d'être*, we cannot claim that our present cause is righteous, only that it is tactical. Nor can we say that affirmative action, forced busing or indeed the whole ongoing systematic rape of white culture is in any way contrary to principle. Nor can we criticize those on our own side who succumb to cowardice or complacency. Nor can we assert that a racial renegade is any less well-grounded in his choice of sides than is a racial hero.

Without a strong moral foundation we cannot say that we are being wronged by a given policy or obliged to take action against it. We have no ethical basis on which to value our race as an end that is worthy of our sacrifice. If, on the other hand, we hold that our liberation is morally justified, then our outlook must vary accordingly. If we are to believe, as we are often told, that our race is more enlightened in its values than others, then we must believe that there is something enlightening at issue. We must agree that one man's view may approximate the truth more closely than another's. We must admit not only that kindness and cruelty are polar opposites, but that one of these traits (the former, I would hope) is higher and more in accord with the truth than the other.

In short, we must believe that some things—like honesty, courage, patience and self-restraint—are good, and that one man or one race may approximate this goodness more closely than another. Above all, we must believe that the moral law makes demands on us, that there are some things that we ought to do and some things we ought not to do—and that conscience tells us the road to follow.

It's true that a purely survivalist ethic would not immobilize us. We could still be free-for-all activists without viewing activism as a moral cause. Justice aside, we could fight as animals fight to stay alive. But activism of this kind will never give voice to what is in our hearts. For our race, at present, is not just being assaulted. It is being wrongly and grievously assaulted. And we must not only resist, but resist with the moral ferocity of men and women conscious of the scathing injustice visited upon us.

Where, then, do we go from here? Before we decide, it might be wise to recall that moral absolutism—the view that moral truths are real, enduring and substantial—does not require a Christian foundation. A number of thinkers have developed moral views without the backing of religious authority. Plato is one. Albeit himself a Christian, Kant is another. If the ethic of submission sabotages our struggle, perhaps it is too heavy a burden to bear. If so, let us get rid of it. Let us set sail and explore the possibilities of other sea lanes.

Last, but just as important, we should look again at our own history before making any final leap from our religious inheritance. We cannot forget it was as Christians that we made many of our great quantum leaps into high culture. What we most admire in our people, what makes them most precious, are in some measure Christian traits—something we would do well to remember. But whichever way we turn, let us bear in mind that white activism is no warrant for a moral holiday.

A.F. SVENSON

Population Ups and Downs

Since racial awareness usually leads to an interest in demographics, most Instaurationists would profit from reading William H. McNeill's latest opus, a slim volume entitled, *Population and Politics Since 1750* (University Press of Virginia, 1990). The author, a University of Chicago historian, has written a number of fascinating tomes, including *Rise of the West* (1963), and *Plagues and Peoples* (1976). Although McNeill's ideas are coherent and his writing crystal clear, his scholarship is complex.

The subject of his latest book is "the political consequences of growing and shrinking populations." To make the author's statements a bit more visceral, the reader should think "power" whenever the word "politics" appears, politics being simply the exercise of power. Politics "is rooted in the existence of human populations," McNeill reminds us, adding that "reproduction, both biological and cultural, is not automatic." Racialists see an explicit link between biology and culture. McNeill makes the connection implicit.

As have numerous other historians and philosophers, McNeill sees cycles at work in human affairs. A growing population propels a society to aggression, which leads to expansion, which sets the stage for contraction.

I am tempted to recognize some deep-seated natural rhythm whereby a growing population, after two hundred years (say, six to eight generations) of successful expansion at the expense of rivals, ceases to reproduce itself and so in turn gives way to others.

McNeill alludes to the demographic rhythm in the history of Greece and Rome, as well as several Asian states. When the core population—the Turks of the Ottoman empire, the Manchus of China, the Moguls of India—began to decline in absolute or relative terms, their empires began to decline. Interestingly, once the Turks had regrouped in a homogeneous heartland in Asia Minor their numbers again began to grow.

The European population expansion

which started in the middle of the 18th century has now run its course. The number of Germans began to decrease in 1973. By 1985, Denmark, Hungary and Austria also "had negative rates of natural increase," along with the white populations of the Soviet Union, the U.S., Britain and France. While the West is at the end of its population growth, most Asian, African and Latin American societies are at the beginning or in the middle of their demographic expansion.



Kemal Ataturk monument.
For Turkey smaller was bigger.

For several reasons McNeill sees little chance that the Third World will duplicate the economic development of the West. He believes the combination of expanding populations and stagnant economies will bring profound upheavals in undeveloped countries in coming decades. Those optimists who think it will be business as usual in the 21st century should realize that "growing populations do not voluntarily leave their neighbors alone and at ease within existing economic, political and social frameworks." In the near future, "one must expect considerable volatility in public responses" of whites to the demograph-

ic challenge of the Third World. One result may be an "aggressive self-assertion in the face of diminishing numbers....So far such themes have remained on the fringes of national politics."

Does the power of prophecy validate an ideology? What mainstream scholar William McNeill envisions in 1990 comes close to echoing Lothrop Stoddard's predictions of 1920. Too few took notice of Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*. Will the West heed the warning signs of today? McNeill's book helps to remind us that decreasing numbers mean declining power, autonomy and control over future events. While it is true that numerically small groups rule societies, in most cases these elites are drawn from the numerically dominant group.

Even if McNeill's 200-year cycles hold true, all is not lost for the white world. The example of Turkey, a nation which used geographic contraction as a catalyst for demographic revival, has already been cited. It would seem that the minimal condition for white survival in America is new leadership to rally our sagging morale and lead an ingathering, a circling of the wagons, until a new white state or states are ready to emerge.

In his book McNeill deals with a number of historical topics not touched upon in this brief review. Unlike many denizens of academia, he does not tell us more than we want to know. Rather, he leaves the reader eager to learn more. There is little minutiae or redundancy in *Population and Politics*. It is all meat, no filler.

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Ponderable Quote

[T]he following can have extremely serious, even irreparable consequences for any people: the complacency of a generation or of several generations, obliviousness to their roots, and a conscious or unconscious break with the centuries-old experience of the past, all of which lead, through subsequent phases, to the loss of national feeling and historical memory, to fragmentation, depersonalization, and homelessness.

Valentin Rasputin,
Siberia on Fire

Untangling the Entanglement

How did the U.S. get into the Gulf War? When future historians try to ferret out the reasons, they will almost certainly skip over the war-entangling power of the word—specifically the Jewish word.

While Bush of Arabia was jetting about the country in his flying palace, in the days before the economic blockade of Iraq was superseded by Operation Steel Rain, he was occasionally seen dipping into *The Second World War* by Martin Gilbert. When not composing Holocaust horror stories, the British-Jewish historian writes about the Good War and how appeasement almost won it for Hitler. As Gilbert's chapters ticked off the Rhineland, the Anschluß and Munich, Bush of Arabia decided he would not be a latter-day Neville Chamberlain. He would take Gilbert's tome to heart and crush the Iraqi octopus before it wrapped its tentacles around the Middle East and squeezed out the last quart of oil for the glory and profit of the Great Jinn, Saddam Hussein.

Another powerful Jewish word artist was the little-known Robert Haass, the National Security Council's senior director for Near East and South Asian Affairs. A flatulent crusader for Israel, where he had spent a year as a student, Haass wrote the Bush speech that hitlerized Saddam, thus transmogrifying him into a genocidal gas chamber virtuoso. From then on, giving Iraq's president even an ounce of humanity was as hopeless a case as denying the Holocaust. Consequently, anyone putting in a good word for Saddam, anyone, say,

who found some merit in the Russian peace plan for Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait, could and would be accused of committing the most heinous of all modern sins—the mother, father, grandmother and grandfather of all sins—anti-Semitism.

Then there was the strange friendship that sprang up between Rep. Stephen Solarz, the anti-Vietnam, anti-Panama, anti-Grenada peacenik, and Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Saudi Arabia's jet-setting ambassador to the U.S. That Bandar, a billionaire mulatto Muslim and world-class anti-Zionist, should become chummy with the House of Representative's most zealous Zionist was most surprising—surprising, that is, to everyone who doesn't know that everything is possible in war. Correction: anything is possible in a war which benefits Israel.

Solarz visited Bandar in one of his Arabian Nights hangouts and later the two of them hosted a warmongering conference at the Prince's lavish Virginia estate. Guess who came to monger? Robert Strauss, the Democratic Party's Mr. Fixit, Richard Perle, braying Israeli apologist, and an assortment of other Zionissimos. Afterward, the big guns went out, peddled their interventionism (they had the gall to call themselves the Committee for Peace and Security in the Gulf) and used their powerful connections to push Bush, who needed very little pushing, to reduce the GNP of Iraq to that of Burkina Faso.

Jewish word power also translates into money. Congress, in addition to its \$3 bil-

lion annual tribute to Israel, chipped in another \$650 million for Yitzhak Shamir's "restraint." Normally Nation X pays, not charges, Nation Y for destroying Nation X's enemy. Needless to say, the U.S. largesse was not enough for Jewry. It never is. When Saddam's lumbering, loosely targeted Scuds disturbed the serenity of the Tel Aviv night, the United Jewish Appeal cranked up its own money machine. Last year, as the Middle East clouds darkened, the UJA and its affiliated federations raised \$1.2 billion, \$700 million of it for Israel, \$700 million less for U.S. needy. The \$1.2 billion was more than the American Cancer Society, CARE and the March of Dimes combined were able to raise in 1990.

The Jewish word also ended the war with a Carthaginian peace, as it did in WWII. In those ever fewer schools and colleges where white history is still being taught, students must have learned something about Cato the Censor, the Old Roman who wound up every speech with *Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam*. Well, Carthage was finally destroyed—utterly—even to the extent of Roman soldiers salting the earth around the city so nothing would grow, which may be the fate in store for Iraq. But there is a distinct difference between the foreign policy of Bush and Cato. The Romans annexed Carthage and its environs to their empire after their victory. Bush is an in-and-outter. Beat the enemy to a pulp, then pull back, let chaos reign and call it the New World Order.

