

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 10 NO. 7

JUNE 1985



**BACK
TO
THE
LAND**

**BACK
TO
LIFE**



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.

□ When the Israelis attacked the U.S.S. Liberty in 1967, killing 34 Americans and wounding 171, our media hardly raised a furrowed eyebrow and obediently bought the Zionist malarkey that it was all a mistake. But when an Israeli tank shot up two Lebanese employees of CBS in March, Charles Kuralt, mysteriously substituting for Dan Rather, who may have refused to utter the heretical words, went on record as saying the act was "perhaps intentional." The same evening Lesley Stahl threw a couple of hard questions about the shooting at President Reagan, who sidestepped them with his customary garbled repartee. Although the press esprit de corps does not extend to American servicemen mowed down and maimed in a murderous air and sea assault by Zionists, it does cover foreigners on the CBS payroll. I guess the only way we can avoid being pushed into a war to make the world safe for Israel is for the Israelis to continue shooting up our media people.

200

□ One day several months ago I called the offices of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting here in Washington to complain about the long spate of Holocaust docudramas which are becoming a regular feature of our national TV fare. The officer in charge of handing out grants for the production of this junk was incensed at my protests and refused to hear any arguments. He finally cut short my phone call by telling me that I was perfectly free to "make my own documentary" and that the same channels of subsidy application exist for me as they do for everyone else!

200

□ I feel very unproud to be the citizen of a country whose president was castigated on network TV by a professional atrocity monger named Elie Wiesel, a citizen of three countries, who makes his living by stirring up race hatred against Germans. After the public scourging, our mighty president lept up and applauded his scourger. Every year the yellow streak that colors the backs of our public officials grows yellower, broader and longer.

328

□ Why is Israel's sacred "right to exist" so much more important than any other nation's "right to exist"?

303

□ Did I tell you that we stayed with Ezra Pound's daughter, Princess de Rachewiltz, in South Tyrol? She is a very charming person who has had a very tough row to hoe (Since Ez didn't bother with a will, her mother, with whom he had lived for so many years, got nothing, and all his royalties went to his second wife and son, Omar, who is not a very staunch fighter for his father's good name). Mary de Rachewiltz spends part of the year working on her father's MSS at Yale, and is now running Schloss Brunnenburg singlehandedly, since her husband ill-advisedly tried to restore his family fortunes by running arms to Third World dissidents. He now sits in a Neapolitan prison awaiting trial.

Footloose subscriber

□ The media may have shot themselves in the foot when they ousted President Nixon. Under Nixon and détente, hundreds of thousands of Jews were allowed to leave Russia. Now very few are.

652

□ Did anybody see that despicable renegade, Senator Lowell Weicker (R-CT), on Cable News Network's Crossfire some weeks ago? One difference between the "neo-Nazis" in The Order and fanatics of the left, he explained, is that leftists are on a much higher moral plane because they are willing to take the consequences for breaking laws, while rightists try to avoid being caught. As an example, he cited his own arrest in front of the South African embassy for demonstrating against apartheid. Weicker waited until more than a thousand people had been arrested, until District of Columbia authorities declared that those arrested would not be prosecuted, to stage his cheap publicity stunt and bravely accept the non-existent "consequences." Such bravery! Such moral courage!

100

□ Zip 070's letter (May 1985) about the never-married deserves further attention. To contend that marriage is good because "becoming the head of a family makes [a man] think about the future and forces him to have a stake in social stability" is absolutely wrong-headed. To encourage the kind of "social stability" we have today is to feed a cancer that is certain to consume one's children.

Most of my Majority activist friends who have married have effectively dropped out of the movement, due, no doubt, to an insistence by the wife on social stability and respectability. It is true that many Majority males, and especially Majority activists, are not married and may never be. And it is a tragedy that their genes will not be passed on. But it is foolish to think that a true Majority society can be recreated without going through a period of severe social instability. If families hamper the creation and implementation of such a new and healthy regime, it is a necessary sacrifice for those in the vanguard of the activist movement.

222

Instauration

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

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$34 Canada and foreign (surface)
Add \$15 Europe (air)
Add \$20 Elsewhere (air)
Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilnot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen
Third class mail is not forwardable.
Please advise us of any change of address
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

© 1985 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

CONTENTS

Back to the Land	6
A Word to the Unwise	9
World's Loneliest Man	11
Who's Classy and Who Ain't	12
Cultural Catacombs	20
Inklings	22
Cholly Bilderberger	24
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	26
Satcom Sam Dishes It Out	29
Talking Numbers	30
Primate Watch	31
Elsewhere	33
Stirrings	38

□ Having been through the psychotherapy mill myself, I feel rather well qualified to comment on a particular aspect of the whole process which, in that it unquestionably relates to ethnicity, is usually left carefully unmentioned. Absolutely central to the theory (and practice) of an ideal process of therapy is the overcoming of what is called resistance, which is quite simply our deep and inherent reluctance to give vent to all the intimate details of one's life without editing. This resistance is especially important in psychoanalysis, as any withholding or favorable editing on the analysand's part will inevitably distort the effectiveness of the analytic process. Anyone who has been in the position of attempting to overcome this resistance knows that it is extremely difficult and painful; indeed, it may be impossible. Your own deep sense of both privacy and shame immediately impede the process. When this happens, you feel you have failed. It is easy to see how you can almost be driven mad by this kind of cure.

The ethnic aspect of all this stems from the undeniable fact that few people on earth have such a highly developed sense of privacy as the Nordic. Instauration has often touched on the social implications of this psychological fact: the Nordic as explorer and pioneer organism with a distaste for many of the inevitable aspects of overcrowding in asphalt cities and his inability to understand the African slaves' preference for what to him were crowded living quarters. Yankee reserve as expressed by such literary figures as Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome and by political personalities like Calvin Coolidge is now called repression in the psychoanalytic lingo, but repression or not, it is what characterizes us. We simply cannot become lively, pasta-gobbling Sicilians, gabbling and haggling Jews, dancing Negroes or successful analysands without doing some deep and fundamental violence to our own basic nature.

916

□ Just read your article about the Quakers in Philadelphia (Mar. 1985). I'm trying to hold out in the inner city, but my house has been burglarized twice and I've been mugged on my own block.

191

□ Ben Wattenberg's new book, *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*, deals at length with the "birth dearth" and endorses what he calls the "non-Europeanization of America." He salutes the relatively high Jewish birthrate in Israel and gives us a lot of gunk about how Cambodian Americans will be good anti-Communists and about how, by becoming the first "universal nation," we will show the world that democracy can work for everyone, "not just Anglo-Saxons."

480

□ Indulging in verbal gymnastics with legions of Jewish intellectuals, given both their millennial skill in casuistry and their media control, will only guarantee that the America of Cheryl Ladd will become the America of Shari Belafonte; that the America of John Fremont, Stephen Foster and Charles Lindbergh will become the America of Prince and Michael Jackson.

810

□ Elizabeth Taylor reports that she sometimes awakens in the middle of the night screaming about the HH (Horrors of the Holocaust). I don't doubt it. On the other hand, I have yet to hear of anyone waking up screaming about Soviet Gulags. I have devised a formula for determining an individual's NSQ or Nocturnal Scream Quotient: $h + s + t + \frac{1}{4}rs = \text{NSQ}$ (where h =hystericality on a scale of 0 to 100; s =suggestibility on a scale of 0 to 100; t =theatricality, 0 to 100; rs =real suffering, 0 to 100). Elizabeth Taylor scores a very high 300 on the NSQ, even though she never came anywhere near the Holocaust. All those anti-German flicks and survivor stories deposited themselves in her suggestible (100) subconscious, where her hysterical (100) nature, common to endomorphic females, took over. Actually, her nocturnal screams were quite minimal, yet her theatricality (100) made them appear much louder and longer in the telling (and retelling). Compare this to Alexander Solzhenitsyn's NSQ of 50. He gets 100 on real suffering, which, multiplied by one-fourth as the formula dictates, yields a 25. A modest 25 on the theatricality factor (which his writer's craft demands) pulls him up to an overall 50. In other words, with infinitely more real suffering in his past, rs puts out only one-sixth as much NSing.

024

□ On a recent shopping trip I found myself backed into a corner with a tightening ring closing in on me. It was a slow time of day with only a few shoppers present and only two clerks on the floor. The white girl was down on her hands and knees restocking empty lower shelves. The black girl stood at her checkout stall, her haunch leaning comfortably against a rail, seemingly enjoying her leisure, or maybe watching the white girl work. I made my purchases and, after marking time for a while, I screwed up my courage and politely reminded the white girl that a group of customers who were used to being checked out by her were milling around up front waiting for her and would she be so kind as to come check us out. I had no idea a pretty little thing could display such a show of temper. She vented a flood of invective, the gist of which was that she was sick and tired of doing the work of two people. By that time the black descended on me, assuming I was some kind of ringleader, racist pig and white-hearted scoundrel. All the shopping cart pushers came running, everybody but the store manager, who was nowhere in sight. Jesse Jackson would have been proud of her performance, over and above all the epithets he would have added to his own replete repertoire. Her favorite refrain, repeated with unabashed and uninhibited crescendo, was why was I against her, hated her and tried to keep blacks down. She didn't run out of abuse but she did pause, intending, no doubt, for me to make a spectacle of myself groveling in an orgy of guilt. The attentive audience manning the tight phalanx of shopping carts looked at me for some sort of response. Under the pressure of an impromptu rejoinder, I said, "You are very much mistaken. I am not a racist; I am not against you; I don't hate you and I don't want to hold you, or anybody else, down. What I do hate and detest with all my being is affirmative action and all its

many ugly forms. I hate it for the same reason you should be hating it. Minorities have been pushed ahead of everybody else and given every advantage regardless of who gets hurt. But that is not the reason I hate it so. My reason for hating it is that it will eventually be most harmful to the misguided people the politicians keep assuring us it will help. The day may not be too far off when all the white-flighters who won't be able to find places to run to, and other whites who feel the pinch of affirmative action, will start asking what the minorities have done toward their own independence and self-sufficiency with all the advantages they have enjoyed for so long. We wouldn't complain about the transfusions if you would use them to set yourselves up in the kind of society that would make you happy, and we all know that is not living with each other. But you think the answer is not just the needle in our vein; you want to cut an artery so you can have it all. You live with us so long as the getting is good on the receiving end. If your people persist in *We Shall Overcome*, we will start countering with *We Won't Be Overwhelmed*. The outlook for our debt-ridden people gets bleaker and bleaker and support for affirmative action gets grimmer and grimmer. We share our shaky prosperity with you, but how will the hard times be distributed? Think about it."

The ring of shopping carts opened; the black went to the women's lounge; and the white clerk checked us all out.

327

□ It takes no more than a cool eyeball to see that large numbers of the white population suffer from a lack of genetic quality. (I am not speaking of this in reference to an extrahuman ideal.) It goes far beyond a lack of beauty into the area of a lack of harmony. An individual can be less than beautiful, yet because of a harmony of nature, proportion and behavior, remain a handsome creature. We have, however, a large segment of our race in which there is no harmony. Innumerable whites look and act as though they have been assembled at random from jumbled-up, mismatched parts bins. I expect that, genetically, that is exactly what has happened.

612

□ The first item in "Primate Watch" (Feb. 1985) has George Will stating that the Cambodian Holocaust was the second worst one of the century. Since the worst consumed only 6 million (taking Jewish claims at face value), then simple arithmetic proves: One Jew is more valuable than (a) 5 to 10 Russian; (b) 5 to 10 Chinese; (c) 2 or more Germans.

319

□ Isn't it strange that the amount of Holocaust propaganda increases in direct proportion to the amount of aid demanded by Israel? Much of the avalanching Holocaustiana in April was directly linked to the temporary (quite temporary as it turned out) reluctance of the administration to add \$1.5 billion in emergency funds to the \$3 billion shakedown to Zionists already authorized for fiscal 1986.

086

The Safety Valve

□ Instaurationists who live in regions of this country where the Majority is still in the majority should be encouraged to spend some time in New York City. It's a sure way to motivate the most unmotivated, and so provide us with the nucleus of our future leadership. Every outrage against Nordicism that one can possibly imagine is the order of the day -- and night -- in Zoo City. As an Instaurationist I don't feel bad about having spent my whole life here. It has accelerated the development of my outlook beyond measure. Congenial surroundings only shelter us from the truth. But spend three or four years among the masses in this town, and you'll be ready -- as never before -- to move heaven and earth in the defense of your race.

113

□ White is too broad, most Instaurationists agree. Aryan is nice, but too exclusive and is associated with the Hitler prototype. Nordic is also too exclusive because most whites in America are not blond and blue-eyed. Anglo excludes people from countries other than Britain. WASP is redundant since there are no nonwhite Anglo-Saxons, and not all Anglo-Saxons are Protestants. What about CONED (Caucasians of Northern European Descent)?

716

MARV



I'm glad my friend Elie Wiesel persuaded the media to accent his name on the last syllable -- like the French do. Those haters had a field day giving it the correct German pronunciation.

□ When a farmer on the NBC Nightly News said his bank wouldn't loan him the money for next year's planting unless he expanded, took on more debt and overextended himself until the bankers owned him completely, it occurred to me, since agribusiness would buy up his land at auction, that collective farming was just around the corner. If Majority members are forced off the land and forced to join the ranks of a rootless urban proletariat, our people will have lost one of its main lines of defense. Without the resources of the Great Plains to call upon, no effective resistance to the central government is possible. So if the current foreclosures are a taste of things to come, our people may soon experience their final dispossession. Driven from their land and into big cities, these once independent farming families will be subject to the twin influences of big government and big business. In no time they will be manipulated, intimidated and corrupted. Soon they will learn to do what's required -- or face the possibility of sleeping in a doorway. Independence will be a dream they only half remember.

113

□ There are 12,000 Ukrainian "Nazi war criminals" living in Canada, says Jewish spokesman Sol Littman. Since these "criminals" have never been identified -- let alone tried -- and since the Ukrainian community is terribly upset about this whole thing, will Littman now be charged with spreading "false news" likely to harm social relations?

Canadian subscriber

□ I must say that, although I have long abandoned all faith in the political process, I was still disappointed and disgusted at the Populist Party's choices for the 1984 ticket. After all the pre-convention hoopla, I'd assumed that the nominees would be unabashed Majority activists on the order of Tom Metzger. Imagine my disappointment at the picking of a Falwellian holy roller like Bob Richards, who, once nominated, promptly assured the media that he believed in the equality of all races, disbelieved the charges that the Holocaust is a hoax because he "was there" and "saw the furnaces," and praised the Israelis to the skies! It just goes to show the embarrassing results of good people bending over backwards not to be "racist" or "controversial" and fooling nobody but themselves.

900

□ Cholly being one of my favorites, I miss his rollicking stories on Sutter Lang. In mothballs, holed up somewhere, or has he given up on that one? Whatever, good comedy!

343

□ If Hitler had concentrated on internal improvements in place of conquering territory, England and France would not have jumped him. He could have worked on eugenics, economics and the Jewish problem. He didn't have much patience.

030

□ Charles Freeman, chief counselor of the U.S. Embassy in China, has stated, "We [Americans] are now training the entire future elite of this enormous country, an opportunity that doesn't come often with a nation as important to the world as China." House Majority Leader Jim Wright (D-TX), says, "The whole Chinese politburo has kids studying in the U.S." Prior to exalting this great coup, Freeman and Wright should have been aware that Britain had a similar plan. It transported promising young natives from their colonies to educate them in English universities on English law, government, culture and values. The objective was to strengthen the Empire.

981

□ I recently submitted a letter to the editor of a local newspaper criticizing the wave of publicity against South Africa. When it was published I thought that some of your readers might not be averse to once more being made aware of the ignorance and cowardice now prevailing in the news media. I copied the usual list of rare minerals we import from South Africa, as well as mentioning the friendly seas off their Cape that we need to keep friendly for transport of so much of our oil. You can tell the rather special feeling the editor had for me when he captioned the piece, "South Africa protests harmful to 'friend.'" He included my name, but changed my local address to read "South Africa."

601

□ Closed the lid on all but your mag and Thomas Dixon's works. The latter make me feel rather nice, relaxed, away from the weird, nitwit era in which we live. No time for fictional junk.

038

□ I was greatly disturbed by the letter from Zip 756 (May) about the lifelong pro-white activist who was not willing to pay for African repatriation, support a true Third Party or sacrifice a few states to retain an all-white remnant nation. Rejecting these alternatives, he remained absolutely clueless about how to end the dispossession of Majority Americans. This kind of selfish and narrow-sighted person, ostensibly "on our side," will be the greatest obstacle to a real solution to Majority America's dilemma.

300

□ Sometimes it must be awfully discouraging knowing that Instauration reaches such a minuscule percentage of its potential audience. This thought occurred to me after reading the article on Elie Wiesel and Zinoviev (Dec. 1984), which I consider to be one of the finest you have ever printed. But let me assure you that this piece -- and others like it that appear with astounding regularity in your publication -- are like rocks thrown in a placid summer pond. The ripples are bound to get larger and larger. When the last Ben Wattenberg, Joseph Kraft, William Safire, Martin Peretz or Victor Navasky column, essay or article crumbles to dust in the last library, these words of Instauration (including "Chins Up," also in the December issue) will live on in the hearts and minds of us and our descendants.

341

□ Mine is generally a tolerant mind. I can read a 300-page book on Christian ethics (or psychoanalysis or Jewish sociology) and find far more in it to like than dislike. Many of the things that people in such fields say make a great deal of sense to me. It is only when they come up against certain subjects -- racial differences, the territorial and genetic integrity of peoples, eugenics -- that such authors usually begin talking dangerous nonsense, and I sometimes fling down their books in disgust. "Intolerance" on my part? On the contrary! They reject out of hand certain abiding truths which I have experienced deeply at first hand. I accept the vision of these modern would-be levelers as far as it goes. It is only their lack of vision which I reject. Even where they "go blind," their leveling dogma can be most amusing on account of all its specious subtleties. Yes, I tolerate even that when I'm in a good temper, truly relishing so fine a master of the crooked trade as Stephen Jay Gould. It's when I'm in a crabby mood or reading the all too transparent inanities of some third-rate Bosian epigone that unworthy emotions sometimes get the best of me.

217

□ The Holocaust is becoming an addictive world mania. There must be something more to contemporary civilization than this. Won't any public figure in America ever have the intestinal fortitude to get up and cry, "Enough!"

890

□ Several years ago there was an ad in the New York Times placed by one of those ad hoc pro-Israel groups seeking to ensure the continued election of properly subservient members of Congress through the judicious administration of a campaign fund. The signatories included the usual list of suspects (Martin Peretz), but one name in particular caught my eye -- that of movie funnyman/deep thinker Woody Allen (born Alan Konigsberg). Allen's name also turned up on a list of heavyweight Democratic contributors to the 1984 North Carolina senatorial campaign. What intrigues me about the heretofore seemingly apolitical Allen is that he has made a career of playing a particular type of funny, alienated, "little man" role, a character with few if any deep connections to society at large. As such, he approves of and indeed fosters a similar attitude among those who see his films and number themselves among his enthusiasts. Yet now we know that Allen's tribal loyalty was, through it all, very much intact.

121

□ Re the chess marathon between Karpov and Kasparov, a commentator on TV made an interesting point. To the West it looks like a match between two Soviet Grand Masters. But in the USSR it is one between an all-Russian boy (Karpov) and a pushy, Central Asian half-Jew (Kasparov) and therefore has strong racial overtones. So race, as usual, is the crux of the matter.

British subscriber

□ The article, "A Journey Through Syria" (Feb. and Mar. 1985), was so good I xeroxed 10 copies for friends and relatives.

142

□ We can bemoan our decline from now until the day some half-breed mates with the last white female, but it won't alter or slow our destruction in any effective way. The majority of our people either don't know, don't want to know or don't care about the problem. You will wait forever for the drugged white cattle to act effectively in self-defense, especially when all the rules are so rigged in our enemies' favor. I feel that our salvation, if it ever comes, will be from a small dedicated group who manage to concentrate great power in their hands, and who have the will to use that power to separate the races and keep them separated. The parasites aren't ever going to willingly separate from us; they know what it would mean for them.

086

□ There seems to be confusion among some Instaurationists regarding the standards by which a minority is judged assimilable or unassimilable. The standard is neither cultural nor religious, but racial-biological. One must ask the question whether our race, with its recessive and rare genetic traits, can assimilate (i.e. interbreed with) the minority in question without altering or diminishing our unique physical-morphological characteristics. If the answer is no, then separation from that minority is a condition required for the continuation of our kind. We should view this separation as a simple requirement for our existence. It does not mean that we must, or even should, dislike or belittle the minority, or fail to appreciate its positive assets, but that we simply must be separated from its members if our race is to continue to exist.

This question has been raised in particular with respect to the Italians. Regardless of how many great Nordic Italians there may have been in the past, the typical Italian of today is a living example of what happens when Nordics interbreed with Mediterraneans or Levantines. The result is definitely not Nordic. Those Mediterraneans, of whatever nationality, who claim they are with us and wish us well, but refuse to be separated from us, are denying us the fundamental condition we require for our continued racial existence. In racial terms their embrace is tantamount to a kiss of death. If they are truly well intentioned, and bear us good will as they claim, then they cannot deny us the separation we need for racial life and survival.

Zip 110, who some time ago advocated acceptance of the Italians for assimilation by the Majority, is apparently Catholic first, Irish second, and Northern European last. His priorities are the reverse of what they should be. The offspring of such pairings that I have seen have seldom been Northern European, and when they have been, they have been only marginally so, while one parent was magnificently so. From magnificent to marginal is a big step down, and a tragic waste.

Zip 110 ended with the warning that "the white genes of future generations may not be Nordic except for that part of the population which remains Catholic." He seems to be more interested in defending and preserving Catholicism than the Nordic race. Those Nordic Catholics who practice his advice and intermarry with Catholic Mediterraneans will certainly not

produce future Nordic generations. They will not produce future Grace Kellys. Her beauty (and, in its biological origins, her personality) had nothing to do with Catholicism. Nor was it uniquely Irish. But it was uniquely and distinctly Nordic. Any Northern European willing to see a world without Grace Kellys in order to have more Gina Lollobrigidas or Sophia Lorens should carefully reconsider his loyalties.

However much we may respect or admire certain Mediterraneans, and have many common interests with them, it is a biological fact that they cannot produce Nordic offspring. If Nordics assimilate with them, then they will also be unable to produce Nordic offspring, the line of Nordic generations will come to an end, and the Nordic will disappear. The Nordic race cannot assimilate Mediterraneans without destroying, or greatly diminishing, its Nordic racial identity and unique traits. This, by definition, makes the Meds unassimilable.

330

□ It is my basic belief that the average white prefers to vote for his short-term advantage. The overwhelming number of whites would much rather have mulatto grandchildren or great-grandchildren and still be guaranteed 20 years of good times. Our only hope is that the system itself is in a process of self-destruction. Democratic reform is not feasible, not for the reason that we do not want to choose that option, but because the system itself is incapable of reform. As Edmund Burke stated, "An institution without means of change is without means of its preservation."

300



BACK TO THE LAND

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave my plough in the field
And look for a job in the town?

Country-Western song lyric

The Majority must return to the land or die. Throughout history, particularly in Nordic countries, the discipline and aesthetics of rural life have generated and nurtured people of culture, tradition and vitality. The city, recalling Spengler's phrase, breeds "raceless, rootless masses." Is it a coincidence that our decline corresponds precisely to our rate of urbanization? Homestead pioneering, in remote or relatively remote areas, should be the centerpiece of a Majority survival strategy.

The lemming-like rush of whites toward racial suicide makes back-to-the-land not an option, but a necessity. Cholly Bilderberger is correct when he calls Americans a diseased people. The word "diseased" is literal and certainly no figure of speech. How else to describe a population that regularly eats, drinks and breathes poisonous byproducts, preservatives and pollutants? Adding spiritual and emotional sickness to physical illness makes for a fast-paced, albeit sedentary, urban lifestyle which wears down nerves and leaves no time for soul-restoring leisure and fellowship.

It is not surprising that the diseased masses seek the anesthesia of drink, drugs, ear-splitting music, TV fantasy and Pollyanna creeds of equality. A sick and hurting Majority will mix and blend with all comers in the hope of sinking into painless oblivion. The welfare-womb state offers the weary Majority member one escape; the grave offers the other, the ultimate anesthetic for self and species.

Given such powerful life-denying urges, the Majority soapbox activist will be no more heeded than the few dissenters at Jonestown who balked at eternal bliss induced by cyanide-laced Kool-Aid. In the end they, too, had to drink.

Retreat to rural homesteads would allow us to exit from this madness and give us a chance to encounter some of the challenges and rewards of authentic living faced by our pioneer forebears. Most importantly, it would ensure the survival of our race in North America.

A return to the pursuits of farming and survival would make new men and women out of us. The truth of the matter is that we are only a little less diseased than the average Joe WASP. We can scarcely hold a candle to our rural ancestors. The extent of our immunity to the great liberal plague is the extent to which we recognize sickness as sickness, and not as an advance toward a "more open, pluralistic society." Until enough of us regain our health, effective Majority resistance will be no more feasible than a ward of convalescents playing rugby.

