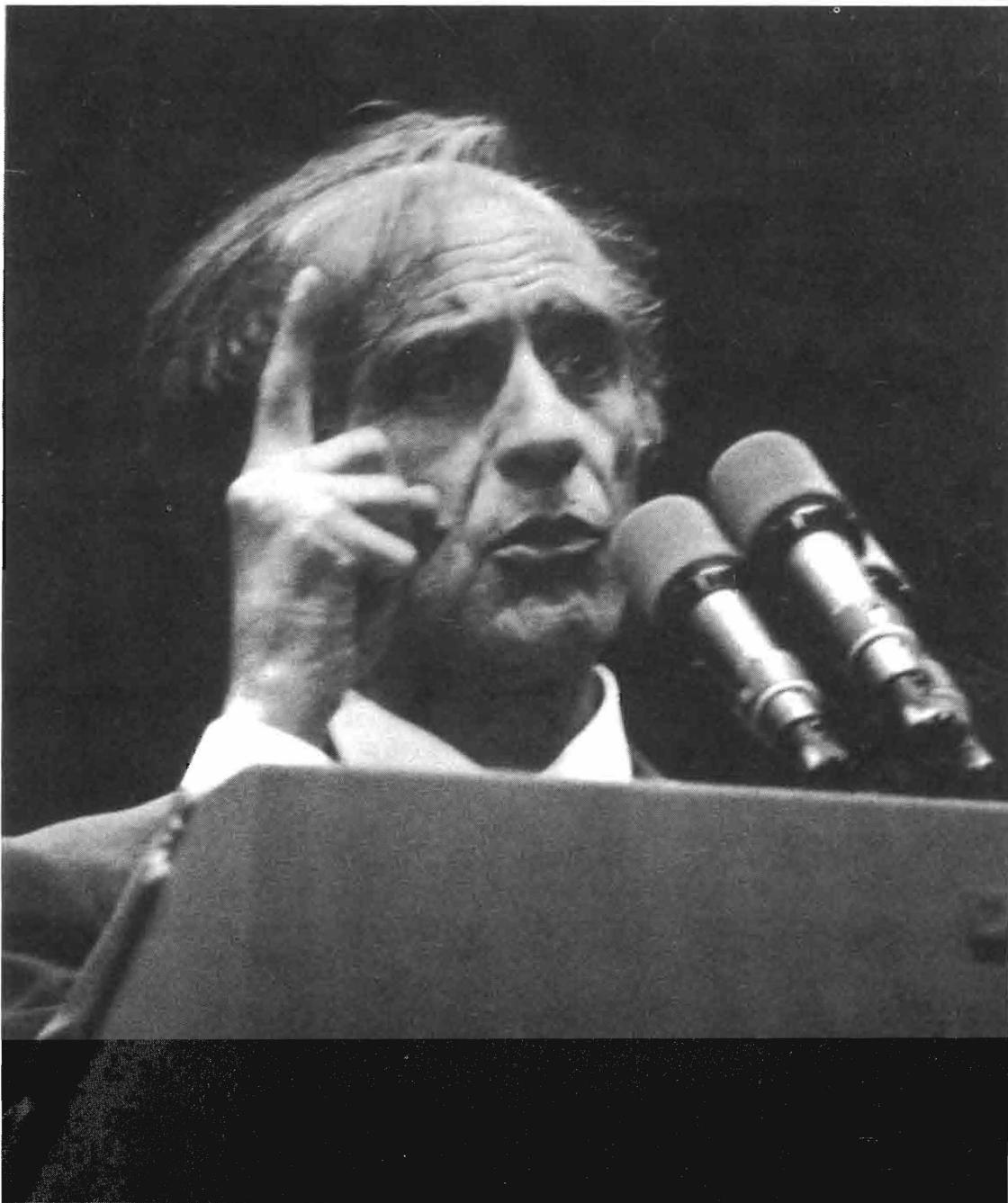


illuc heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 10 NO. 1

DECEMBER 1984



WHEN ELIE WIESEL SPEAKS, THE WORLD IS FORCED TO LISTEN

The Safety Valve



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

Our women have not failed us -- we have failed them or, rather, we are failing them. Whichever direction we lead them, they will follow. If we beckon them to racial suicide, they will accompany us, albeit reluctantly. And if we take the other path -- that of racial renaissance and revival -- then the present-day affectations of feminism, race-mixing and universalism will melt like snow in the spring thaw.

558

Old Shockley still thinks the academic and scientific worlds are anything other than crooked. Very naive at his age.

208

I am writing to suggest the opportunity of extending parody in *Instauration* (a powerful tool of social criticism indeed) to include the singularly funny and socially-telling classified ads in the *New York Review of Books*. In particular, the personal ads describing the self-image of largely Jewish seekers of personal friendships are, on their own, dynamically revealing. Doubtless you have seen them:

- Articulate, attractive DJF Academic seeks sensual, caring Gay JM for exercises in pasta-formation cult and mortgage-sharing. Bring your friends!
- MJM, 46, NJ Suburbs wants mid-day play with docile, attractive, generous, giving Catholic nun willing to teach; write for pamphlet.
- Jewish Surgeon aiming for the stars. Who you? Hug me, tease me, but don't tell my wife!

One could go on, but doubtless you see the point.

220

The Anglo-Saxons and related white peoples have no party to represent them, no statesmen to champion their cause. There is no media to advance their interest, no force to protect their racial identity or sustain their magnificent heritage.

381

On August 23, I was at my office working on an "all-nighter" -- a rush job with a deadline. I had the TV on in the background, listening to NBC's all-night news. Around 2:00 A.M. a report about two bombings was heard. One took place in Iran, the other was an unsuccessful attempt in Israel. It was noted that 20 Arabs had been arrested in the Israeli incident. An hour or two later the two incidents were reported again, but with a modification in the Israeli story. The newscaster stated that apparently Arab workers in Israel had been the prospective victims of the "terrorists." Naturally, the second broadcast cast an entirely new light on the nature of the "terrorists" responsible. Instead of the PLO, Israeli chauvinists appeared to be implicated. Not unexpectedly, at 8:00 A.M. only the Iranian incident was reported on NBC-TV. The Israeli attempted bombing had become a non-event, most likely due to the intervention of the ADL censorship brigade. Since the story tended to place Israelis in a bad light, the NBC staff had apparently developed instant amnesia.

198

We must ask ourselves: What does this mean, Red Dawn? How is it possible that the Hollywood Culture Distorter would produce and market a movie such as this? Is he giving us advance notice? Is he bragging, "This is what we have in store for you"?

606

The thing that amazes me about the triathlon people is the refinement of their features. They look like Sevres or Meissen porcelains. This is the much heralded over-refinement associated with upper-class decay -- the human being too good for this world, and too nice to associate with ordinary folk, the rare and beautiful moth dependent upon a single rare plant and scarcely able to find a reproductive partner. It is the antithesis of the Freudian-Marxist ideal -- the proletarian, the undiscriminating stud, the earthy, relaxed, unassuming creature of lieben-und-arbeiten fame, adaptive, normal, non-neurotic -- and at the same time upheld as the ideal athlete -- coarse, meaty, brutal. The triathlon phenomenon is truly startling. It makes me wonder whether the great Psychiatrist was right when he fingered this type as effeminate, pansied, somehow shameful -- the effete aristocrat. What is going on here anyway? Can these be the true Iron Men? Can it be that they were all true Men all along? (Can it be, for instance, that aristocratic decay comes from marrying for money into the lower orders -- and from the simple accumulation of bad genes from such sources? Or perhaps from pseudo-aristocratic mimics from the coarser ranks?) Is it the same deception and misidentification as the claim that America has always been violent? By the way, you shouldn't fall for that stuff about their doing it for the runners' high they get. That's another myth. Running is exercise, and we all know everything there is to know about that. There ain't no high. Put it with amnesia and the other journalistic concoctions.

109

Octavio Paz, the late Mexican writer, penned a short story called *The Blue Bouquet*, which should give pain and pause to Nordics. It has to do with a man who goes around cutting out people's eyes. The problem is that he only collects blue eyes. Anyone with dark eyes is automatically immune from his knife.

321

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Mention the world Olympics and -- wham! We get hit by it. Again and again. Over and over and over. Down through the years we've been sledgehammered with it: tired old films of a victorious Jesse Owens. And always -- with dreary, mindless repetition -- those hoary scenes play to the crowing of "He shattered Hitler's theory of Aryan superiority!" You can almost see the Pavlovian reaction as a million salivating saps hiss with hate. Now honestly, don't you think all those mugs should be finally told:

1. Hitler's philosophy has nothing to do with sprinting like a jackrabbit or leaping like a kangaroo. It has to do with mental creativity and the spirituality of a people. It concerns the genetic capacity to develop a high culture. But in any case, the lion's share of medals are won by whites. That's not too bad for a fast-fading and besieged minority of but 10% of the world's population.

2. Germany won the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Those lovely summer games were an unparalleled athletic and artistic success. (Italy came in second, the U.S.A. third.)

3. Hitler did not snub Jesse Owens. He did not refuse his hand. Owens reiterated this fact throughout his career. Indeed, Ol' Jesse proudly told how he attended a private reception at the Reich chancellory where he was warmly congratulated by no less than the Führer himself. Read his autobiography. The vicious snubbing business was just a small -- but highly effective -- part of the massive and ongoing anti-German hate propaganda. Just another of a host of Big Lies which after half a century still serves some dreadful bigots.

Canadian subscriber

I live in an economically declining industrial town of some 20,000 in western Pennsylvania. When I was growing up in the 50s, it seemed to be a pleasant place and might still be except that Negroes by the droves are moving in. They are coming from neighboring cities and even from the South (a trend I thought had ended in the 70s). It's an insidious process. No official mention is made of the changing racial percentages, but black faces keep popping up in the local newspaper and favorable articles on Negroes now appear regularly. Also, Negroes are frequently singled out to be given praise or awards for "community service." Need I say that once safe streets are no longer so, or that the public school system is deteriorating? (Note to Instaurationists: to check out a potential place to live, drive by the schools when they are letting out.) I suspect the same thing is happening in other played-out mill towns of the Northeast. The many houses for sale at depressed prices can only facilitate this whole awful phenomenon. I have to believe that a vigorous, growing community with its higher-priced houses and more conservative residents would be more resistant to such a dismaying fate.

161

Your series on South Africa is most interesting, but the author should have pointed out that Russia would like to take control of South Africa not to get hold of the great mineral wealth but to deny these assets to the West.

South African subscriber

ANNIVERSARY

This issue is the 11th candle (one to grow on) on Instauration's birthday cake. Vol. 1, No. 1 appeared December 1, 1975. What you are holding in your hand is Vol. 10, No. 1. Who would have ever thought we would have lasted so long?

Your prediction of a "white" GOP is happening to a large extent. But it is more because Americans are snobs than bigots.

105

My grandfather was an architect and amateur pianist, a man of high moral standards and impeccable taste. I recall hearing the women-folk saying on several occasions, "It's lucky that Granddad died in '65; all the changes that came after that would have pained him no end." Now there's a good example of the passive female approach to massive social change. They could just as easily have said, "What a shame Granddad died in '65; his outlook and dedication could have helped so much as a stabilizing force in the chaotic times that followed." Maybe what they were really thinking is that because Granddad would have responded sternly against all the drugs and divorces and miscegenation which crept into the family after his death, the resulting state of familial conflict would have pained them.

903

We read this summer of Hyman Bookbinder's complaint to the White House, no less, of a plan to distribute New Testaments to the attendees at the Republican National Convention, calling it "part of a general effort to Christianize America, and that's not what our founding fathers intended." Bookbinder concluded, "I expect they [the Republicans] will realize the possible consequences."

The first settlers on our Atlantic seaboard were not ashamed of Him. Nor were the signers of the Declaration of the Independence, all but two of whom were practicing Christians. Nor were the framers of the Constitution, likewise mostly Christian by upbringing and conviction. At that time there was a sprinkling of Catholics here, a few agnostics, and fewer Jews. But there were Episcopalians and Congregationalists and several kinds of Baptists, and there were Quakers and Lutherans, and Christians of a few other persuasions; and the whole point of the First Amendment was that no one of these might be or become the controlling religion of the country, as the Church of England was in the old country. A century later Mr. Justice Brewer would declare this, in a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, to be a Christian country. In a following generation, although most Americans were still active church members, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, I think it was, would declare that there are no absolutes -- a complete reversal!

It's time for us Christians to recall that He came not to send peace, but a sword. Tolerance of the sinner is one thing; caving in to that thinly veiled threat is quite another. The Republicans, unless they were, Pilate-like, afraid of His accusers, should have gone ahead with the distribution of the New Testaments. And our friends in the Jewish community would do well to recall the context in which they live, that they are welcome here in this land at the sufferance of their hosts, the Christians. The founding fathers did, indeed, intend this to be a Christian country, and despite the best de-Christianizing efforts of a half century or more of the increasingly Jewish-controlled press, it still is.

671

The "Expatriate in Italy" with a letter in the October issue must not be reading the same Instauration that I am. He or she wrote, "Your magazine should be as realistic about the Nordics and whites in general as it is about other races. Our race does not seem to have retained an instinct for self-preservation, which is a pretty big flaw." I have always found that Instauration hits Nordics harder than any other race, bar none, and that their excessive individualism is the main complaint.

223

The article, "The Nation's Richest Jews" (August 1984), was very interesting. It is a good case for the changing of our outmoded right of inheritance. No free society can exist when ruled by money power of a pseudo-nobility. Can a free society exist if the accident of birth gives money power or makes you privileged? Is not the challenge of life the competition with your peers to see who is fittest?

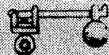
902

WILLIE



Dem Republican honkies won dis one,
but I be fatherin' fo' to five
future Democrats ebery year.

The Safety Valve



□ There is a divorced, 20-year-old Nordic woman who lives in my apartment building who supports herself and her two daughters by dancing in a nude bar. She does not like dancing in the place. But although she finds it distasteful and vaguely upsetting, it is the only way she has found to make ends meet without breaking the law. The various forms of public assistance available to her are insufficient for the needs of the three of them. Working as a clerk for \$3.90 an hour brought in even less than welfare -- and she had to pay for a babysitter as well.

So several nights a week she does what she has to do to get by: she drags herself down to her job, which consists of bumping and grinding to the latest rock melodies while undressed, before an audience consisting primarily of Majority males and swarthy Levantine types. As nude joints go, this place isn't so bad. It's in a respectable area of town, and is priced to keep out the worst riff-raff. And so the faces in the audience are merely swarthy and not black, and the white heads sit atop white collars, not blue ones. Almost all of the girls dancing there are white; Nordics predominate. To anyone with even a modicum of racial awareness, the dichotomy is striking. Even in a sleaze-hole like this, the Nordic ideal is the ultimate expression of beauty and desirability. All of the dancers use drugs. They find it difficult -- or maybe impossible -- to go on stage without "getting their head bad."

From the youngest, most inexperienced high-school dropout to the jaded and faded veterans in their early 30s, all of them feel that what they are doing is a betrayal of womanhood. Some it bothers more than others, but even those who appear most nonchalant and who have been at it the longest get high before dancing. It makes it so much easier.

None of the dancers at this bar are heroin addicts. That particular drug of abuse destroys a woman's beauty very fast, and would render her useless as a dancer. No matter what moves she might know, an emaciated little skag-head with needle-marks and bruises on her arms or legs or feet is not very attractive -- not even to a lustful Iranian Jew on the run from Khomeini.

On a good night, my neighbor may take home \$80 to \$100 -- most of it in tips from appreciative patrons. Usually it's a lot less. In between dance sets, the girls are urged to mingle with the "guests" so as to get them to buy more drinks, generally spend more money and hang around longer. The patrons are only too happy to oblige. Nude dancing itself is a sort of pseudo-prostitution: the women are selling the image or illusion of sex. In mingling with the guests, they are often offered money to cross the line from illusion to reality. Some do, some don't. Those who do often end up hooked on heroin -- prostitution requires that you do get your head really bad.

My young neighbor is aware of all these pitfalls, and is careful to avoid the worst of them. After all, she is able to keep the image of her two cherubic blue-eyed, tow-headed kids in mind. Others, with less to lose, succumb quite readily.

222

□ I might vote for Mondale, rather than contemptuously abstain as usual. I think it's important to have one of that crowd in power when the blow-up comes, which I think is coming very soon. I'm not one of the stylish Armageddonists, especially not one of the optimistic ones; I think it will be a real mess, and even then not one guaranteed to shock the present state of racial affairs into reversal -- I have given up on that kind of wish fulfillment (at one point I thought all it would take would be to distribute copies of Jensen all over the country). But in spite of the fact that I'm not one of those who so strongly appear to look forward to a horrendous upheaval with both glee and blind optimism, I foresee a half-such upheaval coming. Currency decline, influx, legal and juridical collapse, more influx, then some major reversal, humiliation or barbarity imposed on Americans abroad, some trigger at home, and we have a nationwide version of the biggest riots of the 60s -- and this time, it would strongly appear, they will be joined by sympathetic vibration rioting in Canada, Europe and possibly anti-white or anti-lighter-skinned riots abroad. The U.S. riots will involve a sizable segment of the military and will cover both a much greater geographic extent and a much greater duration than anything previously experienced here. All the above prediction is, I feel, both safe and even conservative. Beyond that, I don't care to go. But I would just as soon see a Mondale in office than a Reagan; Instaurationist thinking would somehow be blamed were a Reagan in, as he is mistakenly thought to be somehow like us in many circles. Not even our worst enemies have yet devised a means to stick us with the opprobrium for the antics of a Kennedy or a Mondale.

923

□ When you really care about your people, numbers are secondary. Dedicated Chinese are concerned about the identity of all one billion Chinese. Trends are important. Ten million people whose numbers are booming may be far safer than 100 million who are fading fast. Nordics, unlike Jews, flourish in homogeneous settings. Compare Iceland to Israel! Multiracialism pulls us down, but it gives them an enormous economic boost. So it isn't just raw numbers we're worried about, but also the degree of racial "apartness." Our concern is lost on most Jews.

773

□ Why is it a child may unwittingly state everyone is equal without question, while a score of learned scientists are required to prove otherwise? Equality is probably the most sweeping, unfounded generalization of mankind ever given carte blanche.

481

□ I see Boudin got her due. Surprisingly stiff sentence, although not up to the severity of her offenses, not even the offenses she plea-bargained (one felony murder, one grand heist with firearms). Still, she can't get out via liberal or bribed parole board till 2001; only a pink or

bribed governor can get her out -- and such upheavals as the dandy I think is coming in 85 or 86 would render that less feasible. So the bitch is in for a genuinely long spell. Age 40 now, she knows she cannot see freedom again till too old to enjoy it in any way she can likely comprehend at present age. The little bitch Kathleen Wilkerson, too; Wilkerson was the filth-souled parody of a caricature who once declared to a Weatherman coven, "All white babies are pigs." I read that quote of hers in a number of places, but, I notice when she went into court carrying the bastard born during her underground years, nobody mentioned what its race was. I was curious. I assume it was a diaper demonstration of Committed Anti-Racism. Wilkerson and Boudin, Sasha Bruce and the rest are not the motherly kind. A pity that the baby, its race and that incredible quote were not set beside one another in the same newspaper by somebody. No matter what the baby's race, even on the minuscule chance it is an old-stock Anglo of actually somewhat distinguished family, as its mother is, it would have made a hell of an interesting news paragraph, grist for a few editorial speculations. One other delightful consideration: unless the federal prison system really goes out of its way to lock these two guttersnipes in an unbelievably well-picked clink and keep an avuncular eye on them for decades, they are guaranteed to taste the joys of final ultimate integration with truly representative Third World militant cadres. Kathleen Wilkerson has only years, not decades, to face the black and Mongol-Mestizo dykes, whores, cutthroats; but that's OK. When what's left of her staggers out of the federal slammer, she can spend the next decade reading letters from what's left of Boudin, describing how it all keeps getting worse as the years and the new inmates accumulate. The thought warms the heart, it does, it does.

620

MARV



It's harder to get to a second-term president, but we'll manage.

THE ONE-EYED MORALITY OF ELIE WIESEL

To be always lamenting for ourselves is the way never to be lamented; by continually putting on a pitiful act, we become pitiable to no one.

Montaigne,
Essays: *Of Vanity*

Elie Wiesel gives new meaning to "mystagogue." Of Greek origin, the word combines *mystes*, one initiated in mysteries, with *agogos*, a leader. A mystagogue is an interpreter of religious mysteries; a custodian of relics exhibited to the public -- and, indeed, the word "mystery" is never far from Wiesel's lips. Yet when careful students of the man who is Jewry's unofficial First Victim call him a "mystagogue," they subconsciously think of mystic + demagogue. For Wiesel stirs up emotions and prejudices in a singularly mystical and esoteric -- and demagogic -- way.

How does Wiesel write? With plenty of capital Es, saved for "the Event" which "must and will dominate future events," as he put it in his 1979 report to Jimmy Carter for the President's Commission on the Holocaust. Wiesel chaired that Commission, and here is part of what he told the President:

Like it or not, the Event must and will dominate future events. Its centrality in the creative endeavors of our contemporaries remains undisputed. Philosophers and social scientists, psychologists and moralists, theologians and artists: all have termed it a watershed in the annals of mankind.

Not to remember the dead now would mean to become accomplices to their murderers.

Indifference to the victims would result, inevitably, in indifference to ourselves, an indifference that would ultimately no longer be sin but, in the words of our Commissioner Bayard Rustin, "a terrifying curse" and its own punishment.

The most vital lesson to be drawn from the Holocaust era is that Auschwitz was possible because the enemy of the Jewish people and of mankind -- and it is always the same enemy -- succeeded in dividing, in separating, in splitting human society

There exists a moral imperative for special emphasis on the six million Jews.

A column in the *New York Times* (April 17, 1983) brought out more of the murky mystic in Wiesel. "Does the Holocaust Lie Beyond the Reach of Art?" its headline asked. To which the clear-eyed realist in us responds: "The Christian Holocaust in Russia certainly does. American Jewish editors and critics won't touch art based on it with a six-foot pole!" Anyhow, here is what passed through Wiesel's dualistic brain after viewing the movie *Sophie's Choice*:

The universality of the Holocaust lies in its uniqueness. Those who seek to universalize it are dejudifying it in the process. If everybody was a victim, then no one was.

We need to invent a new vocabulary, a new form of communication The Holocaust experience . . . requires an attitude of total honesty. Since we are incapable of revealing the Event, why not admit it.

We survivors are complicated people . . . never satisfied

"To forget Auschwitz," Wiesel concluded, "is to justify Hiroshima It's a paradox: only Auschwitz can save the planet from a new Hiroshima." (Is he saying that only Judeocentrism can save the world?)



Access to the media heights

How do people respond to Wiesel? Simon Wiesenthal, whose vindictive tough guy act neatly complements Elie's philosophizing, has taken to calling him names like "Jewish chauvinist" for trying to make the only-genocide-that-really-matters an exclusively Hebraic preserve. Other responses to Wiesel may be gleaned from the *New York Times Magazine* letters column of November 20, 1983. Shirley Rodis of Trumbull, Connecticut, reacts the way one is supposed to:

All suffering, all horror inflicted by man's inhumanity to man, call out from Elie Wiesel's eyes. They have haunted me all week.

Michael Solomon of Montreal says that Wiesel has become "one of the 36 wise men [that's 6 x 6] -- the *lamed vav* -- who, in a mysterious way, are the conscience of the world." Jack Nusan Porter of Newton Highlands, Mass.,

argues that Wiesel is "not a mannered mystic," but "a very pragmatic political animal," a regular *mensch* who "can laugh and joke and even take his son to a video arcade." David E. Dax of Albany, New York, wonders why "Wiesel's critics fear to speak out publicly," and insists, "The world is now and it is real. It will not bend to Mr. Wiesel's narrow focus."

How can Wiesel think that his obsession will bring peace and unity to the world when those around him use that obsession to exacerbate the tense separation between Jew and Gentile, a gulf which Wiesel actually relishes? At the Washington "Survivors Conference" of 1983, Julius Berman, one of America's powerhouse Jews, announced, "We sleep, breathe and dream about the state of Israel." (But "we" don't seem to move there, do "we"?) At one point, when a young Jew mentioned "Nazi" atrocities, he was interrupted by a survivor, who shouted: "It was the Germans! The Germans! Not just the Nazis!"

If, as Wiesel insists, the Holocaust is the pivotal Event of all time, and the Jews are its Special Victims, how can the Germans avoid becoming Special Demons? The Jewish/German conflict of 1933-45 was no fluke. It grew out of a millennium of German history, three millennia of Jewish ethics, and the incredible misconduct of Jews in Communist revolutionary movements from 1917 on.

Those Jews who want to be permanently Special will have to do it the same way as everyone else -- as a majority group living on their own territory. When they try to become a Special Minority -- or to reduce majority groups who contest their specialness to an institutionalized subservience (the fate of white Americans) -- the outcome must be a "Hiroshima," as Wiesel calls it, for all concerned.

No Angel

As pointed out earlier, the First Survivor told President Carter that "not to remember the dead now would mean to become accomplices to their murderers." Roughly trans-

lated, this means that failing to read a minimum of two Holocaust novellas, watch at least two Holocaust docudramas or read six Holocaust essays per year is the moral equivalent of goosestepping behind Reinhard Heydrich. (Carter praised Wiesel for "the beauty of your words and the solemnity of your thoughts.")

When a man demands so much of others, he risks becoming a *Tartuffe* or *Elmer Gantry*, if he isn't one already. Perhaps Wiesel really is an unworldly, super-sensitive soul who shudders whenever a sparrow falls to earth. But could there be another Elie, a man who, were he born a German, would maintain to this day, "Himmler meant well"?

Only recently, before a synagogue audience in New York, Wiesel explained how Grigori Zinoviev and the other early Jewish Bolsheviks, who repeatedly proclaimed their lust for Russian and "bourgeois" blood from speaker's platforms, were really decent chaps after all! The audience laughed and applauded. Horrified, two Gentile listeners recorded the speech, broadcast over WEVD, on their home cassettes.