Cap'n Bob Comes to Town

It was inevitable. New York City's three biggest dailies are now Jewish-owned. The Sulzbergers, as always, preside over the N.Y. Times, America's newspaper of record (i.e., selective records). Hectomillionaire real estate speculator Peter Kalikow owns the screaming-meemy N.Y. Post. And on March 21, Robert Maxwell, 67, took over the Daily News, once the country's largest-circulation paper. In the better old days the News promoted, along with its sister publication, the Chicago Tribune, an America First, isolationist line that would have warmed the cockles of George Washington's heart. (Many hundreds of thousands, if not millions, more Americans would be alive today if the White House and Congress had listened to the News instead of the Times!)

Maxwell, supposed to be worth \$2 billion, which makes him the ninth richest

person in the Sceptred Isle, is a perennial figure of fun for Britain's satirical Private Eye, which runs a weekly column about him called "Cap'n Bob."

Maxwell deserves New York, as New York deserves him. His publications in Britain range from the schlock to the slime. In the latter category is the Daily Mirror, which engorges its Cockney readers with scandal, topless bimbo pics and any war or political deal that benefits Israel, where he also has a newspaper.

Maxwell was born Jan Ludvik Hoch in Czechoslovakia in 1923. When he sweet-talked his way to France via Palestine, he named himself du Maurier after a French cigarette. Only in England did he become Robert Maxwell. A 260-lb. slobbish Lower Slobbobian type, Cap'n Bob, who claims he is a socialist, preferred to wheel and deal for the News aboard his

180-ft. yacht, sanctimoniously ordering union negotiators to remove their shoes before entering his sea-going office. Cap'n Bob's empire, which at last count consisted of 450 companies, was founded with start-up money from his wife, a scion of an affluent French Huguenot family.

The new New York mediocrat claims that Nazis shot his father and that his mother was killed in a concentration camp, along with 800 members of his "extended family." He was extremely friendly with Soviet East Bloc Quislings, writing or publishing flattering interviews with such low-life Communist panjandrums as Honecker, Ceausescu, Kadar and Jaruzelski.

After acquiring the Daily News, Maxwell said, "There's always been a touch of anti-Semitism at the News. There's [sic] no editors there who have been properly circumcised, so there are things to do."

Inquisition Conspectus

How goes the Inquisition? Not the Spanish Inquisition of many centuries ago headed by Tomás de Torquemada, himself possibly the descendant of con-versos, but the Jewish Inquisition of the late 20th century.

•In Canada the Inquisitors are still making life miserable for James Keegstra. In 1985, having lost his jobs as mayor of the one-horse town of Eckville, Alberta, and as teacher in the local high school, Keegstra was put on trial for having dared to inject a dash of healthy skepticism about Zionism and Holocaustiana in his history classes. He was fined \$5,000. In 1988 the Alberta Court of Appeals overturned the verdict, ruling that the "hate crime" law that Keegstra allegedly violated was unconstitutional. Last December, Canada's Supreme Court decided (4 to 3) that the law was constitutional after all, but sent the case back to the Alberta Appeals Court to rule on other aspects of Keegstra's appeal. In March, to confuse the issue even further, the Appeals Court threw out Keegstra's conviction on the grounds his lawyer should have been allowed to question the impartiality of jurors at his 1985 trial. But all was not wine and roses for the embattled anti-Zionist. At the same time the Court reversed the original verdict, it ordered a new trial. "It's not good news," Keegstra sadly commented, because the legal proceedings had already cost him \$100,000—money supplied mostly by friends and supporters. He said one more trial would bankrupt him for good, since his job as an auto mechanic barely provided the wherewithal to keep a roof over his family.

Also in March, Canada dropped war crimes charges against Stephen Reistetter, 76, a retired Ontario auto worker, a legal surrender which seemed to indicate that the inquisitorial mania was cooling off. The present-day Torquemadas had suffered an equally grievous setback late last year when Imre Finta, 78, a former Hungarian gendarme, was acquitted on charges that he had kidnapped, robbed and murdered Jews way back in 1944 in the course of deporting 8,617 of them to concentration camps. Reistetter had been accused of deporting 3,000 Chosenites from Czechoslovakia in 1942. A similar trial that seems to be getting nowhere is that of Michael Pawlowski, accused of sundry offenses, who has already spent a year and huge sums of money on pretrial hearings with no trial date yet set. Tied up in various courts for two years has been the case of Jacob Luitgens, 72, a Dutch-born botany instructor at the University of Vancouver. Jewish organizations want him stripped of his Canadian citizenship because of his alleged collaboration a half-century ago with Nazis and his conviction in absentia by a court in Holland.

John Ross Taylor, 77, still another victim of the Canadian Inquisition, was convicted in 1984, for leaving messages critical of Jews on his answering machine. Canada's oldest political prisoner, who barely gets about on his lame leg, was sent to jail on Jan. 20 to begin his one-year sentence upheld by last December's Supreme Court ruling watering down free speech. He received credit for serving 41 days in 1984. Then, without explanation, he was released on Feb. 9. Apparently Canada's criminal justice system, despite Jewish revanchism, is beginning to show a tad respect for the rule of law.

Despite these legal setbacks, Canadian Justice Minister Kim Campbell, ever conscious of the Inquisition looking over her shoulder, said she is not giving up the witch-hunts. "It's full speed ahead," she promises. At present her war crimes section is staffed with 34 lawyers, historians and other office workers compiling thick dossiers on "Nazis." The Royal Canadian Police has 26 people doing the same.

•The British Inquisition got a shot in the arm mid-March when pro-Israeli MPs steamrollered a war crimes bill through the House of Commons for the second time in a year. The first time, the House of Lords refused to approve it. If the Lords turn it down again, Acts of Parliament give the Commons the power to force the legislation into law. The bill is aimed at staging Nuremberg-style show trials for a few suspected Nazis, who sneaked into Britain without revealing their past sins. British Jews want to hurry things up because most of the suspects are in their 80s. The children of Israel are determined not to let anyone who had the slightest connection with Nazism die in peace.

•The French Inquisition had a field day in March with Jean-Marie Le Pen, the leader of the Front National, who was fined 900,000 francs (\$180,000) for a few words he uttered back in 1987 about the Holocaust, which he described—quite accurately—as a "detail of history." A lower court had fined him a token one franc (20¢) for exercising the liberty of expression which most Frenchmen mistakenly thought their ancestors had won in the bloodbath of the French Revolution. Le Pen should have paid up. Instead, he appealed and was horrified when the Versailles Court of Appeals raised the ante—900,000 times. The Front National leader was also ordered to pay for advertisements of the court's ruling in ten publications. Le Pen will appeal again, this time to France's highest judicial body, the Cour de Cassation. But it may be years before his case is heard. Meanwhile, since the Appeals Court ruling must be implemented instantaneously, Le Pen will have to shell out a small fortune. Earlier in March, Le Pen won a small victory over *l'inquisition française* by obtaining a judgment of \$36,000 against Jewish egghead Bernard-Henri Lévi, who had grossly libeled him in a left-wing paper. When Le Pen wins, Jews see to it that the media become silent as a tomb. In February the press had not been at all mum when Le Pen was fined 10,000 francs for making a pun on the name of Michel Duraour, a French minister. He combined *four*, oven in French, with *crématoire*. The two words together mean "gas oven," thereby sending an Auschwitz chill through French Jewry.

As if all this litigation wasn't enough, the Inquisition kept a careful watch on Bernard Notin, the university professor who had been suspended for a year at half-pay for writing an article that had expressed serious doubts about the Six Million. Surprisingly, the highest educational board in France ordered Notin to be reinstated. But so far he hasn't dared show up in class, for fear of provoking a riot by local rent-a-mobs.

The French Inquisition's archenemy is Professor Robert Faurisson. To muzzle this undaunted Holocaust denier, the Inquisitors had the French government pass the Gayssot law last summer, with penalties of up to a year in prison and a fine of up to 300,000 francs for anyone guilty of questioning crimes against humanity as defined by the Nuremberg Trials. Once the law was in place (July 14, 1990), the Inquisition waited impatiently for Faurisson, one of the most innovative French literary critics, to continue his attacks on the Holocaust. The professor quickly obliged with a scathing article in Choc magazine. After Jewish organizations and their army of lawyers had prepared their case, Faurisson was summoned into court. On March 20, Faurisson spoke for four hours, explaining that the 41 volumes of the Nuremberg Trials, which he brought with him, did not contain any proof of genocide or gas chambers. The victim of several other court proceedings in the past ten years and having been beaten within an inch of his life, Faurisson is ready for anything the French legal system will throw at him.

•What may be the last major war crimes trial of the German Inquisition will have Josef Schwamberger on the dock. The aging SS lieutenant has been charged with the death of more than 3,400 Jews. The longest war crimes trial in Germany ended in mid-March when a Hannover court dismissed the case against Heinrich Niemeyer, a one-time SS corporal, on a technicality. Since the 70-year-old defendant is not in the best of health, he may escape a retrial. But Jews never forget and never forgive, so don't count on it. The German branch of the Inquisition, however, is not only concerned with punishing acts and words. It is also concerned with gestures. In February when 300 left-wingers tried to break up a right-wing rally in Passau, Bavaria, several radical rightists raised their arms in a Hitler salute. They face up to three years in jail. The left-wing goons were allowed to go free.

•In recent months the Inquisition (American branch) zeroed in on Lech Walesa, the president of Poland who, during the November election in his country, spoke words that could only be described as forbidden. Said Walesa, "[I am] one hundred percent Pole, going back generations." He also wondered out loud why the political party opposed to him was headed by Jews who wanted to conceal their identity. Almost overnight the once highly respected head of Solidarity began to grow fangs. When the truth about his horrible faux pas dawned on Walesa, he put on one of the most degrading acts in the history of Polish-Jewish relations. Arriving in Washington, he presented "rare records and documents" from the Warsaw ghetto to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. Then, at a meeting with Jewish leaders, he shucked off every last shred of personal pride. "If I could, frankly, I would be a Jew. I would shout all over the world, I am from the Chosen People. Is it my fault that I am not?" On top of this nauseous boot-polishing, Walesa promised to create a special Polish commission to fight anti-Semitism, promised to sign special legislation to protect synagogues and Jewish cemeteries, and swore he would work overtime to reverse the UN resolution equating Zionism with racism. Apparently the Grand Inquisitors were appeased. Once again the media began portraying Walesa as a nice, equalitarian, people-loving Polish democrat.