Homestead communities in secluded places would give us the opportunity to resurrect our minds and bodies with clean air and water and unadulterated food, grown by our own labor. (We should heed the words of an Hispanic activist who recently warned Anglos that those who harvest the land are those who will ultimately possess it.) Close contact with nature, the elements and our families and friends would rejuvenate emotions and spirits. An equally great boon would be the physical and psychological distance from the materialist and miscegenist society of urbia and suburbia.

The hardy life on the land has always been conducive to a high birthrate for Nordics. Where is a better and safer place to bring up children? Life in the city or cluttered suburbs is not our natural habitat. It is our graveyard, and it is populated by minority gravediggers. On our homesteads we would have nothing to offer minority members but hard work and simple, wholesome living. I don't think Marv or Willie would show up.

The new Majority pioneer might want to settle as an individual in an existing farm community; or perhaps groups of Majority survivalists may wish to move to the land as a community based on some religious or political principle after the fashion of the Amish.

It would be best for us to move without any great fuss and maintain quiet communications from one homestead to another, biding our time and laying plans for the future. The enemy can't attack what he can't find, and simple survival farmers, in any case, won't appear to be any great threat.

Where to move? Looking at a map of the U.S., two likely areas are the continent's two mountain spines: Appalachia from Georgia to Maine and the Rockies from Northern New Mexico to Canada. Add to these two areas most of the Pacific Northwest, the Northern Plains states and parts of the deep South, and you have a basically rural domain where the Majority is still the majority.

A back-to-the-land movement within any part or parts of this territory could form the nucleus of a new Majority nation or nations that could emerge from a racial-ethnic partition of what is now the United States. This idea of the "National Premise," outlined in *Instauration* (April 1976) seems to be the most feasible prospect for Majority survival in America.

Many will cry "impractical." So let it be stated again that the stakes are survival or extinction. Once this is realized, the bounds of what is considered practical are not so limited. Even if there were no minorities, our national health would require rural revival. No culture can flourish and prosper without contact with the soil and the changeless realities of nature. Lacking this contact, the Nordic is always prone to embark on dizzy flights of abstraction and sentimentality.

For an individual thinking about moving, there are indeed many practical difficulties. But do they outweigh the ever greater difficulties of life in liberal-minority cities? Doubtlessly, a neo-pioneer will most likely lose income by moving to a homestead. Yet the peace of mind he acquires may be far more valuable than the cash lost. Our materialism often makes us lose sight of true value.

Furthermore, a doubter should ask himself where he would rather be in the event of a nationwide economic collapse; facing food shortages in a minority-dominated city, or pretty much self-sufficient on a homestead with like-minded neighbors around to call on for help?

Certainly life on the land will present its problems, the plight of the small full-time farmer being a prime example. Given present economic realities, a homesteader may have to work part-time in a nearby town for a trifling cash income. Using our ingenuity, we may come up with other ideas to keep our life on the land at a comfortable level above bare subsistence. New computer technology already has made possible salaried work from remote terminals.

With trends as they are, Majority activists won't be the only whites looking for rural plots. As time goes on we may be able to forge and direct an agrarian movement to serve our cultural and political interests. Till now, most thinking about rural retreats has come from the environmental left. Many of the basically decent people in this camp eventually might be won over to our view by pointing out the environmental devastation inherent in a polyglot society.

A Possible Strategy for the Majority?

Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property.

Charles Dudley Warner

Any attempt to advocate agrarianism today must start with a house-cleaning of mistaken ideas about it. This is perhaps particularly true if a return to the land is proposed as one possible strategy for Majority activists who seek the survival of their race in the pan-ethnic America of the future. For some such activists, probably because of their pride in the scientific and technical achievements of their race, agrarianism connotes nature worship, a Luddite rejection of modern technology, and acceptance of an ideal of primitive self-sufficiency.

Contemporary agrarianism does not advocate a return to the land because of some idealistic exaltation of nature. The rationale for agrarianism today is the simple recognition that farming or some form of "cottage industry" provides one of the few remaining means by which a considerable number of people may earn an independent livelihood. In an era when most men dream only of job advancement, agrarians are realists, not romanticists, because they acknowledge the basic fact that a man who does not own the means by which he earns his livelihood can never be truly free.

Even traditional agrarians have recognized that the



Pioneer family in Nebraska, 1888

greatest evil of factory production is not its urban setting but its reduction of workers to a state of servile dependency. The famous passage in Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* in which he concludes, "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure governments as sores do to the strength of the human body," also contains his seldom-quoted reason why such urban mobs cannot be trusted to preserve a republic: "Dependence begets subservience and venality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition." Another traditional agrarian, John Taylor of Caroline, denounced proponents of "the manufacturing mania," who argued that it would guarantee the independence of the United States, by correctly predicting that it would result in dependency for 90 percent of the populace: "What! Secure our independence by bankers and capitalists? Secure our independence by impoverishing, discouraging and annihilating nine-tenths of our sound yeomanry? By turning them into swindlers, and dependents on a master capitalist for daily bread?" (It is interesting to note that Taylor published these words in his *Arator* in 1818, the very year Karl Marx was born.)

The belief that agrarianism involves a repudiation of modern technology does have some basis in fact. For that reason, traditional agrarianism, which does have a Luddite tendency, must be sharply differentiated from what, for the sake of convenience, may be called the new agrarianism, which began with the homesteading movement led by the argonomist Ralph Borsodi during the 1930s. According to Borsodi, the homestead may include all tools and machinery which can be used in domestic production. The threat to the homestead and the agrarian way of life, Borsodi believed, arises not from the machine itself but from its use in factory production rather than domestic production. Factory production arose with the application in industry of the steam engine, which had a centralizing effect on production and drove domestic industries virtually out of existence. The industrial application of electricity, however, made possible a reversal of this centralization, a dispersal of production back to units the size of the homestead. If Borsodi had lived to see the personal computer, which makes it possible to do all kinds of office work at home, he would no doubt have considered it to be yet another example of how technology can be enlisted in support of domestic production.

Although the new agrarianism is antithetical to the dom-

inant belief of maximum production and consumption beyond basic needs, it does not mean acceptance of the primitive standard of living which would result if each homestead attempted to be wholly self-sufficient. Few of those who have moved back to the land since the 1930s have taken as their ideal the self-sufficiency sought by "survivalism," a rather recent and marginal development. Many new homesteaders choose to earn a large portion of their incomes by outside jobs, while gradually moving towards their goal of complete self-employment. Others immediately attempt to escape from any financial dependency on the "outside world" by producing half for their own consumption and half for sale. Few, however, choose to limit their production to home consumption. Accordingly, the homesteading phenomenon should not be considered a radical economic transplant to primitive self-sufficiency. Only a few have chosen the extreme "survivalist" route.

Beyond the fact that the new agrarianism is not a retrograde movement, there are other positive reasons why it is worthy of consideration by Majority activists: (1) the overwhelming majority of American homesteaders are of Northern European descent; (2) the homesteading movement may be a means of overcoming, to some extent, the pervasive apathy in a society of alienated proletarians; (3) a planned and localized movement back to the land could be the foundation for a community dedicated to the revival and proliferation of Northern European values.

The political economy of the new agrarianism is distributism, not socialism, an economy in which a maximum number of heads of households own the means by which they earn their livelihoods. Admittedly, a cultural leftism has permeated the movement, largely as a result of the minority-oriented media. It should be noted, however, that the leading exponent of the new agrarianism, Borsodi, was himself an outspoken foe of egalitarianism. Obviously influenced by Nietzsche, he was a contributor to Seward Collins's greatly missed pre-WWII *American Review*. Nothing in the new agrarianism makes it a preordained component of the counterculture. On the contrary, many of the new agrarians may be the most likely bell ringers of a grand scale Majority reawakening.

Contrary to Marx's prediction, proletarianization has not resulted in a general economic improvement of the working class. Ironically, the very affluence of the workers in modern industrial capitalist society is frequently a cause of their pervasive sense of apathy. A much deeper cause, however, is the Hegelian notion of alienation. That Marx shelved this idea in favor of his "discovery" of economic "laws" explaining the crises of capitalism is not evidence that Hegel's concept is invalid, but that the Communist founding father probably realized that such alienation would continue under socialism and communism.

Alienated from others in the workplace (most of them are strangers competing for employment and promotions), alienated from the work itself (it is work not for themselves, but for a business or government), alienated from the product of the work (it does not belong to them), alienated from their own human nature (they are forced into the narrow and inhuman confines of a specialized routine),

working people in America, as elsewhere, however relatively affluent some of them may be, are trapped in a state of mind which locks them into apathy. Consequently, Americans who work in offices or factories they do not own care less whether their places of employment are publicly or privately owned. They live only for what they call their "free time." Accustomed to undertaking a task only upon the demand of their superiors, it is no wonder that they have become the servile mobs feared by Jefferson and John Taylor.

Obviously, the true negation of alienation, at least from the standpoint of the freedom-loving Majority member, is neither socialism nor communism, but property, property widely owned and used by its owners, which means first and foremost property in land. As a corollary to this, the rational response to apathy is neither moralistic condemnation nor exhortation to action, reactions popular among "rightists," but a frank recognition of apathy's origin in employee alienation.

Although it will take time to motivate a sizable number of Americans to return to the land, even a small homesteading movement might succeed in establishing communities or, at least, focal points of instauration which, particularly in the event of a societal collapse, could wield a decisive influence over a significant area of the dying republic. Efforts toward such an end could be modest in the beginning, loosely coordinated, unhampered by rigid organizational commitments, the lunacy of "communes," or other proven mistakes of past undertakings. Imagination, perseverance and youthful energy would be essential. Almost all Majority members recognize that the patriarchal homestead has been the life source of their race, the city its grave. By joining in a new movement back to the land, at least a few of them would finally be acting on that recognition.

Suggestions for Further Reading

Borsodi's *This Ugly Civilization* is the best theoretical statement of the new agrarianism. Although out of print, it may possibly be obtained via interlibrary loan. Borsodi's work is being continued by the quarterly, *Green Revolution: A Voice for Decentralization and Balanced Living* (School of Living Press, Box 388, RD 7, York, PA 17402; \$7.50 annually). Maurice G. Kains's practical guide to homesteading, *Five Acres and Independence*, is readily available in a reasonably priced paperback edition from Dover Publications. Also practical in its orientation is the bimonthly *Mother Earth News*, published at Hendersonville, NC, and available at many newsstands.

Unponderable Quote

I personally believe that homosexuals should be afforded total civil rights like all other Americans . . . As long as the homosexual is not flaunting his or her behavior as an acceptable lifestyle, and is not recruiting students, there is no supportable reason for not allowing him to teach in a public school. Now I say that is true in public schools. Religious schools accept no government funds, they set their own standards. We therefore would not hire a homosexual or a promiscuous heterosexual to teach in our Christian schools.

Jerry Falwell

A WORD TO THE UNWISE

Some years ago the editor of this magazine wrote in *Ventilations* that Father Time's beard would grow much longer and whiter before the Majority would be able to do something about its dispossession and reverse the tide that is busily sweeping it to oblivion. The editor remembers being criticized sharply for his statement by a group of whipper-snapping young activists in Washington who were planning to start a racial counter revolution that would enable them to take over the country in a matter of a few decades. Today, every one of those young men has dropped out of radical right-wing politics and has returned to "private life," though a few still write books and articles detailing the decline and fall of that once great experiment in Northern European statecraft known as America.

In this day and age there is only one route open to Majority activists, just as there has been only one route open to them in the past and there will be only one route open to them in the foreseeable future. They must continue to restrict their activity to their pens, typewriters and word processors. Writing against minority racism, though treated as the rankest heresy, has not yet become a recognized criminal offense in most states. No such law has yet passed Congress or been upheld or "interpreted" by the Supreme Court. We are, of course, inching in that direction and everyone who blindly and maliciously attacks minority members on the basis of race stands a fair chance of getting hauled into court or going to jail. But writing objective and reasoned articles and books about the racial situation in this country and its effect on crime, forced busing, Middle East policy, immigration and drugs is still legal and permitted, though it gets harder and harder each year to distribute such literature, since the regular book and magazine market is closed to it.

Every once in a while, out of frustration or ignorance or as a result of the deliberate prodding of *agents provocateurs*, Majority activists switch from writing and preaching to doing. Within a very short period of time, such activists are either incarcerated or killed. One reason for this is that such activists do not obey the first law of racial politics, which is to work exclusively with your own kind. Even George Lincoln Rockwell, the quintessential American racist, violated this law when he welcomed into his minuscule Nazi band a Greek American by the name of John Patler, who eventually murdered him. The northwest Aryanists, whom the media call The Order and who have been dominating the news recently, actually recruited an Hispanic named Tom Martinez into their group. Martinez was the informer who led the FBI to Bob Mathews in a Portland motel and later to his "safe house" on Whidbey Island, where Mathews met his death and many of his associates surrendered. One who escaped the dragnet shot and killed a Missouri state trooper before he was tracked down in the neighborhood of a white survivalist camp, whose two leaders were also apprehended.

So what was the final score? The racial insurrectionaries pulled off a few successful acts of rebellion, probably with the informer's active cooperation so he could prove his "belonging," and then when enough evidence had been accumulated to lock the group up forever, Martinez blew the whistle and the FBI closed in. The media thereupon went into an orgasmic frenzy. Thousands of potential Majority activists tuned out and resumed their passivity -- and the ADL had some extra ammunition for the passage of the Genocide Convention and its lobbying effort to outlaw the writing and distributing of pro-Majority literature.

The irony is all too evident. A group of young men organized to fight against minority racism ends up shooting or killing members of their own race, the very people who are most likely to sympathize with their ideas -- law enforcement agents.

When the cops start looking for them, black and leftist activists melt into inner cities or "integrated" neighborhoods where they can hide out safely for years. Minority racists provide them with a choice of hundreds of safe houses. A Majority activist has nowhere to turn, no one to give him a safe shelter, no place to hunker down until the headlines vanish and the manhunt is called off.

If this is the situation -- and it is -- then any act of violence by a Majority activist is a passport to suicide. Until there are thousands of Majority members who are willing to risk jail for taking in a "wanted" man, the latter won't have a snowball's chance in hell of escaping arrest. Right now instead of thousands, there are probably not more than one hundred Majority members in the entire United States who would take such a risk and 98 of them, along with their addresses, are probably already on FBI and ADL computers.

So what is the answer? No violence; not even the lifting of a finger! Even when the time is ripe, even when catastrophic events combined with decades of education and indoctrination produce the thousands of risk-taking sympathizers, the legal way will almost certainly be the most effective way. Violence for "outs" is only politically expedient when the "ins" rule by violence.

Most Majority members are living it up these days as they drown whatever ideals they once had in a stagnant sea of produce-and-consumism. Most Majority members know nothing of the forces of history, nothing of race, nothing of the machinations of those who are genetically conditioned to destroy every manifestation of high culture everywhere. Until most of this ignorance is dispelled by long stints of education and by personal suffering at the hands of the culture mulchers, there will be no meaningful support of any kind for Majority activism, legal or illegal. Twenty people of like mind, no matter how highly motivated, can hardly change the minds of 160 million people who think differently or not at all, even if the 160 million are of the same race as the twenty.

Only time, as it surely must, will change a substantial portion of these minds. If ever a country is headed for chaos, it is this one. A good dose of coast-to-coast fragmentation and barbarism following years of education explaining the forces behind the breakdown will change hundreds of thousands of minds in a couple of fortnights. Fat stomachs are not the wombs of heroes. Empty stomachs make people do things that are completely "out of character." Sooner or later there will be legions of such "out of character" Majority members. Then and only then will we have a chance of making our actions stick. Meanwhile, any and all false starts will be counterproductive and only postpone our resurgence by turning the average Majority member more strongly than ever against his self-appointed rescuers. Shooting down a state trooper is the kind of act that makes holidays in the hearts of Zionists.

There were a few positive chapters in the short and unhappy history of The Order. The fiery death of Bob Mathews proved there was at least one man left in this degenerate, cowardly populace who was willing to put his life on the line for his beliefs. It was also evident that a few brash men could make a successful stand against all the power of the powers that be -- at least for a month or so. Above all, The Order proved that violence was no longer the monopoly of black and Puerto Rican terrorist bands and the Jewish Defense League. But all of these little pluses were overwhelmingly negated by the minuses -- the failed security, the mass arrests, the media hate campaign, the firefights, not against minority oppressors and racial renegades, but against G-men and state troopers. No matter how unfairly they fought, it is in the hands of the law-and-order men that our destiny must rest when the minorities, once they are in the majority, turn their envy and hatred into acts of genocide. When will our people ever start remembering what happened in the past to our enemies' enemies? There has been more than one holo-

caust. Our race has been on the receiving end of several in the past, and the nonwhite minorities, when they sufficiently outnumber us, will doubtlessly try, with the help of certain whites, to holocaust us again in the late 21st century.

Use your brains, Majority activists! Don't let the rest of us down. We are approaching one of the great crises of human history. The existence or nonexistence of the one race that has made man the wonder of creation hangs in the balance. Its disappearance may well put mankind on the road back to the ape instead of upward to the higher than man. Bravery not bravado, patience not derring-do must be the watchwords. And if you believe in race, practice it with every breath of your lungs, every beat of your heart. There are more than enough backsliders out there ready to turn you in for a brief moment of media fame and some quick cash. The informer abounds in a snitcher's market, in a society where he gets a medal instead of a more fitting reward. With all those jackals prowling around out there, you should make doubly certain you don't allow an even more alien breed of beast to share the warmth of your lonely campfire.

Gloomspreaders among us have been heard to say that at least three million Majority members will have to die before this country is returned to the descendants of the people who hammered, ploughed and sawed it out of rock, prairie and woodland. Right now, including two tax protestors who also killed some lawmen but who had no sense of the racial struggle, the count stands at three. If the dealers in gloom are correct, that leaves 2,999,997 to go. Let us make certain that all future casualties will be chalked up to victory, not defeat; that each Majority death will be a small battle won in history's greatest and most crucial war -- the war to defend our race, and by extension all races, against the destroyers of race.



The photo that needs no English caption to be understood.

WORLD'S LONELIEST MAN

Rudolf Hess, who has now observed 91 birthdays, is suffering from muscular atrophy in his right leg and progressive curvature of the spine, besides being blind in his right eye. His guards are only allowed to refer to him as #7, the man who inhabits cell #17 in Berlin's Spandau fortress, the entire facilities of which are reserved for his incarceration.

Hess has been a prisoner for 44 years, since May 10, 1941, when he crashed his twin-engine Messerschmidt into a Scottish moor in a vain attempt to persuade Churchill to make peace with Germany. In late 1946 he was sentenced to life imprisonment by the Nuremberg Star Chamber judges. Since 1966 he has been Spandau's sole prisoner.

Hess's day begins at 6:00 when he gets up and does a spot of exercise. He then opens his cell door and limps to the dingy washroom across the hall, always, of course, under the watchful eye of a guard, whom he greets with "Guten Morgen." He then dresses in his "television room," a cubicle which contains a chest of drawers. He is not permitted a tie for fear of a suicide attempt.

At 7:00 he has breakfast on a tray beside his bed -- oatmeal porridge and fruit juice. Breakfast over, a hospital orderly comes in and cleans up, raises the back of Hess's hospital bed and adds a bedspread. Hess's painful back is supported by a thick white cushion.

From 8:00 to 10:00 the prisoner reads while propped up in bed. He is permitted four German newspapers and six magazines, one of them the *National Geographic*. Having at his disposal a rather sizable library, he prefers scientific books about space travel and environmental problems. But everything he reads is rigorously censored. Forbidden is any printed matter to do with the years 1943-45. Newspaper or magazine articles about the persecution of Jews or about Israel are verboten. The censors are a Pole and a Congolese, who belong to Spandau's civilian work force, which also includes three cooks, five maintenance men and five kitchen helpers, plus 32 American, British, Russian and French soldiers who comprise the one-man penitentiary's prison guards.

Punctually at 10:00, Hess takes a walk in the prison yard. To get there he goes to a neighboring cell and sits in a chair on a kind of elevator which lowers him to the prison grounds. This contraption added 200,000 marks to the

2,360,000 marks German taxpayers had to shell out last year for the Spandau operation.

Aided by his cane, on which he has had to rely for the past five years, Hess hobbles along the well-worn path, followed closely by a guard. After 20 minutes, his strength gone, he sits down in a little white gazebo, which is heated in winter and has a glass door. The prisoner calls it his "garden house."

Eleven-thirty is lunch time -- a serving of vegetables and salad, occasionally a little meat. He eats lightly because of a recurring stomach ailment and intestinal cramps.

Hess's health is rapidly deteriorating, which is not surprising considering his age. Aside from the previously mentioned ailments, he has swollen legs, recurring problems with his prostate, and his heart is weakening. In 1982 he had two cardiac attacks. One day last August he woke up completely blind. The doctors believed it was due to a detached retina. But it turned out to be an eye muscle, which slowly recovered. However, the doctors are not discounting the possibility of eventual total blindness. At present, Hess has to wear very strong glasses for reading, writing and TV viewing.



Hess on his daily constitutional

The prisoner's siesta is from 1:00 to 2:00. Then another walk. At 3:30 he is on his bed reading again, writing a letter or making entries in his diary. Supper comes at 5:00 -- again vegetables and salad. Then more reading, writing and TV. Once a week he is permitted to hear a half-hour of classical music from his collection of 250 records. At 11:00 he turns in.

Every move Hess makes, everything he hears or sees is controlled. Every TV program he watches must first be approved. The one letter he is permitted to write each week can be no longer than 1,500 words and every syllable is carefully reviewed by his black-and-white censorship team. He may only receive letters from his closest family relations. Even his diary, which now consists of five volumes, is carefully scrutinized. Countless pages have been removed and burnt.

Hess's greatest wish is to hold his three grandchildren in his arms. All he has is a few colored photos of them. Hess's son, Wolf-Rüdiger, last saw his father shortly before Christmas. Visits are limited to one hour, not one minute longer, once a month. If two family members come, the visiting time is reduced to 30 minutes. Frau Hess can no longer see

her husband because she is too ill.

Father and son sit across a table 15 meters wide in the visitor's room and are further separated by a wall in the middle of the table. They can only see each other through a small oval opening in the wall. Consequently, it is impossible for them to embrace, shake hands or even touch each other. Always present at these rare meetings are the four

prison wardens, a translator (for the wardens) and a guard.

Inhuman is an understatement for the treatment the victors have handed out to Hess. Inhuman is the "privilege" that was extended to him last Christmas. For the first time in 44 years he was allowed to decorate his cell -- with a single wreath!

WHO'S CLASSY AND WHO AIN'T

You can outrage people today simply by mentioning social class, very much the way, sipping tea among the aspidistras a century ago, you could silence a party by adverting too openly to sex. When, recently, asked what I am writing, [and I answer], "A book about social class in America," people tend first to straighten their ties and sneak a glance at their cuffs to see how far the fraying has advanced there. Then, a few minutes later, they silently get up and walk away. It is not just that I am feared as a class spy. It is as if I had said, "I am working on a book urging the beating to death of baby whales using the dead bodies of baby seals."

The baby-whale-beater who penned these lines is Paul Fussell, a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and contributing editor of *Harper's* and *The New Republic*. They introduce his remarkably acute book, *Class*, whose mass-produced Ballantine paperback edition, available since October, undermines the words of sociologist Paul Blumberg, who has called class "America's forbidden thought."

Fussell prudently bars some holds at the outset.

In this book I am going to deal with some of the visible and audible signs of social class, but I will be sticking largely to those that reflect choice. That means that I will not be considering matters of race, or, except now and then, religion or politics. Race is visible, but it is not chosen. Religion and politics, while usually chosen, don't show, except for the occasional front-yard shrine or car bumper sticker.

There goes half the fun and scandal, sighs the Instaurationist. But, oh, what this wickedly honest writer does with the other half!

"Classy people are seldom short and squat," is one of the formulas which Fussell eagerly promotes. Another is that little or no neck spells "prole": "If you're skeptical . . . in your imagination try conflating Roy Acuff [or might he mean Roy Clark?] with Averell Harriman, or Mayor Daley with George Bush." Before any short-necked reader hurls these words across the room (which would be a very low-class response to criticism), it should be stressed that Fussell's class-detectors are both many in number and subtle in application. Thus, the shortest neck in the world, by itself, will not keep one from rising virtually to the tip-top.

Nor did Fussell idly invent these grading scales. He is "guilty" (before the squirming masses) only of bearing bad

tidings from a *hypercritical* -- but not *hypocritical* -- natural aristocracy on high. (By definition, it is only a false or artificial aristocracy which can be hypocritical -- unless, with the levelers, one regards all social hierarchies as such.) Going a step further, one cannot even "blame" the upper classes for having "invented" all the necessarily odious comparisons which Fussell, and other class elitists, so lovingly depict. The genuine and worthy class distinction is always at bottom a matter of good taste, which, to a considerable degree, is predetermined by the set "nature of things."