The remainder of this article will summarize what Wiesel told his kinsmen that day and then proceed to describe what his praiseworthy Zinoviev was like. Since Wiesel is a Jew, we won't join him and Bayard Rustin by suggesting that his massive indifference to the fate of 40 million Christian victims of Jewish Bolshevism is a "terrifying curse." We won't even ask him to light one candle to the memory of Gentile martyrdom and Jewish guilt. But we do wish the gentleman who comes before Jewish audiences to apologize for mass murderers would stop wringing his hands and looking puffy-eyed and devastated in front of Christian audiences.

Several thousand Jews were on hand to hear Elie at Manhattan's Congregation B'nai Jeshurun on that Monday evening in late 1978. The moderator was Rabbi William Berkowitz, and the discussion would be number 78, the last of a series called "Dialogue" on radio station WEVD (for Eugene V. Debs).

Rabbi Berkowitz began by praising Wiesel as both "the leading Jewish renaissance man of our time" and a man "residing in a special realm, which defies comparison with any other,"

[H]e has told in haunting tones which unlock the hidden gates of their listeners the story of a dream and a nightmare. For his is a landscape singed by nocturnal images, of a kingdom of fire, yet shaped by the resonance of eternal legends and yearnings.

After going on about "the central shattering Event," the rabbi came finally to his first question: "[H]ow shall one respond to the Germans as well as to other countries involved during the Holocaust? . . . What is your concept and understanding of collective guilt?"

Elie Wiesel had his rhetorical handgun ready. After the war, a "Sanhedrin or at least a rabbinic tribunal" in Jerusalem should have declared a formal *herem* or ban on Germany. The country should have been proclaimed as "a fatherland of impurity." Instead, in 1952, David Ben-Gurion had established the *Shilumin*, or "recompense" negotiations with the Bonn Republic. That made a *herem* im-



The Holocaust is always the backdrop

possible, but, added Wiesel, he had kept "a personal *herem*." To the first applause of the day, he announced, "I don't go to Germany. I don't buy German goods."

As for collective guilt, he had to know if the German was young or old. With someone born "after 1945 . . . I first have to know what his position today is" with regard to Israel and related topics. A relationship was possible if he felt ashamed of what his parents and country had done. With an older man, "I wouldn't shake his hand before I have a clear, clean bill of health morally," Wiesel said to applause.

Next, Rabbi Berkowitz reminded Wiesel of something curious he had once said,

that in 1945, all the survivors should have gathered in a forest somewhere and taken an oath of silence, and decided not to speak. Your statement then concludes with the observation that they, namely the survivors, would have achieved more this way.

Why Master, asked the rabbi, did you say this?

It was, said Wiesel melodramatically, an admission of defeat: "words failed." Words had "opened the door to vulgarity" in the form of Holocaust novels and "television-ettes." But since Jews are "a people of linguists," words had to be used [and used and used!]. In 1945, Wiesel recalled, Jews had been "convinced that something messianic may arise." Then they had placed much of their hope in the United Nations. "Now we know what a farce it is . . . what a cheap comedy!" But in 1945, "we were convinced that every Jew will be counted a prince by the nations of the world, we were convinced that every survivor will be carried around as a friend" Yet "somehow we mishandled it."

Berkowitz then mentioned a recent sermon by a distinguished rabbi and Jewish history professor, entitled "Holocaust Fervor or Holocaust Fever?" The sermon had said that "Holocaust fever" was making the Jewish community paranoid and insular. Berkowitz was "terribly troubled" by this assertion, and asked Wiesel whether, in his travels, he had encountered a backlash to the Holocaust, even among Jews.

WIESEL: I don't know who that professor is. I hope I don't know him personally.

BERKOWITZ: I'm afraid you do, but I won't tell you his name.

WIESEL: It's not new. If he thinks he's original, he's not even original.

For years, Wiesel insisted, the survivors had not "dared" to "open their mouths." Even today, speaking about the Event was "a sacrifice" for them. Hotly, he asked, "you think it's easy" talking and writing about the Holocaust? "It's much easier . . . to go and be happy" If that Jewish professor "had at least some measure of elegance," he would have waited 20 more years, "until the survivors would be gone."

Berkowitz continued to go after the Jewish educator. It was bad enough that the man had delivered a terrible sermon, but "what troubled me was the fact that it was published," so that Jews everywhere had to read such

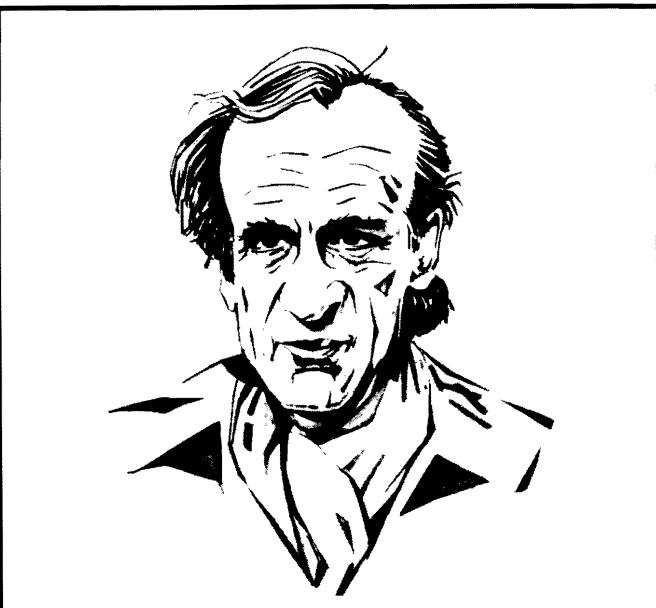
heartless thoughts. Finally letting the subject drop, the rabbi asked Wiesel how being a survivor made one respond to tragedies like Cambodia.

Wiesel responded by claiming that survivors were "the first who reacted against the My Lai massacre" in Vietnam. The same evening he had seen it described in the *New York Times*, he, his wife and a novelist friend had decided to "send 600 letters" to the New York intelligentsia, calling for a protest of conscience in two or three weeks.

It was a winter night when my wife and I came there [and] there were 39 people, 39 people, 38 were Jews, 38 were Jewish, 27 were either children of survivors or relatives of survivors or survivors and so forth.

One is supposed to be impressed by these figures, but Wiesel did not say what proportion of the 600 letters had originally gone to Jews. Furthermore, a very high percentage of New York's Jewish intelligentsia (half) claim that "relatives" of theirs perished during World War II, so Wiesel's tally (27 of 39) is not at all remarkable.

Wiesel went on to describe his "sleepless nights because of Cambodia," a land which had become "a ghetto . . . a sealed railroad car." Yet, he said, "nobody cares."



Elie's Who's Who

Born September 30, 1928, in Sighet, Transylvania, Dracula's home turf. Father a grocer. Family sent to Auschwitz when he was 15. He himself ended war at Buchenwald. Claims three of six family members survived. Married Marion Rose in 1969. One son, Schlomo. Writes almost entirely in French. His wife is his English translator. As of 1983, had Boston address. Visits Israel once a year, but only for a week or two. Holds dual citizenship. Speaks Hebrew, Yiddish, German, French, English, Hungarian. Once a foreign correspondent for the *New York Jewish Daily Forward*. First and most famous book: *Night* (appeared in Argentina in 1956, in Paris in 1958, in New York in 1960). Many regard it as best Holocaust-oriented memoir. Now he has 20 books or so to his credit, at least one of which is anti-Christian. French intellectual, Francois Mauriac, persuaded him to become a writer.

We Jews and we survivors logically should have become desensitized to other people's pain, because that is the nature of man And we have suffered enough for 2,000 years *not* to be sensitive to anyone else's pain or injustice because we, in a way, have paid our dues. What happens is just the opposite. We are *more* evolved, we are *more* sensitive to other people's injustices and other people's sufferings and other people's pain.

This rather arguable proposition brought forth the predictable response. Yet, as a matter of well-documented fact, organized Jewry has played a vital role in obscuring many of the worst mass murders -- and mass murderers -- of this bloody century. To this day, most Jews remain eager to have the atrocities of regimes like Bela Kun's Hungary (1919) and Lenin's "early, purist" Soviet Union (1917-24) hushed up or minimized.

Rabbi Berkowitz next raised the matter of "a Professor Butz at Northwestern University," and asked Wiesel in a voice wringing with emotion: "How does one combat something like this?"

Wiesel began by saying that Jews everywhere should work to see that the statute of limitations on German war criminals would never expire. When the loud applause had died down, he added, "It has nothing to do with vengeance" But, he insisted, in Germany the sentences were far too light -- "it's a joke, the whole thing has become a farce." Turning to Arthur Butz, he then claimed that it was those Jewish professors who were warning against a Jewish Holocaust obsession who were "creating the climate" for "the Butzes and Companies." These foolish Jews had made the Holocaust "a subject that you can criticize," he reasoned, and "once you desecularize the Event, the next step would be the Butz & Co. And they are guilty for the Butz Syndrome." He then warned that the latter is "worse than we imagine. Much worse The obscenity has no more limits."

I was in a university not far from here a couple of months ago and, in my presence, a student got up and -- there were thousands and thousands of students and faculty -- a student got up and very politely, you know, very politely said, "Now we know the truth that it didn't happen" Just like that: "Now we know the truth, it didn't happen."

Wiesel gladly admitted that he had started a letter-writing campaign to the president of Northwestern University to have Butz dismissed. If someone had denied the American Civil War, went the campaign's argument, "he would be sent to a mental institution." This brought titters. But the real answer lay in education -- a special kind of education:

This subject cannot be a subject just like all other subjects. It must maintain its purity If it becomes a subject like all the others, then you will have the Butzes, because they will say: we have our freedom of expression.

Berkowitz and Wiesel then spent some time discussing the children of Holocaust survivors before turning to the White House Commission on the Holocaust, to which Wiesel has been appointed as chairman. "I'll make it very short," said Wiesel, before going on interminably. It seems

that "the White House" had wanted to establish a monument to the Holocaust victims, and Wiesel had told them that Jews only believe in living monuments, like "bringing people together." (Applause.)

Getting down to specifics, Wiesel said that he would like to see, on every Holocaust Remembrance Day, "a joint session of Congress, with the President attending, [to] pay homage to our people's martyrs" He proposed that every year,

every elected official in America, from the President down, every senator and every congressman, every mayor, every president of every university, of every college, of every high school, every rabbi and every clergyman, should come out with a statement of shame for having Nazis in our midst. [Applause]

Do you see any dramatic changes in American Jewish life? was Rabbi Berkowitz's next question. Wiesel responded by comparing the present time to "Weimar [Germany] or the Golden Age [of Spanish Jewry]." During Weimar, "Jews were in every newspaper, in every publishing house, in every theater. Jews were everywhere." Hesitantly, he said that he thought America would be different. He hinted instead at a fear of Jewish assimilation, by condemning the lack of real leadership and sense of direction in the community. The present situation was a "schism" between a far-left minority ("luckily . . . very small now") and a studious, religious "right." In the middle were the indifferent ones.

What is demanded of a Jewish leader today? asked the rabbi. Wiesel replied that if a leader came to see, say, the President, "he should know that he speaks on behalf of Jewish history and, therefore, he is stronger than anyone, mightier than anyone, because he speaks in historic categories."

Rabbi Berkowitz reminded the honored guest that, as a Zohar-believing boy (Jews have not just one holy book), he, Wiesel, had believed that he himself might become the Messiah through sheer will-power. "Why are you today less ambitious?" he wanted to know. Wiesel replied:

One, I still believe in the coming of the Messiah. A Jew must wait for the Messiah. If not, he or she is not Jewish. That's a cardinal principle. [Applause] Problems begin later: how do you make him come? [Laughter]

A bit later, Wiesel noted that "as a child . . . you always think that everything depends on you. If I am good, the world will be good." But experience had convinced him that, while the just were not rewarded, "the wicked are punished." The synagogue audience began to clap, but Wiesel rebuked them impatiently: "Later. Later." He went on: "I see that . . . the forces of evil are simply very strong." A lot more "punishing" was obviously called for. "The Messiah" was still "waiting" for the Jews to "make the world ready" for him.

The subject of prayer brought Wiesel around finally to Communist Russia and its "well-meaning" Jewish dictators. "Man is defined by prayer," he explained, but in Russia they "lost their ability to pray."

Those who were Lenin's companions, even Trotsky -- they knew things Jewish. They spoke Yiddish, they read Hebrew, they came from either Hasidic or Mitnagdish backgrounds . . . they all had gone to *schul* at least once -- more than once. They were former yeshiva *bochahim* [students]. You know, there is a famous anecdote, that Lenin had so many Jewish companions that, during the Politburo meetings in 1918-19, occasionally when Lenin would leave the room in the afternoon, that one Jew would say to the other . . . "the Gentile left, let us say the *Minhah* [afternoon] prayer . . ."

What did all those leading Communists really want? Wiesel answered his own question: "to universalize Judaism." Communism was originally nothing but Jewish Messianism without God.

In the beginning, it [Communism] was a very beautiful idea. It was the prophets in political terms, except, when you build an equation without God, something is missing . . . But, in the beginning, the Communists, the Zinovievs [Grigori's wife Olga was Trotsky's sister], they meant well -- and they removed themselves from Judaism. Their grandchildren came back.

Adopting reverent tones, Wiesel then praised Maxim Litvinov, the notorious Comintern flack and Stalin's one-time foreign minister. "Jewish history . . . has such an imagination," he gushed. "The grandparents built the Communist system, the grandchildren destroyed." The uncanny self-assurance with which he pronounced this bold judgment concerning Russia, even setting it in the past tense, brought forth a wave of what can only be described as "ghoulish laughter" from the audience. The tape-recording clearly reveals that this particular laugh was quite different in nature from all the rest.

Wiesel the Whitewasher

Can there be any doubt that a large part of the American Jewish community is intent on making "Holocaustianity" into a new national religion? Perhaps the goal is not to replace Christianity *per se* -- although a new hybrid creed called "Judeo-Christianity," rarely heard of before World War II, is now being seeded in Christian turf. The goal is rather the creation of a religious climate vaguely resembling Japan's *juso shinko*, or "multilayered faith." It may be that, if Elie Wiesel and his retinue have their way, Americans (and Westerners generally) 200 years from now will find it perfectly natural to say that they are both "Judeo-Christians" and "Holocaustians" (or "Big Sixers") at the same time. A careful reading of books and tracts from the Wiesel Seminary makes it fairly clear that this is the long-range plan.

Given this insidious tendency, it is vital for us to dig into the radically dualistic ethics of the would-be "universalistic" Founding Father of Holocaustianity. Here, we offer an initial inkling on one point, the deeds and character of Grigori Zinoviev, who, with the other leading Bolsheviks, Wiesel contends "meant well" in the beginning.

The *Encyclopaedia Judaica* (Jerusalem, 1972), the leading Jewish reference work, begins by calling Zinoviev the "principal architect of the Communist International and its first chairman" "Bolshevism's leading advocate of

world revolution" and "Lenin's closest collaborator." Born Grigori Radomyslski (Solzhenitsyn and some sources say Grigori Apfelbaum), his parents were bourgeois Jews, but he opted for so-called "assimilation to Russian life" via the unlikely path of "radical Marxist socialism." Serving as editor of many Bolshevik publications (including, after the Revolution, *Izvestia* and the *Communist International* magazine), Zinoviev rode with Lenin in the famous "sealed train" across Germany in April 1917. Later, "in Petrograd, he was the unchallenged 'boss' both of the soviet and the party."

If Zinoviev had his hands on the levers of power within Russia, it was in Comintern activity that his influence was most strongly felt. Indeed, he was relieved of national administrative posts so that he might devote the maximum attention to the international revolutionary movement. Until November 1926 he was the chairman of the Comintern's executive committee and the driving force of its presidium. His ideological pronouncements constituted the major premises for the strategy and tactics of Communists everywhere. During 1919-20 his role was especially prominent, with the Comintern character and structure molded largely by him.

In short, he was the man behind the abortive but bloody revolutions which plagued Hungary, Germany and China and other lands before the guns of World War I had hardly been silenced.



Grigori Zinoviev "meant well"

Following Lenin's death in 1924, Zinoviev and Lev Kamenev, his close friend and racial cousin, and a Georgian named Josef Dzhugashvili formed a ruling "Troika." As the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* tells it, "Zinoviev was a master of the art of intrigue, but he found himself completely outmaneuvered by the general secretary of the party." Al-

though he was expelled from the party hierarchy in December 1927, it was only in 1936 that Stalin had Zinoviev and Kamenev executed for allegedly plotting the assassination of Sergei Kirov. By then, his place of birth, once renamed Zinovievsk, had become Kirovograd. Zinoviev was never "rehabilitated," as many others were, during the Khrushchev and Brezhnev eras.

Reading the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*'s sanitized account, one gets no idea of the real Zinoviev, a pathological hater whose well-publicized rantings and incitements to class massacre were a precondition of the later success of National Socialism in Germany -- and thus of all the destruction which Elie Wiesel theatrically bemoans.

In August 1918, when a Jew named Kanegisser shot a Jew named Uritsky, a Jew named Peters in the Petrograd Cheka ordered "mass terror" against Russians, and the Jew Zinoviev demanded that 10 million Russians be "annihilated." In the *Krasnaya Gazeta* for August 31, he wrote: "The interests of the Revolution require the physical annihilation of the bourgeois class. It is time for us to start." The next day, an infamous article in the same paper (by another hand), stated:

[N]o mercy will enter [our hearts] . . . so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea . . . Let [our enemies] drown themselves in their own blood. For the blood of Lenin and Uritsky, Zinoviev and Volodarsky, let there be floods of blood of the bourgeoisie -- more blood! As much as possible!

In the Petrograd newspaper *La Commune du Nord* for September 18, 1918, Zinoviev wrote, "We will dominate! Ninety million of the Russian population are already under the reign of the Soviets. The rest [10 million] we are going to exterminate!"

The familiar claim that Russian anti-Semitism produced the Zinovievs is insufficient. The historian Robert Conquest has calculated that "perhaps 1,000" Jews died in pogroms under the last few czars. Leading writers of that period, like Dostoyevsky, generally agreed that Russian Jewry was no more sinned against than sinning.

In *The Gulag Archipelago (One)*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn recalls that Zinoviev, like Trotsky, "rejoiced" in mass terror, not foreseeing his own end, "The letters GPU, like the letters VChK, are the most popular in the world," Zinoviev had said, referring to two acronyms for the secret police or Cheka (which his wife, Olga Trotsky Zinoviev, headed locally in Petrograd). Wiesel has read *Gulag*, indeed he devoted a chapter in his celebrated book *A Jew Today* to explaining "Why Solzhenitsyn Troubles Me."

Like the other Bolshevik leaders, writes Solzhenitsyn, Zinoviev had it very easy as a young man in Czarist prisons and exile. Things were different when the Communist terror turned on him in the 1930s. Then he, Kamenev and Nikolai Bukharin (Arthur Koestler's favorite Red) had proved to be compliant weaklings, which is why they -- unlike more defiant comrades -- received a public show trial.

Zinoviev had always shown a tendency toward opportunistic drifting. In his *History of the Russian Revolution*,

Leon Trotsky agreed with Lenin's verdict that Zinoviev was "nothing but an agitator." "Lacking inner discipline," wrote Trotsky, "his mind is completely incapable of theoretical work, and his thoughts dissolve into the formless intuitions of the agitator." His written work does not reflect the man, who was "far more bold and unbridled in agitation than any other Bolshevik," though "like all demagogues, indecisive."

Sir Paul Dukes was the chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia. In 1922, Doubleday published his book, *Red Dusk and the Morrow*, which conceded that the Bolshevik orators "are indeed great orators." He remembered Zinoviev, with his "bushy disheveled hair" as being "torrential, scintillating with cheap witticisms, devoid of original ideas, but brilliant in form and expression."

"History scarcely knows a more flagrant misnomer than that of 'government of workers and peasants,'" asserted Dukes. "Bolshevist power rests to a large extent on Jewish brains . . ." Dukes' book demonstrated in many ways that the Bolshevik regime was of a character utterly alien to the Russian people of all classes. The Reds were disaffected bourgeois intellectuals, mainly from a few big cities, and overwhelmingly Jewish (though, he cautioned, many Jews opposed Bolshevism). The Jews edited the Soviet journals, directed the propaganda, acted as political commissars, and saw to it that their informer-kinsmen, strategically sprinkled throughout the Red Army, were rushed to the rear whenever real fighting broke out. And, wrote Dukes, "the most important institution" established by the Bolsheviks was the "Third International," Zinoviev's baby, which sought "to reproduce the Communist experiment in all countries."

Dukes recalled the preposterous content of Zinoviev's fiery speeches in Petrograd, how he had told frightened and confused people that they were fighting "for the worker and the peasant" and against the exploiter -- landlord, priest, general and banker. A Zinoviev proclamation of 1919 reminded them, "The Communists are not the masters, in the bad sense of that word . . . but only . . . elder comrades, able to point out the right path . . ."

David R. Francis was our ambassador to the Russians in 1916-18. In 1921, Scribner's published his book, *Russia from the American Embassy*. It posed the question of how a tiny Bolshevik elite could rule an empire. The answer was that the middle-class and land-owning peasants had been treated with such unheard-of violence that they had soon lost all courage to resist. As for the "dictatorship of the proletariat," wrote Francis, "no man or woman is allowed to vote who does not perform manual labor" -- yet they could vote only for charlatans of the strictly non-manual type.

The Western Communist press published a number of Zinoviev's speeches and tracts. Many of American Jewry's communal leaders were quite familiar with their content. In a speech delivered at the Petrograd Soviet just after Lenin was shot by the Social Revolutionary Party's Fanny Kaplan, Zinoviev had blustered: "Either we or they. Either the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, mad with fear and hatred towards the workers, or the dictatorship of the pro-

letariat mercilessly sweeping away the bourgeoisie." (Of course, the bourgeoisie had never mass-murdered the workers. But then neither had the Russian workers slaughtered the middle class: rather, it had been done in their name.)

In Petrograd, in October 1919, Zinoviev urged 3,000 Red officers to learn the lines of Pushkin:

Thou tyrant most iniquitous,
Oh, how I hate thy race and thee!
Thy downfall and thy children's death
Would fill me with a wicked glee!

Acting out the whole Jewish Messiah Complex, Zinoviev went on to say, "Our object is . . . to deliver the world." This calls to mind certain prophetic remarks made across the centuries, like Voltaire's in a 1773 letter: "Why are the Jews hated? It is the inevitable result of their laws: either they have to conquer everybody or be hated by the whole human race."

In a speech before New York's Jewish Institute of Religion in 1934, the noted theologian Reinhold Niebuhr observed, "Marxism is the modern form of Jewish prophecy." No one objected to this blunt equation. Yet, in the same year, one B.A.M. Schapiro, a convert to Christianity who published the booklet, "America's Great Menace," warned: "The time has come when patriotic Jews of America should feel the great responsibility for the evil deed [Communism] hatched and planned in the camp of Israel."

Fifty years later Elie Wiesel, who is congratulated on his "humanitarianism" each and every April by teary-eyed Gentile politicians like Presidents Carter and Reagan, Vice-President Bush and House Speaker O'Neill, has not shown any inclination to accept one iota of Jewish responsibility for the tragedies of our century. All that Wiesel sees, or professes to see, is a world of Jewish innocence and Gentile guilt.



Two Wiesel boosters

Regardless of what the sheep of Wiesel's fold may suppose, massive reactions do not occur in the social universe, any more than in the physical universe, without prior actions. The new Church Fathers, the gnostic wizards like Elie Wiesel, know full well that Hitler did not burst forth in a firestorm of spontaneous combustion. But by withholding the truth about the causal agents of Nazism, the Comrade Zinovievs, for example, they create a sort of theological mystery story which requires endless interpolation by secular rabbis. The non-Jewish truth-seekers who would make Hitler comprehensible -- as he certainly was in the real Germany, the unknown Germany of 1933 -- must unceasingly be vilified or else given the hush-hush treatment by media wire-pullers subservient to (or identical with) Wiesel and his cohorts.

Many self-styled "rationalists" and religious "free-thinkers" of our era, who conspicuously guffaw at the credulity of those who accept the Biblical miracles verbatim, are just as credulous themselves when it comes to accepting the "miracles" -- the saints and the demons -- of our own century. Their inability to see through the con-artistry of men like Elie Wiesel is allowing the latter to lay the foundations for a new civic religion which -- if it ever takes hold -- will leave Western man with far less freedom to understand himself and his universe than did the old-time religion of Jesus.

Elie Wiesel is transparently a Jewish chauvinist, a hyper-moral dualist of the first water, yet he successfully pawns himself off as the most universalistic and ecumenical of men. He will not shake hands with an elderly German farmer who spent the entire Hitler era pitching hay, yet he speaks well of Jews who -- it is well known -- advocated the mass murder of Gentile nobility and intellectuals in all lands.

Some day if any Instaurationist should attend a Wiesel lecture or conference, we urge him or her to ask the Wandering Juru to explain this ponderable excerpt from a speech by his "well-meaning" Zinoviev (see *Congressional Record*, Dec. 19, 1925):

We have exterminated the capitalists and property owners in Russia. We are going to do the same thing to the intelligentsia of Europe and America.

In his famous speech in the *Merchant of Venice*, Shylock let on that he was a man just like other men. This may apply to living Jews, but in Elie's racist vision it doesn't apply to dead Jews. They are something special, all six million of them, much more special than the many more millions of non-Jews who have been done to death in a Holocaust that the world's greatest Holocaust expert does not recognize, over which he will not shed one tear, and one of whose chief instigators has actually received from Wiesel a back-handed accolade.

Ponderable Quote

We don't want art, we want money.