•The Inquisition (Down Under division) was greatly troubled by the Australian Nationalist Party, that operated more like The Order, which some years ago scared the bejesus out of American Jewry, than a bona fide political organization. Leader of the group is Jack Van Tongeren, who has been jailed for 18 years, that's 18 years, for actively, perhaps overactively, trying to keep Australia white. Van Tongeren says he will appeal his sentence on the grounds that he was so weak from a hunger strike that he couldn't attend his trial. He also intends to institute legal proceedings against police officers who, he claims, committed perjury in their unusually strenuous efforts to lock him up. John Van Blitterswyk, the ANP's second in command, is also seeking to have his unconscionably long 14-year sentence reduced.

Cultural Catacombs

Deconstructionist Deconstructed

Before his death in 1983, Paul de Man, a Belgian who ended up a Yale professor, was considered America's leading interpreter of deconstructionism, a literary cult that proclaims the idea that the "unreliability of language" turns truth into fiction, that biographical and historical data are practically meaningless, and that morality should never be permitted to intrude into any aspect of literary criticism.

All well and good—except that a nerdish, dry-as-dust researcher, while thumbing through de Man's early works in Europe, discovered an article entitled, "Jews In Contemporary Literature." Incredibly, it was not one of those purring pieces extolling Jews for being literary geniuses. Incredibly, it was a critical essay that actually tried to demonstrate that the Jewish contribution to Western writing has not been all that glowing and golden.

The moment the news got out that de Man had authored a shockingly "anti-Semitic" article, deconstructionism found itself on the skids. A recent book by David Lehman, *Signs of the Times*, attacked the whole school as a den of Nazis and anti-Semites. A sympathetic reviewer in the N.Y. Times, Michiko Kakutani, joined Lehman in blasting deconstructionists in general and de Man in particular. But when mentioning Jacques Derrida, the head guru and founder of the cult, the reviewer described him *tout court* as an "Algerian-born philosopher." Most curious, for the very good reason that Derrida also happens to be a Jew. Was this vital piece of information omitted because it might diffuse the implication that deconstruction was inherently anti-Semitic?

What the N.Y. Times article and Lehman did accomplish was to show once again that any attempt to criticize Jews will delegitimize any intellectual endeavor—literary, philosophical, whatever—no matter how well written and documented.

Doing What Comes Naturally

Having been deluged with Jewish propaganda since Yahweh knows when, it's understandable that some Americans would go all the way. A Baptist congregation in Athens (TN) has thrown Christianity overboard and latched on to Judaism. Christmas and Easter have been abandoned for Hanukkah, the group's new holiday, and an Orthodox rabbi has been brought in to instruct members in Judaic lore. The leader of this renegade denomination is Rev. J. David Davis, who sports a gold Star of David pendant and calls his breakaway group the B'nai No'ach, the Sons of Noah.

To Davis and his followers the Cross is a pagan fertility symbol and the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are fictive. They worship the seven laws of Noah, which are found in the Talmud, and turn their backs on the Ten Commandments. But they still haven't swung over to a kosher diet and, as yet, haven't recommended circumcising their male infants.

To local Tennesseans what Davis and his group are doing is close to heresy. But is it? Isn't Christianity itself an offshoot of Judaism? Hasn't it often become a sounding board for Jewish fulminations and a religious front for Jewish special interests? Maybe Rev. Davis is doing what comes naturally to groups overexposed, if not to Jews, at least to Jewish religious and irreligious hype.

East Meets, Mates With West

Asians in California are not averse to dating and marrying whites. But there's a problem. Few Oriental males are making out, while Oriental females are landing some white guys. Some say it's the stereotype of the submissive Asian woman that attracts white males. Statistics for San Francisco County show that four times more marriages involve white grooms and Asian brides than the reverse.

Asian males blame this discrepancy on the movies, in which they are depicted as either celibate, sexless or rape-minded. They never seem to get the blonde.

Asian women say it's the inborn sexism and genderism of Asian men that inspires Oriental females to make eyes at white males. White women disagree. They declare they are being left out in the cold by the white males' mass flight from and flight of feminism.

White males swear that Asian gals, though "less confrontational," are bright and achievement-oriented—not at all the Geisha type. A jilted white girl says her ex-boyfriend's new inamorata (recently arrived from Hong Kong) "cleans his room, does his laundry, cuts the food on his plate...doesn't argue."

Rudyard Kipling, who claimed the twain will never meet, might be surprised at the East-West dating and mating now taking place in California. Optimists hope the offspring will be young geniuses who, when they grow up, will not only build but invent better cars than Detroit. Pessimists point out that East and West have too many scores to settle—colonialism, Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima—to ever enter into a long and enduring love affair. In Instauration's opinion, there may be quite a few Madama Butterflies loose in California, but only a handful of Lieutenant Pinkertons.

Crumbling Bastions

Two down and one to go. That's the current score of the Harvard, Yale and Princeton presidential game. In March, Neil Rudenstine was appointed president of Harvard to take office in June. Since Harold T. Shapiro is the president of Princeton, only Yale of the three top Ivy League colleges remains in non-Jewish hands, namely those of Benno C. Schmidt Jr., onetime law clerk of the late and unlamented Chief Justice Earl Warren. In point of fact there is even something "racially suspicious" about Schmidt. His *Who's Who* (1986-87) entry describes him as the son of Benno Schmidt, a New York businessman, and Martha Chastain. But the entry for the senior Schmidt has Nancy M. Fleischmann as his wife and Benno Jr. as one of their children.

At any rate, two of America's three most prestigious colleges, once considered to be the educational bastions of upper WASPdom, now have non-WASP presidents, not to mention a huge assortment of minority deans and professors. As for Princeton, its president, obviously of German descent, possibly has some more exotic genes clinging to his double helixes.

Concurrent with the elevation of Rudenstine to Big Boss, Harvard University Press published a catalog of its history books. Sections are devoted to American, European, French, British, Russian, Asian, Middle Eastern and Ancient history. The German section, however, is headlined: "German History/Holocaust Studies."

Blackface Playing Cards

One day two years ago in Detroit, two black attorneys, bridge enthusiasts, decided they were "tired of playing with Jacks, Queens and Kings that don't look like us." So they up and founded a company named Black Factors and started turning out face cards with Negroid features and coloration. The Kings, Queens and Jacks were clothed in robes with gaudy African motifs. Owing to financial limitations, all the faces have the same burnt-caramel color, which distresses the attorneys because they would like their face cards to display a range of hues from blue black to high yellow. Annual sales, by the way, are 5,000 decks.

Instaurationists who are tired of playing bridge, gin rummy or any other games with cards that "look like us" can order a darker and more "with it" deck from Black Factors, P. O. Box 2882, Detroit, MI 48231, for \$4.50, plus a buck for shipping.

Ponderable Quote

When human nature appears in the utmost state of corruption, it has actually begun to reform.

Adam Ferguson, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society*



Good Rosenbergs, Bad Us

On June 19, 1953, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed following their conviction for "conspiracy to commit espionage"—in common parlance, sneaking atomic secrets to the Russians. Though well known at the time, many of the details have faded from public memory. After a 14-day trial, presiding Judge Irving R. Kaufman sentenced the Rosenbergs to death by electrocution. Despite the Jewish couple's unwavering protestation of their innocence, the Supreme Court refused to hear their appeal. Consequently, they became the first and only Americans ever executed for espionage by verdict of a civilian court.

The Rosenbergs' last day on Sing Sing was their 13th wedding anniversary. A Saturday, it was also the Jewish Sabbath. Though practically all the principals—judge, lawyers, defendants, witnesses—in the case were Jewish, there were no Jews on the jury. Over the years the Jewless jury has served to perpetuate the myth that the Rosenbergs were framed or railroaded, a myth being propagated once again in a touring art show of Rosenbergiana entitled, "Unknown Secrets: Art and the Rosenberg Era." The show contains 60 works, all of them politically motivated, all delivering the endless message that it was anti-Semitism that did in poor Julie and Ethel. In case the viewer may not be sufficiently sensitive to get the point, the art catalog proclaims, "The Rosenbergs were murdered...the evidence against them was fabricated...as a nation, we carry the Rosenbergs' blood on our hands."

Art critic Paul Richard commented that the show's only purpose "is to scream its message: Good Rosenbergs, bad us."

Male Rape Epic

Now that the federal government has subsidized such imbecilic objets d'art as nonwhite Andreas Serrano's crucifix dunked in the pale yellow glow of urine, it was only a matter of time until Joe Over-taxed, unbeknownst to himself, had his hard-to-come-by dollars funneled into a graphic film about male rape. *Poison* is the apt title of the celluloid monstrosity that the National Endowment for the Arts recently helped finance to the tune of \$25,000. Todd Haynes, a homo cineast, directed this emetic epic of forced anal sex among prison inmates. One particularly retching sequence shows a group of cons humiliating a young inmate by repeatedly spitting into his gaping mouth.

In addition to *Poison*, the NEA has given \$15,000 to Holly Hughes, a lesbian feminist, to write a play, *No Trace of a*

Blonde, which will have "two pubescent girls, black and white, about 12 years old, as the main characters."

What's next? A film glorifying a child abuser as he goes about his task of torturing a six-year-old Nordic kid? How about an in-depth, sympathetic documentary on necrophilia complete with graveyard action?

Pornography comes with a built-in dynamic. Every piece of filth has to be filthier than the previous one—has to sink further down into the sinkhole of the inhuman. Porn is no ordinary disease; it attacks the mind as well as the body, feeding the animal in us as it starves the soul.

The cleansing operation, if and when it comes, will be most painful and brutal, and may put Western culture in a puritanical vise for decades. But it's better to be Puritanized than Satanized.

Decline of the Irish

The Irish, who used to run New York politics, are slowly being reduced to the status of second-class cityites. The St. Patrick's Day Parade this year was a series of humiliating gaffes that showed all too clearly who yields the political clout in present-day Zoo City. Black Mayor Dinkins refused to march in the parade unless some Irish fags and dykes were permitted to join. He finally got his way, although 99% of the 160,000 marchers felt about queers the way St. Patrick, a British Celt, felt about snakes.

To pour salt on the straight Irishmen's wounded pride, Zoo City's mayor, instead of heading the parade as tradition dictated, traipsed along with the queers. Gov. Mario Cuomo also abandoned his spot in the vanguard and joined with a wheelchair contingent of cripples, who, like the fags, were also parade crashers.