A true upper class will have not only the time and the money to surround itself with life's finer things, but also the refined perception to choose those things correctly. A billion dollars cannot buy the latter talent -- only a team of tasteful mercenaries ready to assist. The point of all this is that bona fide aristocracy is never a "racket" designed to keep out the masses by arbitrary means, though the frustrated mob will naturally be inclined to think it so. The doorway to the class elite stands permanently open -- to free association if not actual co-ownership -- for those few who are able to meet the stringent price. The "finer things of life" sought by wealth includes fine people, after all, which is why wit, grace and beauty have always made their own way.

Since class structures are *not* rackets, by and large, and -- Hollywood mythology notwithstanding -- are therefore unyielding before "open sesame" like new money, it is hard indeed to pass from one class into another, though social "climbers" will always turn eagerly to hucksters like Rozanne Weissman of Washington, D.C., who calls herself a "status therapist." "Strainers" is the term which Fussell prefers for such people, whose level of understanding is revealed by the advice which their gurus dish out: "[Weissman] advises aspirants to get their names into local gossip columns with the expectation that invitations to embassy parties will ensue. That is pitiable, embassy parties being close to the very social bottom."

In the lower orders, writes Fussell, "people tend to believe that class is defined by the amount of money you have."

In the middle, people grant that money has something to do with it, but think education and the kind of work you do almost equally important. Nearer the top, people perceive that taste, values, ideas, style, and behavior are indispensable criteria of class, regardless of money or occupation or education.

This admission is almost subversive in the U.S., as European visitors since Tocqueville have pointed out, yet it remains no less true here than elsewhere. "It can't be money," Fussell quotes one perceptive working man as saying, "because nobody ever knows that about you for sure." George Orwell is quoted on the English:

Economically, no doubt, there are only two classes, the rich and the poor, but socially there is a whole hierarchy of classes, and the manners and traditions learned by each class in childhood are not very different but -- this is the essential point -- generally persist from birth to death It is . . . very difficult to escape, culturally, from the class into which you have been born.

Difficult, but not impossible. "Style and taste and awareness are as important as money" in moving up a notch, writes Fussell -- which makes his book an excellent place to commence the trek. Yet optimism in the quest is inappropriate, for the "stigmata" of class are "virtually unalterable and inefaceable. We're pretty well stuck for life in the class we're raised in." At the end of a chapter filled with hundreds of examples of how the upper, middle and lower classes express themselves, our tutor warns, "Even adopting all the suggestions implied in this chapter, embracing all the high-class locutions and abjuring the low ones, won't help much."

Our "Classist" Society

Any reader who brings to *Class* an understanding of the dysgenic tendencies which have regularly plagued advanced civilizations will have deep reservations about the author's values. The man is an unabashed "classist," and classism inevitably conflicts to a degree with race and eugenics. By Fussell's ethic, upper is not only better and lower worse, but all people *should* strive -- as most of them naturally do -- to raise themselves as *individuals*. In this regard, America, which pretends to be classless, is in fact the most classist society in history, because nowhere has upward straining been as encouraged and indeed glorified as it has here.

A recurrent tragedy of the past has been the self-sterilization of the upper classes, and their supposed "replacement" by the more prolific lowers. But only in America has this greatest of tragedies been widely praised as the ideal state of affairs. Thus, for example, young WASPs of today are taught that the two-career, three-car, one-child "yuppie" family is both politically and morally "right," because it gives the ghetto black, the immigrant Mexican and the lumpen white new opportunities to rise. These latter, if they are successfully "Americanized," are in turn supposed to rein in their fertility, move up the status ladder, and make room at the bottom for still less-promising genetic material. ("To what end?" That is the one question which our lemming society never tolerates.)

A racially based social system would, on the contrary, begin by granting T.S. Eliot's dictum that "nothing in this world or the next" can ever fully substitute for anything else. Despite the blessed genetic phenomenon of "regression toward the mean" (which is almost the only thing which has kept past dysgenic trends from long since reduc-

ing us all to imbeciles) -- despite this salutary semi-random mixing of fitness levels among the offspring of different classes with each new generation, the lower class as a whole can never adequately substitute for the middle when it is propelled upward en masse by a selfish, short-sighted classist system, any more than the middle class can hope to reproduce fully the native virtues of a lost upper class.

Progressive deterioration of a population's genetic quality must result unless all classes have similar fertility levels and downward mobility is nearly as pervasive as the upward kind. Paul Fussell implicitly recognizes the basic problem -- though not, apparently, its genetic foundation -- in his chapter on the cultural decline seen everywhere today, a phenomenon he labels "Prole Drift."

We will turn to Fussell's analysis of this massive, all-uglifying trend, and suggest how his own *untempered* classist values contribute to the problem, after first giving an inkling of his book's liveliness, which makes it almost impossible to put down for 238 pages.

It seems that everything, but everything, is linked in some way to class principles, for those with the wit and training to make the connections. Take homosexuality:

If social climbing, whether in actuality or in fantasy, is well understood, social sinking is not, although there's more of it going on than most people notice. Male homosexuals and lesbians, respectively, exemplify these two opposite maneuvers. Ambitious male homosexuals, at least in fantasy, aspire to rise, and from humble origins ascend to the ownership of antique businesses, art galleries, and hair salons. The object is to end by frequenting the Great. They learn to affect elegant telephone voices and gravitate instinctively toward "style" Lesbians, on the contrary, like to sink, dropping from middle-class status to become taxi drivers, police officers, and construction workers. The ultimate male-homosexual social dream is to sit at an elegant dinner table, complete with flowers and doilies and finger bowls, surrounded by rich, successful, superbly suited and gowned, witty, and cleverly immoral people. The ultimate lesbian social dream is to pack it in at some matey lunch counter with the heftier proles, wearing work clothes and doing a lot of shouting and kidding.

Not even Paul Fussell can sustain that level of awareness from cover to cover -- but he comes dauntingly close. Flowers, automobiles, taste in animals, names for animals, gestures, clothing, modes of travel, bathroom décor -- you name it: the man has discovered class-associated relationships which would never have occurred to less perceptive creatures. "Cruel and funny," wrote Eliot Fremont-Smith in his review of *Class* for *The Village Voice*. "I enjoyed the book As usual, one exempts oneself from the mundane herd until, very foolishly, one takes the quiz at the end. I was, of course, just checking it out But I tell you, I'm sore."

Well, then, what about flowers?

Anyone imagining that just any sort of flowers can be presented in the front of a house without status jeopardy would be wrong. Upper-middle-class flowers are rhododendrons, tiger lilies, amaryllis, columbine, clematis, and roses, except for bright-red ones. One way to learn which

flowers are vulgar is to notice the varieties favored on Sunday-morning TV religious programs like Rex Humbard's or Robert Schuller's. There you will see primarily geraniums (red are lower than pink), poinsettias, and chrysanthemums, and you will know instantly, without even attending to the quality of the discourse, that you are looking at a high-prole setup. Other prole flowers include anything too vividly red, like red tulips. Declassed also are phlox, zinnias, salvia, gladioli, begonias, dahlias, fuchsias, and petunias.

Now, is that silly? Taken in isolation, yes, absolutely. But although the "whole" or "gestalt" which is social class is greater than the sum of its parts, those parts are nonetheless its sole building blocks. There is no point in fretting about the flowers in one's front yard -- shame on the snob who, upon reading fussy Fussell, would rush to uproot a lovely bed of mums! -- as long as one understands the general principles of class which underlie the varied and petty prescriptions and proscriptions. Not one of these principles is unassailable: each awaits the genius who, or the circumstances which, can override it.

It does no harm to know these canons, even if, with many a literary and religious figure, one opts for a proletarian ethic and lifestyle -- whether (1) from conviction of the inevitable coming triumph of "the masses" (an Ortegian possibility seriously entertained by Fussell under "Prole Drift"); (2) from an appreciation of one's own cruder and/or simpler nature (an insight which warrants no apology but deserves commendation); or (3), most nobly, as a sacrifice to future racial solidarity, made by consciously foregoing *quality in one's own existence* as a trade-off for *quantity of offspring*.

Eleven Class Principles

Striving as it does to entertain, *Class* nowhere expounds systematically the tenets of class. But a number of these are readily extracted from the text.

1. **The Archaic Principle.** Old money is better than new. If you must sell for a living, sell old things. Allusions to the Old World and the first-settled parts of the New have class, which is why the middle class demands so many "colonial" and "Cape Cod" homes. Fussell cites Russell Lynes's observation in *The Tastemakers*, that the corporate facade of modernity, erected to impress the proles, often hides chandeliers and fireplaces in executive suites. Old belongings and traditional practices suggest that "one retains the preferences and habits one learned very long ago." Thus, one's family is not straining, but upper class by nature.

2. **The Organic Principle.** With a few exceptions, natural materials are preferable to synthetic. In yachting, wooden hulls are classier than the cheaper and more practical fiberglass ones. "Middle-class clothes tend to err by excessive smoothness, to glitter a bit, to shine even before they're worn. Upper-middle clothes . . . lean to the soft, textured, woolly, nubby." Upper-class clothes were once alive: wool, cotton, silk, fur and leather (the last only on belts, shoes, gloves and the like). Why are synthetic fibers "prole?" Three reasons: they're cheaper; they're not archaic; "they're entirely uniform and hence boring."

3. **The Privacy Principle.** "Oddity, introversion, and the

love of privacy are the big enemies [of the middle class], a total reversal of the values of the secure upper orders." Middlers regard fences and hedges as affronts. "[Y]ou may drop in on neighbors or friends without a telephone inquiry first. Being naturally innocent and well disposed and aboveboard, a member of the middle class finds it hard to believe that all are not." Proles visit relatives a lot while "most upper-middle and uppers . . . are in flight from their relatives." The privacy principle shows up in clothing: "legible" or "message" clothing is prole, as are loud ties and loud colors generally. Travel: "The upper class usually tours independently, without joining a group: quite natural, for in any group there would surely be some people one wouldn't care to know. The one exception is going on an 'art tour' with certified equals . . ."

4. **The Anxiety Principle.** The middle class suffers from "status panic" far more often than the upper and lower. It is morally earnest and desperately afraid to offend. It smiles a lot and says "have a nice day." Elegance is its "fatal temptation," while uppers and lowers favor blunt usage. Middle-class overindulgence in euphemism and compliments leads finally to "verbal slop."

It is among members of the upper class that you have to refrain from uttering compliments, which are taken to be rude, possessions there being of course beautiful, expensive, and impressive, without question . . . In the upper class there's never any doubt of one's value, and it all goes without saying. A British peer of a very old family was once visited by an artistic young man who, entering the dining room, declared that he'd never seen a finer set of Hepplewhite chairs. His host had him ejected instantly, explaining, "Fellow praised my chairs! Damned cheek!"

5. **The Efficiency Principle.** "[E]lite looks are achieved by a process of rejection -- of the current, the showy, the superfluous. Thus the rejection of fat by the elite." Noise too is inefficient. Thus the "unexpected silence" of the upper classes. "Minimal utterance is high-class, while proles say everything two or three times. 'Ummm' is a frequently heard complete sentence among the uppers." The middle-class love of euphemism is not only a way of avoiding facts but also a confusion of extra syllables with weight and value. Hugh Rawson has invented a "Fog or Pomposity Index" (FOP Index), on which "prostitute" rates a 2.4 in relation to "whore."

Why would anyone say, "I am able to engage in higher-paying areas of employment," when he means, "I earn more"? John Adams suggested one answer when he wrote, in 1805, "The desire of the esteem of others is as real a want of nature as hunger . . ." Those who cannot win esteem with a meaningful glance or a well-chosen word will always try to cheat nature with an obvious gesture or 50 ill-chosen words.

6. **The Old and New England (or WASP) Principle.** Where one lives has a lot to do with class. "The best places socially would probably be found to be those longest under occupation by financially prudent Anglo-Saxons, like Newport, Rhode Island; Haddam, Connecticut; and Bar Harbor, Maine." The well-dressed American male "should look as much as possible like a British gentleman

as depicted in movies about 50 years ago." No normal American would change his name "from Poshenitz to Gamberini" or prefer an address on Bernstein Street to Devonshire Court. "For the middle class with upward longings, the great class totem is 'Mother England.'" The ever-popular "silk rep" tie always comes "striped with the presumed colors of British (never, never German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, or White Russian) regiments, clubs or universities." Union Jacks are routinely slapped onto the covers of catalogs aimed at the middle class. One even announces, "We are unabashedly Anglophiles," and sells a cavalry saber with a "matching copy"(!) of a book by Winston Churchill. "No hustle is . . . too coarse," writes Fussell, when it comes to exploiting the American craving for genteel roots.

Is this obsession with things British simply a subset of the Archaic Principle? No, there is a lot more to it than that (though Fussell only hints at the explanation). Many of the character traits known to be concentrated in the upper classes of most European countries are (or were) dispersed much more widely among the general British population -- quietness in behavior and taste, love of privacy, very low anxiety level, thinness and refinement of features, efficiency and self-control. Among the major countries of Europe, England was, at least historically, the most Nordic (or, in some cases, "fine Nordic-Mediterranean"). Consider this sentence of Fussell's: "At the very top [in America], the good is usually not very good, tending, like the conversation, to a terrible blandness, a sad lack of originality and cutting edge." Of course, this twin-edged complaint is precisely the one which Continental travelers have long hurled against the English of all classes.

7. The Well-Rounded Principle. Ever suspicious of social climbers (and with every reason to be), the upper orders demand that a person show many different "signs" to gain admission to their domain. Leery of the man with the magic formula that opens all doors, they naturally shy away from intellectuals bearing "new ideas" which often sound old-hat. Professors are notorious strainers, as the sociologist C. Wright Mills observed:

Men can achieve position in this field although they are recruited from the lower-middle class, a milieu not remarkable for its grace of mind, flexibility or breadth of culture, or scope of imagination. The profession thus includes many persons who have experienced a definite rise in class and status position, and who in making the climb are more likely . . . to have acquired "the intellectual rather than the social graces." It also includes people of "typically plebeian cultural interests outside the field of specialization, and a generally philistine style of life."

"Thus," adds Fussell, "the deep instinct of the professor to go bowling."

8. The Optimism Principle. The middle class is, with rare exceptions, convinced that its strenuous upward movement constitutes real "human progress." It loves cheery songs like "Tomorrow" from the musical *Annie*, and "The Impossible Dream" from *Man of La Mancha* -- and adores the latest technological gadgetry as well. The upper class leans away from science and toward the study

of the humanities, in part because "the humanities involve the past and studying them usually results in elegiac emotions." In light of the ubiquitous ugliness brought on largely by Prole Drift -- which only repeats the grim experience of past civilizations -- such wistful emotions are quite appropriate for the besieged upper orders. An elegy is by nature pensive and often melancholic. It expresses regret for fine things now past.

9. The Control Principle. The proletarian classes are "identifiable as people things are done to. They are in bondage -- to monetary policy, rip-off advertising, crazes and delusions, mass low culture, fast foods, consumer schlock." And the situation is growing steadily worse. If one hasn't much money, and yet demands a free existence, the only answer is what Fussell, in his closing chapter, calls "The X Way Out." Class X people are "bohemians," but not generally in the bad sense of the word. They are self-directed and usually self-employed folk who will do creative work of any kind. If Fussell seems an upper-class chauvinist, it is really the X class that he greatly prefers, for here alone may most Americans hope to "avoid some of the envy and ambition that pervert so many" -- and here alone may they escape the produce-and-consume frenzy which has engulfed the multitudes. Control over one's life is a blessing which often comes with wealth, but, as sages have been telling us for centuries, the wise man can be happy and free with very little.

10. The "Pseudo-Reference" Principle. World Series Week and Super Bowl Sunday are "democratic holy days," according to Fussell. Then, losers may identify with winners, and, no less important, may indulge in sports trivia, "a flux of pedantry, dogmatism, record-keeping, wise secret knowledge, and pseudo-scholarship of the sort usually associated with the 'decision-making' or 'executive' or 'opinion-molding' classes." Then comes Everyman's chance to "perform as a learned bore."

The barroom or living-room debates occasioned by these events are a prole counterpart of the classy debates in statehouses and courthouses, and the shrewd weighing of evidence and thoughtful drawing of inferences ape the proceedings in the highest learned conferences and seminars. In addition, the satire and abuse visited upon holders of opposite views, especially in bars, is the prole equivalent to the contumely dispensed by the better book reviewers and theater critics.

Correct learned reference is, by its nature, accessible only to an elite. The most that an overworked prole can hope for is familiarity with One Book -- invariably the Bible -- or, alternatively, the murky, weird world of pseudo-reference. The modern increase in leisure time should have lessened the need for such studied ignorance, yet Prole Drift has more than cancelled it out.

11. The Hardness Principle. Though members of the upper class have every chance to go soft (as the merely rich often do), the same innate qualities which carried them to the top usually keep them lean and mean. Down below, things are very different. "To a startling degree," writes Fussell, "prole America is about sweet." Losers increasingly have a sugar fixation -- and show it. As for drink, "the

ultimate bifurcation . . . cuts straight across the center of society" -- dry versus sweet. On the road, proles seek out the predictable and unthreatening. Later, they dwell on the details of the trip (meals, costs, etc.) rather than any larger experience.

The Biology of "Prole Drift"

Fussell's book is worth owning solely for the short eighth chapter on "Prole Drift." Here the author recalls "Ortega's gloomy finding that 'the mass crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified and select.'"

"Which," Fussell continues, "is a way of saying that proles, who superficially look like losers, have a way of almost always winning." The "vertical invader," as Ortega called him, who is irredeemably proletarian by nature yet is permitted to rise in the social order, "contaminates a heretofore sacrosanct domain of art, culture, complexity, and subtlety." Yet, Fussell insists -- without offering any evidence -- the proles are not *really* rising or invading the upper ranks of our society in significant numbers. "Rather, the world on top is sinking down to fit itself into his [the prole's] wants, since purchasing power has increasingly concentrated itself in his hands." Even the *London Times Literary Supplement* is drifting toward bad usage, while architecture, since World War II, has become a matter of "one rectangular box fits all," whether church, school, hospital, prison, motel or whatever.

The insistence that "prole drift" is solely a matter of upper-class surrender of standards, and has nothing to do with the gradual invasion and replacement of the elite's germ plasm, is itself an example of mob-mindedness. In the 1920s, thoughtful men and women of every political stripe (even some Communists) realized that dysgenic breeding patterns were eating away the living foundations of high culture -- and, of course, the problem has worsened immensely since then. Lothrop Stoddard, writing in 1922, gave one of the reasons why:

The ability of superior individuals to rise easily in the social scale is characteristic of a progressive civilization . . . Accordingly, the furtherance of the "career open to talent" is the constant solicitude of social reformers. And yet, here too, the racial viewpoint is needed. Suppose the "social ladder" were so perfected that virtually all ability could be detected and raised to its proper social level. The immediate result would be a tremendous display of talent and genius. But if this problem were considered merely by itself, if no measures were devised to counteract the age-old tendency toward the social sterilization and elimination of successful superiors, that display of talent would be but the prelude to utter racial impoverishment and irreparable racial and cultural decline. As things now stand, it is the very imperfections of the "social ladder" which retard racial impoverishment and minimize its disastrous consequences.

Like regression to the biological mean, the persistence of unrecognized talent is a blessing in disguise. Fussell's elitist predecessors were familiar with such reasoning. He does not, or at least feels he should not, raise the matter publicly. In either case, he himself is very much caught up

in intellectual and moral "prole drift."

The most dangerous aspect of Fussell's drift with the times is his tendency to preach contempt for proletarian and even middle-class values. This lack of balance can only embarrass and unsettle the average reader, and thereby add to the amount of social straining going on. The result of this skewed value system, especially given the rapid darkening of the American working and middle classes, must be a further lowering of the abysmal fertility rate of the many young men and women who are bright and attractive enough to strive and strain (though few will "pass"). The biologically less fortunate will not be affected by Fussell's glorification of what, for them, is an impossible alternative.

Consider, as Fussell does, the "consolatory" housewife's wall plaque:

Bless the kitchen in which I cook.
Bless each moment within this nook.
Let joy and laughter share this room
With spices, skillet, and my broom
Bless me and mine with love and health
And I'll not ask for greater wealth.

"Personally," writes Fussell, "I find notable pathos in the third and fourth lines, which specify, as if lovingly, the implements of the speaker's slavery." The proffered alternative is servants -- i.e., Third World imports -- whom Fussell praises on pages 90 (twice), 95 and 103, and elsewhere. These ideal servants, one must assume, will have no more than two offspring apiece, and will never rise in the social scale. Their children and their children's children will refrain from loud demonstrations in favor of Affirmative Action. And, of course, the ultimate miscegenatory histories of aristocratic Egypt, India and Greece are mere illusions . . .

Why not, instead, seek a world where *everyone* is bright and beautiful? The eugenics-minded George Bernard Shaw once wrote, "In an ugly and unhappy world, the richest man can purchase nothing but ugliness and unhappiness." Richard Wagner and many another genius have had the same intuition: that to attain enduring excellence, a society must learn to combine the best features of aristocracy and egalitarian democracy. Such an achievement will be facilitated by computers, robotics and other technological gadgetry, which Fussell spurns as "crass" and "middle-class," and also by eugenic breeding, which he refrains from mentioning altogether.

Though manservants and maidservants are delightfully "archaic" and "organic," they are simply too *dangerous* to have around in our promiscuous, interfertile, envy-ridden species of uneven quality. (Besides, the classy *British* servants are no longer available.) Let's save our highest praise for that superb specimen of womanhood who might have been an idle gold-digger, and knows it, yet threw aside *Class* and all similar counsel, grabbed a skillet and broom, and raised a healthy brood. And let's not forget her loyal husband either. Theirs is the humble, sacrificial kind of "class" which, practiced widely enough, would biologically enrich the plentiful "lower orders" of society, and help to usher in a superior human race.

Maggie Shows Her True Colors

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, in her two letters to the South African-born Tory politician, Mr. Ian Lloyd, expressed her views clearly on South Africa for the first time. In doing so, she confirmed the suspicions which were first aroused by her attitude towards the British people of Rhodesia (who were the Queen's most loyal subjects before they were forced into rebellion), whom she desired to see not only overthrown but, at the insistence of Zambia's lachrymose Premier, Kenneth Kaunda, deprived of all rights as well, regardless of the Lancaster House agreement.



Dancing with Mr. K

Because of this, it was asked why she was so keen to free the comparative handful of Falkland Islanders from Argentine rule (in an admittedly justified and magnificently conducted operation) when she had been so hostile to the 280,000 whites of Rhodesia. It was logically surmised that whereas she detested the so-called tin-pot (anti-Communist) dictators of South America, she venerated the genuine tin-pot black dictators of Africa, with whom she was always hobnobbing so eagerly and loading down with endless millions of British taxpayers' money. And this in turn supplied the likely answer to the related question that was raised at the time, which was whether she would have gone to war against Argentina if it had been a black country -- not, of course, that any black country could launch a seaborne invasion even across a sizable river.

Mrs. Thatcher abhors South Africa because it is "unique in continuing deliberately to separate people by race," and here we come to the nub of the matter. Race is always at the bottom of everything, be-

cause we are what we are, and in the modern decadent West (but not elsewhere) segregation is "out" and integration is "in." Nevertheless, race segregation is surely more natural than race integration, and the extraordinary British and American belief that apartheid is the root cause of unrest in southern Africa is surely no more than a sinister pretense, for if apartheid is the cause of black enmity, why were the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique -- where racial segregation was unknown -- attacked and destroyed? Would it offend black feelings to admit that the everywhere triumphant blacks are simply closing in for the long desired kill of their last and biggest white victim in Africa?

It is generally thought that Mrs. Thatcher is trying to revive Britain's past greatness, and we may sincerely hope this is so. Where a race remains the same it can always repeat its past achievements. Nevertheless, in view of her intense dislike of racial segregation, she can hardly approve of the old British Empire where it was an institution. It is more likely that she enthusiastically applauded the film on Gandhi. Similarly, when she compares the racially mixed England of today with the lamentably unmixed England of her youth, she must think she is halfway to paradise. Yet she is not herself a Marxist or liberal, but a staunch conservative, though only in such matters as economics and national defense. She evidently does not pause to reflect on who -- not on what, but on who -- makes a strong economy. She does not, that is to say, compare Iceland or Switzerland with oil-rich Nigeria, and when it comes to preparing her country to resist a possible Russian attack she obviously does not consider what point there would be in defending a country against a foreign invasion when the country itself has become even more alien than the invader. Precisely because it has no racial foundation, her con-

servatism is without substance.

Certainly it is the height of unrealism to imagine that the vastly divergent races of South Africa would ever mix in any meaningful way. It is equally unreal for anyone to suppose that South Africa could possibly survive by adopting the British or American policies, and here the prime minister, Mr. P.W. Botha, was entirely correct in telling Mrs. Thatcher that if it were not for the National Party (in other words, the Afrikaners), there would not be a South Africa for Britain to trade with.

Mrs. Thatcher's shallow reasoning and inverted racialism are terrible because they so clearly portend the final extinction of our already fast declining but still ever feuding race everywhere. And now her latest exploit in arranging a state welcome for Marxist President Samora Machel of Mozambique, of making him a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, or airily waiving that country's repayment of over £10 million, with strong hints of military aid to come, and then accepting Machel's invitation to pay an official visit to Mozambique, from where she will no doubt deliver a stirring anti-South African speech -- all this is consistent with her established record in Africa, as President Machel himself obviously anticipated. It is obvious that she wants white, anti-Communist South Africa to be wiped out of existence, and it is logical to suppose that her next moves will be to give millions in aid to SWAPO and the African National Congress and possibly even a fleet of Harrier jets to the Cubans in Angola.