Joe Shapiro, founder of
the Museum of Contemporary Art

Let's hear it from the short side

A DIMINUTIVE INSTAURATIONIST SPEAKS UP

Last year, ye editor allowed me to air my feelings on being an American of Italian ancestry. Back then I claimed, and of course still do, that I had never had a racial identity problem -- never thought of myself as a different kind of white American -- until reading *The Dispossessed Majority*. From my subsequent subscription to *Instauration*, going on four years now, I've learned so much (and questioned not a little) about this forbidden realm of human knowledge -- the fundamental differences of the human races -- that I've come to take the groin kicks in stride, and look forward to each new issue. Now *Instauration* has to rub salt in a much older wound with the article, "Anatomy Is Destiny" (Aug. 1984). Sawed-off, am I? What follows is not an exercise in humor or self-pity, but a simple existential treatise that might be of some interest to all readers, tall or not. Perhaps short Nordic Instaurationists, who probably make up a very small percentage of the readership, may want to abandon their kin and join forces with me for a few minutes.

To begin with, 5' 6" (I'll be honest for once -- I'm much closer to 5' 5") is not tragically short, but it does stand out as painfully shorter than average. Unlike racial awareness, height awareness has been with me since the first day of kindergarten. When I think back to elementary school, my most vivid memories are the friendly but interminable taunts of classmates about my height, which has always been my only serious deficiency. I've always rated better than average, though not exceptional, in looks and athletic ability. In life experience, I've seldom met my equal. How many men can say they've seen the Canadian Rockies through the open doors of a rolling boxcar, sailed down the Congo on a primitive ferry full of Africans, trekked through remote tribal areas in the jungle of northern Thailand? How many have the mental equipment to handle a magazine like *Instauration*? Would I trade any of that just to be tall? Not on your life! But I'd gladly knock three or four points off my IQ and cash them in for precious inches, if that was possible.

The description in the *Instauration* article provides for the height range I fall in suits me to a T except I don't feel the need to indulge in nervous humor. For several years I went with an attractive blonde girl of Polish descent who stood 5' 2", a perfect match, although her father was 6' 1". I nearly conquered my fidgetiness in knowing that the odds were very high that our future children would be closer to the American height norm. But the relationship didn't work out, and at the ripe old age of thirty, I find myself once again in search of a compatible mate. For obvious reasons, the difficulty of this search is compounded by my height, although I feel secure in possessing some qualities that women find endearing, so it's not something I overly worry about.

Being short does have a few hidden joys. When I climb

down from the cab of the oil tank-truck I drive for a living eight months out of the year, there's a sense of cocky pride in knowing that people who see me are saying to themselves, "Gee, I wouldn't have thought a little guy like that could handle that big truck."

I also work as a high-school and college-level baseball umpire every spring. Now along with being a policeman or a bouncer, umpiring is one profession where being big and tall goes a long way. Of course, height has nothing to do with the fine art of umpiring, which I can encapsulate as the ability to consistently coordinate keen judgment with proper physical and vocal reaction -- something that's much more difficult than it sounds. When a big man strides onto the field, his very size imparts confidence and control among the players, even before the game begins. He looks the part standing behind home plate, with all that equipment on. (Of course, if he's not equal to the occasion, he's going to hear about it no matter how big he is.) When I walk onto the field, I feel as though all eyes are on me. ("Who's this guy? I don't remember seeing him before.") But once the players and coaches recognize me as an umpire who's called a nice game for them in the past -- and after all these years I'm on a first-name basis with many of them -- then the self-consciousness disappears.

High-school baseball is well disciplined for the most part, but on the higher levels, you're often dealing with frustrated ballplayers who have unattainable major-league aspirations. And they can be merciless. I know many umpires of all sizes who've dropped out because of the abuse. Sometimes I wonder if I'm not a masochist for going on with it myself, but it's a beautiful feeling to be part of the game when it's played with talent. But no matter how capable, a short umpire is subject to a kind of scrutiny not given his taller counterpart. If I should throw out one or two bad apples who've been disrupting the game, I'm sometimes considered a little dictator who enjoys using his position of authority to compensate for his height (and I've heard comments from the bench to this effect). When my taller partner ejects the same culprits, then everyone agrees he's just maintaining order. And rhubarbs following a controversial call are trying enough without hearing an occasional parting shot like, "Stand on a soapbox and call it next time, will ya?"

Incidentally, a baseball game can be a fascinating laboratory of racial behavior. While most of my assignments are with all-white teams, occasionally one club will be all- or part-black, less often Hispanic. Whites will react to a disputed call in a variety of ways, depending on their individual personalities. Blacks almost always just say a few words, then stand there and brood. Very few will argue coherently, even when they have a legitimate case. You never hear the sophisticated sarcasm you often get from white players. Blacks simply seem incapable of it. Hispan-

ics can be volatile, especially when things go against them in a close game. Some of the ugliest incidents in the major leagues in recent years have involved Hispanic players gone berserk (Juan Marichal, Bert Campaneris, Mario Soto). I'd much rather work a game with an all-Negro team than with a half-Hispanic team. Of course, I've seen white players and coaches go bananas now and then, but when they do, they're nearly always in the right, and they manage to avoid physical contact with the umpire. Not so Hispanics, who are truly frightening.

While I'm on the subject, I have to say that some of the best blacks I've met have been those in a baseball uniform. By and large they're an infinitely nicer bunch than the savages who roam the streets of our cities. I've never been mugged by a first baseman while walking down the foul line alone at night, never been threatened to have my eyes gouged out by a batter who disagreed with a called third strike. I could almost enjoy working with them, if their teams weren't so poorly organized.

* * *

As on the baseball diamond, so in everyday life the self-consciousness of being short is piercing only in the company of strangers. Last May, I attended my sister's graduation at a New England college, and recall how "lowly" I felt as I made my way through the crowd with all those eyes looking down on me. (My awareness that so many of those eyes just happened to be blue can be attributed to the pernicious influence of *Instauration*!) "If only you people knew what I was all about," I said to myself, "then maybe you wouldn't feel so superior."

I've walked the streets of Oslo and Copenhagen, feeling short and alien and out of place. I've wandered around Greece and Italy where, physically, I've felt right at home -- though still slightly short. (Nearly all of my relatives and Italian acquaintances are taller than I am.) Once, in Singapore, I found myself at the edge of a large crowd watching a Chinese opera being performed on an outdoor stage. The Chinese are a remarkably small race. What a liberated feeling I experienced, looking out over a sea of heads!

For some reason I can't envision, great, tall men -- men of extraordinary accomplishments, integrity and courage, such as Charles Lindbergh and George Washington -- as being anything but tall. They just wouldn't have been the same men had they stood less than six feet. But if you're going to be tall, then you'd better act tall. Aristocratic height in a man who's a pipsqueak in every other way is as much a waste as beauty in a blonde-haired woman who ends up marrying a Harlem actor. A tall, dignified-looking genteel wimp who inwardly recoils in horror at a disparaging remark about minorities -- I'm thinking of our Prez and his Veep -- is every bit as pathetic as a short man who struts around in elevator shoes. Is there a more pitiful spectacle on earth than scads of tall Nordics -- a great many of them Scandinavians -- cheerfully and voluntarily slaving away under their Israeli masters as "kibbutzniks" in the misguided fantasy that they're partaking in "the only kind of socialism that works"?

Let's not forget the ladies. A tall, beautiful Nordic woman of substance and guts -- Greta Garbo, for example -- is

truly in a class by herself. But I cannot understand why *Instauration* perpetually bewails the misfortunes of slutty actresses and centerfolds who, though endowed with height and great beauty, have absolutely nothing upstairs (read their "data sheets" in *Playboy*). Sorry, the excuse that these women are poor innocents whose lives have been wrecked by Hollywood pornographers and movie producers doesn't wash.

Which brings to the surface my ongoing beef with *Instauration* -- to wit, that the editor constantly reduces the most complex situations in life to the simplest, most clear-cut racial terms, terms that invariably end with the equation, Nordic = best. Now I'm not disputing the general truth of this. I'm not denying that, broadly speaking, the Nordic race is the tallest, most attractive, most honest, most industrious, most civilized and most all-around pleasant race of people in the world. But not to take the tremendous, overlapping gray area into account is not to square with reality. We read, for example, in "Anatomy Is Destiny" (p. 7):

All of this has a powerful and direct bearing on the racial crisis which is engulfing America today. In every city and town there are boys and girls exactly like Janet Wong and Stephen Jay Gould. Many of them experience a profound pain daily because they are shorter, darker, homelier or less athletic than most of their classmates.

Now, that is undoubtedly true in many millions of cases. But there are now in America perhaps millions of non-Nordics who are taller, more attractive or more athletic than their Nordic peers. Race is not necessarily the primary factor here. You can walk into any classroom in Iowa, in Spain, in Japan -- anywhere that has a racially homogeneous population -- and be sure to find children who "experience a profound pain daily because they are shorter, darker (in rare cases), homelier or less athletic than most of their classmates."

As I suggested in the opening paragraph, height solidarity is even likely to override racial solidarity, at least in cases where racial differences aren't that wide. As the *Instauration* article states, taller people just don't realize how sensitive short people are about their height. If the editor was to throw a cocktail party for all his subscribers, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a short blond blue-eyed *Instaurationist*, upon spotting me, leave his fellow Nordics in the middle of a conversation and come wandering over to share the sorrows of the other "shorty," even though the latter had some noticeable Mediterranean traits.

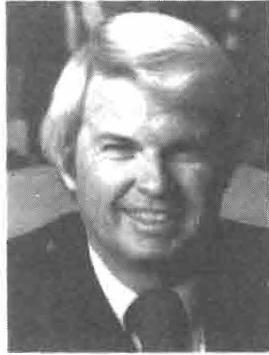
If I could do it all over again, how tall would I elect to be? I may surprise some readers at this point by saying that I'd have no special desire to be tall -- just not to be noticeably short. 5' 9", the height my brother stands at, would be most agreeable. Of my handful of true heroes, the one who embodies every imaginable quality of what a man should be, who in my eyes is Nietzsche's superman become flesh and blood, is Jack London. Jack was not a tall man; he stood 5' 8" or 5' 9" if memory serves. (I should also note that Nietzsche, who looked more deeply and fearlessly into the human condition than anyone who ever lived, was only 5' 8".) Why I see London as the real stuff of life, more

so than Lindbergh and Washington -- supermen in their own right -- I'm not sure. Perhaps I merely find it easier to identify with him, with his darker hair, shorter stature, his rough and ready ways. Or maybe it's because he is lasting proof that tallness has nothing to do with evolutionary promise.

So when I measure myself against the overwhelming masses of humanity, white humanity I mean, the unattractive, the unappealing, the unintelligent, the uninquisitive,

and even the higher types who are stuck for life in jobs or marriages or towns they'd love to quit but can't; when I compare my lot with all those people who live lives of "quiet desperation," who have told me time and time again, "I wish I did with my life what you're doing with yours," when I see and hear and feel what so many other people are all about, I can only sit back and feel profoundly content and proud of what I am.

But it wouldn't hurt to be a little taller. Just a little.



An Open Letter to Richard Lamm, the One State Governor Who Has Come Out Forthrightly for Effective Immigration Controls

Please accept my sincerest thanks and congratulations for having the foresight to recognize the most important issue facing our country and the courage to act on it. No matter how "left" your stance may be on some other issues, your position on this issue redeems you. Unlike James J. Kilpatrick and a host of other assorted types from all points of the political compass, you recognize the issue that determines all other issues.

How can we possibly save the environment and beautify our national parks, as the Sierra Club and other groups desire, and then open our borders to a flood of immigrants from countries unwilling or unable to control their own population growth? There is no room for redwoods in an America that adds tens of millions of people who have never had the faintest consideration for nature.

How can we secure our national defense if our federal budget is sapped by extra billions for social services for immigrants who have never paid one cent into the system?

I wish you would ask your critics a very simple question. Since they argue (as did Jimmy Carter in the matter of the Cuban flotilla) that we must accept with open arms and open hearts all those who want to come to America, they should be forced to state whether there is any limit on how many can come.

Having lived for a while in the Third World, I know that if we are to say "give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses," there are not merely hundreds of millions who would try to come here. There are at least two billion.

If the advocates of the open door policy take the position that there should be no limit, then any sensible person, if any such is left, must see the absurdity of that position. Once it is admitted that there should be some limit, then the only question is where to draw the line.

Although I am sure that as a public official in Colorado you have heard many horror stories about the way our

immigration laws are being violated, let me add just two more. Shortly after I entered law practice, I defended a Korean immigrant on several petty criminal charges and an automobile case. After we had successfully concluded these matters, he came to my office one day with several other Korean businessmen to discuss something which he said would revolutionize my practice.

He was not fooling. What he and his friends had in mind was something which would have made me quite wealthy in a short time. It was an immigration scam which would consist of my incorporating a "factory" whose ostensible purpose was to produce Korean handicrafts. The real purpose would be to sell Koreans the right to come to America.

I was informed that American workers would not know how to make the handicrafts. Moreover, the Koreans said they could rig any training where an American trying to get a job with them would be unable to learn it and could be quickly fired, if he or she was ever hired. In this way, the owners of the factory could certify that no native American workers were available to fill these jobs, which required special skills unavailable on the local job market.

The profit of the enterprise would be derived from selling Koreans in Korea the green card, the open door to the United States, for \$10,000 per person. I would get \$2,500 off the top to handle the immigration case. The remaining \$7,500, minus the incidental expenses of running the "factory," would be my Korean contacts' profit.

The Koreans who came here would remain employed at the factory only so long as necessary to evade the scrutiny of the INS and to be absorbed into the growing Korean community in Atlanta, which now numbers about 10,000.

When I asked the Korean "businessmen" how they thought they could get away with it, they laughed and said such "factories" are already in operation all around the country.

The Koreans indicated that we could "turn" 60 to 75 Koreans a year at an Atlanta factory, which would give me a base income from my immigration work of at least \$150,000 a year. Needless to say, I declined the offer.

My second experience along this line occurred while I was waiting at a local courtroom for a client's case to come to trial. A Mexican American, a legal immigrant, was being tried for food stamp fraud. He had falsely filled out an application that failed to show that his wife earned \$14,000 a year, making the couple ineligible for food stamps.

However, as the defense attorney pointed out in moving for a dismissal of the charges, the wife of the defendant was an illegal alien. According to the law, the husband must then be set free. The rules governing the food stamp program provide that the income of an illegal alien cannot be considered in determining eligibility for food stamps.

Smiling broadly, the defendant and his attorney swaggered out of the courtroom.

300

A Potpourri of Governor Lamm's Most Ponderable Quotes

We must combine our thinking heads with our bleeding hearts. America cannot feed the world. . . . America cannot absorb all of the people who would like to come and share our wealth, and hard choices have to be made. America has its first duty to its own dispossessed . . . before we have the hubris to think we can absorb too many more people.

* * *

I believe that the United States is still a monstrous Gulliver, held down by a thousand special-interest Lilliputians, and that we have to offend all of them a little bit to regain a sense of national destiny. . . . Any nation that emphasizes citizens' rights more than their responsibilities will eventually become a second-rate nation.

* * *

Democracy, the Greeks said, would eventually lead to factionalism and disintegration. I believe that we are in a time of testing and that if democracies cannot learn to make hard anticipatory decisions, some other form of government will take [its] place, amid much chaos. Freedom is dispensable; stability is indispensable.

* * *

The future belongs to those who correctly interpret it.

* * *

He who speaks with the aid of a crystal ball usually ends up eating ground glass.

* * *

There is a gathering storm in the world as infinite needs run into finite resources.

* * *

In the U.S., politicians have traditionally been able to spend entire careers distributing a growing pie; thus, they're good at distributing pleasure but not at allocating pain.

Simply put, this country is rapidly losing its wealth. A more besieged America has evolved, and politicians must adjust their agendas to its new realities.

I believe we are now heading toward a gloomy future filled with major economic, political and social traumas, and it's not that we can't alter that trend but that we won't. Thus, we're careening toward disasters of our own making.

* * *

It is clear to me that the question isn't which political party can offer a way out of these tumultuous times but whether either party can.

* * *

We're living on a store of wealth built up by past generations, but the joy ride is coming to an end. Our economy, rich as it has been, can only take so much abuse.

* * *

By 1994, it will have become clear that the U.S. is a country in liquidation.

* * *

The middle class serves as a bridge between the haves and the have-nots. If it goes, so goes political stability.

* * *

I predict that 1994 will see American cities largely full of angry, frustrated and unemployed minorities who will substantially change the face of urban America.

* * *

It is inevitable that we are going to have to ration health care in the United States.

* * *

We simply have not come to grips with the fact that medical innovation stands ready to break us as a country.

We already spend more money, a larger percentage of our gross national product than practically any other in-

dustrialized nation in the world, on an inefficient health-care system -- and one that is heading for bankruptcy to boot!

* * *

We will see megafamine in parts of the Third World by 1994. The individual miracle of birth is becoming a collective tragedy.

* * *

We will see constant political turmoil on our Southern borders. Multiple Cubas will appear in our hemisphere.

* * *

Politics is the management of expectations. The American electorate has come to expect a growing pie, with politicians arguing about how to distribute the growth dividend every year. But there has been virtually no growth dividend to distribute in the past ten years, and at the same time, it is obvious that we have serious problems in our military procurement programs, our Social Security system, our health-care system, our other pension systems; but seldom do politicians -- especially in an election year -- even identify the *problems*, let alone the solutions. It is my thesis that America needs a dose of the philosophy of Alcoholics Anonymous: The patient gets well only when he admits to himself the full and desperate nature of his problem. We have to recognize that public policy needs a series of hard, sometimes even tragic, choices to bring our economy under full control and ensure our future prosperity. We really need a political ticket that can offend everyone a little.

* * *

I am haunted by John Locke's statement that "hell is truth seen too late." Will we as a society find the personal discipline and political will to see those new forces and correct our ways?

The day that Vogue almost died

THE CECIL BEATON SCANDAL OF 1938

As Caroline Sebohm recalls in her new biography, *The Man Who Was Vogue: The Life and Times of Condé Nast* (Viking Press), the February 1938 issue of the magazine was announced in advance as the "Americana Number."

Be prepared for one of the most dramatic, colourful and absorbing issues of *Vogue* that has ever come to your attention -- one that many will want to keep as a reminder that they lived when America was like that!

Featured prominently was an article by the conservative fashion arbiter Frank Crowninshield, "The New Left Wing of New York Society." The author was frankly alarmed by a new, irresponsible element in the New York elite, which, although minuscule in numbers, was beginning to receive enormous publicity in the popular press. Crowninshield's description of "chain-store nymphs" and "wonder-working heroes" obliquely suggested the presence of a certain minority element among the new "Café Society" crowd, which hung out very late at offbeat nightclubs while ignoring the patriotic and communal obligations already felt by established "high society" everywhere.

The author ended by recalling the fate of Russia, where a popular misunderstanding of the elite's true nature had led to the end of "the society, liberty and religion of 160 million people." And he insisted that the "great bulk of good society in New York is constituted . . . of sensible and decently bred people who live conventionally" and place obligations ahead of pleasures.

It would be a pity if the people in responsible and conservative society in this country were to suffer reprisals because of the aimless, and apparently endless, pursuit of pleasure among our idle and over-publicized rich.

Whether or not there was a covert "ethnic" message in Crowninshield's article is debatable, but the man chosen to illustrate its border, the famous society artist and photographer Cecil Beaton, obviously found one. He cleverly drew the trappings of the old, socially responsible elite around the left margin of the article's first page, and the trappings of the new, prodigal rich around the right margin of the second page, immediately opposite. The right border meant to depict rich leftist tastes was the sort of satirical sketch that Beaton had often produced on short order.

Those readers who strained their eyes to read the scribblings in the miniature newspapers and telegrams in Beaton's illustrations (a few of which are reproduced here) were in for a surprise. One "Western Union" message announced, "Party Darling Love Kike." Beneath "Willie Nonsense" in the newspaper, a tiny script read, "Cholly Asks: Why?? Is Mrs. Selznick such a social wow? Why is Mrs. Goldwyn such a wow? Why is Mrs. Louis B. Mayer?" Here and there such names as Shapiro, Berlin and Sobol can be spotted. Elsewhere, a miniature magazine reads:



Eye-straining "obscene" scribblings

"M.R. Andrew ball at the El Morocco brought out all the damn [or dirty] kikes in town." (Cholly, by the way, is not *Instauration's* Cholly, but Cholly Knickerbocker, a pseudonymous Hearst gossip columnist of the 1930s, who only in the vaguest way can be considered a predecessor of Cholly Bilderberger.)

Caroline Sebohm's account of the scandal which ensued is a bit disingenuous. She insists the illustrations "[bore] no relation to the piece." She says that "somebody (nobody to this day knows who it was) tipped off" Walter

Winchell about the drawings, and quotes Winchell as writing that "a magnifying glass is necessary to detect" the things Beaton wrote. Actually, the words "Party Darling Love Kike" are perfectly clear to the unaided eye, and at least one member of the *Vogue* staff asked Beaton to make changes before the issue went to press. His reply: "Let someone else do it. I wash my hands of the whole thing."

Winchell blew the whistle on *Vogue* in his *New York Daily Mirror* column for January 24, and it seemed that half of all U.S. Jewry, from Bernard Baruch on down, phoned the magazine's main office in protest that same day. The big advertisers immediately threatened a boycott. Condé Nast began making formal apologies before nightfall. Beaton was sacked, and the 130,000 copies of *Vogue* (out of 280,000) which had not yet been shipped were recalled and reprinted at great expense. Adding to Nast's costs was the excision of Beaton's work from upcoming issues, and the canceling of his many scheduled fashion sittings.

The story, and Nast's actions, were widely reported in the press in New York and London. The gossip columnists loved the story, adding tidbits such as that Beaton had sent a special bound copy of that issue of *Vogue* to Goebbels, who was arranging jobs for Beaton with a Berlin magazine; and that he was being called the "Heillustrator."



Beaton by Beaton (1930)

his being a mascara-painted British fag.

Lost in the brouhaha over Beaton's drawings were the worthy points made by Crowninshield in his article. He was right to accuse the popular press of the day -- led by the Levantine likes of Walter Winchell -- of seriously misrepresenting the nature of Nordic "high society." (Fortunately, the author did not live to see the 1980s movie "Arthur," where the last dignified-looking "aristocrats" in New York are portrayed by the Jewish filmmakers as so many sleazy John Belushis.)

Crowninshield boldly contradicted the false testimony of the gossip-mongers:

Of the 135 ladies who were listed as having bolted from smart and aristocratic society [to become "social gypsies"], two thirds of them had never been in smart or aristocratic society at all. And, again, is it quite fair to the remaining 45 of the ladies on those lists (all with backgrounds of taste and breeding) definitely to align them -- because they now and again go to night-clubs -- as who, indeed, does not? -- with a group for whose background and manner of living they feel so little real sympathy?

The real New York society, wrote Crowninshield, "has, in reality, hardly been touched by the battalion of the Left," with its "new order." Witness the recent opening of the Metropolitan Opera: "[S]cions of ancient Dutch families arriving from their fastnesses on the Hudson, or their vaulted halls on Stuyvesant Square; *parures* of ancient pearls, and white gloves and white ties for the entire Right army." The "serenity, elegance and moderation" visible in these ladies were lingering "heritages from an ancient era when something very like reverence attached to old ways." But the most important difference between the old elite and the loud denizens of the Stork Club was the former's "willingness, impulsion even, to take on the hundred and one humdrum cares and obligations that devolve, in all old societies, upon people of position and means." In contrast were "the 300 restless and haunted spirits who, three times a day, wave at one another in an ecstasy of amazed recognition, first at the Colony, then at '21,' and finally, after midnight, at El Morocco."

Out of a group of moths whose nightly flutterings deserve no serious attention at all . . . skillful hands can create a series of images which take on a somewhat alarming significance. For the images of the café "socialite" -- a picture which is purely artificial and little related to the facts -- is something that the country at large is beginning to believe true.

In other words, the vocal advocates of class warfare were striving to make America's native upper class look as bad as possible -- and were all too often succeeding.

As editor of the Condé Nast publication, *Vanity Fair*, before its regrettable demise in 1936 and its even more regrettable resurrection a few years ago, Frank Crowninshield, a son of the New England aristocracy, was himself somewhat vulnerable in the Beaton affair. In some of his writings he had manifested a qualified respect for the strongmen of Italy and Germany.

Condé Nast himself, the product of a conservative, St. Louis German-Catholic background, had little true empathy with New York Jews, even if, as Seeböhm eagerly points out, he had supposedly "welcomed with delight the marriage of his daughter, Natica, to Gerald Felix Warburg, of the distinguished banking family, in 1933." This was about the same time he was also losing control of his publishing empire to a Jewish banking syndicate.

One can well imagine the kind of anxious confidential remarks which passed between men like Nast, Crowninshield and Beaton in the tottering Western fashion world of the 1930s. When Crowninshield's article in the controversial issue of *Vogue* insists that "our old and traditional society" is not really "on its last legs" and is not really beating a hasty retreat before the avant-garde's onslaught (as the Walter Winchells were telling Middle America), one detects more than a trace of desperate bravado.

Ponderable Verse

Mind should be the harder, heart the keener,
Courage the greater, as our strength grows less.

The Battle of Maldon,
10th-century Anglo-Saxon poem

Witch-Hunt on the Canadian Prairie

The preliminary hearing in the James Keegstra case was held, as scheduled, in Red Deer, Alberta, during the first half of June. For nine days, the former ninth- and twelfth-grade history students of the popular ex-mayor of Eckville were called to the witness stand to read through their old classroom notes. When it was all over, Provincial Court Judge Douglas Crowe ruled that Keegstra must stand trial for willfully "promoting hatred" against an "identifiable group," the Jews.

Defense attorney Doug Christie's argument that not one of the government's 10 witnesses said they hated Jews because of Keegstra's teachings carried no weight with Crowe, who ruled that it was only necessary to show intent. Christie predicted somewhat melodramatically that the trial, which will be held in early 1985, will be the "trial of the last two centuries."