Pat Buchanan, sticking up for the Irish straights, more or less forgave the Hibernians who lobbed a couple of half-full beer cans at the Honorable Mayor. Next day Dinkins went out of his way to hold a dance session with the Irish fairies, most of whom had recently come over from the Ould Sod. It all added up to the undeniable fact that blacks, Jews and freakos now run New York. The Irish are about where they were a century and a half ago when signs, "No Irish Need Apply," were tacked on the entrances to city businesses.

Anti-Irishism can easily overlap into anti-Catholicism. John Cardinal O'Connor, who greeted the parade dignitaries on the porch of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has had his full of it in recent years, the latest slap at his faith being a book by a German professor, Uta Ranke-Heinemann, a strident

feminist who converted to Catholicism from Lutheranism. Entitled *Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven*, the book attacks celibacy and many other of the Church's most cherished institutions and rituals, including the Virgin Birth, which Frau Ranke-Heinemann demythologized by saying only "the spiritual semen" in Mary's womb came from the Holy Ghost.

The Irish used to be some of the strongest vertebrae in the backbone of the Democratic Party. Though they still have some political clout in Boston, Chicago and a few other cities, Majority turncoats, Jews, nonwhites and queers now run the Democratic Party. The Irish, it goes without saying, have been increasingly disenchanted with their former political allies and have been swarming into the Republican Party, which sooner or later is also sure to betray them. What the Irish should do is become Majority activists and join with other Americans of Northern European descent in a political movement that will have no place for the human detritus that has come to dominate the parties of the elephant and donkey.

Biblical Blacks

"I'm not a racist. I simply love my race." A very racist statement, but Rev. Howard Davis, who operates the Word Revival Temple in Dallas, can get away with it. He has the right skin tone.

Davis can also get away with interpreting biblical lore in a manner than even Yitzhak Shamir, in deference to the Christian preacher's melanin, would hesitate to challenge. "People have got to open their minds," Davis sermonizes, "to the fact that Jesus and many of the Bible's key figures—Moses, Delilah, Jezebel—were black like you and me."

Davis, whose congregation numbers a scant 100, didn't start out as a man of the cloth, but as an itinerant nightclub piano player. Then one night in 1970, "God's spirit spoke to my heart." Now he preaches from a pulpit with a backdrop of a huge velvet painting of a black Jesus.

It's hard to know what Davis would think of *The Book of J*, a silly literary exercise by Yale professor Harold Bloom, who believes that the oldest part of the Old Testament was written by a female aristocrat, possibly a lady-in-waiting in the court of King Rehoboam, King David's grandson. Perhaps Rev. Davis would go along with Bloom, if the latter agreed that his scriptural female had a touch of the tar brush.

Hustling Blatherskites

He tools around Dallas in an \$85,000 Lotus. He is appealing a 75-day jail sentence for criminal mischief. He has practically abandoned his only legitimate son, continually falling behind in child support payments. A recent article in D magazine

hinted he was involved in four rapes (three nonwhites, one Anglo), as well as repeated shakedowns of white businesses.

No, he is not just another blustering black. He is a powerful \$75,000-a-year Dallas County Commissioner, who lives race, thinks race and sleeps race, yet parades about town as an antiracist. John Wiley Price is your stereotypical black hustler. The more he breaks the law, the less effect it seems to have on the support of his black constituency. In a few more years and after some congressional redistricting it's a strong possibility he may be elected to Congress.

Reporters haven't written much about Price, a sort of Al Sharpton without the religious camouflage, for fear of retribution. Many politicians, when faced with the awful truth, are more likely to punish the messenger rather than the sinner. A few years ago, when Price issued a "call to arms" after a friendly—and corrupt—police chief was removed, the Dallas establishment swallowed what was left of its pride and let Price go unpunished.

A more militant version of Price and one of Price's favorite blacks is Michael McGee of Milwaukee. McGee has organized a Black Panther Militia which he plans to use in a campaign of terrorism, if the city fathers don't meet his demands by 1993. McGee created some publicity for himself when he announced to the press that the products of a local sausage maker had been poisoned. Some 80,000 lbs. of meat had to be recalled, but nothing poisonous was found. All McGee got for this outrageous act was the verbal condemnation of the Milwaukee City Council.

In February, McGee set up a chapter of his "army" in Springfield (IL) and named another black blatherskite, Maurice Horton, as commander. Horton called for a spate of "selective bombing and assassination," if conditions did not improve in the Illinois capital's inner city. After coming in a poor fourth in the February mayoral race, Horton was arrested and jailed for writing threatening letters to a local politico. McGee rushed to his bellicose friend's defense and promised that together they would "teach Springfield a lesson."

Red Lights In Nevada

Joe Conforte, whose Nevada brothel was seized by the IRS last September for failure to pay \$13 million in delinquent taxes, is now back in business as the media's favorite whoremaster. In fact, he is back in business at the same address, the Mustang Ranch, 10 miles east of Reno. His current work force consists of 50 ladies of the evening operating out of 52 bedrooms. It costs a minimum of \$100 to taste their well-worn pleasures.

Victor Perry, the brother of Conforte's lawyer, bought the land and buildings for

\$1.49 million, after the government held an auction where souvenir hunters bought practically everything that wasn't nailed down. Conforte was presumably returned as manager by the Mustang's new owner. In March, in a burst of patriotism, Conforte offered every G.I. returning from the Gulf a free one-day stint with one of his girls.

Two hundred miles east of Reno in Battle Mountain are two more Nevada brothels. They're owned by Chuck and Virginia Barrett, former citrus growers from Ventura (CA). Chuck also publishes the town newspaper. Virginia, with her husband's permission, served as an apprentice hooker before she became the madam of a half-dozen prostitutes. The Barretts split the take of their "girls" 50/50. To lure customers, Virginia passes out nude pictures of herself on a pocket calendar. Her supportive husband, Chuck, thinks it's just great.

The Barretts are not minority members. They're typical-looking Majority types. God help us!

Honesty Ratings

A telephone poll of 503 New Yorkers conducted by the weekly N.Y. Observer last winter asked respondents to rate doctors, dentists, schoolteachers and lawyers on a scale of 0 to 10; zero being completely dishonest; 10 completely honest. The tally: doctors 6.31; dentists 6.39; school teachers 7.4; lawyers 4.33. Further questions about lawyers showed 59% of the respondents thought them overpaid, 3% underpaid, 25% paid "about right." A racial breakdown of those who rated the honesty of lawyers revealed that Jews were the most vehement and most numerous in putting attorneys in the dishonest category. They should know.

Even super-shylock William Kunstler has little use for members of his profession. "I think the world," he declared, "would be better without most lawyers." He underlined his point with an anecdote about a legal dispute between God and the Devil. When it got so hot that God threatened to get a lawyer, the Devil smiled maliciously and asked, "Where are you going to find one in heaven?"

Minority Into Majority

When you think about it, the word minority, used as it is today, has a curiously deceptive quality. Objectively speaking, minority should denote no more than numerical inferiority—of the sort that loses elections. In modern Americanese, however, minority suggests a kind of superiority that wins elections. At one time minorities were hardly objectionable because there were so few of them. Today, there are too many for assimilation. In some of our largest cities, minorities are now in the majority. Worse, their numerical dominance has permitted them to penetrate and distort the

Majority culture, thanks to their whip hand over the media and academia.

Time was, back in the days of Chandler autos, the trust-busting Roosevelt and a prime minister named Asquith, that minorities in America actually did fit the generally accepted notion of the word. Drawn from Southern and Eastern European roots by agents of the giant industries, minorities actually worked too hard, were seen to be culturally too compact, and brought with them too solid a religious fervor to satisfy (you guessed it) the Majority. But not all of the Majority. America at the time was then in the control of a plutocratic elite that took enormous delight in the lowering of wages which accompanied minority immigration. (Thirty percent annual return on capital investment was a business goal often achieved in coal mining, the railroads, textiles and aluminum production.) But, because it happened at the expense of Anglo labor just then beginning to unionize, the word minority, even back in those days, came to take on a pejorative coloration.

But never so pejorative as the term came to be defined in the American lexicon in the days of racial desegregation. Now, for the average Joe, minority status suggests large amorphous masses of unmanageable ethnic and racial groups unwilling (or unable) to grasp the manifold opportunities strewn like pearls in the paths of their careers. Listening to the rancorous claims of the contemporary minorities, as they blame all their troubles on everyone but themselves, it's almost as though, by leaving their African and Latin American countries, they were forced to give up sophisticated homelands of high culture replete with institutions of art and science. Makes you wonder, doesn't it, why these minorities just don't pack up and...

Black Doggerel

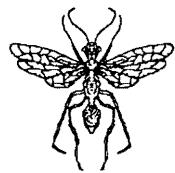
Maryland public schoolteachers were asked to read in class or over the public address system the following poem on Feb. 18, 1991, in celebration of Brotherhood/Sisterhood Week.

When I was born I was black.
When I grew up I was black.
When I'm sick I'm black.
When I die I'll be black.

But you:

When you were born you were pink.
When you grow up you are white.
When you get sick you are green.
When you go out in the sun you are red.
When you go out in the cold you are blue.
When you die you turn purple.

And you call me colored?



Waspishly Yours

We have lost The Idea which lighted our Way. Our folk are now mongrels. The American white male is the most maturationally retarded and racially dysfunctional creature in all the known and suspected universe. Games, sports, music and hobbies occupy him like some hyper-orally-fixated infant with an opium-coated pacifier. Cultural degenerates and queers he calls Celebrities and Stars. These are his gods. Crack smokers and shoeshine boys he calls Athletes. These are his heroes. Ethical perverts, compulsive liars and traitors he calls Politicians. These he elects of his own volition to represent him and dominate him. He is a slave by popular consent. Since he has the habit of mouthing clichés which he pretends are principles, suggest to him that it is better to die on his feet than live on his knees and he develops the Nervous Tick of Incomprehension and the Licked Lip of Anxiety.

He does not Labor to build, to create, to invent, to discover, to prosper or to leave an inheritance to his posterity. Instead, he merely Works to get money to pay the usury on his petty irresponsibilities. He lives a rented existence on the installment plan, his childish hopes forever on layaway. The lusts of his eyes, the lusts of his flesh and an egregious pride in all that is shabby and ephemeral in life consume his every tawdry thought. Ignorant of his own Heritage, dispossessed of his own High Culture, he idolizes a menagerie of creatures composed of prostitutes, criminals, lunatics and the luteous-hued of every gutter and jungle. He is enraptured by semi-sentient simians who grunt rhythmic Bronx Cheers in primitive cadence to the ubiquitous Afro Beat. These and mud-wrestling lesbians he calls Entertainment.