Altogether she reinforces one's suspicions that almost all the political leaders of the English-speaking world for the last half-century or so have been acting under some kind of hypnotic suggestion, as their behaviour is otherwise too utterly insane to be explained.

Ponderable Quote

An all-Negro artillery battalion, sent to the front, was delivered by a Negro transport battalion to its place in the front lines. On the way back, at night, the transport men were ambushed by six North Koreans, and the four hundred truckers ran without a fight, leaving the vehicles standing with lights burning and motors on. The Reds burned the trucks and hiked up the road into the rear of the artillery battalion, which they sprayed with fire and scattered. The Reds took all guns. I saw many of the broken men who came back. It was a terrible day for our arms.

Marine! The Life of Chesty Puller
Bantam, New York, 1984

Bending and Twisting Marxism

There is no length to which neoconservatives will not go to distort the truth in their wild and woolly, often counterproductive, swipes at Marxism. Paul Johnson, a Galahad of British liberalism some years ago and more recently a St. George of the Republican right, has come up with a theory of history which proposes that communism was a direct outgrowth of Karl Marx's anti-Semitism. For backup he quotes some of Karl's anti-Jewish asides and emphasizes in italics *Marx's form of anti-Semitism was a dress rehearsal for Marxism itself* (*Commentary*, April 1984).

That an ideology originating from a Jew's alleged anti-Semitism would attract so many Jews doesn't seem to trouble Johnson. Neither does the fact that Marx himself was a Jew. Because the elder Marx converted to Lutheranism and the son converted to atheism makes Marx non-Jewish in Johnson's eyes.

Marx briefly attacked Jews on purely financial grounds. They were rich and tied up with capitalists and capitalism. So Marx reasoned that most of them would look askance at an economic and political program that would deprive them of their wealth. By eliminating or converting them, Marx hoped that communism would have a much easier time of it. In this, as in so much else, he was dead wrong. Many rich Jews, the richer the better, became very tolerant of communism, even in its radical Bolshevik form. Blood turned out to be thicker than money.

Since no contemporary Western writer can be objective about the deeper causes and motivations of Marxism and still be

published by a "respectable" publisher, Johnson can stand the truth on its head and get away with it, trusting that his paradox will leave an impression on the TV-battered minds of *hoi polloi*. Contrary to Johnson, it is Semitism, not anti-Semitism, which was the cornerstone of Marxism. The age-old hatred and envy of Jews for non-Jews was sooner or later bound to coalesce into a political and economic program to deracinate and divide those whom Jews have perceived to be their eternal enemies.

Marxism, a negative pseudo-science based on a false interpretation of history and racial revanchism, cannot be expected to work effectively in any sphere of human endeavor, and it hasn't. Both China and the Soviet Union have drawn away from it, not only in practice but in theory. The conventional Marxist wisdom that genetic differences among human beings don't exist or have no significance is now being soft-pedaled and downplayed, never having recovered from the blow suffered by the Stalin-supported "flat earth" Lamarckianism of Lysenko.

Already, in 1974, Soviet psychologist W.A. Krutetzki asserted that the Marxist credo, "from each according to his abilities," must be predicated on the inequality of men, otherwise the statement would have no meaning. The Mehlhorn brothers of East Germany, speaking as representatives of the Communist government there, have flatly condemned as "un-Marxist" the denial of genetically based differences in intelligence. Even Lenin had this to say on the subject (*Werke*, Bd. 20, Berlin, 1965, pp. 137, 140):

[W]hen one says that experience and reason testify that men are *not* equal, then one understands under equality the equality of *abilities* or the equivalence of bodily strength and mental capacities of men. It is quite obvious that in this sense men are not equal. No single reasonable man and no single socialist ever forgets this

When socialists speak of equality, they understand thereby *social* equality, the equality of social position, but not at all the equality of physical and mental abilities of individual persons.

Russian twin studies have produced a heritability factor of .78, which is as high or higher than that agreed to by Western social scientists of the hereditarian persuasion. A Pole, A. Firkowska, has made extensive studies of IQ scores which disclose correlations not dissimilar to those found by Arthur Jensen. J. Guthke, a prominent East German psychologist, has written, "Marxist psychology does not by any means deny the importance of genetic factors in the causation of individual differences in intelligence."

If the trend toward "nature" and away from "nurture" continues behind the Iron Curtain, communism and Marxism may lose whatever appeal they have left for minorities and Third Worldlings. In that event we may be faced with the interesting spectacle of the Soviet Union becoming the guardian angel of "white science," while Western scientists are forced to bypass or bowdlerize genetics in order to avoid jail terms for "bigotry" and "racism."

Based on population, the U.S. is an athletic also-ran. So says Zip 142.

A More Accurate Grading of Olympic Performance

For the most part I ignored the 1984 Olympic Games. Although sports represent a certain level of achievement, I find it difficult to elevate them to the empyrean heights reserved for athletic events by the media. The fact that a gold medalist in 1984 broke a record set by a gold medalist in some other year does not indicate any evolutionary gain, at least to me. The measure of human progress, now and in the future, will always be tied to the mental apparatus of man, not the physical. The abilities of our race should not be linked to the ability to

run down a rabbit or wrestle a baboon.

Some Olympic contests, such as running from here to there and jumping over a sand pile, come across as rather trivial events when compared, let us say, to gymnastics. The latter demands a much higher level of mental/physical activity than the former. Yet, the gold medal is the same.

While popping my TV set from one channel to another recently, I paused for a moment to hear Don Rickles mention that "if it weren't for the Negro, there wouldn't be any Olympics." Should we really be so

thankful for our black minority? I decided to do a little research.

My data source was the *World Almanac*. I checked the awarding of medals for 1976 and 1980, both the Summer and Winter Games. Instead of merely counting medals, I assigned a value of 3 to each gold medal, 2 to each silver and 1 for each bronze. In my view this would represent a better assessment of national performance than a mere medal count.

It seems only reasonable that nations with large populations should accumulate

a larger number of medal points than small nations. Nation X, for example, with 14% of the total population of the countries participating, might capture 16% of the total number of the medal points possible. Multiplying 16% by 100 and then dividing this product by the total population (14%) would yield a value of 114. All other things being equal, nations should have a points/population value of 100. A number higher than this represents above average performance while a lower value indicates the opposite (see tables).

The Winter Olympics Games are distinguished by an almost total absence of non-whites. Consequently, the Winter Games could be used as a means of ranking white racial performance along national lines. It should be noted that the absence of a country from the tables indicates that it either was not a participant or did not win any medals. Table 1 tells us that the U.S. scored a mediocre 31 in the 1976 Winter Olympics.* Liechtenstein, with a population of 20,000, performed extraordinarily. Table 3 shows the U.S. with a 51, still well below 100. While this represents an improvement, it nonetheless reveals a rather dismal overall rating. Finland's score on Table 1 may indicate why a handful of Finnish skiers raised so much havoc with invading Soviet troops in 1940.

Let's move on to the Summer Games. With a boycott here and a boycott there, Table 2 tells us that the U.S. did about what one would expect on a random basis. Table 4, with no listing of the U.S., tells us that Carter refused to let Americans go to Moscow. Both Tables 2 and 4 are worth a second look. We see the usual high ranking of Nordic-populated countries as well as the high ranking of largely nonwhite nations which contributed a plethora of runners of one sort or another. The preponderance of Northern Europeans in water events served to increase the ranking of Nordic-populated countries. If we can assume that U.S. Majority athletes fare as well as their Northern European counterparts in swimming, as in skiing, then how can we explain the much better showing, in a relative sense, of the U.S. in the Summer as opposed to the Winter Games? Could it be that Don Rickles is partially right? Is the U.S. in such sad straits that, as a competing nation, it can only appear average when the black contribution is added?

* In the 1976 Winter Olympics Games, 37 gold, 37 silver and 39 bronze medals were awarded. This represents a maximum of 224 points. The total population of the nations winning awards was 805,750,000. At the time, the U.S. population was 219.5 million. American athletes were awarded 3 golds, 3 silvers and 4 bronzes, yielding a point value of 19. The U.S. captured 8.5% ($100 \times 19/224$) of the points with a population of 27.3% ($100 \times 219500000/805750000$) of the total. Dividing 8.5 by 27.3 and multiplying by 100 yields the figure of 31 found in Table 1.

Table 1
1976 Winter Olympics

1. Liechtenstein	36,295
2. Norway	1,430
3. Finland	1,146
4. East Germany	821
5. Austria	581
6. Switzerland	572
7. Holland	261
8. West Germany	112
9. Canada	93
10. Sweden	88
11. USSR	83
12. Italy	51
13. Czechoslovakia	48
14. USA	31
15. Britain	20
16. France	7

Table 2
1976 Summer Olympics

1. Bermuda	2,355
2. East Germany	1,462
3. Bulgaria	658
4. Finland	424
5. Hungary	400
6. Cuba	381
7. New Zealand	365
8. Trinidad	334
9. Jamaica	301
10. Romania	255
11. Sweden	213
12. Poland	169
13. Mongolia	165
14. Norway	155
15. West Germany	146
16. Switzerland	139
17. USSR	127
18. Denmark	124
19. Czechoslovakia	117
20. Belgium	116
21. USA	113
22. Yugoslavia	86
23. Canada	86
24. Holland	63
25. Britain	54
26. Japan	54
27. Italy	53
28. Australia	53
29. Portugal	51
30. Puerto Rico	39
31. North Korea	38
32. France	35
33. South Korea	31
34. Venezuela	19
35. Austria	17
36. Spain	14
37. Iran	11
38. Mexico	8
39. Thailand	3
40. Brazil	2
41. Pakistan	2

Table 3
1980 Winter Olympics

1. Liechtenstein	162,262
2. Norway	1,543
3. Finland	1,406
4. East Germany	1,213
5. Austria	833
6. Switzerland	536
7. Sweden	508
8. Holland	236
9. Hungary	79
10. USSR	75
11. Canada	52
12. USA	51
13. West Germany	48
14. Bulgaria	47
15. Italy	29
16. Czechoslovakia	27
17. Britain	23
18. France	8
19. Japan	7

Table 4
1980 Summer Olympics

1. East Germany	2,140
2. Bulgaria	1,129
3. Hungary	730
4. Cuba	612
5. Mongolia	493
6. Finland	436
7. Sweden	353
8. Denmark	274
9. Romania	266
10. USSR	222
11. Poland	196
12. Jamaica	190
13. Austria	184
14. Czechoslovakia	172
15. Guyana	155
16. Switzerland	133
17. Ireland	120
18. Australia	112
19. Yugoslavia	99
20. Britain	95
21. Italy	83
22. France	80
23. Greece	71
24. North Korea	60
25. Zimbabwe	53
26. Lebanon	52
27. Holland	49
28. Belgium	42
29. Spain	41
30. Ethiopia	37
31. Tanzania	28
32. Uganda	20
33. Venezuela	15
34. Mexico	10
35. Brazil	9
36. India	1



Never Say "Arab"

Pat Aufderheide, a veteran writer for the socialist press, thought she had been bearing a cross, until, two years ago, she took a part-time editing job with the Washington-based American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC). Then she quickly discovered what being a political pariah is really all about.

"Working for 'Arabs' is bad for a journalist's business," Aufderheide related in *The Progressive* (Aug. 1984). "With that one word, you lose credibility. Suddenly, everything you do comes under close scrutiny." A few examples:

- A children's booklet she wrote on the life of Anwar Sadat, who was and is more of a hero in Tel Aviv than Cairo, had problems at the manuscript stage. One editor asked, "Do you think we ought to check this with the Israelis?"

- As a regular movie reviewer for "an alternative weekly catering to yuppies," Aufderheide asked to review the Costa Gavras film, *Hanna K.*, which treats Palestinians like human beings and, consequently, has had terrible distribution problems in the U.S. "I'm sorry," said the editor, "but I think that would be conflict of interest, given your present employment."

- To the editor of a film magazine, Aufderheide said one day, "Call me Monday . . . I'll be at the office of the American-Arab Anti-Disc . . ." "You're working where?" came the outraged reply, which led to a heated discussion on the Middle East. "But these are Americans," Aufderheide pleaded. "They eat Wheaties for breakfast. They read about Lebanon in the newspaper. Scratch them they bleed, and so on."

The ADC's creation in 1981 by former Senator James Abourezk was clearly long overdue. "In Washington . . . you can't say 'Arab' without causing a stir. People always wait for me to excuse or explain my connection," Aufderheide cites a representative vignette from American political life. Philadelphia's black mayoral candidate, J. Wilson Goode, had attended a fundraiser at the home of an Arab-American: "The next day, he found himself under attack as 'pro-Arab.'"

Ignoring the High Court

In June 1984, the Supreme Court in its headline-worthy Memphis decision ruled that lower courts could no longer rely on quotas to advance the employment of blacks and women. Little good that did! Since then in at least a dozen cases, federal judges have continued to uphold this sup-

posedly unlawful affirmative action ploy. Which is to say that if the Supreme Court occasionally rules against the liberal-minority coalition, this is not the final word. The campaign against Majority males, as Majority males are beginning to discover, runs on its own steam. If the Supreme Court, as it generally does, rules against the Majority, then the law must prevail. If it rules for the Majority, to hell with the law.

Caucasianization

Plastic surgeon Ronald Matsunaga of the University of Southern California has performed more than 2,000 operations on Orientals in the U.S. to remove their epicanthic folds. Himself a Japanese American, Dr. Matsunaga says he is against such operations and has tried, unsuccessfully, to talk his own daughter out of "whitening" her eyes.

The operation costs between \$1,600 and \$1,800 and consists of cutting the upper eyelid, removing the soft tissue and part of the muscle, and tucking in the loose skin. Later the patient can further reduce his or (much more likely) her Oriental look by having the web that covers the inner corner of all Oriental eyes removed.

The surgery is most popular in Hawaii among Oriental girls from 13 to 15. There is some, but not much, opposition to the procedure. A reporter found one Japanese-American woman in San Francisco who thought it "atrocious."

Then there is the operation in reverse. Dr. Linton Whittaker, a plastic surgeon at the University of Pennsylvania, has given what he calls the "Sophia Loren tilt" to more than 1,000 whites, but only 50 of them wanted it for cosmetic reasons. The others acquired the "tilt" in the process of treating their eye injuries.

The boom in plastic surgery among non-whites wishing to be "Caucasianized" demonstrates that, though most everything connected with the white race is moribund and on the way to the ethnic graveyard, the aesthetic prop is still very much alive. Perhaps by the time the last white is buried, hundreds of millions of earthlings will be walking around with surgically constructed Nordic faces.

Forking Tongues

A person speaking standard English in the narrative past tense would say, for example, "he ran and told me." In contemporary black English, however, the very same meaning is conveyed by "he runs and tell me." The first verb always ends in an "s" while the second never does, which means that a grammatical rule is operating. It also means that American black English is con-

tinuing to evolve away from both standard English and various local and regional white dialects.

That wasn't supposed to happen. The linguistic establishment has long predicted that the homogenizing influence of radio, television and the movies would cause America's dialects to converge. Many stories have been printed about the slow disappearance of Brooklynese and the Southern accent. Now comes Dr. William Labov, a linguistics professor at the University of Pennsylvania, to report that his detailed analysis of the recorded conversations of blacks and whites in North Philadelphia "reflects a national trend in the black community." Dr. Arthur Spears, a Negro linguist at the City College of New York, concurs.

Labov also believes that at least some of the major white American dialects are continuing to diverge from standard English. Predictably, he says, "We're looking at this as a danger signal that our society is being split more and more." But he also calls black English, a "healthy, living form of language."

Many middle-class blacks speak standard English. Others use the grammatical forms of standard English, but retain a special black vocabulary and its accompanying accents. Though the percentage of blacks speaking "standard" is slowly rising, the absolute number of speakers of black English is also growing, and this number speaks what, to whites, seems an increasingly outlandish tongue. "It looks as if all kinds of new things are happening in black grammar," says Labov. "People's speech behavior is not influenced by the remote communication of the mass media." The primary influences remain family, friends and co-workers.

If Labov is correct, and the speech gap among blacks continues to widen, we may anticipate a growing readiness of the black lower class to cut loose from the American mainstream and embrace black separatist messiahs like Louis Farrakhan, even as the black middle class moves closer to non-blacks, whom it more readily understands. Closer but not too close. In the long run the power of race will overpower the power of language.

New York's Finest

Odd S. Loyoll is a professor of history and Norwegian at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota. In 1983, Oslo University Press published his book, *Der Lofterlike Landet (The Promised Land)*, which deals with Norwegian immigration to America. Last year, the University of Minnesota Press published *The Promise of America*, which was the same book adapted for an American audience.

A neglected subfield which Loyoll's book addresses is his people's urban experience in this country. Quite perceptively, he refers to present-day urban Norwegian Americans with the same word Elie Wiesel uses for Jewish holocaust victims -- "survivors." Loyoll also takes his reader to many sites of former Norwegian-American urban concentrations, places where the founding residents (call them "wildflowers") were driven out by weedier, more aggressive latecomers.

The Promise of America brings to mind an article which reporter Steve Berg wrote for the *Minneapolis Tribune* (Aug. 16, 1981) about Brooklyn's famous Scandinavian enclave, Bay Ridge. The neighborhood held 70,000 Scandinavians in 1950, but has since been overrun by southern Italians, Puerto Ricans, Arabs, Koreans and just about everything else. Now kids play ghetto-blasters all day long, and the once spotless streets are filling with trash. There are no more than 20,000 Scandinavians left in what is still New York's politest neighborhood, and most of them are old. At Salem Lutheran Church, for example, there are 250 parishioners, but no confirmation class and only three children in Sunday school. The "survivors" believe (correctly) that what is left will all "go down the drain" by 1990 or so.

One stupid myth after another bites the dust in Berg's honest portrayal of Bay Ridge. Take the notion of the "tough urban temperament," which anyone who has spent time in downtown Oslo knows to be pernicious nonsense:

[The Scandinavians of Bay Ridge] have not adopted the hard-boiled aggressiveness of the stereotypical New Yorker. By their own confessions, they are unemotional and introverted. They remain true, they say, to their low-key national character.

"We're the same here as we would be any place," said Emmy Eriksson . . . "We're holding back all the time. We're not pushy. We say we're sorry even if it's not our fault. The Italians are supposed to be hot-blooded and we're cold-blooded. It's part of our personalities, I guess."

It's easy to see why Nordics cannot long endure as a community in any racially mixed setting (though the survival of selfish, insulated, yuppie-like *individuals* is quite another matter). Leif Hvidsten, 58, explained to Berg that his people never had any political power in New York because they had no "political temperament."

Emasculated Test

November 28, 1984, was a dark day in the history of America's standardized testing industry. The giant Educational Testing Service (ETS) of Princeton, New Jersey, settled out of court with plaintiffs who had

charged it with "racial discrimination" on a test for licensing insurance agents in Illinois.

As part of the agreement, ETS will now include on the test a query on race and educational background. Then, each year, a comparison of the scores of whites and racial minorities will be made separately on each question. Future examinations will be based on those test questions which showed "the least difference in passing rates between black and white examinees." In other words, the major test criterion for what makes a good insurance agent in Illinois will henceforth be: whatever questions blacks come closest to matching whites on! (And this foolishness will cost ETS more than \$150,000 in just one state on just one test.)

Out the window will go many questions reflecting real aptitude for what is sometimes a mentally taxing job. Arthur Jensen and other test researchers have found repeatedly that it is the least valid questions which often produce the most nearly equal results between blacks and whites. For example, ask some high-school students a "culturally biased" question such as whether Romeo was a Montague and Juliet a Capulet, or vice versa, and the difference between black and white scores will be comparatively small. Pure memory suffices; no mental manipulation is required. Then ask the students to solve an abstract geometry problem. It is here that blacks as a group will fade, whereas unschooled Eskimos in a remote village may hold their own or almost hold their own. "Culturally biased" questions are precisely the ones that blacks usually do best on, since they share white American culture to a far greater extent than they share white mental capacities. All this is well known among test experts.

The victorious plaintiffs in the Illinois insurance test suit are crowing that their victory will likely affect similar insurance tests in other states, along with tests in 57 other occupations, and, ultimately, the SAT and GRE exams given to aspiring undergraduate and graduate college students.

Thomas Ewing, a spokesman for ETS, said, "I don't think [the settlement] will have a landslide effect." Evidently he never heard of the old sociological law, "In the land of the spineless, everything has a landslide effect."

Well-Placed "Outsiders"

When libraries and book stores throughout America decide which tomes will occupy their precious shelf space, the *New York Times Book Review* is one of the first publications they consult. The edition for last December 30 was altogether typical.

On pages 1 and 20, there was a giant free plug for the collected *Letters of Delmore Schwartz*, who was vaguely compared to Shakespeare in the first paragraph. On page 2, there was a short review of *After Gentility: The Writers Who Freed American Literature*, by Larzer Ziff.

Pages 3 and 4 featured a piece about writers by Herbert Gold; page 5, a review by Lewis Hyde of Allen Ginsberg's *Collected Poems, 1947-1980*; page 6, a review by Stephen Schlesinger of a book about Central America; page 7, a review by Robert M. Solow of Leonard Silk's new book, *Economics in the Real World*; page 9, a review of two new books on Alfred Hitchcock, one by David Freeman; page 10, a review of the latest translation of a novel by Alfred Döblin, a socialist Jewish writer who fled Berlin in 1933; pages 16 and 17, *inter alia*, mini-reviews of books by Klein, Levinson and Dworkin, by such reviewers as Barnett, Gold and Traxel; page 18, a review by Marty Zupan of a new book about Jerry Falwell; page 21, a review of Anatol Goldberg's new book, *Ilya Ehrenburg*.

That left only pages 15 and 22-23, given to ads; page 19, dealing with children's books; pages 11-14, which were missing from our copy of the *Review*; page 8, devoted to a review of *Leslie Stephen: The Godless Victorian*, whose accomplished daughter, Virginia, married the Jewish writer, Leonard Woolf, and later committed suicide; plus other scattered and small non-kosher leftovers.

This all-too-typical issue of the *New York Times Book Review* came complete with an unintended punch line. One of its last pages had an ad for a new book entitled *The Jew as Outsider*.

The Unprotected

The Third Reich had its Nuremberg laws which favored Aryans and disfavored non-Aryans. The U.S. has its civil rights laws, which are supposed to favor everybody, but in the eyes of two minority members of the Civil Rights Commission, Blandina Cardenas Ramirez and Mary Frances Berry, they are only supposed to protect certain minority groups and the handicapped. So if Ramirez and Berry have their way, and they are getting their way in the form of 75 court-ordered affirmative action laws and regulations, where does this leave white males?

If the trend continues, it will leave them where the Nuremberg laws left the Jews.

Unponderable Quote

The present-day diversity of the student body at Princeton is not something separate from the University's commitment to educational excellence; it is required by it.

Pres. William G. Bowen,
Princeton University



Equinocide

In this day and age when Jewish crime in America focuses on arson, tax-dodging and speculation, we tend to forget that in earlier times Jewish criminal expertise was more broadly based. There was bootlegging, Murder Inc., prostitution and, yes, "horse-poisoning." As author Jenna Weissman Joselit explains it in *Our Gang* (Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 1983):

Like arson, horse-poisoning was associated almost exclusively with Jews. A form of extortion, it dated back to either 1906 or 1907 and reached its peak in 1912 when an average of twelve horses a week were poisoned in the city's Jewish neighborhoods. Organized in the form of a gang, the horse-poisoners modeled themselves after the Italian Black Hand Calling themselves the Jewish Black Hand, the gang would write a letter to a stableman or a businessman whose concern used horses, demanding a certain sum of money Accompanying the letter was the threat that should the victim refuse to comply, his horse would be poisoned: "Pay or we'll drop a horse on you" was the general text of such messages.

As for prostitution in turn-of-the-century New York, Jews dominated both the business and service ends. In regard to the latter, Joselit writes of two Jewish late-night ladies, Mamie and Lizzie, who in the course of their 25-year careers gave "syphilis to 50,000 men."

The Fight Against Tax Reform

Jews are not too worried about possible changes in the tax laws. Since they are far and away America's biggest tax dodgers (see the *Wall Street Journal* for the past three or four decades), whatever the government does in the way of tax reform is of only secondary interest to them -- except for one big "except." When they found out the Treasury Department's tax reform proposals called for cutbacks in tax-deductible donations, Jewish groups, along with most nonprofit organizations, churches and other institutions which live off tax-deductible gifts and legacies, were up in arms.

If the Treasury's tax reform should get through Congress, the estimated \$49.5 billion that escapes the IRS each year because of tax-deductions, would be reduced to \$47.7 billion. What worries Jewish groups most in the Treasury proposals is disallowing any tax deductions from the first 2% of adjusted gross income. There is no such "floor" in the present federal tax structure. Also worrisome is that gifts of "appreciated property" (stocks and other items bought

years ago) will no longer be permitted to be deducted at the amount of their current market value, but at the amount of their original purchase. Consequently, John Doe Finkelstein, who bought some modern art junk in 1920 for \$10,000, can no longer give it to the American Jewish Committee, which would sell it for \$1 million and thereby allow Finkelstein to deduct \$990,000 on his income tax return.