Most Canadian newspapers reported extensively on the testimony of the former Keegstra pupils. Among his stoutest defenders was 19-year-old Gwen Matthews, a round-faced blonde confined to a wheelchair because of a car accident. She painted a picture of a thoughtful, fair-minded man whose image had been grossly distorted by the media. "He didn't promote hate in me," she said. "He didn't force us to believe him. He was the first person to tell us about the Golden Rule and the importance of living by that rule."

Speaking in a soft, firm voice, Gwen Matthews related how the first time she ever heard the phrase "international Jewish conspiracy" was in media reports of Keegstra's firing -- after she had studied under him for two years. Keegstra had made his classes interesting, she testified, because, unlike the other Eckville teachers, he presented conflicting views and let students discuss them. She took strong exception to what some students were now saying, observing that classroom notes are "just rough approximations of what Mr. Keegstra said."

The most widely cited testimony in the hearing was probably that of 17-year-old Blair Andrew, who was described (perhaps incorrectly) in a Jewish Telegraph Agency report as a "defense witness" for Keegstra. Andrew is obviously a young man living under a great inner stress, uncertain whether he should believe what the outside powers that be tell him or accept the contrary message of a well-liked teacher who told his students well in advance that everything now happening would happen. On the stand, Andrew said that he still believes

what Keegstra taught him, lives in fear of the Jews (without hating them, however), yet also feels ashamed of his fear.

Defense attorney Christie, not too pleased with some of the things Andrew said, grilled him about his allegation that everything Keegstra taught had related the Jews to a giant world conspiracy. Andrew was forced to admit that in 18,000 words of notes he had taken in Grade 9, Jews were mentioned only 12 times. "It was more verbal than notes," he insisted, looking frustrated. He also insisted that some students' grades were adversely affected when they positively evaluated the Jewish role in history. (Of course, this is the fate of countless students today who positively evaluate the conduct of Anglo-Saxons in their contacts with other races.)

Big headlines resulted on two occasions when students broke down and cried on the witness stand under intense cross-examination by Christie. Paul Maddox, 15, is the son of Susan Maddox, one of the parents who first complained two years ago about Keegstra's view of history. The pale, slim teenager, who testified that Keegstra had taught that Jews were "crooks" and left-wingers bent on enslaving the world, began shaking under questioning by Christie. He later started to weep, and Judge Crowe called a 10-minute recess. Along the way, Maddox explained what Keegstra had taught his pupils about unscrupulous bankers: they attempt to keep nations and individuals indebted to them, since debtors are more easily manipulated. At one point, Maddox said he was so confused by all the publicity that he was no longer sure what Keegstra had taught him about the Jews.

The other sensitive student was Lorene Baxter, who had a penchant for recording her teacher's most sensational remarks. Keegstra's minimal classroom commentary on the lurid excesses of the French Revolution's reign of terror was blown all out of proportion by certain newspapers, which relied heavily on Baxter's testimony. Doug Christie questioned the accuracy of the girl's notes, and she was forced to agree with him. He then, perhaps over-zealously, questioned her learning capacity, asking:

You didn't understand what he was saying half the time, did you? Would you agree that your main concern was to repeat what you heard and get a mark?

A tearful Baxter had to agree.

Crown prosecutor Larry Phillippe feigned outrage at one of Baxter's notes,

which read, "Jews have persecuted Christians more than Christians have persecuted the Jews." (It seems we have reached the point where concluding that the wrong group of people is the more guilty can land one in jail for two years, which is what Keegstra faces.)

Some of the strongest anti-Keegstra testimony came from Trudi Roth, who for three hours read selected notes from her five history-class notebooks. Roth, who is not Jewish, had once argued with Keegstra after viewing a film about Norman Bethune, a Canadian doctor who became a national hero in Red China. "Mr. Keegstra said he [Bethune] was not a good doctor; he was a Communist," said Roth. (Substitute the word "Nazi" in the preceding sentence and one could be recounting the faulty logic of half the history teachers in Canada.) Roth recalled how Keegstra "had a certain look in his eyes" when he got into the subject of Jewish power. "I guess I believed some of it. It was sort of scary," she concluded.

The defense effort was profoundly compromised because the requested return of Keegstra's private library -- much of which was "legally" stolen from him in a police raid on his home -- was denied by the judge. Though Judge Crowe, unlike some of his Canadian counterparts, ruled that historic truth is a valid defense against allegations of "hate-mongering," he quashed Doug Christie's request to have all 58 of Keegstra's books returned to him so that he could effectively build a case showing he had taught the truth. Try appealing to a higher court, Crowe smugly suggested. Neither this refusal nor the original seizure was ever reported in many large papers.

Fortunately, Christie had enough historical documents left to demonstrate that nearly everything Keegstra ever said about the Jews had also been said by respected historical figures beyond number. One prime exhibit was the famous article by Winston Churchill in the *London Illustrated Sunday Herald* of Feb. 8, 1920, in which he related that "the schemes of the International Jews" had given rise to a "world-wide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality." This Jewish conspiracy had been "the mainspring of every subversive movement" in the West for more than a century, Churchill had continued. The Canadian press's account of Christie's dramatic courtroom reading claimed that "the arti-

cle praised the Jewish race generally," but that characterization of its overall tenor is somewhat wide of the mark. Christie also read some long passages from the Talmud, which had Jews in the courtroom squirming. A former pupil, when asked if these religious teachings did not correspond to Keegstra's teachings on the subject, answered affirmatively.

Judge Crowe stated explicitly that it was the defense which was obligated to establish that certain facts were true. This sinister transformation of ancient Anglo-Saxon common law, which has appeared with growing frequency in Canada of late, seems to occur only under intense prodding by Jewish pressure groups. Said Keegstra of his predicament generally: "This hidden hand has told them [the authorities] what to do. They have never proved I have done anything wrong. I have been correct

all the time."

Asked outside of court if he believed in a Jewish conspiracy, Doug Christie answered sensibly, "I imagine there are all kinds of conspiracies in the world today." He also said that he had an open mind regarding the size of the Jewish Holocaust. And he called the reporting of the Keegstra hearing the most grotesquely distorted he had ever seen in a lifetime devoted to controversial causes like Western Canadian separatism. Despairing of the establishment, he added, "I have great hope in the intelligence of the ordinary citizen of this country."

While events were unfolding in Alberta, an unknown party in Victoria, British Columbia, was painting a swastika on Christie's office door, and plugging up his key-hole. The anonymous smear was as false as those directed publicly against Jim Keeg-

stra, a man who has welcomed blacks, Jews and Indians to his home -- rather unusual for someone living in a tiny, all-white prairie town.

In spite of everything, the odds would appear to be in favor of both Keegstra and his counterpart, Ernst Zündel, who will be tried in Toronto on similar charges at about the same time. In the 14 years that Canada's "hate" legislation has been on the books, there have been only 8 prosecutions and not a single conviction. Even if one or both of the leading Holocaust dissidents should go to jail, the Jewish lobby's victory may prove a hollow one. Millions of North Americans are finally awakening to the dreadful implications of the censorial Jewish mindset for their native tradition of free dissent.

★ ★ ★

The Wise Words of Ulfa'Alu

Darkest Washington, D.C. -- One of the wisest diplomatic speeches of 1983 or any year was made here on September 29 at the joint annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. The meeting's chairman, Miguel Boyer, the Spanish minister of finance, had just asked the United States to cough up an additional \$1.5 billion (on top of \$8.4 billion) to help keep the IMF afloat. The black minister of finance for the Solomon Islands, Bartholomew Ulfa'Alu, thought he would add some sociobiologically sound native logic to the matter. President Reagan, he said, should stop appealing to "the magic of the marketplace": in Melanesian society, power and influence are acquired by "big men" who must assist their communities to retain status. Ulfa'Alu continued:

One of the things we expect our "big men" to do is to help the younger male members of the family to acquire wives. The "big man" will contribute to the price of the bride to be paid by his young male relatives. In this way, he secures their continuing allegiance, and enables them to acquire healthy, desirable brides, capable of bearing many children.

Statistics tell us that 52% of these children will be girls. In due course they will be married, and the family will receive a "bride price" for them. A substantial share of this incoming transfer of assets will find its way to the "big man," who for sound reasons of enlightened self-interest, started the process off.

Two lessons were drawn: first, the Melanesian chief's investment is repaid many times over; second, "if you want to go on being a leader, you have to behave like

one." On the tribal or racial level, the lesson is quite true, and the West's selfish capitalist leaders could learn plenty from it.

The international analogy implied by Ulfa'Alu is false, however. It is probable that much of the development aid sent to the Third World will find its way back into white hands eventually -- but only after the Third World is substantially enriched. At a time when the white West is rushing toward a severely outnumbered position in the world population flood, the only way in which we will keep our heads up at all, and thereby preserve our identity, is by retaining a substantial financial advantage over the huge nonwhite majority. If we are reduced to anything even remotely approaching the small fraction of the world's wealth that our masters have planned for us, then our universally desired young women will be "bought" from us by the men of all races, and our breed will end. World economic equality -- or anything like it -- spells sure death for a beautiful and personable race.

Instead of using our economic surplus to help enrich Asians, Africans and Latin Americans -- even with the knowledge that some will reach us on the rebound -- we must use it to enrich our own people, the remnant of the American Majority, with the understanding that the money transfer is intended solely to facilitate reproduction.

Ulfa'Alu's condemnation of the West has real validity. The vaunted "magic of the marketplace" has indeed been a wicked black magic for the white race. To take one example, Proposition 13 in California, which was fueled by a conservative white rebellion, succeeded in lowering taxes there, thus stimulating economic growth --

and leading directly to increased immigration by prolific nonwhite foreigners. So say the experts.

The ecologists have warned that we dare not look at pesticides alone, but only as part of a much larger interlocking picture. When racialists give economists the same message, they win only scorn.

The white world, post-1945, instead of transferring wealth to its own young people, many of whom would like to have more children, concentrates it in the hands of aged, unseeing women, who, their maternal instincts cast adrift, pass it on to left-wing churchmen and other con artists.

As Ulfa'Alu says, "if you want to go on being a leader, you have to behave like one." The Western world's "big men" have all been little men for at least a generation. They have failed their racial-cultural community so badly that its very existence, and thus their leadership, is now at stake.

Unponderable Quote

[Among Americans in Israel] there is a dual loyalty . . . Americans and Israelis have the same goals. I don't find it a problem. We all believe in democracy, freedom and liberty. When loyalties are tested by democratic principles, you don't have a problem . . . It's possible to have allegiance to the two countries.

Newton Frolich, founder
of Americans In Israel PAC



Big Mac Violence

A misleading and exculpatory trick of mediocrats when writing about the contemporary crime plague is to drag out the old cliché, "violence is as American as apple pie" -- as if raping and murdering an 83-year-old widow in a New York apartment is on the same moral level as a gunfight between two outlaws in Dodge City.

A history professor, Roger McGrath, has looked into the myth of a congenitally violent America and come up with some answers that should give pause, a long pause, to the apple pie crowd. Examining the crime records of two California mining towns -- Aurora and Bodie -- during their boom days, Professor McGrath concluded in his new book, *Violence on the Frontier* (University of California Press, \$16.95):

The violence and lawlessness that visited the trans-Sierra frontier . . . took special forms: warfare between Indians and whites, stagecoach robbery, vigilantism, and gunfights. These activities bear little or no relation to the violence and lawlessness that pervade American society today. Serious juvenile offenses, crimes against the elderly and weak, rape, robbery, burglary and theft were either nonexistent or of little significance . . . There seems to be little justification for blaming contemporary American violence on violence and lawlessness in our frontier heritage.

The gunfights, McGrath found, were over matters of honor, generally provoked by insults or challenges to machismo -- about the same causes responsible for knightly jousting in Medieval times and duels thereafter. Much of the violence was limited to consenting adults, and there was no exaggerated sympathy for the few real criminals and no exaggerated use of due process to short-circuit justice. If innocent men were killed and the lawyers got the killers off on a technicality, leading citizens would get together and hang the murderers on the nearest tree. Men who used foul language in front of women might end up in jail. No minority members were attacked or bothered, although there were plenty of Chinese and Mexicans. In the five years of the Bodie boom, not one crime was committed by a youth. In comparison, youth gangs in 1980 committed 351 murders in Los Angeles. Half of the robberies in Bodie were stagecoach holdups and the annual robbery rate was 84 per 100,000 population, compared to the 1980 rate in New York of 1,140. Bodie's burglary rate was 128; 1980 New York's 2,661.

To sum it up, America was a rather non-violent country even in its supposedly most violent areas and supposedly most violent times. Instead of saying violence is as

American as apple pie, it would be more accurate to call it as American as a "Big Mac," a latter-day dish and more appropriate in light of the recent McDonald's massacre in Southern California.

The Old West was an Arcadian bower compared to the crime jungle of the modern U.S. city, which is another way of saying that the Old Americans, even the most trigger-happy of them, were paragons of law and order compared to the New Urban Americans. No winner of the West ever went around dousing passersby with lighter fluid, throwing babies out of windows, running stagecoaches onto crowded sidewalks or driving ballpoint pens into people's ears and forcing them to drink Drano.

Gilded Airheads

Just how ignorant are young people in southern California? TV comedy writer (and former Nixon aide) Ben Stein, who says he spends a lot of time with the species, recently clued in the readers of *Public Opinion* magazine.

Out of about a dozen college and high school students whom Stein quizzed in Los Angeles, not one could name all the presidents since World War II -- or tell him even roughly where New England is -- or say even approximately when Lyndon Johnson was president -- or name even one of the first 10 amendments to the Constitution. Stein told some horrific tales about juniors at UCLA and Southern California who were shocked to learn that America fought a war with Japan, or that Polish officials could lock people up for expressing the wrong views. "What a burnt idea," said one. "Why doesn't Reagan make them stop?"

None of the young folk had heard of Lenin, and only one could identify Stalin. Stein neglected to specify the race of his young Angelinos.

At article's end came the Big Message about why all of this was bad.

Recently, two of them [Stein's young friends] read an article in the newspaper about the militantly anti-Semitic Posse Comitatus. One of them pointed at the word "anti-Semitic" and said, "What's this word?" I explained that it was someone who hates Jews for no other reason than that they were Jews. The girl looked at me with genuine amazement and asked, "Why would anyone do that?" The other girl said, "What is it again? I never heard of that."

I respectfully suggest that we should be happy and proud to have such gilded, innocent children in our midst.

Instauration respectfully suggests that Stein is a masterful dissembler. Had these ignorant young adults been fellow Jews, he would hardly be "happy" or feel "proud"

of them. He'd be ashamed, and would respond by harshly shaming his charges into a thirst for knowledge of reality.

As for the young woman's question: Why indeed would anyone hate Jews or anything else simply for being what it is? We never heard of such a thing! When people fear or dislike Jews or some other group, it is always because they believe, rightly or wrongly, that the group's nature and actions have a negative impact on their lives and their world.

In his article, Stein speaks of our "uniquely privileged nation with uniquely privileged citizens, young and old." But how is ignorance a "privilege?" There are probably more young people in France, Germany and Russia who can name the last eight American presidents than there are here.

Our Pyramid, Their Apex

"The Yanks Are Coming" crowed the music feature in *Newsweek* (4/9/84). "It was a time of triumph for American music: three major world premières in the space of eight days late last month . . ." In Cologne, there was Steve Reich's "The Desert Music"; in Stuttgart, Philip Glass's "Akhnaten"; in Rome, another Glass opera.

["Akhnaten"] deals with the Egyptian pharaoh whom legend identifies as the first worshiper of a single deity. In *Oedipus and Akhnaten* by gadfly historian Immanuel Velikovsky, [the pharaoh] is also tagged as the fellow who pioneered in the notion of killing of father and marrying of mother. But Glass's libretto -- a composite of work by Egyptologist Shalom Goldman, stage designers Robert Israel and Richard Riddel and choreographer Jerome Robbins -- ignores this aspect . . . The dramatic text is a hodgepodge of ancient languages. . . .

Glass is also famous for "Einstein on the Beach" ("it's hard to tell where words end and music begins"), while Reich's previous European premières include "Tehillim," a setting of Hebrew psalm texts, and "Satyagraha," based on Gandhi's early life.

Newsweek's critic Alan Rich says the explanation for all of these big European[?] commissions is "relatively simple: Europe hasn't many hero-composers of its own these days."

If American Jews like Reich and Glass wish to compose endlessly on subject matter deriving from Egypt, Palestine, India and so forth, why don't they stage their premières in those nations -- using musicians, stage designers and audiences of Third World quality? Why should they get to exploit the incredibly rich musical and theatrical resources of countries like Germany for the sake of their fundamentally anti-European themes?

The situation in music is similar to that found throughout contemporary culture. Take the movies, where "boy wonder" director Steven Spielberg gets to tap into the rich talents of Majority technicians -- and the rich cash box of the American public -- with blatantly Judaistic (and Germanophobic) material like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Spielberg is basically just the "idea man" in the set-up, who straddles a great agglomeration of Majority step-and-fetch-its and, with his Jewish pals, decides what the world will be seeing and talking about next. But, like talk, ideas are cheap. And so is the minimalist music of composers Reich and Glass ("chug-chug-chug" goes the background for five minutes in one Glass opus; then "chuga-chuga-chuga" for another five).

The Mob and the Major Parties

The Cosa and Kosher Nostras, which have always been active in some of the biggest municipal governments and a few state governments, continue to muscle into the top echelons of the Republican and Democratic parties. Jackie Presser, the head gangster of the gangster-ridden Teamsters' Union, has been getting red-carpet treatment from the White House and in return gave Reagan the Teamsters' endorsement, one of the very few Reagan received from Big Labor.

Then there is Senator Paul Laxalt, once the partner of a known crook and mob associate in a Nevada casino, who boasts about his close friendship with Moe Dalitz, one of the founding members of the Cleveland mob, to which Bill Presser, Jackie's gangster father, also belonged. Since the death of Meyer Lansky, Dalitz qualifies as America's leading Jewish mobster. Here is what Laxalt has to say about his dear friend:

He's been so decent and honorable with me over the years. I don't care what the political considerations would be, there is no way I would turn my back on him.

Laxalt, whose political career was given its first shot in the arm by convicted felon Hank Greenspun, the Las Vegas press lord, was chairman of the 1984 Reagan-Bush reelection campaign and also serves as the general chairman of the Republican National Committee. No elected politician is closer to Reagan except Bush. At last report, Laxalt is suing the Sacramento Bee for \$250 million for saying that large sums of money were skimmed from a Nevada gambling joint during the time Laxalt was a part owner.

Another dear friend of Ronnie and Nancy's is Frank Sinatra, whose singing career was launched and nourished by the Mafia. A close political pal is the recently indicted "on leave" Secretary of Labor, Ray Dono-

van, whose construction business, much to his present distress, had some embarrassing contacts with the Mafia.

All of these gentlemen mentioned so far have been ardent supporters of Israel. The Teamsters' Union has bought at least \$40 million worth of Israel's shaky securities with the hard-earned money of its membership. Altogether, it is estimated that Big Labor has "invested" over \$140 million in the Zionist state.

On the Mondale side we have the Ferraro-Zaccaro factor. Congresswoman Ferraro has a husband who has had some dealings with the mob and whose father had many such dealings. Neither she nor her husband will answer questions about the family's connections to the Mafia beyond admitting that Mr. Zaccaro had rented space to a Mafia pornography ring. Zaccaro's father, Philip, was a character witness for John Profaci, one of Zoo City's leading gangsters, and the Zaccaro family loaned \$250,000 over the years to Michael LaRosa, a prominent Mafioso, who repaid the favor by helping to finance two of Geraldine's campaigns for Congress and her campaign for vice-president.

So it didn't matter who won the election. Either way organized crime would have its usual entrée into the White House. It may not be as intimate a connection as in the days when President Kennedy and Sam Giancana were taking turns sleeping with high-flying moll Judith Exner, but it's nevertheless a connection. As many American politicians have ruefully learned, once you let the mobsters in the door for any reason, it's as difficult to get them out again as it was to close Pandora's Box.

Brezhnev a White Survivalist?

Weapons and Hope, a new book by Freeman Dyson, one of the world's leading physicists, recounts on page 183 an extremely interesting conversation between Prime Minister Thatcher and Chairman Brezhnev at the time of their first state meeting:

At the end of the second day she remarked that she was happy to discover that there were no urgent problems threatening to bring the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union into conflict. Brezhnev then replied with some emphatic words in Russian. Thatcher's interpreter hesitated and instead of translating Brezhnev's remark asked him to repeat it. Brezhnev repeated it and the interpreter translated: **Madam, there is only one important question facing us, and that is the question whether the white race will survive.** Thatcher was so taken aback that she did not venture either to agree or to disagree with this sentiment. She made her exit without further comment.

Misanthropic Philanthropists

Where do all those violence-prone, anti-Majority, left-wing groups like the National Anti-Klan Network get their dough? A story in the *New York Times* (Sept. 23) gave a clue or two. There is a coalition of 11 minority foundations with high-sounding names which specialize in funneling funds to just about every antiwhite organization under the sun.

The mother hen of these cash cornucopias is Helen Buttenweiser, the wife of old Kuhn, Loeb patriarch, Benjamin Buttenweiser. The Buttenweisers were the ones who took in and sheltered Alger Hiss when his lies got him entangled with the law and the statute of limitations allowed him to duck a spy charge for a lighter perjury rap. It was Mrs. Buttenweiser who loaned \$60,000 to Mrs. Robert Soblen for bail for her Communist spy husband, Robert Soblen, who later jumped bail and fled to England, where he committed suicide.

The foundations Mrs. Buttenweiser has been sponsoring sport such off-putting names as Carbonel (named for a pet cat), Abelard (named for a family dog), Pearl River (to pretend a southern connection), Muskiwinni (named after a Minnesota lake), Children's Defense Fund, and the 777 and Incognito Foundations. Altogether they dole out \$2.5 million a year to various outfits that have it in for the Majority -- doubtfully female feminists, unreconstructed Indians, black racists, anti-social socialists, Haitian refugees, anti-nuke kooks and unilateral disarmers. Last year four of the 11 foundations, which operate together under the name of the Joint Foundation Support (122 E. 42nd St., Zoo City) gave money to the National Anti-Klan Network, whose literature and activities are a continual incitement to violence against whites and which is close to being a private SMERSH of Jewish millionaire mail-order king Morris Dees.

So far only Mrs. Buttenweiser, now approaching 79, and John H. Gutfreund, the head of Phibro-Salomon, the huge Wall Street investment conglomerate, have stepped forward and admitted their links to the foundation cartel. As for the others, it doesn't take much imagination to guess the kind of people hiding behind all the false-front anonymity. When one of the faceless donors was asked the reason for the secrecy, he emphasized his concern for his personal security and the security of his children. He evinced no concern for the security of white families endangered by the hate literature put out by some of the groups his money is supporting.





Deep-frozen Minds

Carl Sagan and the other nuclear freezers have been peddling their unilateral arms reduction proposals with the gruesome threat of a worldwide "nuclear winter," a 20th-century fimbul that would put an end to civilization, or what they call civilization. The crux of their argument is that thermonuclear debris will rise high in the sky and form a dark cloud of particles that will block out the sun for years and years, thereby lowering the earth's temperature until we and all our works are frostbitten back into barbarism.

The trouble with Sagan's theory is that dust and hot air rises until it reaches the altitude of the dew point, where water vapor condenses. Then, according to the rules of meteorology, the dust, soot and other particles act as condensation nuclei for water drops. Clouds form, and what should stay up there for Sagan's big freeze falls to earth as rain. This time-tested process of Mother Nature, this atmospheric "wash-out" is something nuclear freeze advocates and Soviet agents carefully avoid mentioning since it contradicts their end-time scenario.

Because they are advancing a new theory to supplant conventional science wisdom on such matters, the burden of proof should fall on the Saganites. Always true to form, however, the media, led by that great meteorologist, Dan Rather, has shifted the burden by giving all the benefit of the doubt to the freezers. We may be sure, however, if Hitler was still around, Sagan -- and Injun Dan -- would be whistling a different tune, one that would probably sing the wisdom of first strikes and the transcendent beauty of mushroom clouds.

For more on the wild guesses and paranoid fortune-telling of the anti-nuke kooks, see *Access on Energy*, a newsletter put out by Dr. Petr Beckmann, professor emeritus of electrical engineering, University of Colorado. The address is Box 2298, Boulder, CO 80306. Twelve monthly issues cost \$22, or \$1 in pre-1965 U.S. silver coins.

Bending the Rules

The National Press Club in Washington used to be a forum for the better class of opinion manufacturers. All that changed last spring when the Zionists packed the place with noisy partisans. It was a scene which men of two and three thousand years ago would have recognized at once.

The occasion was a discussion between Stephen Green, author of *Taking Sides: America's Secret Relations with a Militant Israel* (available for \$14.95 from Liberty Lobby, 300 Independence Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003), George Ball,

once the number-two man in the State Department, Charles Fenyvesi, the editor of *Jewish Week*, and a neutral moderator. The session had been billed for weeks in advance, but the Israeli lobby in Washington panicked at the last minute at the thought of Green and Ball going two-on-one against Fenyvesi in an open setting. So they rushed in one Daniel Gvron, the little-known author of *Israel After Begin*. Although, by long tradition, participants must be invited to National Press Club sessions, the self-chosen Gvron was good-naturedly accepted -- along with a claque of 100 supporters who broke every rule in the Club's book by "erupting into applause whenever their [man] uttered a syllable."

George Ball, who ought to know, told those in attendance that our government has been aware of Israeli nuclear weapons for "at least 21 years." He also predicted that if Americans are asked to spill blood for Israel, the nation will be more bitterly divided than at any time "since the Civil War."

Jesse Tips the Rotten Applecart

Analysts of every stripe have recognized that American presidential politics can never again be the same after Jesse Jackson's candidacy. Some are happy about it and others are not. The unhappy ones are mostly the white liberals and the so-called "neoconservatives," two groups with a great deal in common. Those who have been enthused by Jackson include blacks, white ultra-leftists and a significant portion of the white right-wing.