But the White Female is the most morally renegadish, the most ideologically sluttish, the most racially treasonous and the most cultural-crunching, turncoatish Wife, Mother, Daughter and Sister in recorded history. To her, there is only one game, sport and hobby: the systematic betrayal of her entire race, from past to future, from ancestor to posterity. She infests every antiwhite, anti-civilization, anti-morality and anti-human group, cult and organization under the sun. From the SDS to the SLA, from the NAACP to the SNCC, from the Peace Corps to Earth First, in any and every group to Save-Anything-And-Everything-But-Her-Own-Man-Race-Civilization, she is represented in all her shameless strength, donating her time, her energy, her resources and her myth-enshrined Femininity to the destroyers of femininity. From Eve and her serpent to Desdemona and her Moor, from Leda and her gander to Madonna and her monkey, from Beauty and her Damnable Beast, the White Woman, bar none, is the greatest Race Traitor to sully the annals of time.

We chide and contemn the multifarious beasts and mudlings, but to even try to imagine a Negress or Jewess joining some group like the Klan in order to destroy her own kind is well nigh impossible. Show me but one vague example of such a phenomenon and I shall fling myself Raleigh-like before every mud-puddle fronting every Jane Fonda-esque tramp alive.

But who could say this about the infamous White Woman? For her such a betrayal is as common as maggots on dung. Any woman who would mate with a mere primate is inferior; her power of discernment is atrophied or underdeveloped; her moral and cognitive standards low and reptilian. Even to imply that such unmitigated and outrageous disloyalty is the logical result of "sexist oppression" is beyond simply ludicrous; it is criminally insane. The White Woman alone of every other kind of sentient female has consistently enjoyed a degree of freedom historically denied the women of all other races. In every era and circumstance, she

has had more liberties, rights, privileges and benefits, been treated with more kindness, tolerance and equity than any other female on this planet. What men treat their women as well as we do? The Chinese? The Asian? The Arab? The Negro? It is the height of comedy to even raise such questions.

Every day I see white kids entering prison. And with each successive wave I see cultural bastardy more breathtakingly overt than the last. I see flawless genetic "Nordics" as negroized as H. Rap Brown.

Men, in general, whatever their views on race, are pathetically naive concerning women, blonde sluts included. Actually, I'd even toyed with an article for *Instauration* mocking its penchant for the perfect Nordic archetype: to wit, the tall, thinly muscular, super-blond, super-light-eyed longheads. Don't get me wrong, I, too, practically venerate the Super Nordid as he is, ipso facto, our quintessential Symbol, our Standard Bearer and the absolute epitome of the Hated White Man in the eyes of our enemies.

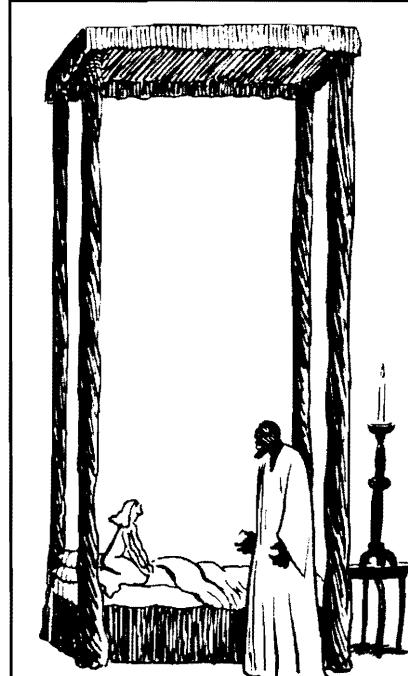
Of course, the real, average, everyday Nordid is nowhere near so

hyper-Nordic, tending to be not quite so tall, not quite so swimmer-lithe, not quite so blond, not quite so blue-eyed. Long heads no doubt, but their hair tends to turn dark after they leave their teens; their eyes aren't always blue but sometimes green or even hazel. Yep, I know about the so-called Alpinid, Dinarid and other mixtures supposedly responsible for this. But there's a certain look that real "white folks" have, a look denied even to Slavs, most French, not to mention the now much mongrelized Greeks, Italians and Spaniards. That look is so impalpable, so elusive, yet everyone knows it when they see it—no matter how ugly, fat, short or deformed the person.

From nearly 40 years of fairly deliberate observation, I have to say that, from what I've experienced, the Super Nordids are a farce on all fronts—men, as well as women. For every Super Nordess with a mudling ready to pop out, there are ten Super Nordic "men" with the faggot disease. Any trip to a queer hangout will verify this, be it in Denmark or Des Moines.

In prison the Super Nordics are notorious for being nutless punks, disgustingly willing to submit to the beasts. But I must say that those who don't are heroic by any standards and are an inspiration to us all.

FURIOUS FRED



In Shakespeare's *Othello*, Desdemona paid for her miscegenation with her life.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle--John Nobull

In England the only journals worth reading on the Gulf War have been on the left because they reveal so many details that the conservative media deliberately omit. The smoke screen of commentary cannot conceal the media blackout that the left-wing press has been alone in challenging—unfortunately for the worst reasons. What offends the left is the thought of Majority members beating the hell out of Third Worlders. All the same, we must be grateful for any information we can get.

One interesting aspect of the left-wing campaign against the Gulf War is that it exposed a lot of Allied dirty linen in WWII that might have otherwise remained covered up forever. Alexander Cockburn in the New Statesman (Feb. 8, 1991) had a lot to say about Allied treatment of POWs in the "Good War," even going so far as to quote from Charles Lindbergh's diary. (Who would have dared to use such a quote in the New Statesman a few years ago?) Lindbergh referred to an Australian practice of throwing Japanese POWs out of aircraft flying to prison camps. Cockburn also cited James Bacque's book, *Other Losses*, on the mass starvation of German POWs by the Americans and on the 370,000 German prisoners forced to undergo an insulting "re-education program" at the insistence of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Believe me, I am not trying to make out that the British were blameless in WWII. The whole sorry story revealed by Nikolai Tolstoy (which was not denied by the prosecution in his libel trial) of the abominable treatment by the British army of 70,000 Cossacks and Yugoslavs at the end of the war provides enough material for a dozen war crimes trials.

Will these revelations so long after the events make much difference? They may, but not in our lifetime. As Coventry Patmore writes:

When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;
The truth is great and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

John Pilger, an Australian journalist whose "caring attitudes" provoked Auberon Waugh to add a new word, pilgerism, to the language, recently wrote an article, "Turkey Shoots," for the New Statesman. He was outraged by the statements of an American colonel, Richard "Snake" White, who described his bombing runs over Iraq in exactly those terms, sneering that Iraqi soldiers under air attack resembled scurrying cockroaches.

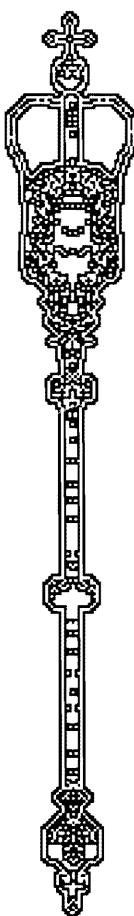
Pilger went on to write that the bombing of "residential areas, nightclubs, hospitals, coffee shops, clinics and law offices" was responsible for the death of at least 6,000 to 7,000 civilians. The key paragraph reads:

[A]n entire nation of people has already been de-humanised and caricatured in the third person singular of "he" or "Saddam Hussein": the tyrant equipped and sustained by the West and now, as Edward Said has written, "demonised and transformed into a worldwide metaphysical threat."

In view of the enormous scope of the bombing attacks on Iraq, even 60,000 to 70,000 civilian dead would not be surprising. Obviously, there was some truth to the official claims that the pilots were trying to avoid civilian targets. Many additional civilian fatalities will more likely result from the systematic destruc-

tion of drains and water pipes.

In WWII every effort was made to kill civilians. Churchill proclaimed it as a war aim, on the grounds that a factory could quickly be rebuilt, but it took a generation to replace a worker. In a number of German cities (including Dresden after all meaningful resistance had ceased) firebombs were deliberately dropped in circles to create firestorms which burned people alive indiscriminately. Allied pilots were encouraged to attack "targets of opportunity," which included school girls on bicycles. David Irving's careful analysis of the evidence, which no reputable historian has challenged, indicates that between 600,000 and 1,000,000 civilians died in the bombing of Germany, compared to 60,000 or so in the United Kingdom.



Russell Braddon, the Australian who wrote *The Naked Island* about the terrible treatment of Allied prisoners in Singapore by the Japanese, used to tell a story which his publishers would not allow him to put in his book. One especially brutal Japanese NCO delighted in beating and crippling the emaciated Allied prisoners of war. On one occasion, as the POWs were unloading German ships in the port, the NCO was administering a public beating on the deck to one of the prisoners. Among the onlookers was a burly German ship's officer. He came down from the bridge, lifted the poisonous little Jap by the back of the neck and dropped him in the hold! The Japanese were furious and couldn't wait to imprison and punish the German. The Germans, however, were not so wimpish then as they have since become. The officer was kept on board, and the ship raised anchor that very evening.

An ornament of the Anglo-Jewish aristocracy, the sixth Marquess of Cholmondeley (pronounced "Chumley"), just died, leaving an estate worth £119,847,956 (\$227,711,116). He held the hereditary office of Lord Great Chamberlain. His duties consisted largely of walking backwards in front of the Queen and making the odd proclamation. His mother, Sybil Sassoon, came from a powerful and filthy-rich Jewish banking family, whose financial tentacles first encircled Baghdad before the Sassoons moved their usurious scam to England in the 19th century. Although he passed as an Englishman, the lord was technically a Jew. Having a Jewish mother, he would have qualified for an Israeli passport.

Another member of the aristocracy who married a Jewess was the fifth Earl of Roseberry, a scion of the prominent Primrose family. His wife was Hannah, daughter of Baron Meyer Rothschild, who, it need hardly be said, brought along a sizable dowry. However, the Earl must have had some idea of the irreparable damage he had done to his family, because he called his own son "a wretched little Jew." It's not a pretty story, but I find it understandable. There is no greater treachery than genetic treachery.