In a time of cataclysmic budget deficits, any and all tax loopholes, especially those specifically tailored to fit the fiscal desires of double-loyalty population groups, should be ended once and for all. Nevertheless, there is little or no possibility that any meaningful reform of tax-deductible provisions will be approved by a Congress beholden to Jews for half of its Democratic members' and a quarter of its Republican members' campaign funds (see next page).

Selective Prosecution

No one is more outraged than a liberal or minorityite when a citizens group protests busing, abortion or affirmative action by holding what the press often calls an illegal demonstration. Editorials scream with one voice: "It's the law," and demonstrators are cautioned that protesting the law is practically the same as violating it. But whenever the liberal-minority coalition wants to break the law -- often just to gain attention -- the media form up behind it, not against it. Thousands have been arrested throughout the country in the last few months for illegally demonstrating in front of the South African Embassy in Washington, staging sit-ins in various South African consulates, businesses and colleges investing in South African securities and blocking the entrances to stores selling Krugerrands. But so far not one arrestee has been prosecuted. Not even Stevie Wonder, the swaggering, pigtailed black rock singer whose entourage arrived at the South African ambassador's residence in two stretch limousines, which followed him to the police station after his arrest and then conveyed him back to his hotel.

The guardians of criminal justice, however, have assumed an entirely different attitude toward a lonely anti-Communist woman who did the same thing in front of the Soviet Embassy that myriads of liberals and minorityites have been doing in front of the South African Embassy -- that is, breaking the law by demonstrating within 500 feet of an embassy entrance. She was not only arrested, but has been brought to court and faces a 60-day jail sentence and a \$100 fine.

District of Columbia officials, when asked why they have not prosecuted the

lawbreakers in front of the South African Embassy lamely explained that the charges against them "lack prosecution merit." Obey the laws you like, disobey the laws you dislike is becoming the legal rule of thumb in a country supposed to be governed by laws, not men.

Draft-Dodging "Hero"

Anyone who is still thrilled by the "heroic act" of that great subway vigilante, Bernhard Goetz, should hear his telephone confab with girlfriend Myra Friedman, as taped by her and published in *New York* magazine (Feb. 18, 1985):

GOETZ: I did everything I could to get out of Vietnam and I did. In terms of beating the system and stuff like that, I beat it good. I was an essential civilian working for the military, and I got canned from that job . . . I was working on the nuclear submarines. And from that, I went to a 4F. I got permanently disqualified from the military.

FRIEDMAN: How'd you get 4F?

GOETZ: I, uh, a psychiatrist trained me to act like a complete psychotic. Me and a number of other people. We actually went through a training program. It's ludicrous!

Once again, *Instauration* asks, "Why Goetz?" In Birmingham, Alabama, only a month or so after the Goetz incident, 69-year-old Annie Winford shot and killed one black and chased off three more after they tried to smash in her front door. Not a word on national TV. At about the same time in Forrest City, Arkansas, a black out on bond after raping a 17-year-old white girl, was castrated by two men. Again, surprisingly enough, not a word on the TV networks. Somehow only a draft-dodging, mixed-up, half-Jewish wimp was first hailed to the skies and later (for political reasons) damned to the nether regions for making a personal stand against crime. Not one encomium for a truly heroic old woman, or for two men who risked long years in prison in order to guarantee that at least one rapist will never return to his favorite occupation.

French Profile of Hitler

"While the Führer was speaking . . . I noted that his nose was fleshy and that the lower part of his countenance was indecisive and pudding-faced. Whence then came this extraordinary sensation of power he emitted? His facial traits, his shoulders, his gestures were all rather soft, as was his overall bone structure. His complexion was pale and waxy, like that of a man who suffers from insomnia. His entire physique seemed sensual, almost feminine, in striking

ing contrast to what I knew about his ascetic character From time to time he rubbed his hands or, rather his hands clasped each other, with a nervous jerky movement, as if they were wringing out a sponge. There was something in his attitude -- I can't quite explain what -- which reminded me of the words of Mussolini, who gave his impression of Hitler, after one of their first meetings: 'I've got it! He's a Dominican.'



Fleshy nosed and pudding faced?

"It didn't take me long to understand that the power that emanated from Hitler had nothing to do with physical strength. He was not an athlete, although he led an arduous life that would have exhausted anyone else. He was a formidable storehouse of energy, a dynamo charged with high-voltage electricity which flashed around him in lightning-like discharges. His power was not physical; it resided uniquely in his will -- that fanatic will directed toward a goal known only to him. Behind his mobile visage, sometimes somber, sometimes smiling, one could sense an element of violence, as implacable and cruel as the forces of nature."

The above was translated from pp. 82-83 of De la défaite au desastre (From Defeat to Disaster) by Jacques Benoist-Méchin, aristocratic bon vivant, friend of Joyce and Hemingway, and a high Vichy official, whose death sentence was commuted by President Auriol of France in 1947.

Stolen Cities

Chicago is the latest, and largest, city to defy federal immigration control. On March 7, Mayor Harold Washington signed an executive order which opened

most city services to all comers, regardless of citizenship and legal status. The order also halted cooperation by city agencies with federal immigration authorities, who need all the help they can get. As he signed the bill, the black mayor was surrounded by half a dozen Hispanic activists who all looked much more Amerindian than Spanish. Chicago's enormous Hispanic vote is seen as the "critical swing bloc" in the 1987 mayoral election.

Meanwhile, in another of the nation's largest cities, Houston, where possibly 70% of next year's kindergarten students will be non-English-speaking, a desperate school administration has begun advertising in Mexico City for as many as 400 new bilingual teaching positions. The local supply is inadequate. Nationwide, the situation is little better, with one in four teachers saddled with students who can't speak English. According to James Lyons of the National Association for Bilingual Education, "It's the worst ever. It's everywhere, it's crippling and it's getting worse."

Buying the Major Parties

American Jews are reported to contribute more than 50% of the funds collected by the Democratic Party nationally and as much as 25% of the funds collected by the Republican Party.

These words, lifted from a recent American Jewish Congress study, "The Political Future of American Jews" by Earl Raab and Seymour Martin Lipset, furnish a primary clue to much of 20th-century history. They should be engraved in granite so future historians trying to decipher the mysterious and inexplicable workings of American foreign and domestic policy will have something to sink their teeth into.

Some 2.7% of the American population contributes more than 50% of the funds to a party that has dominated Congress for most of this century and as much as 25% of the funds to the other party, which has elected most of the presidents in this century. Such searing facts are not easily dismissed by the specious arguments usually advanced to explain Jewish power, if anyone dares explain it at all.

Actually, the Jewish money that buys the good graces of Republican and Democratic candidates for office is a whale of a good investment. For every dollar Jews put out, the politicians return \$100 in the form of economic and military aid to Israel. Today, this aid amounts to \$3.75 billion a year -- not a bad return for the millions that Jews pump into the Republican and Democratic parties in an election year.

The Jewish Telegraph Agency (Chicago *Sentinel*, March 14, 1985, p. 44) describes the huge financial outlays of Jews to political candidates another way. "The Jewish

community's contributions to general national elections is 15 or 20 times greater than their proportion to the general population."

What this news story didn't say is that as a result of these "contributions," the Jewish community in Israel gets 15 to 20 times more money from U.S. taxpayers than the American Jewish community gives the politicians.

Forced Feeding

It's 30 days in jail for Roy McKoy, who just won't get around to obeying all those court orders telling him whom he must serve in his Marshall, Virginia, restaurant. McKoy was first jailed in 1967 for his segregationist syndrome, and he was in court again in 1974 on the same charges. In 1983 he refused to serve a black chauffeur. In return for pleading guilty to this misdemeanor, the Justice Department dropped six other criminal charges against him and one against his wife, who waited on tables. Last February, McKoy had to promise to put up a huge sign on his restaurant wall, proclaiming his willingness to serve all people of all hues and colors. He was then ordered to send a monthly racial breakdown of his customers to a U.S. Attorney, run some "corrective" advertising in a local paper and post a \$500 bond. On top of all this, a would-be black female patron launched a civil suit against the discriminating restaurateur for violating her civil rights.

"What's this country going to be next?" McKoy asks. A good question. Right now it's reached the point where restaurant owners no longer can choose whom they wish to feed. Freedom to serve has gone the way of freedom of association. Freedom of residency may be next on the agenda. Just as McKoy has been forced to accept people he doesn't like into his restaurant, so we are being forced to accept people we don't like as our next-door neighbors. Who knows if the ultimate freedom, the freedom of the bedroom, will not also be abrogated by the courts? And how about integrated graveyards, with one mandatory white and one mandatory black corpse per double coffin?

Ugly Boxes

As in so much else, Jews are quite prominent in architecture. Tel Aviv is perhaps the most modern large city in the world, since it was practically built from scratch in the last half century. It is consequently a glaring example of Jewish architectural design. But even Jews admit it is one of the dreariest, most tasteless and ugliest agglomerations of buildings east of the South Bronx. In some ways Tel Aviv has duplicated the sterile frozen look of the Jewish-architected box monstrosities that have been popping up all over Zoo City in recent decades.



Cholly Bilderberger



Gervase Brackley, our favorite intellectual, was in town recently as the guest of honor at a luncheon given by his publishers. Now Toynbee Professor of Civilization and Challenge at Yale, Gervase is the author of over forty books on the ways in which civilizations in the past (and the present) can answer, or fail to answer, the challenges which inevitably arise. An Englishman by birth, he has lived and taught all over the world. Far from being a solitary recluse in an ivory tower, Gervase has always enjoyed the good life, too. In his long career — he is now eighty-seven — he has found time for pleasure, and the gossip of the time claimed he enjoyed liaisons with women as diverse as Iris Tree, Nancy Cunard, a member of the Royal family, Hilda Doolittle, Ellen Glasgow, Carole Landis, Diane de Broglie, and Kay Kendall. If he had the reputation of a dedicated scholar at Cambridge, he was known as a clubman in London and a *boulevardier* in Paris. His friends have run the gamut from E.M. Forster, Augustus John, Lytton Strachey, "Freddie" Ayers, Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard to Tito, Charles Lindbergh, Howard Hughes, Bobby Jones and Errol Flynn. He still drinks his Churchillian bottle of brandy a day, and exercises regularly. In short, a man for all climes, seasons and drawing rooms, a man who has the respect of the world's thinkers, and a remarkably common touch as well.

Gervase is currently busy on a book with a fascinating working title: *Why Racism Fails*. "I first came to the idea during World War Two," he says, "when I was serving on Montgomery's staff as his personal adviser on civilization. I noted that although we officers were all racists to some extent, none of us would really back those opinions beyond a certain point. Since the end of the war, of course, racism has taken a terrible pounding and that point has retreated dramatically. The popular explanation is that the Holocaust has made any sort of racist viewpoint impossible, but it can be argued that that is not the whole story. Or put as a question, how did the Holocaust make racism impossible? What was the mechanism? It would seem to have turned on the fear of violating respectability, which, in turn, is a racial matter. Englishmen, as Shaw pointed out, are more fearful of doing the wrong thing than Frenchmen or Italians. Even today, a Frenchman can voice a subversive thought about Jews or Israel that an Englishman simply cannot. (Nor can a German.) Despite the immense numbers of minorities, the cultural thrust of the United States is still English, which means that, among other things, respectability is exceedingly important. This whole matter is intensely apparent in the rise and fall of racial attitudes in the life of T.S. Eliot, who was born in America of English stock, and then returned to England and became a formal Englishman. I shall send you some com-

ments on him."

Gervase was as good as his word, and did send these fragments from his working notes for *Why Racism Fails*: "The literary world is familiar with Eliot's alleged anti-Semitism, but apparently not so aware of his apostasy on the subject. The anti-Semitism is apparent in *After Strange Gods*, a compilation of the Page-Barbour lectures he gave at the University of Virginia in 1933. He argued in this instance that the United States was 'worm-eaten by Liberalism,' and 'invaded by foreign races,' in contrast to an ideally healthy society, which should be 'homogeneous,' with ties of 'blood kinship' without 'adulteration' by other races, and without the presence of 'undesirable . . . free-thinking Jews.' His attitude was also apparent in the 1919 poem 'Burbank with a Baedeker; Bleistein with a Cigar,' which contains the famous line 'The Jew is underneath the lot.' Also, according to the biography by Peter Ackroyd published in 1984 (*T.S. Eliot, A Life*), in his unpublished correspondence between 1917 and 1929, Eliot made a number of pejorative references to Jews. Ackroyd assumes he may have been even franker in conversation and says, 'All the available evidence suggests, then, that on occasions he made what were then fashionably anti-Semitic remarks to his close friends.'

"What we may say at this point is that until 1933, at least, Eliot had perceived that Jews posed a threat to the kind of society he supported. This was not an unusual feeling at the time. The irony, of course, is that it was widespread at a time when Jews had less power and posed a much weaker threat than today.

"Now comes evidence that Eliot retreated from this attitude after 1933. Ackroyd says of *After Strange Gods*, 'he [Eliot] was later to disavow the book, and never allowed any part of it to be reprinted . . . afterwards he attempted to excuse himself on the grounds that he, too, was "a very sick man" when he gave the lectures [in Virginia]: that, in other words, they reflected his own emotional condition.' [The authority for this remark is in *The Composition of Four Quartets*, by Helen Gardner, 1978.] Then in 1949, while serving on the jury which awarded the Bollingen Prize to the imprisoned and overtly anti-Semitic and fascistic Ezra Pound, Eliot was himself attacked as an anti-Semite and intellectual neo-fascist by influential members of the intelligentsia in the United States, and became, according to Ackroyd, 'thoroughly discomfited by the affair . . . [and] refused to give any interviews to the press about the matter.' In 1960, again according to Ackroyd, Eliot 'insisted . . . that certain lines about his alleged anti-Semitism should be removed from the preface to Wyndham Lewis's selected letters. He was eager to put the past in order.'

"What we may say now is that after 1933, Eliot disavowed

the perception of a cultural Jewish threat which he had held until that time. The immediate question is: Did the threat diminish? The answer would have to be: No; if anything, it increased.

"Why then, would a moral and intelligent man who had taken a stand based on a perception retreat from that stand when the basis for the perception had increased? Overt cowardice is one answer, but probably not the correct one. Or the complete one. I suggest that the respectability factor lies at the bottom of his decision, and in almost an entirely unconscious fashion. That is, Eliot, like most Englishmen, was not afraid of physical violence from opponents, but — again like most Englishmen — he was mortally afraid of losing respectability. The Englishman cannot — with rare exceptions — fight in an unrespectable cause. Make the cause respectable, and he is the best fighter in the world. But take away that cloak and he turns tail. Or never starts.

"Eliot, after all, was childless and of independent means — at least by the end of World War Two — and could have afforded the espousal of an unpopular cause if anyone could. And, needless to say, the immense authority of his name would have had some weight. He would have had to do no more than to say: 'I said prior to 1933 that I consider the Jew — among many other factors — a threat to our culture, and I stick to that position.'

"It can be argued that this is expecting too much from any individual. That the forces which could be brought into play from 1945 on were so powerful that Eliot's peace of mind would have been destroyed, and he would have become an outcast. This may be true. Nevertheless, history is filled with examples of men who endured much worse rather than recant their beliefs.

"It can also be argued that Eliot did not understand just what he was doing. Like so many Englishmen, he could delude himself that he was not recanting for purely personal reasons, but that circumstances really had changed. He could tell himself, for example, that what had seemed a threat prior to 1933 was now — 1945 and later — no longer a threat.

"Another ironic aspect of this apostasy — it is replete with ironies — is that in youth and early middle age Eliot had wished to become a leader in defending and preserving the cultural values in which he believed. He devoted far more time — especially in the Twenties and Thirties — to such writing than he did to poetry. But when the hard decision came, he funk'd it.

"The Anglo-American situation could not change unless people like Eliot — that is, Englishmen, and Americans of English blood, of moral and cultural stature — speak out against that situation. As it is, such persons not only refuse to speak, but actively deny that there is a problem. Yes, there was Mosley and there is Powell. But Mosley destroyed his credibility by being too active, and Powell is alone. It takes more than one. But if there is to be only one, an Eliot still has far more weight than a Powell. After all, Eliot was a guru, Powell is only a politician.

"No matter where they end, groups like The Order start from the same perceptions that Eliot held prior to 1933: that the United States is 'worm-eaten by Liberalism' and 'invaded by foreign races,' and that a healthy American

society should be 'homogeneous,' with ties of 'blood kinship' without 'adulteration' by other races. Except that in 1985 the worm-eating and the invasion and the adulteration are far more advanced than they were in 1933.

"Who knows if groups like The Order would ever have risen if men of stature had spoken out in numbers against the situation years ago and stuck to their beliefs? Imagine, if you will, a dialogue between Eliot and a poor, uneducated white who tells Eliot how grateful he is to find that his instinctive perceptions have been given tongue by Eliot — to which Eliot replies that he doesn't know what the poor fellow is talking about, and that he, the poor fellow, had best get back to his job at the local garage and forget about such things. It is this betrayal — it is not too strong a word — of the instincts of the herd which drives certain herd members outside their herd and into a violent frenzy. They know they are being lied to and they can't stand it. The pathetic insurrections of the fringe are caused by the funk of those at the top. By their abdication, they left racialism to the lower class, which meant that it became completely . . . unrespectable.

"To an outsider, it seems that those at the top are actually frightened of the Jews. This may be true subconsciously, but consciously Englishmen are controlled by respectability, which means that they are frightened by anything which contradicts the status quo. In 1885, the status quo was Victorian, and everyone quailed before the habits and customs of the era. In 1985, the status quo is permissive, chaotic and Jewish, and everyone quails before its habits and customs.

"It is, of course, yet another example of a civilization failing to rise to a challenge. Englishmen — and Americans of English descent — were able to rise to simple challenges like the Kaiser and Hitler because those challenges were aimed at the status quo and hence respectability itself. But the English temperament cannot cope with an enemy clever enough to manipulate that status quo and control the definition of what is respectable and what is not. Put another way, if Eliot could not cope in that situation, who could? Who can? In the Toynbee-an sense, this is the rock on which we are foundering.

"It is also interesting that such failure is not a matter of degree. That is, were the excesses of the Jews to become even more dangerous for the native culture than they are — and they will surely do so — excess itself will not drive those of moral and cultural authority to speak out. By that time — by this time, actually — the investment in silence will be — is — so enormous that it cannot be liquidated. The more damning the evidence, the greater will be the silence on the part of all Eliots. You can count on that.

"Which is not to say, of course, that the current situation will all go on forever any more than the Victorian Age or the British Empire went on forever. America is really very vulnerable and will come crashing down just as England did. But no matter how far the crash, and no matter how degrading the subsequent status quo, you may depend on all those of English descent accepting and supporting it."

In a personal postscript to these notes, Gervase added, "Lest you imagine that I consider myself exempt, let me hasten to assure you that I am a good Englishman and

terrified of rocking the boat. I support the status quo 100%, in private as well as in public, a fact I shall make very, very plain in the final version of *Why Racism Fails*. And if necessary, I shall be as ready and anxious to recant any loose statements as T.S. himself."

In his stay in New York, Gervase certainly demonstrated that he is, in his definition, a very good Englishman and

devoted to respectability. After lunch, we strolled across town to the Homage to E.B. White and Golda Meir Week being held at HARPS headquarters in the Mike Todd building, and he was one of the hits of the afternoon, agreeing with every position in *The New Republic* and even going beyond some. We shall be hearing more from this remarkable establishment pillar.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

There was a Nip in the air as the JAL plane dipped towards Narita airport. A hostess told us over the intercom that it was a "crowdy day" and hoped that we had a "present fright." The landing was smooth, and we walked straight out of the aircraft into the main building. Within ten minutes our baggage came down the ramp. I wheeled it over to a fairly tall, slim Japanese who did duty as both customs man and passport controller. He asked me my business and welcomed me to Japan.

I can't really say that I visited Japan with any strong predisposition in favour of the inhabitants. Too many friends of the family died in Japanese prison camps (where the worst of the guards were Korean). There was also the little matter of that large collection of Chinese porcelain which my uncle had on his rubber plantation in up-country Malaya -- which the Japanese borrowed and forgot to return.

However, I had one great advantage over the average Westerner in Japan, a set of criteria which, taken together, constitute a tool of discrimination -- useful even in cases where distinctions are blurred and obfuscated. Such an attitude of mind enabled me very quickly to perceive what could be of significance to me in an unfamiliar country.

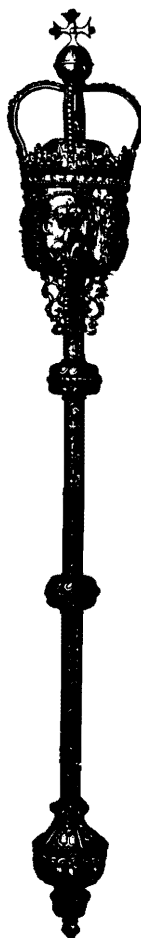
Not that I went to Japan with my mind a complete *tabula rasa* as regards things Japanese. I have spent some time on their martial arts, though I have always felt that if anyone were to collect together the scattered unarmed fighting techniques of Europe (as Dr. Jigoro Kano created judo out of the techniques he found in many different monastic ju-jitsu schools), he might have a showing at least equally good. I have also long admired the economy and concentrated power of Japanese art, whether in their pottery or calligraphy, an admiration which was increased when I came to see such examples as the Zen garden at the Ryoanji Temple in Kyoto (consisting entirely of rocks rising out of white raked gravel; like islands out of the sea or mountains out of clouds), or the Torii Gate standing in the sunlit waters off the island of Miyajima. What I had not expected was the way in which the Japanese can also create marvellous effects in a detailed, ornate style, such as the golden Yomeimon Gate of the temple complex at Nikko, north of Tokyo. The pagoda-

style roofs turn up like wings at the corners, giving an impression of uplift.

After the art, it was the women who claimed my attention in Japan. They spend a large part of their lives being feminine, and very charmingly they do it, but it certainly doesn't seem to stop them being well-educated, efficient and humorous. People who describe them as servile are always unaware that all family investment in Japan is done by the wives. When bonds are issued or a mutual fund is founded, it is at the women that the advertising is chiefly aimed. It can hardly be said that they are trying to have it both ways like some Western women I know -- expecting the husband to provide without interesting themselves in financial details. I don't deny that Japanese femininity sometimes goes to extreme lengths. For example, a typical television programme will show a man huckstering a product with a wealth of eye-catching props, while a pretty little Mongoloid Miss says, "Hai, so des" (Yes, that's right) at frequent intervals. I was assured by an earnest Western lady that this kind of behaviour can pall after a time, and agreed that it probably would -- after fifty years or so. Not for the first time, the appalling thought came unbidden to my mind, "My God, could it be that some modern Western women have something to learn?" Let us dismiss such subversive thinking firmly from our minds and hurry on to the next paragraph. Suffice it to say that Yoko Ono is not the last word on women in Japan, and that the children are very well behaved.

What surprised me was the politeness of Japanese men. I am not saying that they show much interest in the doings of the despised "gaijin" (foreigner), but why on earth should they? The best proof that the Japanese are a superior sort of people is the way in which they carry on with whatever they are doing without paying us any particular attention. When a young Englishman complained of their superiority complex, I put him right, pointing out that he did not have equal respect for all the different peoples he met and that he also preferred the company of his own kind. Do Englishmen goggle at outlandish tourists? By no means.

In any case, when it is a matter of making the foreigner



think well of their country, Japanese pull out all the stops. I will give three examples. On one occasion we overslept on a local train and failed to get out at our station. The guards heard about this, and at the next stop hurried us across the ticket office, where they said that we shouldn't pay extra because we had made a mistake. They told the ticket collector to get us a taxi and rushed back to the train, explaining that they had to reach the next station on time. On another occasion, we wanted to view the crater of a volcano called Mount Aso, but it turned out to be in partial eruption. A little man, a retired policeman who picks up a few extra yen by picking up bits of rubbish, came across and spoke to my companion, who has a fluent command of Japanese. When he heard that we were disappointed, he asked us to get into his little rubbish van and drove us a few miles to a large cinema, standing quite by itself in the wilds. He wouldn't take any money, and left us there to see an enormous eruption in 3-D. At a ryokan, or Japanese-style hotel, in Kyoto, the little middle-aged woman who looked after us in our room, pouring tea and handing out the raw fish and seaweed, conceived it as part of her duties to accompany us out into the street in the rain, in her ceremonial kimono and high-heeled clogs, hoping to find us a suitable restaurant. The concept of just wandering about for the hell of it is difficult to explain to the Japanese.

The great story of loyalty, known to every Japanese, is that of the dog Hatchko, who used to meet his master every day at Shibuya station when he came home from work. Then the man had to go away to the war, and never returned, but the dog continued to come to the station at the same time every day until he died. There is now a statue of the dog outside the station. When we forget loyalty, we inevitably and deservedly go to pieces. To spoil a good story, however, I must add that wild animals in Japan are often kept in hideously cramped conditions.