The latter group, embracing many who are not overt racists, can scarcely contain its glee now that the privileged status of Jews and blacks in American political life is being exposed for what it is. Joseph Sobran, a senior editor of *National Review*, recently had a column entitled "Minority system brought to a crisis." He began by noting the "accredited victim status" of Jews and blacks in American life:

That is, they have an official prejudice -- or should I say presumption -- in their favor. If they want something from you, they are in the right. If you resist, you are continuing to victimize them, or, as they say, "perpetuating" racism (or anti-Semitism, as the case may be) . . .

The minorities also enjoy a privilege of accusation. They can charge you with racism or anti-Semitism at any time. Denying the charge hotly is only further proof of your guilt.

This reads exactly like a page out of Richard McCulloch's book, *The Ideal and Destiny*.

Sobran went on to accuse the liberal-mi-

nority coalition of "thought control" in the form of "Holocaust studies" in the public schools. He told a very revealing story:

A few days back, a Jewish assistant editor at a metropolitan newspaper tried to spike a column asking why those who lament the Holocaust don't also lament the mass murders of the Chinese communists. The editor didn't say that the columnist (a staunch Israel supporter) was anti-Semitic, not even just beneath the surface, but he spoke of "sensitivities" and said there was a "perception" that the columnist was "just this side" of anti-Semitism.

But the times are changing:

Until now the minority system has worked smoothly. The minorities get nearly everything they ask for, only they don't ask. They "demand" . . .

But Jesse Jackson has brought the system to an unforeseen crisis. He got blacks accusing Jews of racism, and Jews accusing blacks of anti-Semitism. That is not how the system is supposed to work.

Both groups are fighting fiercely to be top dog among the underdogs. What makes it serious is that nobody can umpire the dispute. White gentiles are of course "prejudiced" against both groups. (Negative attitudes toward minorities are always "prejudices," never conclusions.)

Even liberals are afraid to judge . . . So they stand around wringing their hands and whining that both groups have the same enemies -- which isn't much help when they are each other's enemies.

For which we say, "Thank you, Jesse, for helping to permanently destabilize a sordid state of affairs!"

Whitewashing the Blackguards

The Tacoma, Washington, *Sunday News Tribune* had an enormous page-one spread on July 1, entitled "Myra recalls Grandpa." Picture an artificial-blonde Barbra Streisand and you have some idea of Myra Lansky, the granddaughter of Meyer, the late mobster who left behind a fortune worth more than \$100 million. How many of Myra's WASP friends in Tacoma realized that this local "Methodist" girl was being educated in the traditions of Judaism on the sly?

Myra had nothing but good things to say about granddad and all the "nice men" who were always around him.

He did a lot of good things. He donated five ambulances to Israel. He contributed to Brandeis University, the theater and the arts. He created a lot of jobs for people . . .

He taught me [that] learning through observation is the greatest teacher. Not necessarily how much you read. He

never said a thing until after he listened for a long time.

"He loved America so much," said Myra, even making July 4 his birthday. "Everyone that met him loved him."

Myra's father had an apparently honest job in the local aviation industry, yet security remained priority number one around their house. The *News Tribune* revealed:

Even today Myra said she has a sixth sense of what is going on around her.

"I have eyes in the back of my head," she said. "We did not speak about personal things [in the house] without turning on the water or walking outside"

Myra said she doesn't remember being told the rules of privacy, but always whispered in the house because "people [could be] listening."

* * *

Albert Fried's *The Rise and Fall of the Jewish Gangster in America* belongs to the new genre which takes open pride in the exploits of the *kosher nostra*. According to Fried, the notorious crime lord Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, who established a beach-head for organized crime in California and Nevada, deserves a "place of honor . . . in the history of American culture." "America," writes Fried, "is embracing Bugsy Siegel's vision; his martyrdom was not in vain."

High Society Summer

Senator Kennedy spent a rather dull summer. He did have a public screaming match at the West Palm Beach airport with one of his groupie girlfriends, Cynthia Sykes of the *St. Elsewhere* TV series, after he had ungraciously refused to stay behind with her when she couldn't get a seat on the Washington flight on which he had been booked. Later on, in Nantucket, Fat Face pub-crawled to a local saloon called The Muse one night. He neglected to bring along his shoes, but that didn't stop him from dancing with himself almost till closing time.

South of Nantucket in Sag Harbor, out on the pincers of Long Guyland, there was celebrated the annual pie-eating, egg-rolling, water-balloon bash known as the Writer's Softball League annual picnic. The rollickers included Mort Zuckerman, the proprietor of *U.S. News & World Report* and *Atlantic*, Gloria Steinem, his present steady, and Betty Friedan, the wicked witch of the West -- and East, North and South. The climactic came when Zuckerman got zapped and soused with a water balloon.

Up in Greenwich, Connecticut, Leona Helmsley, the Jewish spouse of Gentile real estate and hotel mogul Harry Helmsley,

has a pleasure dome which would send Kublai Khan into a jealous fit. One day Leona decided she wanted her outdoor pool to become an indoor pool. She laid out \$2 million and lo, before summer's end, it was done!

The Ideologues Are Killing Us

"Affirmative action" and "comparable pay" are life-and-death issues. A recent study conducted in New York shows that men working at low-level jobs and at higher levels of stress and social isolation are nearly four times as likely as the general populace to die of a heart attack within three years. The report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* led Dr. Thomas B. Graboys of Harvard to write, "We can probably obtain as much information about a given patient's risk of dying by talking about what's going on in his life" as by conducting an exhaustive examination with the latest medical technology. Another doctor added that cardiac rehabilitation programs should deal "not only with the heart muscle but the entire individual."

According to Graboys, "The hard-driving executive may have recourse to vent anger and frustration because he's at the top, but the fellow at the middle or low end of the totem pole may be brimming with anger and keeping it under the surface." In the past, such low-on-the-totem-pole men could at least hope to dominate their women, but that is obviously no longer the case. Rich women's-libbers can't understand why many poorer women who are trying to keep a family together won't stand up for their "individual rights." The reason is because the latter are more interested in their children's rights, and instinctively understand that the combination of male sex hormones and low status is already deadly enough without their pushing their husbands down even further. A related factor might be their wish to preserve their husbands' sexual interest and potency.

A University of South Carolina epidemiologist found that men whose wives earn more money than they do suffer a rate of heart disease 11 times greater than men who outearn their wives. As word of these findings begins to get around, men and (most) women alike will demand that either (1) the number of women going into law, medicine and other lucrative fields be kept low; or if the women insist upon "more creative work," (2) the salaries of female doctors and such be not overly generous, as in the Soviet Union, where most doctors are now women. The alternative, given both male and female mating predilections, is masses of bright, wealthy, unmarried women.

"Comparable pay for comparable work" spells disaster as long as the male organism

is constituted anything like the way it is today. The man, in most cases, feels he must serve as the chief "provider," which gives him an essential psychological boost -- in which case the women will still be doing just as well materially. Maybe at times it's all just a nice "fiction," but it keeps the sexes happy and together. If women begin earning nearly as much as men (which means that many will earn more), an even greater number of men will withdraw from women to preserve their feelings of dominance -- feelings which, their instincts tell them every day, are necessary for male health and longevity.

Brainless Bruisers

The National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) is beginning to have doubts about Proposition 48, which was passed at its 1983 convention. Scheduled to take effect on August 1, 1986, the proposition requires incoming freshmen athletes to score a minimum of 700 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) and to have a 2.0 high-school grade-point average in a "core curriculum" of 11 academic courses. Failing to meet either standard, students must sit out athletics during their freshman year.

The range of SAT scores is 400 to 1600, so the athlete who makes 1000 on the SAT has statistically done twice as well as the one who makes a 700. But since the entire test is "multiple choice," it is hard to fathom how anyone could make much below a 700. Even hardened cynics are shocked to learn that the average SAT score for all the black males on athletic scholarships in America has consistently been in the high-600s range. The average for white male athletes has been in the mid-900s.

The NCAA is beginning to panic because a \$200,000 survey of 16,000 athletes, just released, shows that three-fourths of the black football players and six-sevenths of the black basketballers who, in 1982, received athletic scholarships at the nation's leading colleges and universities, would now be ineligible for freshman-year play. (So would a significant minority of white athletes.)

In the past, scholarship athletes have gotten around the stupidity problem by taking ultra-light course loads during their freshman year, which, if continued, would require six years for graduation. The reformers want to have the jocks studying instead of playing ball during that critical first year.

Sadly, it looks like the NCAA Council will be modifying Proposition 48 at its convention in January. For a brief moment, some of us had antique visions of handsome white scholar-athletes dancing in our heads.





Cholly Bilderberger



The NYPD is still searching the city's sewer system for Olive Garrity, the anthropologist who was shoved into an open manhole near Lincoln Center over a year ago. The shovers were fellow scientists angered by what they called her "malicious pleasure in denigrating Margaret Mead." Lieutenant Klaus O'Janovic of the NYPD has been in charge of the case from the start, and reports that his men haven't given up hope. "We think we hear her every so often," he says, "and we keep finding pages torn from the manuscript of the book she was writing about this Margaret Sneed." An aide corrected him, and he said, with a deprecatory smile, "I mean Mead. Anyhow, we've come to the conclusion that maybe she's avoiding us. And with good reason, because if we find her she'll have to face the charges that have been filed against her." Columbia University is the plaintiff in the case, which is backed by six ad hoc committees, a petition with 3,406 signatures of prominent anthropologists from universities across the country and around the world, and several full-page ads in the *New York Times*. Spokesdwarf Solipshe Sheetznap, the dynamic 3' 9 13/32" head of the Metropolitan Universities and Colleges Informational and Action Arm of Greater New York, is his usual direct self when he says, "If she comes out of that sewer, she'll wish she didn't when she finds out what we have in store for her." Despite the inability of the Sewer Task Force to find Ms. Garrity, Lieutenant O'Janovic reports that much else has been turned up. "I guess what they call evolution is really speeded up down there, because you've got an animal that looks like a cross between a beaver and a llama. The beaver part can build dams — and I mean big dams — and the llama part, with its long neck, can get air under the manholes when the conduits fill. Then you've got another animal about as big as a baby dolphin that can swim everywhere, and it's also got webbed feet like a duck for walking in the ooze when the flow is down. The wild dogs and the baboons have mated or something in certain areas, and that makes for a hell of an animal. Of course, the main wildlife you see down there are those rats that are as big as basset hounds, and they don't crossbreed or evolve so much except that some of them are getting an outside layer of flexible plates like an armadillo, so how do we know how that happened? Come to think of it, maybe this Olive Garrity, because she's an anthropologist, is staying down there for scientific reasons."

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Latest addition to the Outdoor Racist's Gallery: in Istamboul, Mississippi, a collection of statues put up by blacks to draw the world's attention to "racists in literature who are not usually thought of that way" is Henry James. Omerine Frannola, chief spokeswoman for the Gallery, explains his selection: "This man who white dilettantes and people of

pretension and income who have their own way paid for from birth and are used to good sheets and never no way have had to cope with oversized cockroaches . . . this man who white people like that are always reading about and saying, 'Oh, ain't it so Cloud 9 that this Big Man Mr. Henry James wrote all those delicate little goodies for us, oh, we be lapping them up like greens and caviar on Saturday night!', when the truth is that they are reading racism and not knowing it. Or maybe a lot worse, knowing it and not caring . . . But how can they ignore it? *This writer does not have one black character in all his books!!* And we know that is the worst sort of racism because it is racism by omission. It is making blacks invisible, which goes against sense and optical science and just plain eyesight. If we are not visible, what is? Is not black a color? If anything, it is whites who are invisible because white is a color without much to it. You'd think some white would have noticed this flaw in Mr. James's work, but no one has. They just keep reading about this world without blacks and think it's some kind of normal. Mr. Henry James is the worst." Caroline Plimpton represents the Gallery in New York and, as usual, she went down to Istamboul (located not too far from Oxford, Mississippi) for the unveiling of Henry's statue, and sent this report: "First of all, you have to get the flavor of Istamboul, a very sleepy little Mississippi town, not greatly changed over the years, 83% black. And this is black black, splendidly thick lips, attractively agape mouths, fabulously long canine teeth, old clothes, straw hats . . . the place is definitely not crawling with Andy Youngs. Of course, the Gallery crowd is a bit different. Omerine, very earnest, looks a bit like Cicely Tyson and is quite nice behind all her Church of the Risen and Fallen African Christ of Formerday Sinners syntax and vocabulary, as are the rest of the Gallery brass. Anyhow, the breathing heart of Istamboul is Martin Luther King Jr. Square, facing the turgid Ikoyassakakkoma River, and home of the Outdoor Racist's Galery. Here stand the (until now) hidden racists of white literature, now joined by the sainted Henry. His statue is composed of old tires, so that he looks like the Michelin man, but rougher. The head, I am told proudly, was drenched in gasoline and then set afire, so that the rubber sort of ran together, creating a great blob of lava-like stuff, into which crude features — lips, nose, eyes, what-have-you — made of painted wood have been set. Amazingly enough, it does convey the feeling of James — rather heavy, portentous, with a touch of Roman emperor in the jowls — and is topped off with a sensational headgear made in what Omerine calls the 'homberger style of hate.' On a sheet of plywood leaning against the statue — really not an adequate word for this artifact, but what else is there? — is painted, in extremely amateurish fashion: 'Henry James, bon vivant racist and novelist and latterday band leader. Concealed his message of bigo-

try in long sentences and big books, but did not fool all of the people some of the time. Just some of the people all of the time and none of the black brotherhood none of the time. Rest in hell with your head cradled in the Devil's hot arms and forced to listen to your own works read to you forever in a foreign language by a retarded honky kid with a cleft palate.' I brought down a couple of people from the Museum of Modern Art with me, and they're beside themselves. Would like to mount the Gallery as a show, and put several statues in the permanent collection. Would like to move the whole town of Istamboul to New York and make it a rival museum of MOMA. Must run -- Omerine and I are having lunch at the Soul Soda Shop. Frightful place filled with flies and hideous dogs, and everything — even the ice cream cones — tastes of chittlins and fatback. But Omerine has promised to explain Virginia Woolf (yet another racist!) to me, and I can't resist the prospect."

In town: Baron Klaus von Leinsdorf, founder and head of *Dunkelster Afrika KG* [Darkest Africa, Inc.], which he calls, "the ultimate in tour companies. We provide relaxation for German men and women who like to get away from Germany for pleasure in a warmer climate." The Baron established *Dunkelster Afrika* some ten years ago, but had been thinking about it for a long time. "I always knew that German men and women were strongly attracted by Africa, but I didn't know how to capitalize on that fondness." *Dunkelster* packages the tour: flight from any of several West German cities direct to Mombassa, Dar-Es-Salaam, Nairobi and other African cities; three-, five- and seven-day stays at "fairly comfortable hotels"; unlimited and prepaid access to African women, and men. "There is just something about blacks that Germans need," the Baron explains. "The German works too hard, he can't unwind sufficiently with his own kind. He needs the exotic, the foreign, the forbidden, strange odors, abasement, 'the whole trip,' as you say. I put him back in Stuttgart or Bremen refreshed, rested and ready for business and social and family life again." The Baron says that men were his only customers for years. "Then some women who knew where their husbands were going came to me and asked, 'Aren't you forgetting us?' Now, women make up 38.71% of our customers." The Baron has had no problems at the African end. "Oh, my no. Those governments have such unemployment that they are most happy to put their young people to work." The Baron also feels he is doing a great — and poetic — service for his country. "When I see our planes taking off — by the hundreds now — on a weekend, I am reminded of the old days I spent in the Luftwaffe when our hearts were stirred by far less planes, if the truth be known, flying against England and other targets at dawn. But then we were flying for war, and now we fly for peace. And pleasure, of course."

Our Man in Washington reports that the ultrasecret Forrestal-Lenin Policy Implementation Committee is working closely with the administration to ensure the smooth flow

of at least 5 million immigrants per year into the United States. "This includes the illegals as well as the legals," according to a topsecret Committee directive. The program is bipartisan, and has the strong if covert support of leaders in both parties. "We have to be seen worldwide as the good guys," according to the directive, "if we are to enjoy an effective propaganda program contra the Russians, whom we cast as the bad guys. To earn and wear our white hats it is essential that we are always lending a helping hand to the less fortunate guys. And with our delicately balanced policies in Central and South America, we must not take any steps to upset the perceived line of thinking and leaders and people in those countries. Also, we need several million new spenders per year to keep our internal economy operating smoothly and our GNP maintained in an upward tilt."

We were the first column in the country to call attention to a shop in Boston called Conspiracy, Inc., set up, according to its catalog, "to serve all your paranoid needs." We are now happy to report that Conspiracy, Inc., has a growing string of franchises across the country. "We are very big with Birchers and other right-wingers," reports Betty Hargreaves, head of PR. "And, of course, we can tailor conspiracies to fit any preconceptions. We can, for instance, combine a conspiracy whereby the Council on Foreign Relations runs the country with a conspiracy in which the Communists have already taken over. We can blend sell-out at Yalta with buyout via the Marshall Plan. We can place Lenin in secret negotiations with Woodrow Wilson in Princeton in 1916 (he came by Italian submarine), and Franklin Roosevelt in Moscow in 1941 (spirited there in a British bomber) for a conference with Stalin. We can show how China was betrayed as early as 1905 (by the Secret Cabal of New York's 400, headed by Ward McAllister), and how powerful forces were out to smear General Douglas MacArthur before World War II. We can offer convincing proof that Huey Long was killed by the FBI because J. Edgar Hoover was working with Harry Bridges for control of the Mafia; and that Jack Kennedy was killed by his brothers because he didn't want any of them to follow him as president. We are able to produce documents showing that the media savages Charles Lindbergh because he had spurned Eleanor Roosevelt's advances; and that Churchill instigated World War II because Goering had spurned his advances. When you come right down to it, there's nothing we can't prove. Of course, we won't touch conspiracies based on race or color, but other than that anything is possible."

Correction: In the October 1984 column, Sam Bowie Crockett Johnson was identified as "the Texas billionaire and self-styled 'He-coon' racist of the entire Southwest." The description is of Sam's father, Jerold (Alamo) Jackson. Sam himself is quite different, as could be seen in the rest of the item, which detailed activities on his part that would be foreign to his father. Or that we *think* would be foreign.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

The merits of Carroll Quigley's *Tragedy and Hope* are by no means confined to his Round Table revelations. I regard his book as a masterly summing up of the liberal position as it was in the 1960s, before liberals lost the initiative in the battle for the Western mind. Oh, to be sure, their ethos still controls the media, but the liberals' supply of original ideas has run out. All they can do now is prevent our ideas from being disseminated. Historically, this is a weak position to be in, however strong it still may seem.

In one fundamental respect Quigley is dishonest. He deliberately plays down the role of the Jews, and in this way makes much of recent history unintelligible. For example, he notes that an optimistic and scientific outlook, prevailing between 1860 and 1890, gave way to a more pessimistic and irrationalist point of view in the following period, the key figures of which were Freud, Sorel, Bergson and Proust (and, he might have added, Max Nordau). What he does not say is that of these only Sorel was a non-Jew, and his attitudes were extremely ambivalent. He may have admired Lenin, but he did much to inspire Mussolini's syndicalist ideas.

Quigley is also somewhat muddled as regards political democracy, which rests, he says, on the following basis: (1) that men are relatively equal in their ability to understand and use power (which is obviously nonsense); (2) that they have relatively equal access to the information needed to make government decisions (such a claim being laughable in America and Britain); and (3) that men have a psychological readiness to accept majority rule in return for those civil rights which will allow any minority to built itself up to become a majority. This last point is crucial. It means that any minority may so strengthen its sense of cohesion that it may become the majority in time, but that the majority has no right to defend itself against this process by the same means. Enter Wilmot Robertson.

Quigley was a weapons expert, and this gives an interesting twist to his historical approach. For example, he tells us that Third World governments are able to oppress their peoples because the latter are poor, and only the former can afford weapons. He might have added that in Switzerland sophisticated modern weapons are kept in private houses by the soldier-civilians. The contrast is stark.

Quigley makes a direct equation between the growth of democracy ("representative government" would have been a more accurate expression) and the availability of weapons to ordinary folk. That was certainly the case in the American colonies during the 1770s, and Americans should make sure that it remains the case in the America of the 1980s. Again, Quigley draws a parallel between the

ready availability of weapons in the Age of Pericles and in the 19th century, contrasting it with the military specialisation of the Middle Ages. However, I would point to the victories of the relatively amateur English bowmen over the professional crossbowmen of Genoa (so prominent in the French armies). Also, it was not until towards the end of the 19th century that easy access to weapons was able to offset the large-scale armies which had originated at the time of the French Revolution. Quigley recounts how 40,000 Boers held off ten times that number of British for three years. Right up to 1914, inflexibility in the matter of battle plans made mobilisation tantamount to a declaration of war (because big military movements initiated on one side of a frontier could only be "handled" by a similar response on the other side). Thus Quigley refers to "Russia's mobilisation which had precipitated the war" in that year. So much for the theory of Germany's sole responsibility.



Quigley's analysis of World War I not only benefits from his practical interest in weaponry, strategy and tactics, but also from his knowledge of behind-the-scenes decisions of the higher-ups. Again and again he is able to shed interesting sidelights on the issues. Take this sentence: "On August 4th [1914] Britain declared war on Germany, emphasising the iniquity of her attack on Belgium, although in the Cabinet meeting of July 29th it had been agreed that such an attack would not legally oblige Britain to go to war." The real reason, of course, was Britain's traditional stance in favour of a balance of power on the Continent, which would have been upset by the defeat of France, now that Germany was so much stronger than in 1871.

Quigley comes to the conclusion that, on balance, there were more violations of international law by the Entente (France, Britain and Russia) than by the Central Powers. Especially interesting is the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which took place on May 7th, 1915, but was used as a *casus belli* by President Wilson two years later. Not only was the ship carrying guns and ammunition, which made it a legitimate military target, but the percentage of Americans on board was 15.6%, not four-fifths, as claimed in the *London Times*. The greatest violation of international law was the continuation of the Allied blockade of Germany for nine months after the Armistice, which led to the deaths of 800,000 defenceless Germans by starvation, while 108,000 horses, 205,000 cattle, 426,000 sheep and 240,000 fowls were taken in reparations. To be sure, Quigley claims that the Treaty of Versailles was "more lenient than would have resulted from a German victory," but neither in 1871, 1917 nor 1940, when the Germans were triumphant, did they show

anything like so much hostility towards the vanquished. Still, in dealing with the 1914-18 war, Quigley shows a balanced judgement. He records, for example, that the Balfour Declaration only provided a "home" for the Jews in Palestine, not a state.

Quigley's observations on the interwar period continue to be interesting. Thus he emphasises the cruelty of the occupation of the Ruhr, which was hardly diminished by the fact that some Germans participated in the oppression and killing of their fellow countrymen. One point Quigley does make, however, is that the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, which were intended to ruin Germany, had in some ways a contrary effect (as Keynes had predicted). The Germans were able to borrow almost unlimited sums from the United States, so that almost every village in Germany eventually boasted not only a post office but a swimming-pool. In 1932, when German war debt was hastily cut, Allied debt was not cut, so that England, also heavily indebted, continued to suffer the full effects of her war borrowing.

As an incidental detail, Quigley tells us that the Weimar flag was symbolic: gold for the Jews, red for socialists, and black for the Church. No wonder a flag with the same colours was reimposed on Germany after the Second World War! We are also told that the Reichstag fire plotters were homosexuals, and had a "degenerate moron" called Van der Lubbe with them. But the author tries to cover himself by saying that the circumstances are "still mysterious" and by definitely implying that the Nazis were really responsible.

Quigley refers to the Nazi Party as "an aggregation of gangsters, neurotics, mercenaries, psychopaths, and merely discontented, with a small minority of idealists." It is therefore extremely significant when he tells us that National Socialism (which he describes in great detail) was not totalitarian but only authoritarian, thus giving the lie to the old chestnut that there was nothing to choose between Nazism and Communism -- a line which was understandably effective after the Nazi-Soviet Pact. In addition, there is the following bald and incontrovertible statement: "Hitler demonstrated that his policies could bring prosperity to Germany."

With regard to Austrians, it is worth remembering that the name they chose for the rump of their empire was "German Austria," though this name was expressly forbidden by the Allies, as was also the much desired Anschluss with Germany. All subsequent political developments can only be seen as substitutes for what the Austrians had clearly and openly preferred. It is interesting that in the Carinthian plebiscite, the population of Klagenfurt, which was 68% Slovene, voted only 40% in favour of joining Yugoslavia. The Slovenes, who were Germanised to a large extent by the Vandals, had -- and still have -- more in common with the Austrians than with the Serbs. (Even their language has over 600 words of Germanic origin.) Quigley describes the Austrian country people (so much more attractive than the Viennese) as "ignorant, intolerant, belligerent and backward." He then goes on to admit that the socialists succeeded in building almost 60,000 dwellings in Vienna without any of the usual Viennese financial skullduggery.

Where Czechoslovakia is concerned, it is worth remembering Quigley's remark that it was an "artificial" state, its population comprising 6 million Czechs, 3 million Slovaks, 3.4 million Germans, 750,000 Hungarians, 300,000 Ruthenians and 100,000 Poles. It was hardly an ancient nation that Hitler dissolved in 1938.

Quigley is predictably anti-fascist where Italy is concerned, but makes the valid point that Mussolini, for reasons of prestige, fixed the value of the lira too high, so that Italian trade stagnated. He might also have referred to the cardinal German economic error, brought out by Goering at Nuremberg: Nazis fixed food prices so low during the war that farmers failed to produce what they could have produced in a free market, and people went hungry on account of the well-meant price controls.

Apropos the Spanish Civil War, Quigley asserts that it is difficult to make an objective study without becoming open to abuse from both sides. However, he does not explain just who would have dared to accuse him of being biased against Franco at the time of writing. Clearly, this is a reference to the orchestrated, artificial outrage of one side only. It is also amusing to detect the obvious bias when he refers to the Communists as ready both to "eliminate" revolutionaries of the left and "exterminate" the reactionaries of the right.