But one should not jump to the conclusion that all the traditional aristocracy has been Judaised. The reclusive Lord Bath, for instance, looks and behaves like an aristocrat. There is no injudicious admixture in his family. His collection of Hitler's paintings is on show to the public in his great country house at Longleat. I must admit to a malicious joy at the shock-horror of *bien-pensant* liberals when they suddenly realise what they are looking at.

In February, American TV was monopolized by the war in the Gulf. In March another war took possession of the tube—the war between the Los Angeles Police Dept. and blacks. The TV coverage of the slaughter of Iraqis was full of movement—smart bombs penetrating bunkers, ack-ack lighting up the Baghdad night, convoys blown up, tanks churning up the desert sands. The coverage in L.A. was static—one episode of cops flailing, bludgeoning and kicking Rodney King, a doped-up robber out on parole, who was collared after recklessly speeding down a freeway at 100 mph.

A plumber named George Holliday broke in his new video camera with a tape of the beating, which he sold to a local TV station for \$500. It quickly became a nightly fixture in the news—and ran and ran and ran.

Yes, it was an atrocity, but wars are replete with atrocities. The hang-up of American mediocrats is that they are mainly interested in one brand of atrocity—the kind that makes minorities look good and the Majority look bad. Holliday's videotape didn't show King refusing to leave his car when so ordered and didn't show him lunging at an officer after being dragged out of his car.

Suppose Holliday's camcorder had lingered with fond detail on cops being shot down and murdered by blacks—a common event these days, so common that film libraries should have stacks of such episodes. Suppose Holliday had been in Israel a few years ago when that Jewish bulldozer operator was busy burying a few Arabs alive. Cop-killings and live burials are also atrocities, but somehow they seldom get on the tube—and never get rerun morning, noon and night for a week or so.

Wonder why?

Satcom Sal opines. My first reaction to the L.A. police brouhaha was a series of desperate yawns at the endless repetitive airing of the film clip. My second was to wonder if the Chosen aren't just a mite worried that such a lively horror story might undermine the Holocaust monopoly. My third—and overriding one—was utter rage at those cops who have given us a second martyr named King.

#

I was both surprised and pleased when I watched William Bradford Reynolds, the former Justice Dept. bigwig, interviewed on *Good Morning America* (March 20, 1991). He said he felt demands for Chief Gates' resignation were "misplaced" and advised against an anti-cop "feeding frenzy." Gates, Reynolds asserted, was one of the finest police chiefs in the country. When the beating incident occurred, Gates responded immediately, quickly initiated an investigation, and obtained indictments in an unprecedentedly short time.

#

A few Tuesdays ago I made the awful mistake of not flipping off the TV when *In the Heat of the Night* rolled. The episode was one in which Tibbs, the black chief of detectives of the Sparta police force, is off chasing bad guys up North, leaving his handsome mulatto wife dangerously close to the wire in bringing a pair of twins into the world. She is in dire need of someone to accompany her to her Lamaze classes, a gallantry that Tibbs used to perform in less hectic times. The duty falls to a surprised but willingly

obedient white cop named—what else—Bubba. We are soon treated to scenes of "Miz" Tibbs rolling around on the floor, as he reassuringly massages her thigh or belly. A telling note: He unfailingly addresses her as Miz Tibbs, while he remains just plain Bubba to her. I almost thought I heard him called "boy!"

Time moves along, and the dutiful Tibbs remains up North—right up until, yes sirree, Delivery Day! Who, then, will accompany Miz Tibbs into the delivery room? Soon we see a very nervous and profusely perspiring Bubba, arrayed in "shower cap" and operating gown, gawking as the mountainous Miz Tibbs is trundled toward her rendezvous with parturition.

In a highly dramatic scene that couldn't fail to quicken the pulse of the stoniest viewer, Tibbs arrives in the nick of time to trail along with his wife. Bubba, thankfully, is relieved of his noble duty. Whew!!

Hours later, unable to sleep, I wondered how big an audience this egregious show has attracted; how many youngsters have been convinced that this is the way life oughta be; and why WASPs have come to accept such fare as the norm. All the while an inner voice chided, "You could have turned it off, you know!"

#

The day after President Bush awarded the Medal of Freedom to Margaret Thatcher, there was no mention of the event on either *Good Morning America* or CBS's *Morning News*. (Since I refuse to watch Bryant Gumbel's posturings, I cannot speak for NBC's *Today*.) Anyone who is doltsish enough to cling to the belief that our news isn't managed selectively has only to look back a few months to the media's pandering to Nelson Mandela on his visit to this country. Surely Bush's tribute to a lady representing our firmest ally deserves mention. What is worse is that we have grown too effete to resent its omission.

From Zip 782. Recently I had the bad luck to catch a performance of the Harlem Dance Company. It featured a ballet troupe of six couples, all black except for one showcased white female who tripped the light fantastic with a huge Negro male with the biggest backside I've seen since attending a convention of rodeo clowns. The video camera lingered lovingly on this mixed duo—zooming in on their dreamy expressions whenever they embraced. The background melody was as discordant as the salt-and-pepper couple. The dozen dancers were all flitting about to one of the loveliest, most soul-lifting (pardon the expression) scores in all of Western music: Ralph Vaughn Williams' *The Lark Ascending*. Instead of watching slim, lithe, fair-



skinned Nordic women being held aloft by their own men-folk, we were treated to the edifying spectacle of huge-buttocked blacks aping whites in a Northern European dance, to the accompaniment of Northern European classical music, all transmitted by a Northern European miracle device. It was one of the most distasteful exhibitions I've yet encountered in the wasteland of American television.

From Zip 121. Every so often *Saturday Night Live* runs a skit which pokes fun at the many follies and shortcomings of "white trash." One recent sketch featured (of all people) Roseanne Barr as the white trash mother alternately slapping and screaming at her teenage son as she instructed him to get the necessary ingredients for his dinner. The announcer's punchline: "And that was the invention of the tuna noodle casserole. This has been another White Trash History Minute." The sketch was a takeoff on those horribly boring Black History spots that made watching the tube in February a veritable psychological minefield. Another skit featured a sophisticated writer for a travel magazine being subjected to the screaming chaos of a large "white trash" family as he attempts to have his morning meal (cold cereal). He is researching an article which he intends to title, "White Trash Bed and Breakfast."

Both sketches were cleverly executed and quite amusing. Yet watching them in the context of the contemporary American racial pressure-cooker left me feeling slightly queasy. I was reminded of the parameters of the American Taboo System in which similar jibes at non-Majority racial and ethnic groups are simply unimaginable. Should anything like that be attempted, 1001 "watchdog" groups would create an overnight media fire storm.

The truth is I just can't laugh with a clear conscience at the foibles of a "white trash" family conjured up by a cohort of Chosen TV writers. Part of me knows all too well that such humor is ultimately founded upon the Jewish historical perception that all goyim are drunken, dangerous, stupid and ready to stage a pogrom if given the slightest excuse.

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In late February I tuned in to *Firing Line*, half expecting to see some abysmally dense "conservative" character cheering Bush's devastation of Iraq. Instead, Richard Brookhiser was on plugging his book, *The Way of the WASP* (Instauration, April 1991). I signed on board for the next half-hour wondering how anyone who dares to call himself a conservative, as Brookhiser does, can hold forth on the subject of the American WASP without realizing he is addressing a unique historical tragedy. How will he manage to avoid this central, terrible fact for even one millisecond, let alone 30 minutes?

To watch how Brookhiser proceeded to avoid it for the duration of the show is to gain—once again—a fundamental insight into the exhaustion and irrelevance of this sort of "conservatism." Amazingly, within 10 or 15 minutes, I found myself glancing at the Sunday paper, while Brookhiser gave the politically correct answers to Buckley's leading questions and waltzed around a topic which would otherwise command every last iota of my attention. He even managed to get a shot in at WASPs for their lack of achievement in literature and the arts!

Mind you, in his book Brookhiser poses as a defender of WASPdom. Has he forgotten that we live in a "culture" which takes a pathetic little black racist like Spike Lee seriously and calls him an "artist"? Does this total lack of taste and judgment, of which there are a thousand other examples, have nothing at all to do with what Brookhiser perceives as the WASP's alleged lack of artistic accomplishment? Doesn't he realize that the WASP writer who candidly addressed the plight of his people in his work would be censored, pilloried and driven beyond the Pale of Respectability by contemporary literary grand inquisitors?

From Zip 986. It's been a busy week. How about a moment's respite with the ABC Saturday night *Young Riders*, a brat-pack-in-the-Old-West romp inspired by the *Young Guns* of recent cinema!

Oh, good! We've got a token young black rider, smooth and soft-spoken, tailor-made for white liberals who get their nightly sugar-coated, black spoon-feeding courtesy of the network moguls. This week we've got a church full of saintly blacks singing *Amazing Grace* to a distant accompaniment of thundering white marauders ("How much you give fer dead niggers 'round here?"). Every scene has a splendiferous black buck (Richard Roundtree being the centerpiece) spouting righteous wisdom, while a crusty white lecher makes eyes at black beauties and the belles of the bar.

I wonder if 10% of the audience realizes it is getting a diametrical switch of the actual roles of whites and blacks in current society. Every trait, every offense, every pattern of aggression, every element of current race relations is turned squarely around for the benefit of those who have not seen the reality firsthand. It gives a whole new meaning to black comedy.

From Zip 220. Billy Grey, 53, the actor who as a teenager played "Bud" in the 1950s fam-com series, *Father Knows Best*, recently disparaged the program's lack of attention to minorities by commenting, "In all the 225 or so episodes, there wasn't a single black included. And that at a time when we were trying to promote integration. What a waste!" True enough, *Father Knows Best* was set in the idyllic and snow-white U.S. of the 1950s. If you didn't quite live in that idealized America, you aspired to it. Such aspirations promoted the impetus to higher education, and even a push for saving and investment. Grey's clean-cut part in no small measure contributed to that milieu.

Why didn't Billy protest to his producers back then? Perhaps because he may have realized that the show would be his best shot at acting. A 1961 arrest for "possession" (a year after FKB had closed) effectively ended his acting career. By Grey's own admission, he's done little more since then than live on the residuals from the show's reruns. A wispy beard, a small paunch and an uncharacteristic edge to the voice is what the observer finds left of the "Bud" we once loved.