Always and everywhere, the Japanese refuse tips. For them, it downgrades the spirit of willing service. Nevertheless, they have an excellent system of bonuses for all the employees of a firm when it has had a good year. These handouts normally occur around Christmastime, when the correct greeting is "jinguru беру" (jingle bells), accompanied by a low bow.

In Japan there is astonishingly little crime. You can leave your suitcases alone in full view of everyone at a railway station and return in five minutes to find them untouched. We did this again and again. When questioned about this, the Japanese say that in their culture crime is discouraged. Nor is there a drug problem. The local policeman is expected to make himself known to every householder in his locality. If a teenager becomes an addict, he is kept at the police station until his cold turkey is over. Few care to undergo that experience twice. Nor do the Japanese waste time suing each other. There are 650,000 lawyers in America, rising to 700,000, and Japan would have 350,000 lawyers if their number was proportionate to the population. In fact, they have 35,000.

In view of this, it is hardly surprising that the international press goes out of its way to denigrate social life in Japan. It would never do to have Westerners thinking that it is better to solve problems than live with them and agonise

over them in the correct liberal fashion. Great play is made with the phenomenon of organised gangsterism in Japan, which concentrates on brothels and pornography. The latter is both blatant and sometimes horrifying, with great emphasis on sado-masochism. Probably the sociologists are right to regard this as a release from the considerable constraints associated with living in an overcrowded society. Still, sex in Japan is rather like sex in Victorian England. It happens all right, but the man is at work on time the next day and keeps his two lives separate. What is more, the massage parlours in Japan are just that, and they provide an excellent service. They are not like California massage parlours, where a little inexperienced groping is followed by an invitation to contract herpes. The brothels, incidentally, are called Turkish baths, and a Turkish diplomat has made himself into a household name in Japan by conducting a campaign to have the name changed, as being derogatory to his nation. The Japanese find this highly amusing, but are complying with his demands. I did in fact meet a gangster one day. He had the top joint of his little finger hacked off to show his devotion to his secret society.

The Japanese are not good at large-scale concepts. I did not see a single harmonious town to compare with Sarlat, Rothenburg or Bath. Their cities "just grew." Large, ugly buildings dominate the skyline. But in every street there are evidences of small-scale civilisation: a little temple, a little restaurant, little shops. There are no supermarkets in Japan, and most necessities are supplied on a personal basis by a small shopkeeper. This, together with the high tariffs protecting Japanese agriculture, accounts for relatively high prices, but it also helps to provide full employment. Everyone works, even if the job only involves bowing to customers at the entrance of a lift in a department store (they do have some of these) and telling them what is on each floor.

When they set out to do something specific, the Japanese do it very well. Take the Shinkansen trains, the fastest in the world. Service is excellent, and all sorts of refreshments are sold. The trains glide along without giving the impression of speed, and almost every seat is booked.

Where computers are concerned, the Japanese are trying to produce a fifth generation which will do a lot of our simpler thinking for us. Not that I wish them to succeed in beating IBM. Nor do I expect that they will, though one very enterprising Japanese company is now outselling Big Blue in Japan. IBM has so much brainpower going for it worldwide, which is why the Japanese got caught red-handed spying on its operations. They are still behind the Americans as hardware specialists, and they don't measure up to them in software, either. Programming, as opposed to electronic engineering, just isn't their thing. As a matter of fact, I fully expect that the new pan-European software network dreamed up by Italian firms, will outdo even the Americans in this field.

I can see no earthly reason why the rest of the world should go on accepting massive Japanese export surpluses. The people of this crowded island must learn to like Western imports, and pay their own people more so they can buy them. They must take more of their money abroad as tourists, and they must allow their currency to strengthen considerably. Otherwise, they are going to wake up one

day and run into high tariff walls. International trade is not a zero-sum game. It benefits both parties when it is balanced, but one country's surplus is another country's deficit, and the country placed in debt has no choice other than to defend itself.

Still, the very efficiency of Japan, seen from a different standpoint, is of inestimable benefit to us. As Prime Minister Fukuda made himself highly unpopular by pointing out, the Western failure to compete is mainly due to its large-scale importation of cheap, second-rate immigrant labour. At least the Japanese economic threat prevents our multiracial societies from discriminating too brazenly against their more dynamic native elements. That is why I expect Japan to be the next public enemy number one, provided the destruction of white South Africa goes according to plan.

After the dropping of two atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Emperor went on the air and surrendered, beginning his speech with a statement to the effect that the war had gone "not necessarily" to Japan's advantage. He is as much revered as ever, and many peasants are glad to go to work for nothing in the gardens of his palace in Tokyo, while the middle classes are quietly proud of his international reputation as a marine biologist. So much for those who regard royalty as an anachronism.

In case you are thinking that I am going soft on a foreign race, in the usual Western way, get this: Every foreigner in Japan has to carry his residence permit with him at all times, and the police demand that he produce it if any unpleasantness should occur. If this should happen too often, he is politely requested to leave the country. It is perfectly easy to identify a foreigner because no non-Japanese, not even the half-million Koreans who have been in Japan for generations, is allowed to have Japanese nationality. The Japanese even have a religion, Shintoism, which proclaims that they, unlike other mortals, are descended from gods.

Another point about Japanese religion is that, although Shintoism has always had the support of the authorities, Buddhism is much more popular. As Kipling versified:

Yet spare us still the Western joke,
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura

Buddhism, of course, is more pacifist than Christianity ever was. Yet the Japanese have had no more difficulty keeping up their fighting spirit than the Europeans or Americans did in Christianity's heyday. So it would seem that it is the notions of the Enlightenment, particularly egalitarianism and indiscriminating tolerance, which have sapped our will to survive.

One man who certainly won't go along with me as regards the Japanese is a tough Dutchman who spent the war in their prison camps watching his comrades die around him like swatted flies. After selling most of his clothes in order to eat, he used to plaster himself with mud in the evening. If it dried in time, he got through the night without getting too cold. When it didn't, he caught dreadful rheumatism which he still has. A few years back, he was

interviewed on Hong Kong television, and the interviewer asked him why he couldn't forgive the Japanese for what had happened so long ago. He replied that if it was a matter of forgiveness, why didn't the Jews begin forgiving the Germans a little?

Perhaps the best postscript I can provide to a piece of writing on Japan consists of my reflections on visiting Glover House, which stands in a fine position overlooking Nagasaki Bay. Glover was a vigorous Englishman who laid the first tarmacked road in Japan and also built railways. He laid out extensive gardens, which still exist, and became a rich man, marrying a Japanese. Of course, he failed to establish a dynasty, because half-castes just don't match up to expectations, and no one knows it better than the Japanese. They blame the high rate of miscegenation of the Japanese in California on their feeling of being demeaned because Japan is no longer their home. To some extent this same feeling leads to miscegenation among Westerners, as more and more come to realise that they, too, are becoming homeless. I was pondering all these things in my mind as I took off from the Land of the Rising Sun for the Land of the Setting Sun.

Jewish Author Brands Ancient Greek Cities with Swastikas



Published by Macmillan in 1928, *The Graphic Bible* by the noted Jewish scholar, Lewis Browne, contained this map in which swastikas were placed in front of the names of Greek cities and colonies in ancient Palestine. Evidently, the Hakenkreuz was used by Jews to identify inimical non-Jews two millennia before the establishment of the Third Reich.

Even though Americans are becoming dumpier and less physically appealing with each passing year (dysgenic breeding and sedentary lifestyles do not conduce to svelteness), the average person now spends more time than ever "in the company" of handsome human specimens. All he or she need do is flick on the TV and turn to a channel where Howard Cosell or the cast of *Taxi* is not appearing.

Actually, all the glamorous figures seen on television may be contributing to Middle America's out-of-control dumpiness, as well as turning them into slack-jawed "couch potatoes." There is a strong and growing correlation between fatness and failure in the present-day USA. Today when people fail at something -- anything -- one automatic response is to "pig out," to "reward" oneself for "enduring" with a big bag of chips and three chocolate bars. Everyone is being spoiled rotten. When Mr. X or Mrs. Y can't enjoy some minor personal triumph -- because of their own ineptitude -- they simply *must* have some form of compensatory gratification. So it's "reach for the sweets," which are always at hand. A quick sugar fix makes the day's failures acceptable.

In the past, hardcore losers could live together and get a lift out of comparing their woes. No more. Now there's TV, and a flick of the switch instantly summons to the dreariest prole living room Jacklyn Smith, Tom Selleck and Candace Bergen & Co., doing all the glamorous things such people do in their California fantasyland. This has a profoundly demoralizing effect on Joe Blow in Kokomo, who is tube-glued six or seven hours a day. He feeds his face continuously as a way of getting subconscious "revenge" on Tom Selleck.

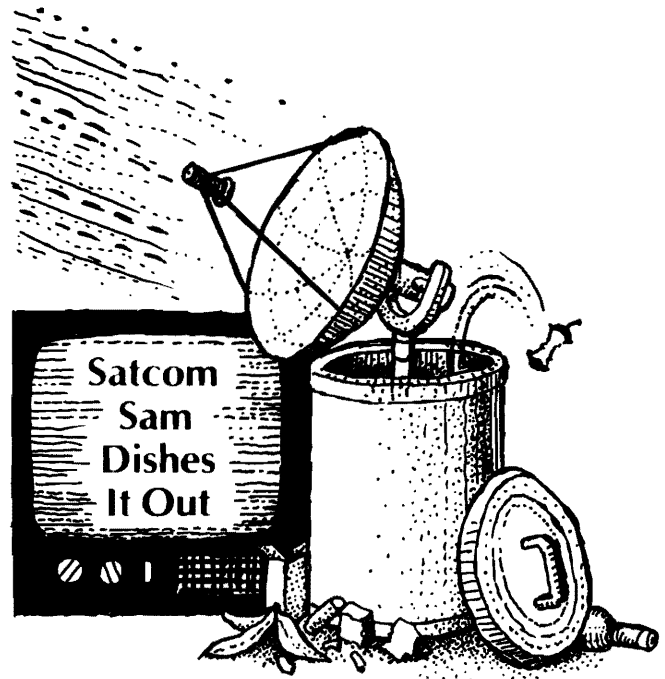
By bringing an endless parade of "winners" -- even such sleazy winners as J.R. Ewing -- into Everyman's living room or bedroom, TV often has a devastating effect on the viewer's self-esteem. To recoup their shattered egos, millions of the brightest, handsomest, most ambitious young Americans are abandoning small towns and heading for the bright urban lights, there to practically cease reproducing. Meanwhile, the physically (and mentally) dumpier specimens are left behind in Tinytown to have their three or four children. With each generation the people inhabiting many of our smaller towns grow fatuously fatter.

The siren call of the cities, amplified to a screech by TV, is bleeding our boondocks dry of human beauty. One solution would be to shut off the electronic Lorelei and turn popular culture in a more "folkish" direction, to phase out artificial "glamor" and phase in plainer virtues, and to make small-town folks feel better about themselves and their way of life.

* * *

Dan Rather has been terribly disturbed about the neo-Nazis in our midst and the sequential arrests of members of The Order or whatever the media choose to call those overanxious Majority revolutionaries in the Northwest who were featured for several weeks in his half hour of news, sports and dental adhesive commercials.

But how disturbed has Injun Dan been at much more revolutionary "revolutionary movements," which in the



past dozen years have planted 150 bombs, killed several policemen and scores of ordinary American citizens? We are speaking here of such organizations as the Republic of New Afrika, the Black Liberation Army and various Puerto Rican terrorist groups. The Order may have had a member or two who killed a Jewish radio talk show host in Denver and a state trooper, and the gang as a whole may have robbed a Brink's armored car and committed a few other sundry crimes, but the nonwhite groups have robbed not only Brink's trucks, but killed two cops and a guard in the process, murdered several bystanders and "enemies," put bombs in the Capitol, in the FBI headquarters in New York, the U.S. Customs Building in Brooklyn, the National War Center and the Washington, D.C., Navy Yard.

The Order, in its weird way, was working in behalf of the American Majority. The nonwhite revolutionary groups would like nothing better than to kill off every Majority member except the most attractive blondes, who would be reserved for the leaders' harems.

In view of the time he devoted to the subject, Dan apparently thinks that the killing of a Jewish talk-show host in Denver by a white is 100 times more serious than the killing or maiming of a dozen whites by nonwhites.

* * *

The biggest new show of the 1984-85 television season is *The Cosby Show*. As Bill Cosby himself has pointed out, one of the chief ideas behind the sitcom is to show blacks in an American middle-class context, having (as this sort of rhetoric usually goes) "the same hopes and dreams as all the rest of us." This is supposed to provide a healthy counterweight to the usual caricatures of blacks presented both in "blaxploitation" films (a genre mercifully virtually extinct these days) and other television series (like *Webster* and *The Jeffersons*).

Contrary to what Cosby might think, the idea of reinforc-

ing racial hyper-equalitarian mythology by presenting blacks as "plain, ordinary, middle-class folks, just like you and me" is nothing new on TV; witness the incessant bombardment presented by TV commercials featuring middle-class blacks. Since the two chief scriptwriters for *The Cosby Show* are John Marcus and Elliot Schoenman, it looks like the rule still holds that every black show, middle class or no class, must germinate in the fertile brains of Farrakhan haters.

* * *

Instauration nominates for TV Movie of the Month a 1975 thriller described in this fashion in the TV section of the *Albany Times Union* (Feb. 17, 1985):

★★½ "Dr. Black, Mr. Hyde" (1975, Suspense) Bernie Casey, Rosalind Cash. Searching for a cure for liver disease, a black ghetto physician tests an experiment on himself, turning white and embarking on a prostitute-killing spree (2 hrs).

Bernie Casey, should any reader want to know, is one of

those black ex-football players turned "actors" (another egregious example being alleged rapist Jim Brown, Hugh Hefner's good buddy and sempiternal Playboy Mansion guest). Casey is mentioned in Gay Talese's book, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, as one of those who hung around Sandstone, the Southern California "touchy-feely" emporium of sex therapy. Max Lerner was another Sandstone hanger-on -- for similar reasons, no doubt (access to young Majority females). I believe Lerner, now in his 80s and still writing pro-Israel columns for the *New York Post*, recently married a Majority woman in her 30s. Lerner is also said to have had an affair with Elizabeth Taylor.

* * *

Lest we forget. When the Wallenbergs arrived in Sweden a few centuries ago, they were a Jewish family. Today they are "Righteous Gentiles." No doubt they've done a lot of shikse-izing over the generations, but somehow the Jewish writers of the recent Wallenberg doctored-drama on network TV didn't think it necessary to inform the viewers of this interesting bit of genealogy.

Talking Numbers

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

In 1958 the combined population of North and South Vietnam was between 27 and 38 million. In late 1984 the estimated population of forcibly united Vietnam was about 60 million. If, as loose-mouthed critics like Bertrand Russell frequently claimed during the American intervention, the U.S. was practicing genocide against the Vietnamese people, how come their numbers have doubled in a mere 25 years?

#

David Sadd, executive director of the National Association of Arab Americans, points out that 25% of the congressmen on the House Foreign Affairs Committee are Jewish, as are 30% of those on the Mideast subcommittee.

#

American politicians can rarely charge more than \$1,000 a plate at fundraising dinners. But Israeli prime ministers in New York sometimes command \$100,000. (Source: Ben Bradlee Jr., *Boston Globe*, May 3-5, 1984)

#

"Minority language" students are everywhere now. The states with the smallest percentages of such students are Kentucky (4.3%), and Ohio, West Virginia, Alabama and Arkansas (each 4.5%). In 11 states, the figure ranges from 20 to nearly 60 percent. (Source: U.S. Bureau of the Census, 1980, Volume 1)

The nearly bankrupt country of Jamaica spent more than \$18 million in 1983 on lobbying in the U.S. Britain spent \$21 million, Japan \$17.5 million, and the Sandinista government of Nicaragua a paltry \$169,838.

#

Five 16-year-old and four 17-year-old students, all as tight as ticks, vandalized their high school in Salem, Massachusetts, to the tune of \$500,000 in a four-hour rampage. 70 school rooms were savaged, including the TV studio, the computer laboratory and the library, where every book was pulled off the shelves.

#

Resident aliens, who are disabled or over 64, can sign up for Supplemental Security Income (SSI), whose funds come out of general taxes, not Social Security, and receive up to \$295 a month and free medical care 30 days after they arrive in the U.S.

#

Bill Handel, a Los Angeles shyster, is in the baby business. For \$40,000 he will sell a childless couple an infant produced by a surrogate mother. His invoice breaks down as follows: \$10,000 for the woman who does all the work, \$6,000 for him, \$10,000 for medical costs and \$14,000 for miscellaneous insurance, plane fares, hotel accommodations, etc., etc. Handel has already made 26 sales.

Although the U.S. quit UNESCO in 1984, high-living black Director General Amadou-Mahtar M'Bow has invoiced the U.S. \$47 million for its 1985 membership fee.

#

In the past, physical requirements for joining the Vancouver, B.C., police force were minimum height 5'8" (5'4" for women), maximum weight 165 lbs., maximum age 35. At the command of minority groups, all these restrictions have now been scuttled. Theoretically, scarecrows, dwarfs and centenarians can now become Vancouver cops.

#

Foreign diplomats have been responsible for 546 serious crimes in Britain during the past decade. Diplomatic immunity was successfully claimed in every case.

#

Sarah Gordon's new book, *Hitler, Germans and the "Jewish Question"* (Princeton Univ. Press, 1984) reveals that all but 11 of the 161 private banks in Weimar, Berlin were in Jewish hands. With less than 1% of the German population, Jews in 1930 controlled 25% of the retail trade and constituted nearly 20% of the university faculties. In Prussia, 25% of the lawyers and 30% of the higher judiciary were Jewish.

#

American textbooks contain between 30% and 80% less material on evolution today than 10 years ago, according to a recent *U.S. News and World Report* article.

Almost 99% of what a university study calls non-Hispanic whites marry within their own racial group, as do 99% of black women and 97% of black males. (Source: Center for Social and Demographic Analysis, State University of New York at Albany)

#

In 1984 the revenues of black-owned companies declined to 7% of overall black income. In 1969 the figure was 13.5%.

#

Blacks are believed to buy half of all the cognac sold in the U.S.

#

One-fourth of the 165 federal judges appointed by Reagan in his first term are millionaires, 98% are Republicans, 92% male, 2 are black and 8 Hispanic. Of the 187 Carter appointees to the federal bench, 15% were women, 90% were Democrats, 37 were blacks and 16 were Hispanics.

#

The 3 top disciplinary problems in public schools in 1940, according to the Biblical News Service, were (1) talking, (2) chewing gum, (3) making noise. The top 3 in 1982 were (1) rape, (2) robbery, (3) assault.

Marvin Davis, reputedly America's richest Jew, paid Henry Kissinger and Gerald Ford \$50,000 each for serving on the board of 20th Century Fox in 1983. This was at the time the company was half-owned by Marc Rich, now a fugitive from justice living in Switzerland and America's -- and probably history's -- biggest tax dodger. Rupert Murdoch has offered Davis, who bought out Rich, \$175 million for a half interest in his film company.

#

Some 70 Jewish PACs gave \$3.6 million to Zionist and pro-Zionist political candidates in the 1984 elections. 79% of the payola went to Democrats. The largest amount, \$270,675, was given to Paul Simon, the mezusa senator who defeated Charles Percy.

#

There are nearly 200 million guns in the possession of U.S. civilians, 60 million of them handguns. In 1980, 250,000 handguns were sold in this country. From November 1963 to November 1982, nearly half a million Americans were killed by gunfire in the 50 states, compared to 47,318 American battle deaths in the Vietnam War.

Edwin Meese III, at long last Attorney General, wants the federal government to pay \$700,000 to his legal defense team, headed by Leonard Garment, former White House counsel and possibly Watergate's Deep Throat, and San Francisco attorney Bob Wallach. The government has already given Jacob Stein and his assistants \$320,000 for their "independent" investigation of Meese. This huge fee does not include the part the FBI played in checking out the charges leveled against Meese by Howard Metzenbaum. A Jewish senator accuses, a Jewish lawyer is given the cushy job of independent counsel and two Jewish pettifoggers take on the accused WASP's defense.

#

The Yale Library acquires about 175,000 books and periodicals a year, 7% to 8% of the world's annual 1.2 million output of new titles and new journal issues. This represents about 4 to 5 miles of books and magazines every 12 months.

#

The African National Reparations Organization claims the U.S. government owes American blacks \$4.1 trillion for unpaid slave labor and underpaid work.

Primate Watch



Homosexuality is a "gift of God," says **Rev. ROBERT CROMEY**, an Episcopal priest in Queerville (otherwise known as Jonestown by the Bay), who takes particular pride in officiating at marriages between faggots.

☆ ☆ ☆

The illustrious house of Marlborough, from which **WINSTON CHURCHILL** descended, had its escutcheon dirtied in February when the Duke's 29-year-old son, the **MARQUESS OF BLANFORD**, heir to a \$43.6 million fortune, was charged by Scotland Yard with burglarizing a London drugstore.

☆ ☆ ☆

MARILYN CHAMBERS started out as a sweet young thing on Ivory Snow boxes, then became a porno queen, her biggest hit being *Behind the Green Door*, in which she was dramatically and lingeringly raped by a black. Lately she has been featured in a "live sex" show in San Francisco, where she was arrested for engaging in "sexual contact" with customers and soliciting for prostitution. For Nordic women in this day and age, the direction after the first misstep is always down.

ROY KEYES makes his living as a male ecdyasiast. The black stripper was invited to a Harlem apartment shared by three women, who left him there after a sex and drug orgy to baby-sit a 13-month-old girl. Keyes then proceeded to set a record -- his charge became the youngest rape victim in the history of New York City crime. When asked why he did it, Keyes said, "I tried to make the baby stop crying."

☆ ☆ ☆

The reenactment of the Negro march on Selma, Alabama, 20 years ago ended with **Mayor JOE SMITHERMAN** presenting the keys to the city to **JESSE JACKSON** and joining him in singing the Yankee "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Smitherman, who was also mayor in 1965, described himself before the assembled blacks as just "a poor redneck" from north Alabama -- then said, "We need to cut out all of this race-baiting"! The real "enemy," he continued, was sitting in the White House. Jackson was introduced to the throng as "black America's President." Later, **GEORGE WALLACE**, the Afrikaner-bashing governor, who also met with Jackson, was described as "more racist toward black people" now than 20 years ago by black **State Representative ALVIN HOLMES**.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF HISPANIC CIVIL RIGHTS, situated in the Bronx, sounds like a rather respectable group, considering the neighborhood. And **ROBERT MUNOZ**, its chairman, sounds like a respectable civil rights official. But names can be deceiving, especially in the semantic morass of minority racism. When Munoz failed to persuade Citibank to "contribute" to his and other community groups, he squeezed blobs of glue into 70 of the bank's automatic teller machines.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Pay-integration" has been approved by the **VILLAGE BOARD** of Oak Park, Illinois, by a five-to-one vote. Now the 55,000 residents of this mainly white suburb must hand out \$400,000 in grants and subsidies each year to those landlords and tenants who do the most to racially integrate the town's housing.

☆ ☆ ☆

Like **JOHN ("MR. FERRARO") ZACCARO**, Queens executive **MOHAN LALWANI** just wanted to raise some extra money for his business. So, like "Mr. Ferraro," he fudged some documents here and there to obtain \$8 million in fraudulent loans from New York banks, and \$12 million from foreign banks. Lalwani is an Indian national, but his chances of being deported are no greater than Zaccaro's chances of serving time in prison.

Primate Watch



There are perhaps 500 Jewish families in all of the Hawaiian Islands, but that doesn't stop **Senator DANIEL INOUE** from adorning his rolltop desk with a bronze menorah and tacking a silver candelabrum to his office wall and hanging a ram's horn used in Jewish New Year services beside a painting of the Wailing Wall. The occasional visitor could be forgiven for thinking he had strayed into a synagogue. Inoue explains his Judeophilia by saying he had delved deeply into Judaism for a time under the supervision of a rabbi and was almost on the point of converting. It need not be added that Inoue is one of the staunchest supporters of Israel. Once in his pre-political days he was an Israel bond salesman. In 1983 the Senator made \$8,000 speaking before Jewish groups.



Judeophile Inoue

STEPHEN BINGHAM, *Instauration's* 1984 Majority Renegade of the Year, has pleaded not guilty to murder and conspiracy charges arising out of an attempted escape of black prisoners in San Quentin in 1971. Bingham has been free on \$300,000 bail since he turned himself in to police after 13 years in hiding.

JOHN BLOOMBERG publishes a new consumer's magazine called *Smart Living*. Last year, he published *Best Buys*, which had the same editor, the same subscription price and virtually the same staff and format. In between, he declared "bankruptcy," and then refused to give his old subscribers any sort of refund or transfer. Bloomberg says his new backers should not be saddled with his old debts.

British readers are pondering over a new biography of **LORD and LADY MOUNTBATTEN**, Britain's swingiest aristocratic couple a few decades ago. Louis was a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, his wife the granddaughter of the filthy rich Jewish banker, Ernest Cassel. Mountbatten, who was assassinated by the IRA in 1979, is quoted as saying, "Edwina and I spent all our married lives getting into other people's beds." It is just as well that degenerate, racially overtolerant Lord Louis did not specify the sex of his bed partners.