His section on India is prefixed with what amounts to a defence of the British record. He points out that thuggee, infanticide, temple prostitution and child marriage were all suppressed by the British, and that in 1858 only 1% of the population could read, a situation which soon changed under direct British control (as opposed to that of the East India Company). The charge he might have made -- that British humanitarianism was responsible for an enormous increase in population, which could not be maintained by the economy -- is inconceivable to a liberal mind. But even St. Gandhi, a latter-day Rousseau in diapers, is brought to task for his hypocrisy. He "never seemed to recognise that his fasting and non-violent civil disobedience were effective against the British in India and South Africa only to the degree that the British had the qualities of humanity, decency, generosity, and fair play which he most admired [and] that by attacking the British through these virtues he was weakening Britain and the class which possessed these virtues and making it more likely that they would be replaced by nations and leaders that did not have these virtues." As Gandhi himself said: "I fasted to reform those who loved me" -- and Quigley comments, "You cannot fast against a tyrant." Quigley mentions in passing the 379 people killed by General Dyer at Amritsar in 1919, a figure that has now been eclipsed by the death toll of over 1,000 killed in the same city by the troops of the late Mrs. Gandhi (no relation). Quigley also makes it clear that Gandhi was against the use of Western languages, yet made constant use of English, was against Western medicine, yet engaged a Western surgeon to remove his appendix, was against Western technology, yet allowed hand-woven cloth to be sewn on Singer sewing machines, was against war and violence, yet countenanced the excesses of his rioting followers. In one sense, he was like the League of Nations, which outlawed war, with the result that nations began to wage war without declaring it, and without observing the

terms of the Geneva Convention.

One judgement of Quigley in favour of the African natives, both in Kenya and South Africa, strikes me as worthy of record. They left their reserves, not merely because these were inadequate to support their growing population (given their subsistence farming methods) but be-

cause the imposition of land taxes forced them to obtain the white man's money in the only way they could -- by competing with the white working class.

MARK WHITE (Texas): "Civil rights" is the "number one agenda item for today's Southern governors."



Lamar Alexander

LAMAR ALEXANDER (Tennessee, one of the two Republican governors): "[N]ot court orders, but education, is the solution." Republican-appointed federal judges, like Tuttle and Wisdom, were "almost more responsible for the civil rights [revolution] than anyone else." "Carter carried the Confederate counties [in Tennessee in 1980], Reagan carried the Union area -- [while] Carter got nearly all the blacks

Republicans and blacks in the South haven't worked well together [Howard] Baker and I . . . were Republicans because of the Union." "Quality education" and "more black role models" would solve the race problem.

BOB GRAHAM (Florida): The Sunshine State's tougher standards for high-school graduation are "not racist" in intent. The black problem in Florida is due to the "lack of a black middle class . . . up until the 1950s." "I'm very impressed with what's happening in Atlanta."

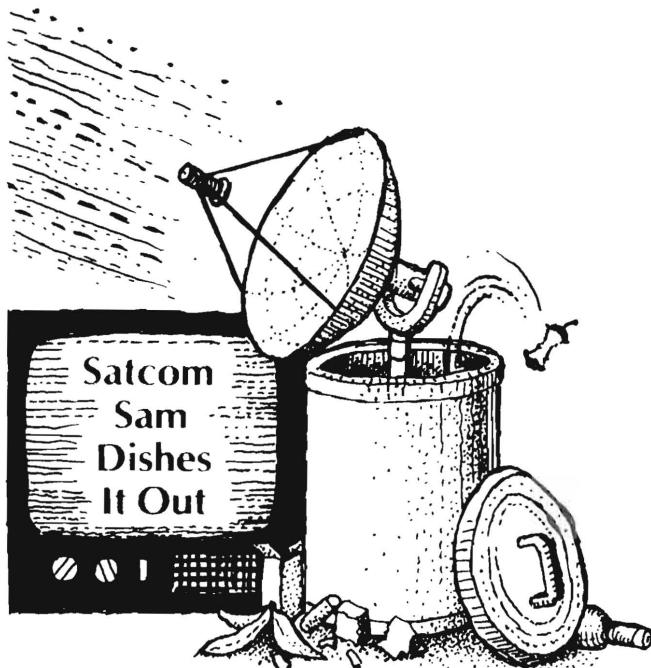
CHARLES ROBB (Virginia): "White, Anglo-Saxon Protestant males" should not be selected for any position "merely because they are the best qualified." We must be careful about "eradicating the traditional all-black colleges" [while integrating all-white colleges].

ANDREW YOUNG: Eisenhower's judges "had the finest record" and it was "one of the ironies" that GOP appointees "made possible the civil rights progress." In Georgia "almost nobody can get elected if they appeal to only one group." Polarization, thanks to Reagan, is "not so much racial but economic." "A nice, Anglo-Saxon mindset" is favored by the racist academicians. We need "integration at the administrative and decision-making level Integration should also be pre-kindergarten." "Cultural integration" is the next step in civil rights. "I think the South is far ahead of the rest of



Charles Robb

(To be continued)



the country." "Integrate the money . . . the access to capital . . . use the power of the state to make sure private banks make loans available."

VERNON JORDAN: "I am for busing any way it takes to do it." Busing is "indispensable" to civil rights along with "goals and guidelines and timetables." "We do want to maintain our all-black schools."

MARTHA COLLINS (Kentucky, the one female governor): I want "goals" with "definite dates."

DICK RILEY (South Carolina): Jesse Jackson's campaign had been "very positive."

JOE FRANK HARRIS (Georgia): Federal funds are "inadequate." "I didn't need to talk very much [for Georgia] since Andy Young was doing such a great job of it."

* * *

Public television paid Seymour M. Hersh, the former star reporter of the *New York Times*, a large sum to produce a one-hour documentary for its "Frontline" series this fall. The subject: systematic Israeli penetration of the U.S. Defense Department. Hersh soon realized that he was onto an illegal cover-up far larger than anything seen in his days investigating Watergate, Vietnam and the CIA. A Capitol Hill source close to *The Spotlight*, who served as one of Hersh's guides across the murky Pentagon terrain, reported having heard Hersh exclaim one day over lunch; "This is dynamite. It's satanic stuff." Other sources confirmed the story.

Hersh quickly ran up against a stone wall of fear. Almost everyone he spoke to provided his quota of dirt on the subject of Israeli-American dual loyalists in high places, yet almost no one wished to be quoted "for the record." A rare exception was Michael Saba, whose new book, *The Armageddon Network*, highly touted by former Congressman Paul Findley, deals with the espionage activities of men like Stephen D. Bryen, whom President Reagan appointed to a top Defense Department post after the well-documented exposure of his duplicity. Published in November by Amana Books, Saba's opus is available in paperback for \$9.95 from Liberty Lobby, 300 Independence

Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

The final blow for Hersh -- and the American people -- came in early September when PBS succumbed to unprecedented pressure from the Israeli lobby and killed what would have been the blockbuster program of its fall season.

What the PBS audience got was Abba Eban with his lavishly laundered version of what Jews have been up to for 3,000 years. What the PBS audience didn't get was Seymour Hersh with his frank portrayal of what Jews are up to right now.

Talking Numbers

Some 10 million Soviet citizens died in the first seven years of Stalin's rule (1929-1936) as a result of the forced collectivization of agriculture and the "elimination of classes." In 1937-38, the era of the Great Purge, some 1.4 million (plus or minus 0.2 million), most of them Communist Party members and bureaucrats, were liquidated. In 1939-40, in the continuation of the Purge, which now reached into the Army, and including the death toll in the war against Finland, 1.8 million (plus or minus 0.2 million) Soviet citizens died. In World War II and its aftermath (1941-50), 30 million (plus or minus 0.2 million) died -- 20 million in battle, 10 million in the Gulags and as a result of malnutrition and other forms of deprivation. In 1950-54 (Stalin died in 1953) some 450,000 (plus or minus 150,000) expired in slave labor camps. These figures are taken from a 46-page *samisdat* by Josef Dyadkin, a Soviet geophysicist. Altogether he estimates that from 43 to 52 million died in the USSR from unnatural causes during the reign of Joseph Stalin.

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Nearly 8 million men in America live alone -- twice as many as in 1970. In 1982 almost 12% of women and 17% of men, aged 30-34, had never married.

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A spot inspection of cargo at Port Everglades in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, late last year turned up a cache of 12,000 used rifles stacked in huge shipping containers. The unregistered weapons, with a resale value of nearly \$1 million, were in transit from Eagle, Ltd., of Ashdod, Israel, to Shiran Environment, Trade and Service of Santo Damos, Guatemala. The involvement of two foreign firms made the likelihood of arrests "pretty slim," according to special customs agent Leon Guinn. Hopefully, spot checks of Israeli vessels will now be less spotty.

Alcoholics are estimated to comprise 8-10% of the American population. The figure is 14-16% for blacks, who suffer from cirrhosis of the liver at a rate 12 times higher than non-blacks. Fifth of the top 10 causes of Indian deaths is alcoholism. Hispanic males are "second only to American Indians in alcohol-related problems," states the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism. About one-third of all homos in urban areas are alcoholics; about 25-30% of all lesbians.

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The United Jewish Appeal raised \$640 million in its 1984 campaign. In 1982 the Red Cross could only come up with \$630.7 million.

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In the 1972, 1976 and 1980 presidential elections over 90% of all eligible Jews registered and over 90% of those voted.

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A recent poll of 1,000 Austrians indicated that 25% are anti-Semitic, 25% had some negative images of Jews, and 35% exhibited "mildly" anti-Semitic attitudes. Only 15% could be designated as free of anti-Semitic prejudice.

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Anti-Semitism may start as early as 7 months of age, according to Dr. Peter Neubauer, a child psychoanalyst. "Normal development demands that the infant bond with those who love him most by distinguishing and turning away from strangers. This stage prepares the soil for attitudes toward strangers that will come later in life."

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Homosexual child molesters rack up an average of 255 victims during their lifetime; heterosexual child molesters 24 victims.

Israel sent a delegation of 56 to Los Angeles for the Olympic Games -- 38 athletes, 12 coaches, 6 officials -- all of whom were feted lavishly by the Beverly Hills community. Not one Israeli got even close to winning a medal.

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To finance their election campaigns in 1982, 61 congressmen raised at least \$100,000 more than they spent. A few took the balance for their personal use.

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A British poll published in the *Guardian* -- (June 20, 1984) showed that Israel was one of the least popular nations in British public opinion. 33% of the poll respondents looked on Israel unfavorably. On popularity ratings, Switzerland won with 76% favorable; Sweden 73%, West Germany 55% and the U.S. 45%. Israel's final rating was less than 1%, slightly ahead of Libya, the USSR and Iran.

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2,540 firms participate in the Small Business Administration's program for minority businesses. 1,493 are black firms; 72 Puerto Rican; 146 American Indian; 526 Hispanic; 129 Asian, 5 Eskimo/Aleut; 54 Other. Among the "Other" are several businesses owned by Hasidic Jews. Japanese and Chinese (Asians) are some of the most affluent American population groups, and Jews are the most affluent. No companies owned by white Appalachians are allowed to join the SBA's minority program, which unconstitutionally hands out federal contracts set aside for minority groups.

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In 1973 there were 5 Arab banks in London; in 1984, 40.

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The Church of England has investments of £1 million or more in 98 British companies, the largest being £22.3 million in Shell, £16.6 million in Unilever and £14.3 million in Marks and Spencer. Altogether, the Church has a £604 million stock portfolio and a £905 million property portfolio.



Hitchhiker Daniel Henning was shot to death by brothers **BARRY** and **WILLIAM CALHOUN** in October 1980, one of three victims of similar incidents in Baltimore County, Maryland, at about that time. In a decision last March, the Maryland Court of Appeals ruled six to one that Barry Calhoun must be released from his sentence of life plus 20 years, and may not be retried, because Maryland law requires that defendants be brought to trial within 180 days of their arraignments, and his prosecutors missed the deadline.

☆ ☆ ☆

At the founding conference of the John Birch Society in the 1950s, the distinguished white Gentiles on hand privately agreed, without significant dissent, that the Jewish minority group lay at the bottom of many of America's gravest problems. Yet it wasn't long before those Birchers who were willing to speak publicly about the Jewish problem were driven from the organization, while Jewish dual-loyalists were hired as some of its leading spokesmen. One of these was **ALAN STANG**, who recently characterized the mestizo hordes overrunning our Southwest as "a new conservative force among us." Here is a part of what Stang had to tell his rich-little-old-ladies audience about subversion, in *American Opinion* magazine:

More than two-thirds of the kindergarten children in Los Angeles now have Spanish names. This inevitably will transform our nation, a change that might not be as bad as you think. After all, the gringos have mucked our country up something fierce, haven't they? The conspiracy of support for world Communism coming out of our money centers is *gringo* from its Sassoon hairdo to the tips of its Gucci shoes. Fresh resistance to the old guard could be just what we need.

Stang went on to explain that the wettest wetbacks are often "more patriotic" than the most unhyphenated of old-stock Americans.

☆ ☆ ☆

Last January, **MRS. MICHELLE MELECIO** asked the city council of Santa Ana, California, to help her drive drug dealers and prostitutes out of her neighborhood. She eventually became the leader of a local community patrol group, and provided police with information leading to several arrests. On July 23, Mrs. Melecio and her husband **BERNABE** were arrested and charged with having sold undercover officers heroin and cocaine on six occasions. Apparently she had been trying to eliminate her competition.

ANTHONY ALVARADO, the "charismatic" chancellor of the nation's largest school system, has recently been embroiled in an ugly financial scandal. So the *New York Daily News* decided to investigate his professional past. It was easily determined that Alvarado's "spectacular" record as superintendent of East Harlem's School District 4 was largely faked. For example, in 1979, only 17% of the students at Junior High School 99 were reading at grade level; by 1983, 65% were. The infinitely stupid and/or venal press persists in reporting such impossible "miracles" as truth; it happens in every major city. In this case, the true truth was that the test scores of about 300 elite students from outside the district were improperly transferred to JHS 99 and other local schools.

☆ ☆ ☆

Chicago mayor **HAROLD WASHINGTON** says he "looked all over the country" for someone to be his cultural affairs commissioner. He came up with **FRED FINE**, who, after four years on the lam, was convicted in 1956 of advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. government and its replacement with Leninism. But the conviction was later overturned because of an Earl Warren Supreme Court ruling that such teachings are not illegal unless it can be proven that the defendant urged immediate action. "First-rate individual," said Hizzoner of Fine. "Best of breed . . . the finest for the job."

☆ ☆ ☆

When Drysdale Securities Corporation collapsed in 1982, financial institutions and individual investors lost more than \$300 million in the ensuing Wall Street crisis. Behind the bust was **JOSEPH OSSORIO**, owner and chairman of Drysdale, who "looted and ultimately ruined" the company in a series of frauds. In eight years, Drysdale's overseas customers were bilked and milked out of \$10 million to help pay for Ossorio's spectacular lifestyle. Federal judge **MORRIS LASKER** let the bum off with an eight-year sentence, but he faces up to 18 more on additional charges.

☆ ☆ ☆

SIDNEY EMRICH and **JOE WANDER** of Manhattan were led away in handcuffs last April 24, fingered as the ringleaders of an enormous scam which sold worthless Alaskan oil leases to naive investors. Holdings which federal reports had identified as oil-less, and whose leases consequently went for \$1 per acre on the government market, were subleased by Emrich and his eight fast-talking cronies at exorbitant rates.

Larry Baugh of Irving, Texas, is no admirer of TV evangelist **JIMMY SWAGGART**. His mother, Ida, 70, was stabbed repeatedly in the face last December 10 with a pair of scissors, and died two days later without regaining consciousness. The culprit was housekeeper **JACQUELINE EUNA WARREN** (race unspecified), who had been hired at the recommendation of two Swaggart representatives. A few days later Ida Baugh's husband Maurice understandably succumbed to his heart ailment. All that Larry Baugh had left was his parents' will. But no, those same Swaggart emissaries, **GERALD JOHNSON** and **MARIO SCORZZA**, had also persuaded the senior Baughs to change their will, and Larry was eventually forced to settle for a pittance.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Don't hurt me any more," pleaded 65-year-old Columbia University law professor Wolfgang Friedman, as three black punks kept stabbing away at him. He finally expired, and **STEVE ROBINSON** pleaded guilty. Now, barely a decade later, Robinson is making \$21,000 per year as a counselor at the prison on New York's Riker's Island. His brother, **QUASIM INHAM**, makes \$67,000 per year as a warden, and Inham's wife, **EVELYN BRIDGES**, with a felony record herself, makes \$37,000 per year as an assistant commissioner. All three work in the same department. But another brother of Robinson's, **DAVID**, who helped him slice up Prof. Friedman, has yet to cash in on his family connections.

☆ ☆ ☆

Minneapolis has a new and highly artificial black elite, which has experienced some difficulty in surrendering its folkways. Take the case of **LAWRENCE LEE LAMBKINS**. His former sister-in-law, Pamela Alexander, is a municipal judge, while his live-in girlfriend, **O.J. SILAS**, is director of the Hennepin County Affirmative Action office. Lambkins embarrassed both women last spring when Judge Alexander's bracelet and gold ring turned up on the hands of two "equal employment specialists" in Silas's office. Lambkins had recently pilfered \$15,500 in goods from the Alexander home, and hawked his hot merchandise among some of the brothers and sisters who staff the Twin Cities' "human betterment industry."

☆ ☆ ☆

ERIC WASHINGTON, who once played pro football for the Cardinals, was named in 1975 to head the St. Louis Area Business Management Fellowship Program for the National Alliance of Businessmen. More recently, he gave up public relations for bank robbery. When the FBI showed up at his home earlier this year, he barricaded the door and shot himself.

The number of black athletes around the country who have been guilty of sexual crimes is reminiscent of an AIDS body count. The worst of the entire lot may be **THOMAS (HOLLYWOOD) HENDERSON**, who starred on the Dallas Cowboys' Super Bowl teams of 1976, '78 and '79. Henderson recently pleaded no contest to four charges stemming from an incident last November in which he forced a teenaged quadriplegic and another girl to have sex with him. After the gunpoint assault, he drugged the pair, and later offered a \$10,000 bribe to stop them from testifying.

☆ ☆ ☆

What should be done with **DANIEL YOUNG**, the Negro who drove his car onto a crowded Los Angeles sidewalk on the eve of the Olympic Games, killing one and injuring 53? A life sentence? The electric chair? Mrs. Irwin Deutsch, the aunt of Eileen, the 15-year-old girl who died under Young's wheels, goes a step further. "The death penalty isn't enough. They should bring back torture." Paradoxical words from a member of the race which bears much of the responsibility for the elimination of capital punishment and for the indoctrination of hatred and revenge into the heads of the likes of Young.

☆ ☆ ☆

Chief of the legal staff of the Mondale-Ferraro vote-begging caravan was **DAVID IFSHIN**, who visited Hanoi at the invitation of the Vietnamese Reds in the early 1970s, where he signed the famous "Peoples' Peace Treaty," which made very good propaganda for Uncle Ho's boys. Ezra Pound was put in an iron cage in Pisa and a loony bin in Washington for aiding and abetting a country with which the U.S. was at war. Ifshin was rewarded with a high post in Fritz's fizzling campaign.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sandra Crane, a pretty blonde secretary for a Wall Street brokerage firm, who was engaged and about to be married, made the mistake of riding in the cab of **IVEN WICKHAM**. The 56-year-old black man pursued her after she left his cab and knocked her down on the sidewalk, knocked her so hard she suffered a fractured skull and died. "Nothing racial," one gathered from press accounts.

☆ ☆ ☆

Appreciative homosexuals staged a male strip-show benefit for Democratic Senate candidate **LLOYD DOGGETT** in San Antonio late last summer. More than \$350 was raised amid delirious cries of "take it off." The liberal Doggett elected to return the money, but still lost the election to Democrat-turned-Republican Phil Gramm -- whose wife is Oriental.

Conservative fundraiser **ALAN GOTTLIEB**, now serving a one-year sentence for tax-dodging in a Washington state jail, is being sued by seven former employees of his Second Amendment Foundation, one of the largest pro-gun groups, for diverting the foundation's money to his personal use. Gottlieb still heads the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms and the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise, both of which organizations he will no doubt continue to use to chivy more money out of naive rightwingers. While in durance vile, the conservative con artist is drawing a \$24,000 annual salary from the Second Amendment Foundation.

☆ ☆ ☆

A bunch of **DISSIDENTS** from Soviet Georgia have been arrested for a massive counterfeiting scam in Brooklyn and Israel. They had already printed \$13 million in bogus bills and had enough paper to print \$100 million more. All the culprits were Jews, though this was omitted in the wire service reports. The Jewish identification is seldom mentioned when Soviet refuseniks do bad things, but frequently mentioned on the rare occasions they do good things.

☆ ☆ ☆

CARMEN PEREZ is a perfect symbol of the modern Democratic Party, which explicitly rewards alien law-breakers while implicitly penalizing the nation's law-abiding "old stock" by denying it a future existence. Carmen was the woman who led the Democratic convention delegates in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. Pinned to her dress was a yellow corsage bearing a message from her 10 brothers and sisters: "This is the reason our mother swam across the river." Her mother, **MARIA ORNELAS**, now 89, broke the law 80 years ago by illegally crossing the Rio Grande. One wonders if her grandchildren number in triple digits.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOHNNY JONES was Dade County's school superintendent until his "unfortunate" conviction for grand theft in 1980. Even more "regrettable" was his crashing his car into a Miami home in November and killing a sleeping six-year-old.

☆ ☆ ☆

CLEORIA WATTS, 39, was a black Chicagoan with a long record of convictions for assorted rapes, murders, robberies and the like. On September 22, 1983, he was paroled after serving 40% of his latest sentence. Precisely two months later, he was gunned down by police in the streets of suburban Oak Park after he had attacked a couple in their home and dragged the woman naked through the streets. Before he died, he shot a cop in the abdomen.

It's only inevitable that homosexuality would infiltrate religion, especially those faiths whose priests are enjoined to practice celibacy. Accordingly, the sexual preferences of the Catholic priesthood and the occupants of nunneries have always been somewhat suspect. This suspicion came out in the open recently during a flap over a new biography of Cardinal Spellman, the late Archbishop of New York. Some people who knew Spellman think that the allegations in the original draft of *The American Pope: The Life and Times of Francis Cardinal Spellman* by John Cooney were spurious and dreamed up to pander to liberals and Jews who have never forgiven the Cardinal for his defense of Joe McCarthy, his support of the CIA and FBI, and his attempts to undermine John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign. Two men, however, have stepped forward and claimed to have had separate sexual encounters with Spellman. Editor-in-chief **JONATHAN SEGAL** of Times Books, the publisher, after having sent out the galleys to newspapers for advance reviews, decided to print the book without the four pages of allegations about the Cardinal's homosexuality. The point had been made -- and the publicity had been reaped.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **ZACCAROS** of Queens (the Bunker-land of the late, unlamented Norman Lear sitcom) have publicly identified not with Archie but with Edith. But did Edith have a \$400,000 home in the restricted Queens enclave of Forest Hills, which is populated mainly by Jews? Did Edith have a \$200,000 condominium in St. Croix in the Virgin Islands? Did Edith have a \$195,000 summer retreat on Fire Island on the south shore of Long Guyland? If Edith had borrowed \$110,000 illegally from Archie for a political campaign, if Archie had "lifted" money from a trust account and if Edith and Archie had neglected to pay \$50,000 in income taxes for several years, they would both probably be languishing in prison, where John and Geraldine are not.

☆ ☆ ☆

Having seen America's racial composition transformed during her lifetime, Claire Booth Luce finally voiced her profound concern in a magazine interview in 1983. She would have felt "right at home" at the YWCA's Women of the Year ceremony held in Washington last spring. Unable to attend because of illness, Luce missed a chance to be ethnically outnumbered by fellow honorees **MARY FRANCES BERRY** (black), **PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS** (black) and **KATHERINE ORTEGA**. The only other Majority member honored was Navy Commodore Grace Murray Hopper, who, at 77, is almost as old as Luce, and right out of *The Beverly Hillbillies*. The minority choices were, of course, much younger.



Canada. An investigation made by the United Church, Canada's largest Protestant denomination, has revealed that at least half of its younger female employees have been sexually harassed by clergymen or other church officials. The total number of female staff members and female ministers surveyed was 350, and four of the latter reported rapes or attempted rapes.

Most of the sexual botherment came in the milder form of rude or lewd remarks about the women's bodies, touching and pinching, and the like. One woman official in the church speculated that many male clergy resent the growing number of women moving into their traditionally masculine domain and are responding with harassment.

* * *

The number of cases of infectious syphilis in Edmonton has been rocketing upward for a year or two. Seventy percent of the male victims picked up the disease from Metis Indian women in the city's Skid Row neighborhood.

As director of Alberta's social hygiene services, Dr. Barbara Romanowski had a clear duty to warn local residents against the Skid Row Indians. So she did -- and the Indian leaders at once began accusing her of "blatant racism."

* * *

Richard J. Doyle had a brave column in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* last July. In noting the one-hundredth anniversary of filmmaker D.W. Griffith's birth, he pondered how Canada's censors would treat his classic work, *The Birth of a Nation*, today.

"How," Doyle asked, "would Israel Ludwig respond" to a modern version of the film? Ludwig, who is chairman of the race relations committee of a monstrosity called the Canadian Consultative Council on Multiculturalism, recently told a federal conference in Vancouver that America's historic obsession with freedom of speech for all must not be repeated in Canada.

Noted Doyle: "It [*The Birth of a Nation*] was sympathetic to the Klan then. And so it remains." (Perhaps he also noted that Woodrow Wilson, who was a liberal historian at Princeton University before becoming President, once said that the film was completely accurate. If so, the editor thoughtfully deleted that portion of his remarks.)

Real freedom is anchored upon knowledge, Doyle concluded. "Lord save us from those who are trying to save us from ourselves." The "salvation" of white Canada is, one might add, a wildly charitable assessment of Israel Ludwig's motives.