His sister on the show, Cathy, had a worse time in her real-life, post-50s odyssey. Messy multiple divorces led to depression and drug abuse, requiring decades of expensive psychiatric care.

Primate Watch

Casting a look-see at the following roster of dubious characters (all in the news from late February to mid-March) should suggest even to the most convinced egalitarian that a certain population group has at least a predilection for financial flummery:

Michael Zarachoff, sentenced to a two-year jail term for overcharging the U.S. government \$540,000 on Patriot missile parts....**Robert B. Cohen**, sued for \$100 million by Hachette, a French company, for illegally monopolizing the distribution of magazines in metro New York ...**Leonard Fishman**, arrested and charged with bilking 200 investors of \$3 million worth of forged mortgages that promised a 16% return....**Morris J. Eisen**, founder of one of the largest personal injury (ambulance chasing) law firms, convicted of obtaining huge jury awards by fabricating evidence....**Eric Freedlander**, prominent Richmond (VA) mortgage broker, arrested for orchestrating a \$200 million swindle. He may have to sell his corporate jet, 500-acre horse farm and antique car collection....**Steven J. Romer**, Zoo City lawyer convicted of stealing \$15 million from clients. Romer suddenly appeared in court after hiding out for two months. He had informed his defrauded clients he was dying of a brain tumor and had given all their money to the poor....**John Eicher**, owner of a failed New Orleans insurance company, was accused of bribing State Insurance Commissioner Doug Green....**Stephen Blumberg**, convicted of stealing 21,000 books, some quite rare, from libraries and museums in the U.S. The jury rejected his plea of insanity....**Harvey Myerson**, Park Ave. lawyer, accused by federal prosecu-

tors of overbilling clients \$2.5 million to maintain his jet set lifestyle. In one month he charged \$101,366 on several American Express cards**Robert A. Friedland**, New Jersey real estate con artist, convicted of grand larceny in 1982, was charged last February with defrauding 150 investors of \$9.5 million....**Jon Edelman** and **Bernhard Manko**, the former the brother of plutocratic financier Asher Edelman, found guilty of a \$532 million tax deduction rip-off, through phony transactions in U.S. Treasury bills.

#

Swindlers of Hong Kong origin are not yet crowding American courts, but by the time Red China takes over in 1998 immigrants from the former British Crown Colony may be giving Jews a hard time in the peculation race. Meanwhile, in the February-March time period:

Paul Cheng, convicted last year of swiping \$6 million from a failed S&L, after skipping a court appearance, was apprehended and started serving his 20-year sentence....**Ernest Liu**, Citibank's 1986 "salesman of the year," was charged with laundering \$3 million in drug money.

#

In a January kidnapping in a million-dollar Long Island estate, **three illegals from El Salvador** snatched a 47-year-old matron when she answered her door at 9:00 p.m. Driven to their hangout, the woman was gang raped and tortured while her husband was putting together a \$100,000 ransom. Police finally rescued her after a few days of terror.

#

Darres Park, 23, a half-Korean, half-Chinese who lives in Battle Ground (WA), sparked a me-

dia hullabaloo when he accused police of deliberately ignoring his claim that he had been the target of a "racial attack" last October outside a Seattle nightclub. Park, soon a local cause célèbre, was a featured speaker at an antiwhite racial harmony fest organized by Asian students at the University of Washington. A few days later, however, he was arrested on three counts of armed robbery by police investigators who discovered that Park faked his racial assault story.

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Craig Washington (D-TX), the black elected to fill the congressional seat vacated by the late Mickey Leland, has filed for bankruptcy.

#

Al Goldberg, the vulpine publisher of *Screw*, held a Sunday brunch in January to raise money for Israel. Brunchers included Bernard Goetz, the subway vigilante, Bess Myerson, the ageing shoplifter who was the first and last Jewish Miss America, and Al "Grandpa" Lewis of the Munsters.

#

Explaining why he killed seven whites with a shotgun, **Christopher D. Peterson**, 22, a black AWOL Marine, told Indiana police that he had a "deep-rooted hatred for white people."

#

They were the heroes of science and Jewry when **Stanley Pons** and **Martin Fleischmann** triumphantly announced in a 1989 media drumroll that they had managed to produce nuclear fusion at room temperature. Dreams of limitless, cheap energy for everyone and his brother were evoked in hurrahing editorials—but it was just another of those Semitic hoaxes. In February, Pons resigned his teaching job at the University of Utah. The current whereabouts of colleague Fleischmann is unknown.

Talking Numbers

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So far the Gulf War has not engendered any noticeable inflation spike. The U.S. economy has not been so fortunate in many previous conflicts. Prices jumped 201% in the Revolutionary War; 117% in the North in the Civil War; a whopping 9,210% in the South; 126% in WWI; 108% in WWII; 69% in the Vietnam mess. Prices rose only slightly in the 1812, Mexican, Spanish-American and Korean Wars.

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California's prison system rooms and boards 100,000 inmates, 40,000 more than the combined prison population of Britain and Germany.

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From Aug. 7 to the cease-fire on Feb. 27, some 298 Americans died in the Gulf War. In the same time period, 1,266 homicides were reported in New York City; 1,242 in Los Angeles. Of the 126 GI's who died in combat, 20% were killed by "friendly fire."

#

In 1964 the New York City homicide rate was 6.1/100,000; in 1989, 22.7. In the same years the Washington (DC) murder rate climbed from 8.4/100,000 to 59.5/100,000.

#

A National Opinion Research Center survey found white support of busing rose from 14% in 1972 to 29% in 1990. It also found that 78% of

whites thought that blacks were likely to prefer living on welfare; 74% felt the same about Hispanics. 56% of whites thought blacks more prone to violence; 53% thought blacks were dumber. White opinions of Hispanics were more or less the same.

#

It costs \$14,000 a year to keep a criminal in jail in Wisconsin; \$28,000 if the inmate is let out (based on the average criminal committing 12 crimes a year at a loss of \$2,300 to victims of each crime).

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237,000 illegal immigrants were arrested in the U.S. in the last 3 months of 1990, 13% more than in the same period of 1989.

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On average, Mexican immigrant families enroll 2.25 more children in Los Angeles public schools than white households.

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Eye-blinking rate is supposed to indicate stress. In an interview with Peter Arnett, Saddam Hussein's rate was 40/min. In speeches in Zoo City, Bush blinked 34.4/min; Quayle 20.4/min. Mike Dukakis in a 1988 debate blinked 71.3/min. "Conservative activist" Paul Weyrich must have had his eyes glued open during a TV harangue (Feb. 6, 1991). His rate: 7.3/min.

Despite all the fancy and continuous name changing, a nationwide poll of 759 Negroes revealed that 72% preferred to be called "black," 15% "African American," 3% "Afro-American," 2% "Negro." No respondent voted for a more colloquial or earthier appellation.

#

The 20-volume (21,728 pages) *Oxford English Dictionary* contains more than 500,000 words. The King James version of the Bible got along with 10,000; Shakespeare with 20,000.

#

In 1990, Michael Eisner, CEO of the Disney entertainment conglomerate, garnered a salary of \$750,000, plus a \$10.5 million bonus—all this despite attendance at the Disney theme parks having fallen 5% in the same 12 months. The Jewish Eisner probably made more money in one year out of Nordic Walt Disney's genius than Walt did in his entire lifetime.

#

3 months before birth the human fetus has all the hair follicles it will ever have: redhead 90,000; brunet 108,000; blond 140,000.

#

The average American lawyer is responsible for reducing the annual production of goods and services by at least \$1 million. The 500,000 attorneys in the U.S. drain the economy of \$500 billion, 10% of the GNP. About \$17 billion is paid out each year to settle fraudulent insurance claims, \$8.5 billion of them claims filed by dishonest lawyers and other professionals.



Canada. John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave, but only Yahweh knows where the half-burned remains of Adolf Hitler are a-mouldering. John Brown's truth supposedly goes marching on, but what about Der Führer's truth—or untruth? In any case, it's still making waves. A harmless, old-timey picture of ten Western Canadian bathers taken in 1912 unfortunately revealed a microscopic swastika sewn on the front of one woman's bathing suit. The photo was used on a 1991 calendar, thousands of which had to be recalled when the swastika, a good luck sign in pre-Nazi days, was spotted.

Hitler's shadow also fell on a 17-year-old Ottawa student who wrote an article for her school paper denying the Holocaust. It would have gone much easier with her if she had denied God, the Queen or Motherhood. School authorities had to engage in some fancy apologetics to get the local Inquisitors off their backs. The writer, having attended a David Irving conference in Ottawa last November, had apparently been converted. Irving, it should be noted, has a defamation suit pending against Secretary of State Gerry Weiner, who saw fit to publicly characterize him as an anti-Semite at the very moment the iconoclastic British historian was beginning a lecture and book promotion tour in Canada last fall.

Cuba. What's up with Fidel? Or, more precisely, what's down? His protector, the Soviet Union, having mightily fallen, has cut back annual shipments of wood, steel and other vital materials. As a new wave of Cubans prepares to wash ashore on south Florida, a defecting Cuban Air Force major recently presented the Key West naval base with an MiG-27. The bosses of most Soviet satellites have either been shot, jailed or ousted. Can Fidel count on being an exception to the rule?

At last report, *el máximo líder*, always a hedonist, seems to have become a devotee of the eat, drink, be merry and the hell with mañana philosophy. In the words of Georgie Anne Geyer, not the most untrustworthy of columnists, Fidel is a souped-up Casanova who has had "hundreds of lovers," in addition to two long-term mistresses who bore him six illegitimate kids. He has a wife, Marta Díaz-Balart, and a born-in-wedlock son, Fidelito. Though the señora is afraid to complain about her philandering spouse, some of his girlfriends have been more forthcoming. One claimed he read a book when love-making. Another claimed he smoked during the most tender moments. Still another said he never removed his boots.

In her book, *Guerrilla Prince, the Untold Story of Fidel Castro* (Little, Brown), a bio that Fidel is not likely to read with much gusto, Geyer digs up more interesting dirt on her anti-hero. Item: His three-month honeymoon in New York in 1948 was partly subsidized by Fulgencio Batista, the mulatto strongman the Aryan Castro chased out of Cuba. Item: In 1975, when Francisco Franco died, Castro declared a week's mourning, one more proof that blood is thicker than ideology. Castro's father and fascist Franco were both *gallegos* from the dour, bleak, hardscrabble province of Galicia in northwest Spain. Item: Fidel has a hunting lodge that would bring tears to the eyes of Erich Honecker, his erstwhile East German buddy. When at the lodge and in a duck hunting mood, Castro uses army helicopters to flush the birds out of the mangrove swamps.