Half of the 97,000 denizens of Miami Beach, writes the *New York Times*, are Jewish. To keep the 43,500 better half happy, the city has a kosher inspector, although such a public job violates both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. Needless to say, the few complaints that a few civil libertarians have made have gotten nowhere. The position pays \$26,806 a year to the present occupant, **Rabbi MANISH SPITZ**. It recently became a center of controversy because the unions have been demanding that it be turned into a civil service job. They want their dues! If they are successful, Rabbi Spitz will have to compete, says Miami Beach's personnel director, Ernest Barham, "with anyone else who cares to take the exam."

WHITNEY NORTH SEYMOUR JR., the former U.S. Attorney who now heads a leading New York law firm, belongs to "one of the oldest Republican-aligned families in America." Recently, speaking before the Ripon Society and the Freedom Republicans, Seymour called for a black mayor in New York. It bothers him mightily that, although the nation's second, third, fourth and sixth most populous megalopolises have black mayors, his city (#1) and Houston (#5) have bucked the trend.

The late mobster **ALLEN DORFMAN**, who was gunned down in a Chicago parking lot two years ago, looted the Teamsters Union Health Fund of tens of millions of dollars. Yet his heirs and associates will only have to pay back \$4.4 million, as part of a "compromise" agreement signed in February by Attorney General William French Smith. It is believed that Dorfman's greatest wealth came from his "special relationship" with the Teamsters' \$5.3-billion pension fund. The \$300-million health fund was peanuts by comparison. Whether the nation's hard-working truck drivers will recover one cent of their lost pension money remains doubtful.

TONY COELHO, the super-liberal Democratic Party firebrand, was blackballed by the Hispanic Caucus in Congress because he is of Portuguese, not Spanish descent. But when some Congressional hacker discovered that the Romans called the Iberian Peninsula Hispania, Coelho was welcomed with open arms. Another California Democratic Representative, however, the white renegade **FORTNEY STARK**, was turned down flat when he applied for membership in the Congressional Black Caucus. This group, which purports to represent the interests of black Americans, has always rejected whites, even whites who have majority black or substantially black districts. Stark's district is 10% black.

Three summers ago, Thomas Peterson stopped at a highway rest area on the Menominee Indian Reservation in northern Wisconsin to ask **FOUR MEN and FOUR WOMEN** for directions. The group slashed his tires, dragged him from the car, then stabbed and drowned him.

Nine-year-old Shane Smith was standing with a friend at a school bus stop in Houston when **HUY NGUONG DUONG** approached him and, without provocation, started burning him with a lit cigarette. Duong then stabbed Smith about 75 times before passersby could pull him loose. The boy's mother ran to her dying son as the futile ambulance arrived. The *Houston Chronicle* spoke of Duong's "history of mental illness" but declined to speculate on a racial motive.

JEAN-BEDEL ("I never ate anybody") BOKASSA, the deposed emperor of the Central African Empire, is unable to meet the utility bills on his French castle. Though he reportedly fled with \$1 billion only six years ago, he now accuses France's human rights groups of ignoring his chilly and "oppressed" living conditions.

The **BLACK HEBREW ISRAELITES** are a Chicago-based sect which has partly relocated to the Holy Land. One way the sect raises money is by peddling stolen airline tickets. The major carriers estimate that they have lost nearly \$10 million in fares to the colored Jews over the past six years. In early March, Chicago police raided a sect center and found a ticket-validating machine stolen from O'Hare International Airport, a camera stolen from the Illinois secretary of state's staff, 100 packed suitcases and related items. But detectives warned that the same ring has been "cracked" before in other cities, only to have the suspects jump bail and go about their business again.



Canada. Those who thought Pierre Trudeau was bad, should listen to the rhetoric of Jack Murta, minister of state for multiculturalism in the new "Conservative" government. Speaking before a University of British Columbia audience of 100 people of every conceivable creed and color, Murta argued that previous Canadian governments "never properly explored or developed the real potential of multiculturalism." In the past, the stress had been on maintaining identities; now it would be on intercultural relations and mixing, which would become the new "mainstream" of Canadian life. Under the Conservatives, Murta promised, "there will be no compromise on multiculturalism." Those in high places in every sector of society would be asked to assume an "advocacy role," actively promoting the concept: "[Multiculturalism] must be seen as part of what it means to be a Canadian . . . an integral part of the fabric of this country." (There's that word "must" again.)

In the best tradition of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, Murta ended by noting, "Multiculturalism is good for business." A racial kaleidoscope would give Canada access to wider markets and opportunities abroad! (Right, Jack -- until all that glorious mixing you're so keen on leaves the entire population as uniformly swarthy as a crowd in Calcutta.)

* * *

Not every official in Canada is taking the new racial decrees lying down. Mary Casilio, 72, is an alderman and municipal ombudsman in Saanich, a suburban town on Vancouver Island. Her public declarations that interracial marriages should be stopped and nonwhite immigrants should be denied voting rights, which she bases on Biblical authority, have provoked the wrath of the Greater Victoria (B.C.) Jewish community. So far, Saanich Mayor Mel Couvelier has upheld Casilio's rights to her own opinions, perhaps because she regularly outdraws everyone else in votes at election time and has received wide support for her latest remarks. But, if past experience means anything, Mayor Couvelier will probably melt like butter when the minority heat is turned up higher.

Britain. From a subscriber. One of the more interesting books published or rather republished in Britain last year was *The Profession of Violence -- the Rise and Fall of the Kray Twins* by John Pearson (Grenada, 1972, revised 1984). The author was invited by Ronald Kray, the dominant twin, to write the story of the two brothers who dominated London crime for a great part of the 1960s. Pearson was introduced to them in the large country house of a man who

was later imprisoned for arson, including the arson of the house in which the introduction took place. When the police net finally began to close on Ronald, he became pathologically suspicious, and Pearson was warned to keep away. Only after the twins had been jailed in 1969 did the author feel it was safe to begin work on their biography. Even now Pearson says libel laws prevent much of the story from being told. Ronald had showed him letters from many leading public figures, financiers and top businessmen, letters which some solicitors had warned him not to use. One day while he was away from his house, all the correspondence vanished. It is possible that the police were finally able to move in on the Krays because some of these prominent figures were alarmed that Ronald was going to allow the contents of the letters to become public.

The Krays were born "in a part of the East End where the poorest Jews married the poorest Irish." The twins were the product of just such a union, plus a seasoning of Gypsy blood. Their father was a WWII deserter. Ronald was a psychopathic homosexual who wanted his brother to keep away from women "because they were dirty and carried disease." His sexual perversion seems to have been the basis for his wide influence at high levels, especially his ability to provide East End boys for prominent West End queers. One such was Tom Driberg, the chairman of the Labour Party, who later became Lord Bradwell Juxta Mare. In his autobiography, Driberg claimed to have eased the last years of master spy Guy Burgess in Moscow by finding him a young man at a "well-known" pickup spot in the Russian capital.

As homosexuality was illegal in Britain until 1967, the Krays were able to exert a powerful influence on those for whom they procured youths. In 1963 the papers published photos of Lord Boothby, formerly Sir Robert Boothby and Churchill's private secretary, with the Kray brothers. It was hinted that he received favors similar to those offered Driberg. Boothby sued and was awarded £40,000 in damages, thereby silencing the press on the subject of the Krays for a long time. Boothby, president of the Anglo-Israel Association (1962-75), denied being a homosexual and attempted to prove it. Although a Scots aristocrat in his sixties, he married the young daughter of a Sardinian fisherman.

Alan Bruce Cooper, "the international crook who was helped by the Krays to launder funds stolen in the U.S.," introduced Joe Klugman, "a tiny, Jewish Sicilian," to Ronald. It was Klugman who put Ronald in touch with the lower echelon of the Mafia in New York. Ronald entertained grandiose plans for a British-Jewish-American crime

network until 1968 when he was finally arrested. He has been in prison ever since. That he was arrested a few months after the homosexuality laws were changed may be significant.

Ronald's ambition was to live the life of an English gentleman on a country estate with a blond catamite in the role of wife. He was recently in the news again when he got married in gaol. Perhaps the AIDS scare made him realize women are not the only ones carrying disease.

* * *

Fascinating is the word for *Albanian Assignment* by David Smiley (Chatto and Wyndus, London, 1984). The author joined the Royal Horse Guards in 1936 and served with them in Syria, Iran and Iraq and the Arabian desert. In 1943 he was recruited into the SOE (Special Operations Executive) and was ordered to Albania and Siam. After WWII, he attended a Staff College, was assistant military attaché in Warsaw (1952-55), commanded a British regiment in Germany (1955-58), went to Stockholm as military attaché (1958-61) and commanded the Sultan of Oman's armed forces (1962-66). His last job was that of military adviser to the Imam of Yemen.

In his book Smiley concentrates on his adventures as an SOE officer in Albania. The foreword written by Patrick Leigh-Fermor warns:

As we know, our secret wartime apparatus was a kind of unknowing nurse, now and then, to figures tiptoeing blandly along the [Kim] Philby Path to ribbons and high office and chairs of learning whose real rewards should have been the Red Banner and a comfortable dacha . . . There is a moment of sudden horror [in the SOE] towards the end, far worse than all the dangers on the spot, the sudden awareness that persons in their own section at GHQ were working against them.

After Smiley had joined the SOE, he was sent to a training establishment on Mt. Carmel in Palestine (early 1943). Among the trainees were "some 36 Arabs and Jews who later used their expertise against the British." He goes on:

A short time after our course had ended a spectacular raid was launched against our training school. The entire contents of the armoury, including 30 machine guns, were stolen. Two military 3-ton lorries were allowed to drive into the camp by Jewish security guards. Having broken into the armoury and loaded the contents onto the 2 lorries, they drove off, taking not only the guards but the security officer who was himself a Jew. It later transpired that all were members of the Jewish Agency and no doubt the arms were used later by the Jewish underground fighting the British. The unfortunate commander had to face court martial.



It is interesting to learn that Jews in Palestine were disrupting the Allied war effort in this way -- which, of course, did not stop them from complaining that more should have been done to help them at that time.

In WWII, Smiley and a few companions got into Albania, where, after training some guerrillas, they persuaded them to attack a small German force. The 800 Albanians broke and fled before 18 Germans. Albanian guerrillas were divided into various groups, the most important being the Zogists (followers of King Zog) and the Communist partisans. The latter made all kinds of dramatic claims which were duly trumpeted to the outside world, but Smiley could find no evidence any of the highly touted operations ever took place. The Reds, he states, were in fact holding back their forces for a civil war.

Since SOE agents carried gold sovereigns to pay their way, they had to be careful not to be murdered by the people they had been sent to help. In Bulgaria, guerrillas killed several British agents for their gold.

At war's end SOE headquarters ordered British officers to return through Communist partisan territory. Those who did were treated with every possible discourtesy and public humiliation to demonstrate the weakness of the West.

One gruesome incident concerned 2,000 Turkistani soldiers who had murdered their Russian officers and deserted to the Germans. In Albania these soldiers offered to repeat their performance, only this time on their German officers. The offer was accepted and carried out.

On their return to HQ at Bari, Italy, Smiley and his men were astonished to hear staff personnel accuse them of being fascists. He learned that many of the messages his group had sent to Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who had overall responsibility for their operations, had never been delivered.

Smiley mentioned that many of the parachutes used by SOE agents who were dropped into Greece and Albania were made of a kind of cotton only used for dropping supplies. As a result, many SOE men were nearly killed. He later discovered that some of Tito's partisans, recuperating in Bari, had been used to pack these parachutes.

The Germans, Smiley writes, were very thinly spread out in Greece. In several towns there were no German troops at all, and Smiley's men were overwhelmed with secret messages requesting them to do something about the terrorism of the Greek Communist occupiers. This at a time when the world was only told of German terror in Greece and of the heroic Greek resistance!

One of the senior SOE officers at Bari was a Jewish radical named Klugman (unrelat-

ed to Ronald Kray's friend), who later became a high muckety-muck of the British Communist Party. Without knowing it at the time, Smiley had two sets of enemies -- the Germans, whom he was fighting against, and the Russians, whom he was fighting for.

* * *

The British public has just been informed by their own video services that Nazi Germany had the world's first public television service in 1936. In the same year Germany also started the first video telephone service between Berlin and Leipzig. How many countries have one today? In 1939, when the U.S., U.K. and USSR closed their fledgling television studios, Germany kept hers open. After the fall of France, the Germans operated the world's biggest TV studio in Paris.

* * *

A Japanese survey has shown that no less than 55% of man's "significant inventions" have been the work of Britons, who have not been as effective in capitalizing on them.

* * *

"Red Ken" Livingstone has compared the Zionists to Nazis, raising a great hullabaloo in London. He did this to attract the Asian vote, much of it Moslem. But it turns out that Ken has a Jewess as personal assistant (Nita Clark), whose father is a lecturer at the University of Tel Aviv. As the forgiving Nita points out, since Ken came to power he has given £750,000 of public revenues to Jewish groups, although the Jewish community in Britain is extremely wealthy and sends millions of pounds to Israel each year. It is interesting that Red Ken and that other highly publicized Red militant, Arthur Scargill, who boasts that his very unfruitful miners' strike has cost the country several billion pounds, both have young Jewesses as their personal assistants.

* * *

In *Instauration* (Nov. 1984), "Up the Devolution" lists Northumbria as one of the "nations" wanting an independent status. In fact, talk about Northumbria is a glaring example of the continuing attack on English identity. The Liberal Party, seeing the success of their devolution ploy in Scotland and Wales, decided to extend this maneuver into the north of England and started a campaign for a Northumbrian parliament. The mastermind of this scheme was a homosexual university lecturer named Paul Temperton, a short, sallow young man who had previously been secretary to the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. "Campaign for the North" was the sly political

catchword invented for the project because such major towns as Sheffield and Manchester had been a part of the kingdom of Mercia, not Northumbria, whereas Edinburgh had been part of Northumbria and is believed to have been named after King Edwin of Northumbria.

In spite of much media hoopla and a great many expended guineas, the campaign failed to get off the ground. It had no historic roots. Northumbrians were English; indeed the writer of *The History of the English Church and Nation* was a Northumbrian and dedicated that book to King Ceolric of Northumbria, who himself became a monk. Incidentally, after Pope Gregory had made his famous pun, *non Angli sed Angeli* (not English but angels), when told some good-looking youths being sold in the Roman slave market were English, he asked which part of England they came from and was told Deira. He then made a second pun, saying the people there must be converted to Christianity and so saved from Dei Ira (the wrath of God). Deira was a district of Northumbria and included what are now the counties of Durham and Northumberland.

In spite of all the historical evidence, the devolutionists tried to deny that the Northumbrians were English by asserting they were closely connected to the Scotch and Welsh. This says more for the antecedents of the devolution leaders than for historical truth. One was even of Polish heritage. The magazine for the "campaign for the North" tended to be full of such articles of Northumbrian interest as "The Progress of the Homophile Movement." Not surprisingly, the whole project soon collapsed and its general secretary, Paul Temperton, the militant northerner, moved to London, where he now devotes most of his time to his real love, the gay movement.

* * *

It's become almost impossible to stage a decent fox hunt in parts of England. Groups like the Hunt Saboteurs' Association, which once contented themselves with laying false scents for the hounds, now pick fights with the dogs' masters. A militant group called the Hunt Retribution Squad recently hatched a scheme to disinter the body of the tenth Duke of Beaufort, dismember it and send the parts to prominent hunters and fishermen.

Princess Anne would have gotten the Duke's head, had the plot succeeded. Ronnie Lee, spokesperson for the Animal Liberation Front, had no sympathy for the intended victims:

The Duke of Beaufort was a very nasty human being. I find it hard to sympathize with his family. They are all torturers. They are despicable.

I will not condemn violence because it is entirely provoked by the other side.

The ALF claims to have nearly 3,000 members, all vegetarians. They and their allies have begun raiding animal research labs, "liberating" the dogs, cats, monkeys and white mice at the point of a crowbar or baseball bat. One wonders if this ever happens in India, where the critters are considered sacred but the people, all too often, are not.

Recently, some organizations have urged members to start pushing Britain's four million anglers into the rivers. One flyer suggests making friends with the anglers and then offering them sandwiches containing fish hooks.

Can Plant Lib, Mineral Rights and a literally breathless outfit called Spare the Air be far behind?

* * *

An AIDS scare is rolling across the country, with the death toll already in the 50s and soaring. The fireman's union advised members not to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to gays. Members of the tattooists' union are turning away gay customers. At least one Liverpool bar has banned homosexuals. And Burke's Peerage is blackballing AIDS victims and their relatives from its guide to eligible spouses for aristocrats. The British government, more sensible in this regard than the American, is considering making AIDS a "notifiable disease," which would force victims to be quarantined against their will.

* * *

Pakistani businessman Mustaq Malik, a reputed billionaire known as the Black Prince, was arrested at his Karachi mansion in February. Some say he made most of his billion by flooding European cities with heroin from a base in Amsterdam. Operation Fisherman, an undercover job of British Customs, played a key role in bringing him to bay. Meanwhile, Zambian Godfrey Lubinga hid behind diplomatic immunity to frustrate a Customs inquiry into his heroin-smuggling racket. A search of Lubinga's North London house had to be called off, and one newspaper suggested that Britain call off all aid to Zambia in retaliation.

* * *

The Anti-Paki League in Harlow, Essex, is having such success that one local Asian (out of several hundred) took the radical step of ordering a one-way boat ticket back to the subcontinent. This was intolerable to Judge Gerald Butler, who called the highly organized nuisance program of obscene phone-calling and stone-throwing "evil" and sentenced its leaders to four years in prison. Said the head of one Asian communal group, "We have been tortured with fear. Many people moved here from the cities to get away from racism." She might have added that many of the white, working-class people of Harlow had also "fled

the cities to get away from racism" -- but racism of a different color.

* * *

For more than a year, Patrick Harrington, a young student at the Polytechnic of North London, has braved mobs of angry leftists in order to obtain an education. His "sin" is being a National Front member at a school where Marxism-Leninism is a sacred creed. A major source of the problem there, writes Baroness Cox in the *Daily Mail*, is the "closed shop" Student Union to which every student -- even Harrington -- must pay dues. The Union has six full-time officers and an annual budget of £200,000. Cox goes so far as to call the college "a malignant cell in the body of higher education" and recommend its closure, with the health departments relocating elsewhere.

* * *

The latest target of Britain's leftist censors is Tufty Fluffytail, the wickedly "sexist, racist and middle-class" squirrel used to present road safety programs to the very young. The Lambeth Council wanted the bourgeois rodent totally banned.

* * *

The Greater London Council has begun blanketing the city with "London Against Racism" posters. One shows a black trapped in a burning room while loitering English chaps ignore his plight by covering their eyes, ears and mouths with their hands.

France. Jean-Marie Le Pen's victory in the cantonal elections has made his Front National a permanent political fixture in France. Talked up by the media more than any other French personality, he has been the target of a day-and-night libel campaign so malicious and exaggerated that it has provided him with a great deal of extra and unexpected support.

The 13% of the vote received where his party ran candidates would not have shrunk too much below 10% if Le Pen had fielded candidates in all 2,028 cantons instead of 1,450. His victory was all the more spectacular considering that Roman Catholic bishops, the Reform churches and the rabbis all united against him.

Le Pen is quite rightly accused of Pétainism, but such an accusation has little effect for the simple reason that the French people as a whole have never ceased to be Pétainists, as well as Gaullists. The truth is, there was little difference between the moral stance of these two former allies, who subsequently became the bitterest of enemies.

On February 12, *Liberation* published five affidavits from Arabs who said they had been tortured by Le Pen during the Algerian War. The entire French press immediately

joined the attack. As the media campaign against Le Pen increased in fury, a bomb went off during a Jewish film festival in Paris. Though no one was killed and only one person had to be hospitalized for more than a day, the incident was treated as if a thermonuclear warhead had exploded in Paris. Eight thousands Jews and Jewish fellow travelers jammed the streets. Headlines gave the impression that Hitler had come back to life and was preparing a new Holocaust. Le Pen condemned the bombing as much as anyone, but this did not stop the media from fanning the suspicion that the Front National or at least the philosophy of the Front National bore a heavy responsibility for the bomb attack.

Meanwhile, Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin, once forced to resign a previous cabinet post for violating his country's currency laws, called the French members of the United Nations' force in Lebanon "the biggest bastards" of all. Their crime was trying to prevent the Israeli invaders from blowing up the houses of Lebanese peasants. Other than that, the UN troops, some 7,000 strong, who were in Lebanon before the Jewish invasion, have served very little purpose. They should have fought to the last man when the Israelis swept into the country in 1982. Instead, they stepped meekly aside and let the Zionists blitzkrieg their way to the outskirts of Beirut.

Rabin refused to retract his statement and ordered the Israeli ambassador in Paris not to apologize. The French government let the incident die. What Western government dares to fight the power of world Zionism?

* * *

Klaus Barbie, kidnapped from Bolivia two years ago, is still in jail awaiting trial. French justice is not known for its alacrity. Insiders go so far as to say that Barbie, who headed a small Gestapo unit in Lyon during the German occupation, may never be brought to trial because he is supposed to have the goods on prominent politicians who now pose as loyal members of the Resistance, but were actually collaborators. In January, in place of his usual medicine, the ailing 71-year-old Barbie was given a glass of sodium silicate, which is the active agent in a floor-cleaning fluid. His mouth was severely burned. His lawyer says the act was intentional.

Gibraltar. The Spanish began demanding the return of the 2.5-square-mile Rock immediately after they were forced to cede it in the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht. In February, the border was reopened after nearly 20 years, when Britain agreed for the first time to debate the issue of sovereignty.

Once it was the rest of the world which saw the perfidious side of Albion; now it is the Queen's loyal subjects. Prime Minister



Margaret Thatcher assured the House of Commons: "Her Majesty's Government will never enter into arrangements under which the people of Gibraltar will pass under the sovereignty of another state against their freely and democratically expressed wishes." If so, why did she ignore the recent 99% vote of the Gibraltarians to remain permanently with Britain by placing the sovereignty issue on the agenda? A businessman on the Rock expressed the thoughts of nearly everyone: "Haven't we let in the Trojan Horse?"

Were she more honest, Thatcher would admit that, in cases like Hong Kong, Gibraltar and the Falklands (just wait!), the expressed wishes of the overwhelming majority take a back seat to decisions reached on high. Far-flung imperial outposts, say Britain's bosses, are far too costly to retain into the 21st century, both economically and diplomatically. The vast but contiguous Russian Empire from East Berlin to Kabul is also proving costly, but by Moscow's reckoning, disbanding it would be much costlier.

Romania. Last September, *Instauration* reported on a book of poetry by Corneliu Vadim Tudor, which was seized and withdrawn from circulation after Chief Rabbi Moses Rosen of Bucharest complained to Communist boss Nicolai Ceausescu. The November issue of the journal *Soviet Jewish Affairs* (published by the Institute of Jewish Affairs at 11 Hertford St., London) contained a lengthy analysis of "literary anti-Semitism" in Romanian life today, by Michael Shafir. It seems that a loose grouping of "National Bolsheviks" exists over there, with some members in high places.

It was in late 1983 that the Romanian publishing house "Albatross" put out the sixth volume of young (b. 1949) Corneliu Tudor's verse, entitled *Saturnalia*. That it was his third book published that year (when the official limit is one per year per author), and that it was published "in the record time of three weeks" (when a two-year wait is normal), was further proof of Tudor's backing in high places, wrote Shafir. Tudor accompanies Ceausescu on his travels, writing "poetic hagiography" as he goes; and Ceausescu's own son and heir-apparent, Nicu, is closely linked to what the Jews see as Romania's quasi-fascist press. The youth paper, *Scinteia tineretului*, is regarded as Nicu's mouthpiece, and it was there that the most anti-Jewish poem in the *Saturnalia* volume was first published, in March 1983. The poem let it be known that the Romanian nation had been "sold out at the Last Supper" (the Yalta Conference was implied) and that the executioner had been a "triumvirate Judas," by which

was meant three powerful Jews in the postwar Stalinist government: Iosif Chisinevski, Leonte Rautu and Mihail Roller.

Tudor acknowledges as his personal mentor Eugen Barbu, "the author of the first [first published, that is] postwar Romanian novel with clearly anti-Semitic overtones" (*The Prince*, Bucharest, 1969). Barbu edits (with the help of the Council of Socialist Culture and Education) the Bucharest weekly *Saptamina*, which, back in September 1980, featured a Tudor-written editorial called "Ideals" which denounced those unable to grasp "that a nation can be edified only . . . by those born here over hundreds and thousands of years." (Most Romanian Jews entered the country in the late 1800s.) Behind Barbu and the entire nationalist circle stands another mentor, Constantin Dragan, a former Romanian Legionary now living in Italy. When, as a "punishment" for Tudor (to appease Rabbi Rosen), the Romanian authorities hit on the idea of "banishing" him to a study period in Italy, the fascist-wary Italian Embassy in Bucharest killed the plan.