* * *

More nice Jewish people who "only want to save Canadians" are hard at work in the library racket. Judith Saltman teaches "literature for youth" at the University of British Columbia. She says it is "frightening" that Canadian girls are again reading romantic novels which pass on WASP values from the "insensitive" 1950s. Sheila Egoff, who teaches the same subject at the same institution, is no less worried because boys are reading stuff like *Conan the Barbarian*, "a pseudo-scientific series about a macho hero who is racist and everything else." She concludes that "it may be better for teenagers to read nothing at all."

Vancouver Sun reporter Douglas Todd, who has mastered all the anti-WASP code words guaranteed to keep him upwardly mobile, supports Saltman's attack on pro-Majority-female easy-reading material: "The squeaky-clean [romantic] plots virtually always end with a Caucasian, middle-class girl united with the boy of her formulaic dreams."

After an intense debate, says Vancouver public librarian Terry Clark, a few token Conan volumes have been allowed onto the shelves. But the authorities would prefer that youngsters return to the "classics" -- great books like J.D. Salinger's squeaky-dirty cult favorite, *Catcher in the Rye*, which boot-licking reporter Douglas Todd heartily endorses.

Iceland. The American left wing received a good dose of truly subversive sentiments recently:

The reason the Vikings did not get the credit [for individual liberty] is that the *nouveau riche* [American] founding fathers in their powdered wigs were enamored with Greco-Roman "civilization" even though the Greeks and Romans had been running sleazy feudal fiefdoms for 1,300 years while the Vikings of Iceland and Scandinavia had been practicing elective democracy.

A good argument can be made that the "Cradle of Western Civilization" was not in the patriarchal wastes of Egypt and Mesopotamia, but in the "barbarous" frozen northland where megalithic tombs and Stonehenge were built ages before the dusty pyramids. It is all an amusing revision of history . . .

And the United States . . . [today] is as much as 70% "Viking" (30% from the British Isles not counting Ireland, 15% from Scandinavia, 25% from Poland, Germany and Baltic Russia).

The unlikely source of the preceding was an article about Iceland in the August-September issue of *Mother Jones*. There, between the usual articles praising the love letters of Emma Goldman and the Ciceron-

ian intonations of Jesse Jackson, was a frank admission by author Steve Chapple that Scandinavian society functions far better, in most respects, than our own. The explanations repeatedly given were three -- small size, ethnic homogeneity, lack of recent immigrants (in the case of Iceland).

Chapple's one grave fault, besides his racial reticence, was frequent lapses into silliness. Apparently, the "man-child" members of the white New Left demand a fundamental lack of seriousness from their writers, and will turn in scorn from any white person who dares to take himself more seriously than Mel Brooks for more than a few paragraphs at a time. Thus, in the quotation cited above, Chapple (or some dopey editor) felt the compulsion to include the sentence, "It is all an amusing revision of history." Why "amusing"? When blacks and Jews bring forth their grievances, it is deadly serious. Is Chapple unaware of the cohorts of white writers and artists who, in this century, have suffered lifelong ignominy because they more forcefully and articulately bore the same message he brings?

But there are far better examples of Chapple's tragic failure to comprehend the full import of things which he has quite casually stumbled onto. At the end of his article, he bemoans the fact that his native Montana is not independent like Iceland, that it will in turn be ravaged like the rest of America before it. "Were we all Icelanders . . ." he sighs. But then he concludes -- quite happily to all appearances -- "We've still got *Animal House*!" Elsewhere, he writes that his ancestors are "believed to have come from the Galapagos Islands" (which, of course, were uninhabited by man). How's that for pride? He praises America's sorely neglected "Viking heritage," then joshingly asks, "Does this mean we should cultivate (or recruit) a taste for fermented shark buried in the ground? Fermented shark is a national dish of Iceland."

Really, Steve, when a young American black writes in *Mother Jones* about his African heritage, does he conclude with throw-away, court-jester lines like that? No, he demands (rightfully) that young blacks be taught about their forebears and "unite to achieve the pan-African destiny" or some other equally positive note. Chapple even states that the very rootlessness of "rapacious immigrants like Rockefeller, Carnegie, Guggenheim and Pullman" is the force which endangers nativist places like Montana today. The answer, it would seem, is roots -- especially for the white Majority.

Just saying that "Iceland is a society that is relatively classless because it was always relatively classless" or noting that in Iceland butchers and filmmakers think and act on the same high level, is not enough. Blacks everywhere relish their "soul," Jews prize their "chosenness." It is obvious that Nordics, when they live in purely Nordic

settings, exhibit some marvelous and unique collective traits of their own. According to Chapple:

- Icelanders are great weekend "party hounds," yet there are never fights, never broken bottles, never litter, as in the British Isles, where a feisty element of indigeneous Mediterraneans is present.

- Icelandic children "generally know four languages by the time they leave school." Women enjoy a high status -- as they always have. Everyone looks out for one another. "Law" is a Viking word -- and the law here is still respected.

- The women here all "look like they come from the cover of *Vogue*," as Dan Rather once reported on TV's *60 Minutes*. President Vigdis Finnbogadottir looks, says Chapple, "like a Viking Catherine Deneuve."

- Judeo-Christianity never really took root here. Conversion was enforced by the sword (of Norway) about the year 1000, but the native priests always delighted in transgressing the rules of celibacy. Today, the people still lead a healthy, crime-free existence.

It is time for young writers like Steve Chapple to firmly decline the cap-and-bells role when discussing their own people. Nordics are now fighting for their existence on a global scale. Food fights and toga parties led by sleazy, bottle-smashing Albanians like John Belushi will get us exactly where they got John Belushi.

Britain. After the recent reshuffling, Maggie Thatcher's cabinet now includes four Jews. *Private Eye* noted, "At last we seem to be moving into the 20th century." The newest Jewish cabinet member is David Young, the brother of Stuart Young, who heads up the BBC. David, formerly boss of the Manpower Services Commission, has been appointed to the rarefied but influential post of Privy Counsellor and will soon be ennobled, probably as Lord Young of Stafford. David started out in politics as the flunky of Sir Keith Joseph, the Jewish cabinet minister who is one of Maggie's closest advisers. Before that, Young was the personal assistant of Sir Isaac Wolfson, the Anglo-Jewish department store tycoon. If and when David should quit the political scene, he wants to become a publisher.

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Sir Anthony Blunt, the late Soviet spy and fairy esthete, has been celebrated by the British media as a great art expert. It has now been revealed that he used some of this expertise in the art forgery game. In fact, Blunt would certify paintings as genuine when he knew they were fakes. There also seemed to have been some very dubious connections between Blunt, the Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, and Georges Wildenstein, the millionaire art agent who

employed the infamous restorer, Delobré, to "work on" some of his prize paintings.

* * *

Positive discrimination is becoming all the rage in Britain -- particularly in the field of education. A new government report issued by Lord Swann called for the teaching of such languages as Creole, Gujarati and Punjabi in British schools, even those in all-white districts. Moreover, math, science and history classes must be offered in Punjabi and Gujarati, as well as English. Also, every school will have to have a course in "positive anti-racism" in its curriculum. Whenever Asian or black teachers are as qualified as whites, the Asians and blacks are to be hired. As in the U.S., racial quotas are recommended to ensure that a sufficient number of minority teachers get degrees in education.

* * *

The Irish Project in the North London borough of Islington, funded by the leftist-dominated Greater London Council, has hired three full-time officials who, as National Health Minister Kenneth Clarke puts it, will be largely concerned with "[trying] to stop the population from telling Irish jokes."

* * *

Across town, in Brixton, a nursery set up after the riots to "promote racial harmony" has been closed after three black workers and three white workers began rioting among themselves. "Frontline Nursery Brixton," as it is called, saw a steady deterioration in standards between its opening in May 1983 and its closing in April 1984. The last straw came when the three black workers submitted a report to the Lambeth Council's chief social services officer accusing their three white colleagues of "innate racism," which, they claimed, had caused the falling standards. The report, plus a black strike, provoked an angry rebuttal from the majority of parents of children at the nursery. Soon "the atmosphere was so awful we felt it couldn't go on," as one member of the nursery managing committee put it.

* * *

"Is it racialist to tell the truth?" asked the headline of Lynda Lee-Potter's column for June 13 in the London *Daily Mail*. She was upset over the fate of Ray Honeyford, the head of an 86%-Asian middle school in the industrial city of Bradford. Honeyford had dared to point out the obvious -- that the quality of education of indigenous white students at his school was being gravely compromised. Soon all the humanitarian activists in the city were affixing long lists of harsh adjectives like "obscene," "disgusting" and "indecent" to the well-meaning Honeyford's name. Max Madden, the La-

bour Party MP for Bradford West, demanded his sacking. So did the Parents Action Committee, led by a shrill white woman who called for a boycott of the school as well. Columnist Lee-Potter voiced her concern over the "destructive fantasy world we've created," adding:

Mr. Honeyford has merely voiced his fears. He has openly said what is in his mind, and an orchestrated vendetta to crush and intimidate him has been set in motion. It's reminiscent of Orwell's thought police, as we are all increasingly allowing the emotional blackmail to silence common sense.

And it's best summed up surely by another Bradford head teacher, Shirley Woodman, who says: "The race lobby is so powerful, decent people can no longer voice decent thoughts."

West Germany. In the Third Reich, one couldn't put a play on the boards that favored Jews. In the Fourth (current) Reich, one cannot produce a play that disfavors them. Even the late, highly lauded Rainer Werner Fassbinder, the mongrel film director and impresario who recently died of a drug overdose, ran into posthumous trouble with his water-closet drama, *Garbage, the City and Death*. Since one of the chief characters is an unsympathetic Jewish real estate sharpie (in other words, a flesh-and-blood Jew), there was a keening cry of anti-Semitism. Quick as a flash, Ulrich Schwab, the manager of the theater which had dared to put on the play, was canned.



Fassbinder

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The *New York Times Magazine* recently ran an article on "Germany's Guest Workers," by Pranay Gupte, adapted from his book, *The Crowded Earth: People and the Politics of Population*. The most startling statistic was that the number of foreign



schoolchildren in West Germany rose from 165,000 in 1976 to nearly 700,000 in 1983. What makes this so startling is that, as Gupte states elsewhere, all recruiting for foreign workers ceased by about 1974. By then, they were no longer wanted, and their total numbers started to level off -- yet the number of their children had scarcely begun its steep rise. Many more offspring can be expected, since "most of the migrants are still in their early-to-middle childbearing years and come from countries where large families are traditional."

Luckily, a major nativist reaction has set in. Heinrich Lummer, the deputy mayor of West Berlin, where one-fourth of the schoolchildren are foreign, says the Turks should not be in Germany at all. "Just imagine," he says, "250,000, or 12% of West Berlin's population, are foreigners . . . If these Turks live here for a long time, Germany will change as a result." He isn't kidding: the streets of Turkish Kreuzberg are "littered with garbage" -- and with idle youth.

Austria. Hitlerian demonology is beginning to rival that of Lucifer in world libraries. The newest and perhaps farthest-out addition to the Führer file is a faded photo purportedly taken by the no longer extant Jewish artist Emma Löwenstamm, which is supposed to show Hitler and Lenin playing chess in Vienna in 1909. To substantiate the claim, a research foundation in Ingolstadt, Austria, points out that Hitler, a down-and-out, 20-year-old artist, was living in Vienna at the time, as was Lenin, who was in his "second emigration" and spent the years 1907 through 1914 in the Austrian capital. It was also alleged that both Hitler and Lenin frequented the House of Julius von Ludassy, a writer and theater critic, where Emma Löwenstamm presumably made the snapshot.

Editor's note: The photo, as it appeared in a Viennese newspaper, was so fuzzy that it would only come out as a surrealistic splotch of white, black and gray if Instauration tried to reproduce it.

Corsica. The Italian neo-fascists run strongest in the far south and Britain's National Front draws many of its leaders from that island's "Celtic fringe," so it isn't surprising that the up-and-coming French Front National has scored its biggest electoral triumph to date in one of the most racially Mediterranean parts of the republic -- the island of Corsica. On August 12, voters turned out to elect a new 61-seat regional assembly, as part of President Mitterrand's experiment with "devolution" of power from the extremely centralized government in Paris. (An earlier Corsican as-

sembly, elected in 1982, was dissolved in June because of a budgetary deadlock.)

The party of Jean-Marie Le Pen, which scored well in the nationwide June elections for the European Parliament, did even better here in August, ending up with about 12% of the assemblymen. The establishment hardly seemed concerned, however, because various Corsican separatist parties did almost as well. These latter are understandably considered far more dangerous. In the first six months of 1984 alone, about 300 bombing incidents were reported on the island, many against French settlers from the mainland.

Spain. The time warp which Francisco Franco's authoritarian regime provided for Spain has been conclusively terminated by nearly two years of liberal Socialist Party rule. Crime, drugs and pornography are enjoying an explosive growth. Spain now leads the nations of Europe in the volume of heroin and cocaine seized by authorities. There are 80,000 heroin addicts in the land. The Sicilian Mafia is muscling into the once-clean scene. Drugs spell crime, and the total crime rate was up 32% in 1983 over the previous year. Worse, the number of robberies involving violence or intimidation rose 60% in the same year.

It is still possible to walk safely from one end of Madrid to the other after midnight, but that may not be true much longer. Already, shopkeepers have begun carrying pistols and using them. Nostalgia for Franco is growing. The Catholic Primate of Toledo has warned, "The way Spanish society is headed, we are risking an explosion of irrepressible popular anger that will sweep the country like a hurricane."

* * *

Another sign of reaction has been the rioting against Spanish Gypsies, who are now nearly half a million strong. Their unemployment rate is about 80%, which appears to suit most of them fine. Back in 1499, Ferdinand and Isabella ordered the Gypsies to find gainful work or leave in 70 days. Five hundred years later, they haven't gotten out and haven't found work. Yet, says Manuel Martin, leader of a Spanish group called the National Gypsy Presence, "The Gypsy people are innocent."

They have been in Europe for 1,500 years and they haven't changed their ways. Germans, Swedes and others who talk about "integrating" millions of nonwhite guest workers should give that melancholy fact some deep thought.

The "worst incident" to occur in Spain recently was when several hundred villagers in Torrendonjimeno, in the far south, surrounded the home of a Gypsy mugger

and tried to burn it down. Fifty Gypsy women and children fled with severe burns. Of course, in the land whence the Gypsies originally came -- India -- it is commonplace for husbands to burn their own wives to death; 690 fatal "dowry burnings" took place in the city of New Delhi alone last year! So there should be no tears shed in the West when this invading brown army of junkmen, fiddlers, fortune-tellers and beggars gets back from the dark-whites of Andalusia what they have been handing out to whites for centuries.

Portugal. One of the most persecuted churchmen in modern times is Archbishop Valerian Trifa, who voluntarily gave up his U.S. citizenship some months ago and agreed to be deported in order to spare his Romanian Orthodox congregation further legal costs in the incessant Jewish-inspired harassment of him for his "alleged" anti-Semitism during and after World War II (alleged being put in quotes since he spent most of the war in German concentration camps).

Portugal recently agreed to accept Trifa, and he arrived there in August. Everything was fine until OSI, the U.S. Department of Justice's imitation of a KGB bureau, issued a press release saying Portugal had opened its doors to a war criminal. The Portuguese press then went bonkers and pilloried Trifa day and night in bilious front-page stories. In no time, Trifa's picture, dutifully transmitted by AP and UPI, was tacked on every street kiosk, until it got so that the Archbishop didn't dare eat in a restaurant for fear of being recognized. Trifa did appear on TV and was given an interview by one of the leading papers, but the stories about him continued to be overwhelmingly negative, as was the usual package of "background" material thoughtfully provided by Simon Wiesenthal.

The Portuguese government, under intense Zionist pressure, is now investigating the old calumnies against Trifa. It is quite possible he may be declared persona non grata, which means he will lose his residency permit. Where will Trifa go if he is hounded out of Portugal?

One place he won't go is Israel. The U.S. tried to get the Jewish state to take him and give him a show trial à la Eichmann. But Israel refused on the grounds that the evidence against him was too tenuous.

The way it looks now Trifa may be turned into a non-Jewish "Wandering Jew" by the descendants of the Wandering Jew.

Middle East. First, Arthur Koestler gave new life to the old Khazar or Central Asian theory of East European Jewish origins, in his book *The Thirteenth Tribe* (1976). Now, a leading Lebanese historian has suggested that, whatever the antecedents of today's Jews, they have returned to the wrong place.

Kamal Salibi, who is a professor at the American University of Beirut, a 55-year-old bachelor, and the patriarch of an old, rich and prominent family of Lebanese Protestants, has advanced the very un-Zionist theory that the events of the Hebrew Old Testament took place not in Palestine, but 900 miles to the south, in the Asir region of Arabia, which fronts the Red Sea for 350 miles between Mecca and Yemen.

Linguistic analysis is Salibi's method. For five years he has worked on a comprehensive survey of the place names in Arabia, comparing them with those of the Bible. In the Asir he has found two villages whose names are the Arabic equivalent of "Jerusalem," five which signify "Hebron," 11 derived from the word for "Canaan," and so on. Indeed, Salibi says he can precisely match half of the thousands of place names in the Old Testament with villages in the mountainous Asir region. And, with the kind of minor letter changes permitted in linguistics, he can locate another 30%.

Salibi's upcoming book, *The Bible Came from Arabia*, argues that nearly all Israelite history until about 500 B.C. took place in Arabia. It was only at the end of the Babylonian exile that the main body of Israelites joined with those few Jews who had previously drifted northward into Palestine. The great confusion over locations occurred, says Salibi, because the Hebrew "Masoretic" text was not finalized until A.D. 600-1000, or more than a millennium after Hebrew had become a linguistic fossil and the early books of the Bible had been compiled. Those early books used only consonants, and the selected vowel additions of the "Masoretic" text were badly prejudiced, in Salibi's opinion, by the editors' belief that Palestinian place names had originally been intended.

Salibi cannot be dismissed as an off-hand crank. The dean of Middle Eastern studies at Oxford University, Professor Albert Hourani, lends some support to the theory, and to Salibi's qualifications as historian and linguist. The prestigious American Journal *Foreign Affairs* has commended one of Salibi's six books on Lebanese history for its "grasp and balance." And the London *Sunday Times*, which has already previewed his book-to-be, may also buy the English-language rights to it. The conscientious Salibi admits, however, that several incompletely researched chapters are still "full of mistakes." Shocked by his own discovery, he still speaks of it nervously. The Zionist reaction has been "very violent," he reports. Another hazard is the euphoria which causes him to "wake up every morning at 3:30 A.M., thinking about the Bible. After five years that gets tiring."

* * *

(1) When the late Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser was interviewed by the editor of the West German conservative

journal, *Deutsche Soldaten und National Zeitung*, he had this to say about the Holocaust: "No one, even the simplest of men, takes seriously the lie about six million Jews who were murdered. How is it with you?"

(2) In 1967, Jordan's prime minister, who was subsequently ambassador to London, described the six million story as a "fable legend."

(3) The Egyptian statesman Muhammad Ali Aluba, like the young Anwar Sadat and many other countrymen, defended the militant German reaction against its Jewish minority.

It is well known that the German people is one of the most progressive in the world in science, technology, and nationalism, and it has an immunity which can defend it against the activities of Zionism. Nevertheless, Hitler realized what was weakening his people to the extent that it almost brought about its end. The same applies with greater force to other nations, which are not so immune.

(4) Abdallah al-Tall, who commanded the Arab Legion in the 1948 War of Israeli Independence and later became a Jordanian senator, stated that Hitler had been "wronged and slandered." In *The Danger of World Jewry to Islam and Christianity*, he argued that the blame for Europe's historic persecutions of Jews "applies first and foremost to the Jews themselves and their characteristics of treachery, deceitfulness, crime and treason," and only secondly to European civilization, which had sometimes responded excessively.

These and other Arab mouthings are roundly chastized by Dr. Yehoshafat Harkabi in his 1974 volume, *Holocaust*, in the "Israel Pocket Library."

South Africa. A United Nations working paper alleges that the South African Defense Force has built a research station where it is testing ethnic-specific biochemical weapons on prisoners. These "could be programmed to affect certain ethnic groups through the use of carefully selected biological viruses directed at the black population," the paper says.

"These allegations have been made in the past," a senior South African defense spokesman said wearily. "There is nothing new in this latest round."

Several years ago, a Milwaukee newspaper published an editorial advocating racial miscegenation and a one-race world as soon as possible. Why? Because otherwise genocide would "inevitably" be practiced through ethnic-specific weapons! (Apparently the editors had never heard about massive crop destruction by disease when a single genetic strain has been used over a wide area.)

* * *

South Africa's leading white satirist is Pieter-Dirk Uys (pronounced Ace), who began poking more than fun at the Afrikaner establishment in his one-man revues about four years ago. Five years ago, his wicked jabs at apartheid would not have been possible, Uys believes, but then, under Prime Minister Botha, the climate changed. Now Uys prances about dressed as a transvestite, portrays South Africa as an Orwellian, "Jaa, Baas" ("yes, boss") society, and offers up Archie Bunkerisms like "Kaffir" ("nigger") before mixed audiences. It all goes over pretty well in the urban, "yuppie" districts in which the half-Jewish, half-Afrikaner Uys feels most at home.

* * *

Olympic runner Zola Budd is only one of many athletes who has paid a heavy price for hailing from the land of apartheid. Two leading tennis players, Derek Tarr and Kevin Curren, are in the process of becoming American citizens so they can obtain visas and invitations to tournaments more easily. Tarr kicked his fatherland on the way out, saying, "I don't represent them, and I don't agree with their policies."

* * *

A new nationwide survey of whites here, released on August 20, showed that between 77% and 92% of the Afrikaans-speakers seek retention of the so-called "seven pillars of apartheid," the laws on Mixed Marriages, Immorality, Group Areas, Separate Education, Separate Amenities, Black Homelands and Separate Voters' Rolls. For English-speaking whites, the range of support was 38% to 64%. (Some pillars are more popular than others.)

Incredibly, the Afrikaans newspaper, *Die Vaderland*, reported that "it need not be accepted that the findings indicate a desire for retention of these laws," even on the part of Afrikaners. If an "acceptable alternative to these laws" were offered, one which would ensure "the survival of the White as a White in South Africa," the "resistance to their scrapping [would] disappear." How whites could long survive without legal apartheid, given the present political and social climate, was left carefully unexplained.

Zimbabwe. From a subscriber. Inflation, an enviable 4% at Independence, has surged to around 20%. Economic growth has plunged to zero, as foreign debt has doubled. Formerly an exporter of food, the country is now an importer because of a searing drought and a brain drain. A dusk-to-dawn curfew still operates in a sixth of the country, while thousands of troops wage a costly campaign against armed Matabele rebels. Earlier this year, Joshua Nkomo, the opposition leader, stated he had suffered more in the past three years than in his 33-year struggle against the



whites. Officially about 1,000 whites are leaving every month. Those who stay do so because they could not duplicate their palatial residences and inexpensive domestic staff anywhere else. So they import colour videos and isolate themselves from reality.

Swaziland. This little black kingdom which straddles part of the border between Mozambique and South Africa, has been full of unrest since its king of sixty-odd years expired recently. Witchcraft is part of the problem. Authorities have announced a \$450 fine for the use of witchcraft on the soccer-football playing field. The problem is that witch doctors often sprinkle "divine water" on an opposing team's goalposts. Supporters of the opposition must then urinate in the goal to negate the charm. "It was very embarrassing to Swaziland," said an official.

Philippines. The Moonies have been trying to buy up Uruguay, their logic being that by controlling several small countries a cult can become a world power. Now the followers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the former guru of the Beatles, are moving in large numbers to the rickety republic of Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos. They have already purchased the privately run University of the East, whose 47,000 students make it the country's largest, and leased a 340-room hotel, the Mirador, from which to conduct a nationwide advertising blitz. Best of all, President Marcos and his wife seem to have converted to the Maharishi's quasi-religious "Unified Field" doctrine, which has this mostly Catholic country's clergymen up in arms. Henceforth, Marcos will be hailed as the "spiritual leader of mankind," say the 1,200 earnest, well-dressed, mostly Western men and women who have blitzed Manila "like an invasion from Mars," in the words of one member of parliament.

If the Moonies are being funded by the South Korean government, what about the Yogis? Has Marcos, who first took up yoga as a teenager, been secretly dipping into the public purse for the benefit of the Maharishi?

Japan. On August 1, 1983, *Time* magazine devoted an entire issue to Japan. Browsing under the various subject headings, one soon came to appreciate how much healthier that racially homogeneous society is than our own. Indeed, one could hardly help feeling envious at times.

- That the source of Japanese health is its racial-ethnic unity and not religious uniformity became apparent in the Religion section. Religious eclecticism is the rule in Japan, and some people insist they are part

Buddhist, part Shintoist and part Christian. A dangerous sect called Soka Gakkai (Value Creation Society) has appeared on the local Buddhist scene. It is intolerant of Shinto (traditional nature worship), calling it "heretical" and saying that it must be "destroyed." Soka Gakkai teaches that by continually repeating a certain magical phrase, one will obtain happiness and the good life.

Christian universalism is not easily peddled in this race-sensitive land. A Baptist missionary named Timothy Pietsche admits, "A Japanese Christian has to give his allegiance to a 'foreign' God and say that he's not first and foremost a Japanese -- an impossible task."

- The legal situation is particularly healthy in Japan, with only one attorney in private practice for every 10,000 citizens, compared to one in 400 in the United States. Yet these numbers only begin to tell the story. In criminal cases brought to trial, there is a 99% conviction rate: Prosecutors will only go before the bench if their case is strong. Civil damage suits are rare because of high, non-refundable filing fees and the absence of the American "contingency system" for lawyers' payments. Only 51 of the 763 Diet (Parliament) members are attorneys.