Britain. America has its Michael Milken and Ivan Boesky. The Sceptred Isle has its Ernest Saunders, Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes and Sir Jack Lyons. These peculators, every one a Jew, were jailed after engaging in some fancy financial flimflam in the takeover of the Guinness Co. by Scottish Distillers Corp. (Johnny Walker, White Horse). Actually, it was Boesky who blew the whistle on them. Upon sentencing, Saunders, Ronson and Parnes were sent to Brixton, the worst jail in Britain. But within 48 hours they were moved to Ford Prison in West Sussex, more of a country club than a penitentiary. Some cynics call it a health farm for fat cats. One unnamed member of the trio was beaten up at Ford for monopolizing the phones. He was in a terrible stew, not because of the beating, but because of the unplastering effect it might have on his costly plastic surgery.

As expected, British reporters were rather close-mouthed about the Jewish con artists, who moved in the highest political and social circles. Only Rupert Murdoch's Today tabloid made noises about the "kosher nostra" and how "it was through this close-knit band of Jewish businessmen and financiers that the guilty Guinness quartet carved their paths as captains of industry." The most outspoken reporting was an article by the indefatigable Ivor Benson in the Sept. 1990 issue of his publication, Behind the News (P. O. Box 1564, Krugersdorp 1740, South Africa). The article was reprinted in the British nationalist monthly, Spearhead (P.O. Box 117, Welling, Kent, DA16 3DW, England). Because of Britain's clampdown on free speech, editor John Tyndall, had to carefully explain in a foreword that Benson was not referring to Jews

in general (which he was, of course), but to a few particular Jews.

Two of the loveliest children's songs in existence were composed by Pyotr I. Tchaikovsky. The Russian composer's favorite and the only musical piece he personally orchestrated was based on the poem, *Legend*, by Alexei Pleshcheyev. After a performance of the song by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Michael Tilson Thomas in early February, the local Inquisitors went ballistic. The lyrics were about a lonely, misunderstood Jesus, who had a rose garden, which Jews despoiled, leaving him nothing but a crown of thorns.

To dampen the bad vibes in the Jewish community, Maestro Thomas wrote a letter of humble apology to all the schools whose students had attended the concert. But even though Thomas himself is Jewish, his mea culpas were not enough for one Joe Shup, who said he was referring the matter to the highest Inquisitors in the land, the Board of Deputies of British Jews.

France. Jacques Attali is the new president of the Euro-Bank, which one day may be the largest and most powerful in the world with funds to be supplied by 40 nations. Attali, a French Jew and prominent member of France's Socialist Party, has the ear of President François Mitterrand. So now we have Alan Greenspan, head of the Federal Reserve, primed to "cooperate" with a fellow Shylock in Europe, who is a leading proponent of the New World Order. This is transatlantic banking with a vengeance.

Songsmith Serge Gainsbourg, 62, died in March in Paris. The amoral, decadent son of a Russian-Jewish immigrant named Ginzburg, he won his 15 years (not 15 minutes) of fame with a song about committing incest with his 18-year-old illegitimate daughter, Charlotte. His explicit groping with a British actress became a hit record that sold six million (!) copies. A five-pack-a-day smoker of foul-smoking Gitanes, he degraded the *Marseillaise* with a reggae version of perhaps the world's most stirring national anthem. At the funeral services, Jack Lang, the vulturish Minister of Culture and himself a Juif, praised the deceased vulgarian as one of France's great poets and musicians.

Wouldn't it be nice if someday a geneticist could identify the genes which cause the pathology that makes animals out of Gainsbourg and his ilk? The sickness must have a genetic basis because it is found in a certain type of Jew everywhere and crops up in all sorts of environments. When and if the genes are identified and can be excised or replaced, Western culture would take a quantum leap overnight.

Germany. With all their moaning and groaning about Germany over the years, it is only reasonable to suppose that the land that sprouted the Holocaust would be the last place on earth that Jews would want to live. Logically, Israel should be their first choice. But Jews are not noted for their logic. Once Soviet Jews managed to make it to Israel after leaving the economic shambles of Russia, the shambles they helped to create with their cretinous Marxism, many of them took one look and decided to pack it in and hop the next plane to Germany. Three hundred have made this surprising pilgrimage so far. Other Russian Jews preferred the direct route to Germany, overland through Poland.

Faced with welcoming a new diaspora, German officials started talking about quotas. No sooner than you could say Elie Wiesel, a universal howl went up. For more than half a century, even after the Hitler years, Germany was anathema to Jews. Now it was anti-Semitic to try to keep Jews from swarming into the very Belly of the Beast. So the Germans had to back down and agree to accept 10,000 Soviet Jews annually. Incidentally, the mo-

ment these Jews touch down on German soil, they qualify for all the social and welfare benefits of a German citizen.

When asked why they didn't stay in Israel, some migrants explained, "Israel is a militarized state....We want to be in a peaceful country like Germany." Actually, most want to go to the USA, as evidenced by one "refugee," who said he knew only two words in English: "Miami Beach." Ironically, the relief office for Soviet-Jewish refugees in Berlin is located on the fourth floor of what used to be Josef Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.

Gulf War Second Thoughts:

- The first person to use gas in Iraq was not Saddam Hussein. It was Gen. Sir Aylmer Haldane, the commander of a British army that was trying to put down a rebellion of Iraqis in the summer of 1920. The Brits used gas shells "with excellent moral effect," an army spokesman reported, and nearly 9,000 of the rebellious Arabs hit the dust. Winston Churchill, that paladin of democracy who became Colonial Secretary in 1921, wanted the Royal Air Force to use mustard gas, but for technical rea-

sions the RAF turned him down. Winston advocated gas because he believed it would end tribal revolts more quickly, thereby allowing him to reduce taxes at home and win Brownie points from voters.

- Bush of Arabia, if he has any serious thoughts at all, must be rethinking his great victory. Some 100,000 Iraqis dead...thousands of Kurds dying in one of history's most tragic and disorganized migrations...Iraq third-worldized...the Emir of Kuwait, back in his feudal fief, worries more about restoring the chandeliers in his palace than about his war-ravaged people. Wars, even victorious wars, have consequences.

- Would the Gulf War have been fought if Saddam Hussein had not been an anti-Semite and earned the wrath of history's most wrathful people? Apparently he acquired his dislike of Jews at the foot of Uncle Khayrallah, who, before his death, composed a pamphlet entitled, "Three Things that God Should Not Have Created—Persians, Jews and Flies."

- The number of deaths caused by Scuds landing in Israel ranged from one to two. In the 42 days of the shooting war, 40 Israelis died in traffic accidents

Stirrings



Non-WASP WASP Booster

The nodal culture of the U.S. was Anglo-Saxon. Those who acknowledge this obvious truth usually temper their words with unkind, cutting remarks about WASPs, white supremacists and robber barons. Of all the columnists only Joseph Sobran, who is of Eastern European origin, has had the guts not only to acknowledge but to heap praise on the Anglo-Saxon input into this once promising, now etiolating experiment in statecraft.

The truth is that everyone who favors freedom and justice owes a debt of gratitude to the maligned Anglo-Saxon. Few cultures put a higher premium on personal rights than the Anglo-Saxon culture, whose glories include the U.S. Constitution of blessed memory.

What Sobran didn't write in his column and what no columnist would write in these ever more de-Anglofied United States is that when the British-descended Americans go, the country will go. Come Ragnarok and the destroyers will learn to their sorrow they eliminated the one population group that made the civilized existence of their people on these shores possible.

Latest Duke Developments

David Duke, invited to speak at the Ford Hall Forum in Boston in late March, had difficulty getting a word in edgewise. Outside, 1,500 to 2,000 chanting protesters milled about. Inside, a rent-a-gang set off a din comparable to the honking of a million geese.

In Louisiana, Duke is gearing up for the October gubernatorial race against incumbent Buddy Roemer and Edwin Edwards, the Democratic ex-governor. Roemer pulled a switcheroo last March when he changed parties to draw votes away from Duke, who, if Roemer had persisted in being a Democrat, would be the Republican front-runner. Edwards, a part-Cajun, is one of those fast-talkers who treats politics as a 24-hour-a-day racket. To scrape up some extra financial backing for his campaign, Roemer reminded everyone that of the 11 members of his cabinet, 3 are black and 4

are women. In a not-so-subtle pitch to deep-pocketed Jews, he promised to bring "new sensitivity" to the Republican ranks.

Meanwhile, the campaign against David Duke continues to sink slimewards. A two-thirds page ad in Si Newhouse's Times-Picayune (March 29) screamed DAVID DUKE—ANTICHRIST. A thousand words were devoted to defining him as a "Nazi" and "a dead cockroach floating on a glass of milk," who was an "Adolf Hitler" clone and the tax-dodging co-author of a "sex book" that recommended "anal sex."

Metzger vs. Dees

They're closing in on Tom Metzger. His house, which they plan to seize as part payment of a \$12.5 million judgment against him and his followers, was pelted with rocks thrown by two young Hispanics. At the same time, the lawyers of his self-appointed nemesis, Morris Seligman Dees, are accusing Tom of tax fraud and perjury. They even threatened to seize donations to his publication, WAR.

There was one piece of good news. A hundred or more Metzger supporters staged a protest in front of the law offices of Dees in Montgomery (AL). In reporting the event, the local press mentioned that the antiwhite crusader was an alleged pervert. The fact is, in a divorce hearing, one of his ex-wives testified that he was not just an alleged pervert but that his perversions went far beyond the bounds of standard Hollywood kinkiness.

Beauty Redux

As anyone with a discerning eye and a functioning brain has long known, U.S. beauty contests place more emphasis on racial quotas than on good looks. That's why it gladdened our heart to see that in the Miss USA contest held last February, a Negress only came in second. The winner was a blonde Nordic lass, Kelli McCarthy—a welcome relief from all the unattractive colorized creatures who have been monopolizing beauty pageants of late.

No one, of course, believed the nonwhite ladies deserved to win. The more we were informed how beautiful they were, the more we knew they weren't. All the minority hype in the world can't turn a sow's ear into a silk purse, especially when the two items are displayed side by side in living color.