It was on March 1, 1984, that *Saturnalia* was praised by the nationalist writer Artur Silvestri, in the official Communist publication *Tribuna Romaniei*. Tudor was likened to the "national poet," Mihai Eminescu (1850-89), as a "passionate advocate of Romanian historical truth." The two, born 99 years apart, both placed the blame squarely on the Jews for the attempted denationalization of Romanian cultural life, though both were forced by circumstance to cloak their meanings in rhetoric.

In making the comparison, the critic Silvestri was well aware that Tudor's previous shoot-out with the Jews, in 1980, had been triggered by the publication of volume 9 in the complete works of Eminescu, which covered the poet's journalistic work between 1870 and 1877, and was filled with anti-Jewish articles. Furthermore, the introduction and other commentaries added to volume 9 in 1980 embraced that hostile stance uncritically.

Rabbi Rosen went to work trying to halt volume 9's circulation, which brought the wrath of the Barbu circle upon his head, culminating in Tudor's editorial "Ideals." This triggered the counter-wrath of the international Jewish community, culminating in a strong official condemnation of anti-Semitism by Ceausescu in April 1981. Since Romania is heavily in debt to America and the West, there has been a delay in the publication of volumes 10 through 13 of Eminescu's works, with the editors jumping timidly ahead to volume 14. This postponement has "generated deep resentment" in some Romanian circles, writes Shafir. He himself feels their publication

would "facilitate a better comprehension of the phenomenon of contemporary 'national communism.'"

The publication of *Saturnalia* in December 1983 "brought the Eminescu controversy back to the forefront." In addition to the "Last Supper" poem were two others which recalled the 1980 incident, using a wealth of allusions to criticize Rabbi Rosen, the Jews and Judaism without mentioning them by name. The Jews were advised not to further push their luck with the forbearing Romanian people, but to respect the country's pride and its "praying sites."

The response to this and the glowing Silvestri review was a monster rally on March 11, 1984, held at the Choral Temple, Bucharest's main synagogue. Fifteen hundred people attended, including prominent intellectuals of Jewish origin and their key Gentile allies. A resolution was adopted which condemned "hooligans of the pen," and demanded an investigation and the punishment of "those found guilty." Meanwhile, hundreds of telegrams were pouring in from points West. In his Passover message to Romanian Jewry, Rabbi Rosen stated: "Freedom implies the possibility of asking questions. The gag thrust into the mouth of those who want to ask questions precedes serfdom . . . [For how long] will the fascist beasts be allowed to attack and humiliate us?"

The Romanian authorities did their best to ignore the rising storm of anti-Gentilism, but by April of last year the U.S. State Department and the American Jewish lobby were bearing down hard. In early May, Jack Spitzer, the President of B'nai B'rith, was dispatched to Bucharest to demand a strong statement from Ceausescu. That, and a meeting with Rabbi Rosen, finally produced Ceausescu's "full understanding" and his announcement of "measures . . . to avoid the recurrence of similar deeds [i.e., naughty poems] in the future."

That the Romanian authorities were acting with a financial and diplomatic gun pointed at their heads became apparent at the party forum which discussed Tudor's case. One participant drolly asked whether a date had been set for awarding the poet a medal! Then they all formally condemned him. In August 1984, Edgar Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress, was sent around to check on Ceausescu. The Romanian President again promised that "never again" would a similar flap occur.

Sudan. In the matter of the "rescue" of thousands of Ethiopian Falashas, the so-called Black Jews, by the U.S. Air Force acting as an Israeli airlift (the Ethiopian government called it a "kidnapping"), it might be recalled that the ancient Jews did not have such warm feelings for blacks. Parts of the Talmud claim that Ham castrated

Noah, his father, and for that heinous piece of business, plus the additional crime of making love in the Ark, he and his descendants were forever cursed. As Noah brazenly put it, "Since you have disabled me from doing something in the dark, Canaan's [Ham's] children shall be born ugly and black." This horrendous curse was later used by St. Augustine and other clerics to justify slavery. As a matter of fact, Maimonides, the 12th-century Jewish sage, drew a sharp distinction between Jewish and Gentile slaves, ruling that the latter could be worked with "rigor" and were forbidden to learn the scriptures (see *Slavery in Human Progress*, David Brion Davis, Oxford, 1984, pp. 87-88).

It is doubtful if the ancient Jews would recognize the Black Jews of Ethiopia as Jews at all. Jeremiah's question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" still has only one answer. Some present-day rabbis in Israel are demanding that the black newcomers first undergo a thorough conversion before they can be accepted as genuine 14-karat Jews. But in this instance liberalism and equalitarianism seem to be triumphing over the Jews' tribal solidarity -- a triumph which will probably cost Israel dearly in years to come.

* * *

The U.S. part in the mass transfer by air of the Falashas from Ethiopia to Sudan to Israel was secretly arranged by Vice-President Bush in a visit he paid to Sudan's President Gaafar Mohammed Nimeiri. It was kicked off by a letter to President Reagan signed by all 100 members of the Senate, a letter which was kept secret until well after the operation had been completed. It would be impossible to keep secret any other letter signed by 100 senators for more than 60 seconds in leak-happy Washington. But, as ever, all rules, regulations and customs are broken when Israel enters into the picture.

The U.S. spent at least \$15 million on the airlift, which was one of the reasons for the fall of dictator Nimeiri only a few weeks after it was completed and only a day or two after he had visited President Reagan in the White House and was warmly applauded for his complicity in what could only be described as another U.S.-Israeli anti-Arab operation. But if Anwar Sadat gave his life to appease Israel, why shouldn't Nimeiri sacrifice his job for the cause, especially since the London *Observer* has charged that Jewish groups gave him and his cronies a \$57-million bribe to okay the airlift.

Southeast Asia. Crew members of nearly 600 American aircraft lost in Laos account for 560 of the current 2,600 MIAs. Although U.S. government agencies trying to locate and identify the MIAs include the Joint Casualty Resolution Center in Bangkok, Thailand, which also screens refugees

for vital information, the frustration and anguish of MIA families and friends have resulted in the private funding of small search teams. Unfortunately, the overall effort has resulted in the scavenging and trashing of many crash sites.

Putting a price on human remains and crash site artifacts has started a ghoulish commerce in Laos. False and fabricated items, such as monkey bones and phony dogtags, are being sold at higher and higher prices. Worse, scavengers are dividing up genuine human remains and peddling them by the piece.

The Oriental grapevine is busy spreading rumors that the U.S. is in the market for any belongings of or news about missing Americans in Indochina. MIA-related items are being purchased by Vietnamese and sold to the JCRC in the belief that the finders will collect a huge reward from a grateful U.S. government -- namely, resettlement in one of the 50 states. One female Vietnamese refugee, who appeared out of the jungle with a dogtag for which she had paid five ounces of gold, said she had heard that 80 members of one family had been transported to America after a family member had turned over the remains of one GI.

Japan. On the night of March 9, 1945, more than 330 American B29 bombers took off from the islands of Guam, Saipan and Tinian, and formed a vast air armada bound for Tokyo. Until then, the Americans had hit Japan mainly with large high-explosive bombs. But General Curtis E. LeMay, the campaign's commander (and later George Wallace's running mate), decided that fire was the effective way to devastate an enemy. So, without consultation with Washington (according to author John Toland), LeMay ordered the B29s to fly low over a large, working-class district of Tokyo, the nearly all-wooden "low city" area in either the west (*Washington Post* account) or the northeast (*Minneapolis Standard Tribune*) to drop incendiary bombs by the thousands.

The certain -- and intended -- result was a holocaust on the scale of Dresden (a month earlier) and Hiroshima (five months in the future). For most of the night, the American planes passed so low over the wooden neighborhood that residents felt they could shear their wings with a long pole. The Yankees dropped perhaps 700,000 two-foot-long napalm cylinders (or 2,100 per plane), which, as they hit, splattered their contents of jellied gasoline and magnesium. At least 100,000 men, women and children were incinerated, and one-fourth of Tokyo's buildings reduced to ashes. Babies burst into flames on their mother's backs. Hundreds drowned in the Sumida River as wave after wave of terrorized civilians pushed into its waters. Koyo Ishikawa, a policeman charged with photographing air raids, miraculously survived with his

camera intact by spending the night in a sunken bathtub. Outraged by the carnage, he snapped some unforgettable pictures by the dawn's early light.

Twenty-three years later, the American media would react with mock horror when candidate LeMay advocated bombing North Vietnam "back to the stone age" to end the Indochina War. Yet when the same man had ordered 16 square miles of old Tokyo converted to rubble in a few hours, the press welcomed the gesture. *Time*, the same hate rag which called Theodore N. Kaufman's plan for sterilizing the German population after the war "a sensational idea!," blandly noted that "properly kindled, Japanese cities will burn like autumn leaves."

Is it any wonder that unpropagandized, fair-minded Americans were appalled by the hypocrisy of handing out death sentences to German and Japanese generals in the "war crimes" trials?

Philippines. As Amerasian children from Indochina and Korea continue to flood the U.S., a new source is about to be tapped. The bleeding hearts are now worrying about the more than 5,000 yellow-white and yellow-black offspring of American servicemen stationed near Manila. Melody Obien, 33, has four children, all considered "black," yet each one sired by a different Negro! Like all such children in Asia, they dream of settling in the U.S. one of these days. Their mothers are not typical Filipino women, but the slatterns of a nation. Explains one:

It happened so fast. I agreed to go out with him when he proposed. It was a one-night affair, and there is Mystical Rose.

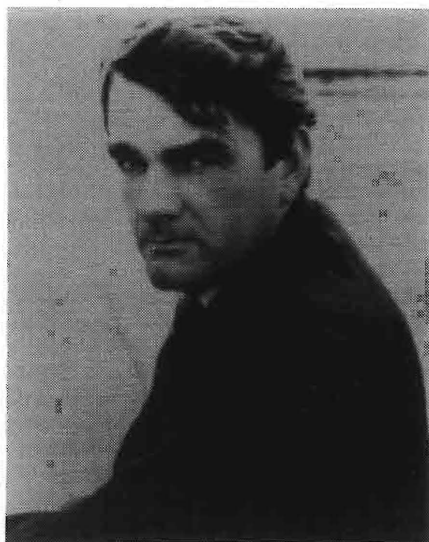
Mystical Rose Habitan is now 18 and her mother does not even know the father's first name. The story about the first-night "proposal" is either a sign of pathological credulity or a cover-up.

Under Philippine law, children of mixed parentage born in the islands are Filipinos. Since the U.S. already has more than its fair share of halfbreeds, let Asia take care of its contribution to the worldwide hybrid load.

Uruguay. Democracy has now come to this little South American nation after years of military rule. And with democracy have come the Jews. Luis Lieberman now heads the Department of Public Works; Julio Kneit has been appointed economic adviser to the new government; Benito Stern was elected Mayor of Punta del Este, one of the world's most notorious beach playgrounds. The new Uruguayan president is Julio Maria Sanguinetti, who is not a Jew but has let it be known to all and sundry that he is a proven friend of Uruguay's Jewish population and, *muy seguro*, Israel.

Maverick Historian

The latest issue of the *Journal of Historical Review* (Winter 1984-85) has a fascinating article by David Irving, the British historian, who is now on the publishers' blacklist for writing what liberal totalitarians most definitely do not want to hear about World War II and its aftermath. In discussing his biography of Hitler, Irving related that his literary agent, a gentleman named Max Becker, warned him that, if he left in the part where der Führer was exonerated from knowing anything about the Holocaust, he (Irving) would lose the Book-of-the-Month Club selection, the *Reader's Digest* condensation and the *Sunday Times* (London) serialization. Irving refused to cut, and everything that Becker prophesied happened, costing the author a cool \$100,000.



The truth cost David Irving \$100,000

Elsewhere in Irving's article, he ferociously attacked the ADL, though claiming,

I am not anti-Jewish, I am not anti-Semitic. I have employed Jewish staff: my lawyer, my attorney in London for the last 26 years has been the firm of Michael Rubinstein; they have lost every case they have fought for me, but I have still stood loyal to them.

Some of Irving's most interesting passages deal with the 1956 uprising in Hungary, about which he has written a book. For those who know little about it, he explains that the uprising, which was viewed in the West as a fight against communism, was really an anti-Semitic revolt directed not against Moscow or Communist rule, but against the Jewish officials of the Communist Hungarian government installed in power by Stalin, who knew he could trust no native Hungarian to kowtow to Soviet policy. These Jewish commissars had spent

World War II in Moscow and had returned to Budapest in Russian tanks. It was the oppression and terror exercised by the Communist Jewish junta that triggered the rebellion. According to Irving, every Hungarian Secret Police officer was a non-Aryan.

The *Journal of Historical Review* printed additional examples of Irving's indefatigable research by reviewing his book, *The War Between the Generals* (Congdon & Weed, London, 1981). The author quotes British General Sir Alan Brooks on an American World War II hero (p. 398):

Eisenhower, though supposed to be running the land battle, is on the golf links at Rheims -- entirely detached and taking practically no part in the running of the war. Patton considered his commander-in-chief nothing but a "Popinjay, a stuffed doll."

Irving indulges in some further iconoclasm by suggesting that not all the French were too happy about being "liberated" from the Germans by the Americans. In Nancy, Frenchmen "who stayed behind in Normandy to welcome their liberators . . . were liable to be vandalized, robbed, raped, murdered." Irving leans on evidence from B.H. Liddell Hart, the British military historian, who pointed out, "Most Frenchmen speak of the correctness of the German army's behavior. They seemed particularly impressed that German soldiers were shot for incivility to women and compare this with the American troops' bad behavior toward women." An official U.S. Army report stated, "Unfortunately, most of these undisciplined acts were caused by colored troops."

The famous "Malmedy massacre," writes Irving, was another piece of macabre Allied war propaganda. The JHR reviewer, Charles Lutton, writes:

During the Battle of the Bulge, a unit of the First Panzer Division killed over 80 GIs during the firefight. The American dead were laid out in rows in the snow, but the Germans were forced to withdraw from Malmedy before the dead soldiers were buried. Allied propaganda blew this event up into a major atrocity story, claiming that the Americans had been taken prisoner and then lined up and shot. Several Germans were tried after the war for their participation in this "war crime."

Irving cites what Patton wrote in his diary (Jan. 4, 1945): "The Eleventh Army is very green and took unnecessary losses to no effect. There were also some unfortunate incidents in the shooting of prisoners. I hope we can conceal this."

As the end approached, Patton began to

sound like the enemy he had taken such relish in annihilating. He wrote in one letter, "We have destroyed what could have been a good race and we [are] about to replace them with Mongolian savages."

In another letter Old Blood and Guts confessed:

The stuff in the papers about fraternization is all wet . . . All that sort of writing is done by Jews to get revenge. Actually, the Germans are the only decent people left in Europe . . . I prefer the Germans. So do our cousins [the British].

After touring refugee camps, Patton went so far as to describe the Jews as being "lower than animals."

"Black Psychology" Is Not White Psychology

Blacks who appear paranoid or otherwise abnormal to white psychologists are really quite normal once their people's grim history is taken into account. That is the message of Joseph Baldwin, president of the Association of Black Psychologists. "Clearly black people are oppressed in this society," says Baldwin, "and that generates a different set of realities they must deal with." For example, adds Na'im Akbar, a Southern regional representative of the Association, "A black person who is suspicious about trusting his welfare to whites might be considered paranoid . . . A black psychologist . . . [might] see that as normal [and] healthy."

Baldwin tells the story of Samuel Cartwright, a white psychologist in the days of slavery, who identified two disorders commonly suffered by blacks. "Drapetomania" was the desire of blacks to run away from slavery. "Dysathesia aethiopica" was "a form of rascality where slaves broke hoes or walked over cotton plants or poisoned cows to get out of work."

Today, one sees similar maladaptions in many whites. Someone with a good command of Latin and Greek should coin a term for the "disorders" in which a white person wishes to run away from minority control of the media (mind slavery), or fantasizes about breaking a hoe over the heads of black muggers who are ruining his neighborhood. Such "disturbed" whites are also loath to entrust themselves to the tender mercies of minority shrinks who "only want to help."

We honestly believe that Baldwin and Akbar are onto something, and join them in hoping that black psychology will take off during the next 20 years. But they should share the wealth. Many of their conceptions and complaints make more sense to the white tribalist than a lot of mainstream psychology. Take, for example, what Akbar says about whites and blacks differing in their views of individuality:

One of the most important ideas in white psychology is the concept of individuality, because it works to the advancement of the achievement of whites.

As an oppressed people, if we [blacks] set ourselves up in terms of individuality, then we continue the oppression, because only by uniting can we change that.

But has individualism worked for the advancement "of whites" (plural), as Akbar states? Or has it rather tended to advance the ambitious, individual white (singular), and his nonwhite allies, at the expense of whites as a group? Today, millions of whites are coming to feel even more badly oppressed than blacks, and they too believe that "only by uniting can we change that."

Voice of Tomorrow Needs Tapes Today

The Voice of Tomorrow is still on the air sending out its messages of Majority boosterism every other weekend. Already its operators have received 200 letters from interested listeners, most of them hobbyists, some of them pro-Majority enthusiasts who want to hear more.

Again, Instaurationists are asked to send in audio tapes that will fit in with the Voice's broadcasting policies. The station goes on the air on the first and third weekends of every month: Saturday -- 2:00 to 3:00 P.M. on 7410 kHz; 4:00 to 5:00 P.M. on 6240 kHz; 8:00 to 9:00 P.M. on 6240 kHz; 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. on 6240 kHz. Sunday -- 12:30 A.M. to 1:30 A.M. on 7410 kHz; 10:00 to 11:00 A.M. on 15040 kHz (all times EST).

The address of the Voice of Tomorrow is P.O. Box 20039, Ferndale, MI 48220.

A Packet of Mini-Stirrings

Though one cannot justly compare them to the leaves shimmying on Aunt Em's apple tree before the Big One touched down, the following news items, and others like them, may portend a bestirring of our race from its masochistic torpor.

- In Hartford, the former chief of police, George Sicaras, has filed a \$5 million lawsuit to regain his old job. He blames his ouster on a "conspiracy" among black city officials. The mayor, the city manager, the deputy mayor and the former deputy mayor -- apparently all black -- are among those named in the suit. They allegedly forced Sicaras to retire in 1982 when he resisted their interference in police hiring and promotions.

- In Dallas, city councilman Jim Hart, the deputy mayor pro tem, has been ac-

cused of racism by Hispanic leaders after he said that illegal aliens are spreading fear and destroying neighborhoods. Hart had mailed a letter to local congressmen and state legislators, pleading with them to clamp down on immigration:

Envision, if you would for a moment, your mother, grandmother, or elderly aunt, etc., who has worked hard through the years to maintain and upkeep her property. All of a sudden, her security is threatened because illegals with no moral values have moved next door to her.

As a result, daily her health begins to deteriorate because she gets little or no sleep for fear of being robbed, raped or killed.

The president of the Mexican-American Bar Association, who doesn't give a stinker's damn about the ruined lives of millions of Anglos, tongue-lashed Hart for his "narrow-minded" nastiness.

- In Houston, city councilman John Goodner was accused of -- surprise -- racism when he warned of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnamese immigrants who were memorizing the driver's license exam and generally endangering the public:

They go down on Saturdays and run over garbage cans, dogs and everything else [while] practicing . . .

This is a very widespread problem. [My complaint] is aimed at any group of people who have not been brought up in an automobile-oriented society . . .

The [native] people who have [lived] here in the past several years know what I am talking about.

Goodner had previously griped about illegal immigrants who were packing Houston's apartment complexes at the rate of "10 to a room."

- In the *Tulsa Tribune* (March 2, 1985), editor and publisher Jenkin Lloyd Jones offered a lesson in eugenics, which concluded:

Horses have some lessons yet for man. As the equine population has shrunk, the quality has risen. Breeding farms can no longer make it simply by producing horses. They must concern themselves with bloodlines. According to Alois Podhajsky, the famed director of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, all modern Thoroughbreds and racing Quarter Horses are direct descendants of the By-erly Turk, 1689, the Darley Arabian, 1700, and the Godolphin Barb, 1730, mated to 43 specially selected "Royal Mares."

Man never had any problem about recognizing the importance of favorable genetics as applied to racing horses, dogs, cattle, sheep, etc. It was only when it came to human beings that we decided it might be illiberal and impious to suggest that the same rules could hold.

So we support social programs that offer special cash incentives and public housing inducement for irresponsibles and slatterns. But to qualify, they must produce children, generally the illegitimate offspring of walkaway fathers.

Sometime in the next century, when the crime, mental deficiency and social cost become great enough, we will learn something from our animals.

Early-Bird Melting Potter

She that lifts up the mankind of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

James Russell Lowell (1861)

Ponderable Quotes

I am in favor of elevating the Negro to the extent of his capacity and intelligence, and of our doing everything in our power to advance the race morally and mentally as well as physically, also socially. But I am opposed to making this advance by correspondingly debasing any portion of the white race. As to trusting the Negro of the Southern States with the most sacred and responsible privilege -- the right of suffrage -- I should as soon think of elevating an Indian Chief to the Papedom of Rome.

General George Custer, as quoted in
Evan Connell's Son of the Morning Star

Were I the master of every language of earth, past master of all the dead tongues of the ages, a genius in the use of every epithet the rage of man ever spoke, still words would have no power to express my contempt for one who would betray his own race!

Thomas Dixon, Jr.
The Traitor

End of File

The pathological reaction of the Jews to President Reagan's visit to the German military cemetery at Bitburg, as evidenced by the cascade of protests, marches, articles, letters to editors and political speeches that dominated the media for weeks, has given an otherwise somnambulant American populace an unforgettable civics lesson in the sheer power of Jewish mind control.

The incredible intensity and compulsive exigency of this reaction shows that Jews saw something fearful in what had been intended as a harmless and innocent diplomatic gesture of reconciliation with a former enemy. Perhaps it was feared that a simple act of wreath-laying would free the public mindset to take that first inextricable step down the long road of intellectual inquiry into an objective assessment of the reasons for World War II—a journey bound to uncover questions about the widespread anti-Semitism of the 1920s and 1930s in Germany and elsewhere, as well as questions concerning the Jewish involvement in communism's rise to power in Eastern Europe and the murderous brutality that accompanied this rise.

Traditionally, U.S. public opinion has been at the mercy of self-serving and historically flawed Jewish and pro-Jewish interpretations of those times, partly because ethnic identities among immigrants from places like Germany and Italy have been allowed to atrophy by an inhospitable host culture. Until now, any questions about the slightest possibility of the rightness or justness of the Axis cause have been regarded by our culture arbiters as *verboten* for the common man's day-in, day-out contemplation. The nation's knowledge of 20th-century Germany has been, in effect, limited to "Hogan's Heroes" at one extreme and an incessant replay of Holocaust themes at the other.

But history tells us that the obvious can only be papered over for so many years or decades. Eventually the covering begins to slip and the whole unseemly mess commences a glacial slide toward facts instead of hype. America's Jews, despite their recognizable influence acquired by the power of the purse and the clout of what the purse buys, know that their control over popular history's perceptions of their clan's behavior in Russia, Weimar Germany and Pilsudski Poland is tenuous at best and could slip away altogether by such a simple act as the laying of a wreath.

The fact is, whenever Jews stir up a new wave of anti-German hatred, whenever a true-blue racist like Elie Wiesel lectures and demeans our highest public

The Bitter Fruit of Bitburg

official, the Kremlin bubbles over with joy. What Jews don't seem to realize in the midst of their media fireworks is that the closer Gorbachev and Co. come to breaking up the Western Alliance, the closer Jews, at least in the Eastern Hemisphere, come to the brink.

A Russian-dominated Europe would be a Europe from which Jews would try to flee as desperately as they are now essaying to flee from the Soviets. A Russian-dominated Europe would be impregnable to any Allied invasion, one reason being that there would be no European foe behind Russia's back diluting its defense of the Atlantic and North Sea coastlines. Hitler's ability to defend these strategic areas was seriously handicapped by the existence of the Eastern front, which was holding down and grinding down the flower of the Wehrmacht.

A Russian-dominated Europe would be a Jewish-undominated Europe, yet no group of people anywhere is doing more to bring this about than the Jews themselves, who are constantly, à la Bitburg, raking over the coals of WWII enmities. The "never forget, never forgive" philosophy is at work day and night corroding the political, economic and military links the U.S. and West Germany must maintain if Russia is to be kept out of the West.

The Jewish question played an important role in WWII. It seems destined, because of the presence of Israel and the long memories of Jews and their limitless capacity for hatred, to play a major role in any new intercontinental war.

Bitburg was an act of friendly diplomacy turned into a dramatic manifestation of Jewish control over Western opinion. The Jews are even able to change a president's itinerary at the last minute, as they did when they forced him to visit Bergen-Belsen, after he stated he would not visit such unhappy reminders of the past. The more such bad memories are jolted, the less chance there will be of any effective joining of the hearts and minds (and weapons) of Germans and Americans, and the more chance there will be of the neutralization of West Germany, which, if it occurs, must lead to the neutralization and eventually the russification and the de-Judaizing of Europe.

In this event, the two power centers of the world will be an anti-Communist, pro-Jewish America and a Russian-dominated Europe allied to an anti-Zionist Arab and Moslem confederation with a weak, poorly armed Japan and China in Eastern Asia. Only a madman could conceive that such a world would be of any benefit to the Jews, yet that is the world to which they are driving us.