Court trials are deeply embarrassing to most Japanese, and avoided like the plague. William Kuntsler-style theatrics are not tolerated. Best of all, the Japanese show "a deeply ingrained reluctance to assess good and evil in others." The hypocrisy of a Nuremberg Trial would be almost unthinkable. In Japan, writes the jurist Takenori Kawashima, "there is no tension posed between what ought to be . . . morality, on one hand, and the realities of the human spirit and human society as it exists." This does not preclude idealism. If one feels the presence of talent and aspiration within oneself, then that too is part of what "is." But it does preclude much hypocrisy and the imposition of a pious, disembodied morality.

Perhaps most important is the Japanese emphasis on the nation and the social group.

Americans operate on the principle that the rights of individuals, and the wrongs done to them, are morally compelling claims worthy of full-dress legal battle. Although the Japanese have a highly developed sense of individual rights, social harmony, not personal justice, is the basis of their law. Litigation, never common, has actually decreased during the past 15 years.

Those who elect to sue are usually scorned by their neighbors. Similarly, Japanese companies have never felt a need for writ-

ten contracts on deals. Even if everyone gets cheated on rare occasions, it beats routinely paying out tens of billions to an invader-army of shysters.

- The robbery rate in Japan was 1.9 per 100,000 people in 1980, compared to 234.5 per 100,000 in the U.S. This is partly because of the 15,600 "police boxes" or *koban* (actually one-room offices on street corners) set up throughout Japan. Officers on duty actually have time to drop in for a chat with lonely senior citizens. A Tokyo official observes, "The police have to be part of the community, or it would be impossible to make it a safe city."

- Freud and his "Oedipus complex" make little or no sense to the Japanese. (Carl Jung said it makes no sense to Europeans, but we are nonetheless forced to endure the mass promulgation of alien ideas.) The Japanese have their own national psychiatry instead. Many neuroses here are "culture-bound, centered on the overwhelming sense of obligation and dependence," both "familial" and "tribal." This does not mean that narcissistic individualism is encouraged as a balance. On the contrary, a popular folk treatment called *naikan*, used in schools, offices and prisons, "focuses on [the patient's] ingratitude toward the sacrifices of other persons." The therapist's message is that "the only escape from mental anguish is to plunge into acts of service." Similarly, the treatment called *Morita* "aims at erasing introspection."

For a week patients are confined to bed, with no visitors, no TV and no reading matter. Forced to wallow in their own thoughts, they come to see that action is better than endless self-obsession. Patients then work outdoors for two weeks, going from light to heavy labor. They also attend indoctrination lectures. No talk about the self is allowed. The whole program is tinged with a sense of resignation: things are the way they are, and all we can do is get on with life and do the best we can. *Morita* practitioners claim a cure rate of 90%.

A therapist in Japan is a shepherd, prodding straying lambs back toward the flock. Mental health means to live with and for others.

- "Women's liberation" is catching on in Japan, but in the moderate, sensible way one would expect from any intelligent, racially homogeneous people. The most popular female personality is the lovely Tetsuko Kuroyanagi, a TV talk show hostess who is a national institution.

The rudeness and alien ways of many American entertainment personalities serve to scare away many softer-spoken, old-stock Americans. But Tetsuko makes the unbrash feel at home. Her memoir, *Totto-Chan, the Little Girl at the Window*, which disarmingly advocates greater independence for Japanese women, has become the best-selling book in the nation's history.

Though the proportion of women in the Diet is not much lower than that in the U.S. Congress, the stridency and gender rivalry of American "feminism" is entirely absent. A Margaret Thatcher would not be impossible here, but a Geraldine Ferraro would be.

• The Japanese language retains many subtleties now lacking in most Western speech. When the Japanese speak, they are at least as interested in conveying emotional mood as mere ideas. This constant feedback prevents many unwanted alien intrusions from even achieving a foothold in the national soul. There is even a "quasi-language known as *haragei*, roughly translatable as 'belly talk,' in which the Japanese communicate without using any words at all -- only with techniques like artful silence."

• The average Japanese family spends eight hours and 15 minutes per day watching TV, a figure which leads the world. Fortunately, the leading educational network, NHK, is watched as much as all other networks combined. The high-quality programming "seems to confute the American notion that mass equals crass."

Australia. Once upon a time, well-known Jews like Maurice Samuel and Marcus Eli Ravage gave their Gentile readers an occasional glimpse of how organized Jewry really thought and operated. Then along came Uncle Adolf and nearly all the Samuels and Ravages clammed up. Only now, as 1945 fades into the mists, are Jewish lips loosening up again.

The talk of Australian Jewry these days is a new show-and-tell novel called *The Merchants of Melbourne*, by Alfred Zion. The author hastens to say that, "With this type of book one has to maintain that it is fiction."

Zion's protagonist, Nehemiah Israel, is patterned after himself. An outsider to the Jewish community because of his unorthodox views, Nehemiah grows disillusioned with the business antics of his Jewish acquaintances, and finally decides to exact a "terrible revenge" on those who have cheated and betrayed him.

Along the way, *The Merchants of Melbourne* (published in July by Ariosa, a company formed by a friend of Zion's) tells of charity poker games with \$40,000 riding on one hand; describes the enormous rake-offs from fictional charities; recounts the illegal movement of money through high-ranking rabbis; and describes a "Saturday Morning Club" of Eastern European Jews who control much of Melbourne's business and finance through a complex maze of intermarriages.

The Jews of Melbourne will undoubtedly respond by saying that Zion is a liar and a crook. Some Gentiles won't need much persuading. Zion was in the headlines in 1979 when he fled to Israel and the United States allegedly owing \$7 million to bilked Aussies. He must still face trial at the Su-

preme Court in Melbourne for the alleged theft of \$600,000 from companies he controlled. But Zion insists he was betrayed and destroyed by Jewish colleagues who got him enmeshed in a series of increasingly confused corporate deals and cut him adrift (which sounds a lot like Samuel Roth's motive for writing *Jews Must Live*). Maybe it all happened because Zion had publicly condemned Zionist aggression and world Jewry's constant harping on the Holocaust. "In my view," he says of the latter, "it is something that is terribly wrong." What was "wrong" was not the Holocaust but the incessant jabbering and whimpering about it.

Whether it is Zion or his adversaries who are the guilty party (there's probably enough guilt to go around) is less important than the inside dope he's been spilling about the Melbourne power structure. Disgraced before the world, and figuring he had little more to lose, Zion blew the whistle on those nearest to him. So, too, Spiro Agnew, once beyond redemption, made lots of noise about how Jews had been the force which lifted him up and the force which brought him down.

Just because a man is a shady character doesn't mean he can't cast a bright light into shady places.

Peru. Devla Murphy's book, *Eight Feet in the Andes*, has some revealing information on the results of the land reform in the early 1970s in Peru. The land was taken away from the big landowners and distributed among the peasants and cooperative farmers, who are now in such a bad way they have asked their old bosses to take back their haciendas. But the latter say their former properties are now too rundown; that it would be too costly to restore them to their once prosperous state. The peasants, of course, are mostly Indians and mestizos. The landlords are whites of Spanish descent.

Later in the book, author Murphy delves into some racial aesthetics:

We've decided the mestizos are not physically attractive. In this respect, the mixture hasn't been a success. The Indians are far more attractive, especially those with "Inca" features.

Peru offers every possible skin shade from almost white to dark brown. But a true white woman is most uncommon . . . [H]ere, as in India, all the advertisements show true whites.

In a remote part of the Andes the author came across an "almost" white family:

Comparing this mestizo family -- mentally alert, well mannered, well built, well dressed, well organized and comparing them with the average Indian family, one again sees the shadow of doom over the native campesinos.

Devla Murphy was not overcome with admiration for local churchmen:

One is appalled by the sloth and greed of the native Peruvian clergy. They don't minister to the people of the Sierra. This materially nonrewarding job is left to foreign priests -- Germans, Irish, Americans, Italians, Poles and Dutch. In fact, not many Peruvians have become priests, but those who do, cluster around the urban rich like bluebottles around bad meat.

Meeting a young Indian who had had a university education, the author comments:

He is grossly contemptuous of Peru and longs to emigrate. Yet he would probably take massive umbrage if we gringos criticized his country. It upsets me to find among the young this compulsive longing to escape.

They blame the U.S. for their troubles -- but that is where they all hope to escape to.

The young Indian says:

You have all heard talk of a united Peru, with all the citizens equal and working together for the good of the nation. That is nonsense. It can never happen. There is no room in Peru for two races whose minds have never met after 450 years of sharing the same country. Either the Indians take over or they go even further under as the others exploit the land with new technology. I know in my brain that the Indian must go under. But still in my heart I want to bring the campesinos into the modern world and help them survive because they are my people.

Another native Peruvian has an equally bleak view:

How can the campesinos be expected to own large estates? Nothing in their tradition helps them to think for themselves -- they don't even have a living oral literature. Yet it would be wise to see them managing their land and all fair shares. But in fact rural Peru is now much worse off than before land reform. You have found you cannot often buy milk, cheese, eggs, even in the middle of naturally rich farmland. Ten years ago this was not so. And look at the state of the fields, the animals, the implements.

The author sums up:

Nature insists on the survival of the fittest and the Spaniards represented a race that was mentally, though not morally, fitter than the Andes Indians. Blame and sympathy are equally out of place when one looks at it from this perspective . . . [N]ever the twain shall meet applies even more to the European and the Andes Indian than the European or any Asian race, including Chinese.

VFW vs. OSI, KGB, ADL

A major national organization has come down hard against the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations (OSI) and its illegal activities. At its national convention in Chicago on August 20, the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) passed a resolution condemning the persecution of naturalized American citizens on the basis of "evidence" provided by the Soviet KGB. The resolution noted that at least two former refugees, accused of war crimes, had already committed suicide, while others were threatening to do so rather than suffer deportation to Israel or a Communist bloc nation. The resolution also noted that the American media have "chosen to maintain a hands-off position as to publicizing these shameful trials," with the exception of *The Spotlight* and the *Ukrainian Weekly* (300 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, NJ 07302). Pointing to the use of doctored tapes and dubious "witnesses" by the KGB, the statement concluded:

BE IT RESOLVED that the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States request of President Ronald Reagan that an immediate and full inquiry be conducted into the affairs of the Office of Special Investigations to determine whether the civil rights of any persons have been violated . . . and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the United States Senate be petitioned through proper channels, to immediately launch an open inquiry into the entire affairs of the Office of Special Investigations covering all aspects of its activities, both in the United States and external to the United States, in such a manner that the American people may be enabled to be thoroughly and completely informed about the [OSI] and thereby be able to determine whether such activities are in the best security interests of the United States . . .

In response to this and related developments, the OSI's current director, Neal Sher, fled to the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), where he gave an address stating that the Soviet standards of evidence in the 40 denaturalization and deportation cases now pending measure up fully to American standards. "The truth is that we go to great lengths to insure that any evidence used is genuine and trustworthy," he insisted. As an example, Sher cited the case of Mikola Kowalchuk, in which Soviet witnesses, testifying in the presence of Soviet prosecutors, had provided the exculpatory testimony which persuaded the OSI to drop the case. Besides, Sher reasoned, the West German courts also rely on KGB-supplied testimony.

The basic flaw in the OSI position trans-

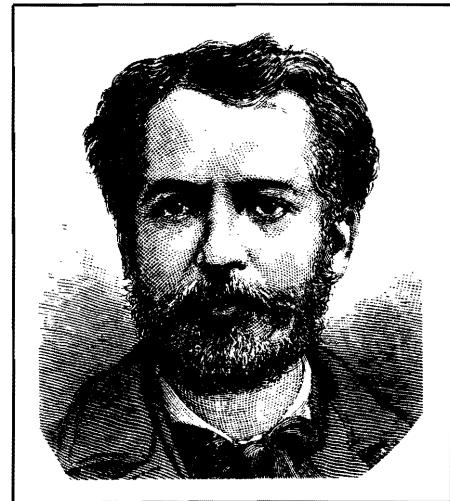
cends individual cases, however. Consider Sher's closing remarks to the ADL:

It is difficult to conceive of even the KGB fabricating document after documenting and suborning perjury from witness after witness in OSI cases . . .

Will we go wherever necessary to find the evidence? Of course, that is our duty and responsibility. There is too much at stake. Too many people suffered and died to give Hitler a posthumous victory.

Without a doubt, the Nazis and their collaborators did commit many brutal acts in Eastern Europe -- but the Communists, over a much longer period of time, committed many more. So why isn't Sher concerned that Stalin will gain a posthumous victory? In *The Gulag Archipelago*, the great Solzhenitsyn himself argues that collaboration with the German invaders was often the morally commendable (or at least less reprehensible) thing to do. Yet, says Sher, anyone who served in any "military or paramilitary unit known to have been involved in persecution and atrocities" is "automatically ineligible to immigrate to this country." He neglected to add that this stringent rule only applies to people on the Axis side, not war criminals from Communist countries.

It doesn't matter, in other words, if one's own hands are clean: just having served with the losers makes one dirty. Meanwhile, Communist killers from Russia, China and Cuba have entered America by the thousands.



F.A. Bartholdi

From 1908 on, a small army of Jewish scribes, led by Israel Zangwill, labored to convey the revised meaning of the Statue of Liberty to an ignorant nation. A Judeocentric leftist was thereby allowed to appropriate a great symbol which she and her people neither created nor paid for.

Now, while Liberty is being restored for its centennial (the fund-raising hoopla is under the direction of publicity hound Lee Iacocca), someone is circulating a flyer which demands the removal of the Lazarus plaque and the revision of American school texts to reflect the French people's wishes. Protest letters should be sent to Statue of Liberty, P.O. Box 1986, New York, NY 10018, or the French-American Committee for the Restoration of the Statue of Liberty, c/o French Embassy, 2535 Belmont Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

Give Us Back Our Liberty

Generations of American schoolchildren have been taught that the Statue of Liberty symbolizes our country's openness to mass immigration. It has reached the point where sober proposals to exert control over our borders are greeted with cartoons showing Liberty crying.

The French people have a legitimate complaint with the Jews on this score. It was they who raised the money a century ago to have Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi's 152-foot-high, copper-sheeted statue built in parts, shipped to America, assembled and unveiled on October 28, 1886. The only message intended was, "World take note -- America is a haven of liberty."

It was 22 years later that a plaque bearing Emma Lazarus's poem, "The New Colossus," was tacked onto the base of the statue. "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore" -- words which recently provoked Zip 623 to exclaim, "Emma Lazarus wrote America's epitaph."

A Little Good News Today

The Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill has gone down the drain in the 98th Congress -- and because of the amnesty provision, who can mourn it? But at least something good did come out of the pro and con editorials devoted to it by the media. Congress has appropriated an extra \$66 million in the 1985 budget for the Immigration and Naturalization Service. This will mean 850 additional Border Patrol officers and another 150 paper shufflers to back them up. It's the biggest single boost for the INS since it was established.

Quaint Reprisal

A *New York Times* vending box has been tarred and feathered in the historic town of Lenox, Massachusetts. In this case, it apparently happened because residents resented the intrusion of contemporary design into their colonial landscape. But one can well imagine that future tar-and-featherings may occur for other reasons.

The Organic Homo

It may take a long time for modern social science to admit it, but the bumpy, twisted corkscrew trail of human behavior always seems to lead back to biology. For instance, although everyone but liberals and Marxists now know that homosexuality has an organic source, from reading the *New York Times* one would think it is a purely environmental happenstance, about as non-deterministic as the flip of a coin. Recently, Dr. Brian A. Gladue and a team of scientists at the State University of New York have taken a giant step forward in proving Mother Nature's heavy hand in homosexuality by recent tests conducted on 17 straight men, 12 straight women and 14 homosexual males. When injected with estrogen, a female hormone, the straight women responded strongly with a change in their levels of LH, a brain hormone that regulates sexual functions. The heterosexual men showed almost no response, while nine of the homosexuals did have noticeable reactions. When testosterone, the male hormone, was injected in the straight and homosexual males, the heterosexuals showed a much stronger response than the homos.

Different responses to sex hormones is a pretty strong indication that homosexuals are not like you and me, but belong to a third sex and should be so treated and considered. Dr. Gladue's tests suggest that nothing can be done about the dyed-in-the-wool homo. He is fixed by fate. But the tests also seem to show there are borderline homos who can be kept straight if brought up in a healthy environment and not exposed to the corrupting influences of the gays. The Democratic Party platform to the contrary, this is a rather compelling reason to keep 100% gays out of jobs, like teaching, which bring them into close and dangerous contact with children.

No Jewish Goldbricking in Space

Jewish astronauts who go for a spin in the space shuttle won't have to worry about being in orbit on Saturdays. Shlomo Goren, the erstwhile chief rabbi of Jerusalem, has ruled that Jews cannot celebrate the Sabbath in space. After some fancy Talmudic casuistry, the rabbi came to the conclusion that since earth time is calculated by the movements of the sun and moon, it has no meaning in the wild blue yonder. "The earthly days, nights and holidays simply do not exist for the traveler in space," he theorized. Non-Jewish astronauts should be thankful. If Rabbi Goren had decided otherwise, the crew of the *Challenger* and *Discovery* might not only have had to take over from Judith Resnik or future Judiths as they rested on the Seventh Day, but the crew would also have had to suffer their cabin being smoked up with burning candles.

Sangre Azul

True blue Spanish Americans feel as outraged as racially aware Majority members when the media label all Hispanics as whites. A Washington-based Castilian, Fernando Prado, reacted to this all-too-common misnomer in a splenetic letter to the *Washington Post* (June 28, 1984), which had printed an article by reporter Margaret Shapiro that had described Mexican Americans as having a "Spanish appearance." Señor Prado complained that Ms. Shapiro must have meant a

Latin American appearance (given the fact that most Latin Americans from Mexico and Central America have strong Indian features, and those from Puerto Rico have a high percentage of Negro blood) Would she say that Jesse Jackson has an English appearance because he has an English name? Or that New York Gov. Mario Cuomo has an English appearance because he was born in the United States?

How much more of this do we Spaniards, as Europeans, have to put up with?

A Spanish American of presumably pure

blood is Anthony Francis González, whose Comité Americano Hispano will not admit Mexican Americans "porque no son blancos" ('cause they ain't white). González defines a white Hispanic as a racially unmixed "direct descendant of the Spanish Conquistadores who came to the New World in the 16th century."

Unhappily for González, the first "officially Hispanic" astronaut is Franklin B. Chang, a Ph.D. in physics and the son of a Chinese father and a Costa Rican mother. He is booked to fly in the space shuttle in 1985.

Declining to Whine

Miami Fire Chief Ken McCullough called it a "disaster" that could create havoc in his department. A Hispanic firefighter with the unlikely name of Henry Harrison had refused a quota-based promotion to lieutenant over five white non-Hispanic colleagues with better qualifications. The refusal cost him a \$3,000-a-year raise in salary. The next day, a second Hispanic fireman in Miami refused a similar promotion. In all likelihood, both these men of character were white Cubans, a breed apart.

Chins Up

Those of us who have been waiting, waiting, waiting for something to turn the country around, waiting for a man or group of men to lift us out of the quagmire in which we have been sinking deeper every year, should be forgiven for tossing in the towel. Decade after decade has gone by, yet there is still no sign of relief on the horizon.

We must see to it that these frustrated people, some of whom are our best specimens, are not forever lost to the cause. We must get across to them the lesson that history does not work like clockwork on a fixed timetable. Yes, it is characterized by cycles, but cycles which come and go haphazardly and asymmetrically.

The fact is, even if you are not one of those who have fallen into a dark apathetic gloom, even if you are one of the happy few who still manage to see a few bright flashes of hope, there is little that you can do to hasten the day of our deliverance. Only events, cataclysmic events, will come to our rescue, events which only the most pessimistic Orwellians dare to predict, but which are right now aborning in the deepest currents of history. Inflation at 150% a year; the crime rate doubling every six months; 40% unemployment; cities burning; minorities becoming majorities and taking over the megalopolises; foreign wars, including the inevitable Arma-

geddon to save Israel; and affirmative action accelerated by specific racial laws favoring blacks, Hispanics and Asians in all jobs and promotions! Let only part of the above scenario take place and watch the fireworks! Overnight the whole mood of our people will undergo a dramatic shift. The whole monstrosity of U.S. politics will suddenly become apparent. The whole sedated approach to our dis-possession will be cast aside and our people will begin to boil.

Unfortunately, no matter what we do, no matter how well we prepare for the worst, we must remain prisoners of events. By all means, let us study, read, argue, debate and jaw-bone from dusk to dawn. We will learn something of what has been done to us, and we may obtain a fairly realistic picture of the forces that are doing us in and must never be allowed to do us in again. But we can't take any effective steps to end our predicament until events start to unfold -- as unfold they will. Only then will our best brains and our best brawn take heart and begin to move.

So we must wait patiently. So far their hour has come. But our hour is coming. When it does, we may not win, but, paraphrasing a line from our second greatest poetess, "Ah, my foes, and oh, my friends, it will be a lovely fight."

Election Hangover

A few weeks before the election, Walter Mondale told a gathering of four Jewish tycoons assembled in Washington, "I would rather lose the campaign with the Jews than win without them." He got his wish. Some 70% of Jewish voters joined him in defeat. The remaining 30% were, so to speak, Reaganized. Among those who bled with Mondale were such close friends and financial brain trusters as John Gutfreund of Salomon Brothers, Irving Shapiro, the former Du Pont chairman, and Herbert Allen, the moneybags of Hollywood trash films and associate of David Begelman, the noted check forger. All of these super-rich Mondale boosters have a warm spot in their hearts for the poor and a warmer spot in their portfolios for lucre.

Poor Fritz! Even his dearly beloved and dearly wooed homos couldn't save him. No one much seemed to care that his starlet daughter Eleanor had studied Swahili in Kenya, where she had "the greatest time in my life." Not even liberals went wild with glee when the candidate, who had proclaimed himself the great guardian and protector of the wall between church and state, went out of his way *not* to criticize Bishop Tutu, the latest black winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, for preaching against Reagan in several American pulpits at the height of the campaign. Even his "courageous" decision not to accept any campaign contributions from Arab Americans fell only on Jewish ears. And even his pals in the press felt queasy at what he wrote for the inauguration of Golda Meir Square in New York City:

I knew Golda...I loved her...With Golda, I believe that justice will prevail, that human dignity will prevail, that peace will prevail....Strength and honor were indeed her clothing. She opened her mouth with wisdom. We her children call her blessed.

On his worst day Reagan would balk at ladling out such drivel.

Mrs. Mafia, who would have been the first vice-president, but perhaps not the last, to belong to a blatantly racist Zionist outfit, Pioneer Women/Na'amat, also became an also-ran. Poor "Mr.

Ferraro!" He'll never attend the cabinet meetings he insisted he would grace with his presence. His exact words: "Even if they don't like it, I would sit in. I want to know what's going on." For a month or so Geraldine had thumbed her nose at the media by refusing to answer any questions about her father's and mother's arrest for operating a numbers racket or about hubby John's shady real estate deals with gangsters. Except for a few papers here and there, the megamedia honored her *america*. The "impact press" also refrained from bringing up Reagan's connections with the mob--his social or political dealings with Frank Sinatra, Jackie Presser of the Teamsters, other assorted union goons, and Senator Paul Laxalt, good friend of Moe Dalitz and ex-owner with another dubious character of a Nevada gambling den.

Indeed "twas a famous victory," but for whom? Reagan may not last out his second term and, if he does, he may deeply regret it. Massive budget-busting can only yield to inflation and mucho más inflation. Reaganomics was saved by ye olde economic cycle--after every bust must come a boom. But when things get tough again, Ronnie, who presides over the bottomless-pit deficit like a Democrat, will have to do more than send Nancy to sit on Mr. T's lap.

No sooner had the polls closed on November 6 than George Bush, the grandfather of three bouncing mestizos (two niños, one niña), started running for the 1988 sweepstakes. He had some catching up to do because Howard Baker, who is quitting the Senate to make the race, has had a two-year headstart. Gary Hartpence Hart, wearing a wide "I-told-you-so-grin" after the Mondale Donnybrook, has also put on his track shoes. If he had been the Democratic nominee, perish the thought, he might have won a couple of eastern states, but he would have lost Minnesota.

Jesse Jackson and Louis Farrakhan are still alive and anxious, as the Bible (Acts 9:5) would say, to "kick at the pricks." But they've faded from the front pages. Neither contributed greatly to the Demo cause, but Jesse or someone like Jesse is going to swing a lot of weight in the Party's smoke-filled rooms for some

time to come. How do you get rid of the blacks when they're the most loyal of all Democrats, although their loyalty is complicated by the fact that for every new black Demo vote, one white Demo bolts to the GOP? Oh, the Demos have promised themselves and anyone else who cares to listen that they will now get cracking, regroup, rethink and come out with tons of new ideas. They will huff and puff alright, but their course is unfortunately fixed. Willy-nilly, they'll go on playing the minority game until their minorities breed themselves into a majority. Their only other hope is another Great Depression, for which they pray daily and which would allow them to drag out the old class war line and feed the masses massive doses of the old Demo manna known as envy.

Class war, race war, they're all one in a multicolored country like the USA. It's the Majority agin the minorities and the many Majority splitters-in-the-ranks. That's the issue that cuts across every other issue. Reagan won because the Majority is still in the majority, and because he is perceived, somewhat myopically, as the champion of the white cause. That he is a wise dummy (wise politically, dumb every other way) and will do no more in his second term for our threatened mores and threatened selves than he did in his first term is not the point. He won--and that's all he and his "smart-assed white boys," as Andy Young called them, wanted. Winning is the limit of their ambition and imagination. They don't give two hoots if in the process and aftermath of victory their own people slip one notch further into oblivion. They won. Only votes matter. The hell with immigration, fiscal solvency, busing, reverse discrimination, and the emetic flood of crime, pornography, drugs and twisted sex. They're just annoying little tacks on the seats of power.

Tens of thousands of speeches, tens of thousands of media mullings, hundreds of millions of dollars shot--and all for what? A Republican Senate, Democratic House and Republican White House. It's a strange alchemy that forces the cream to the bottom and the milksops to the top. Verily, we are still in the simian stage of political evolution.