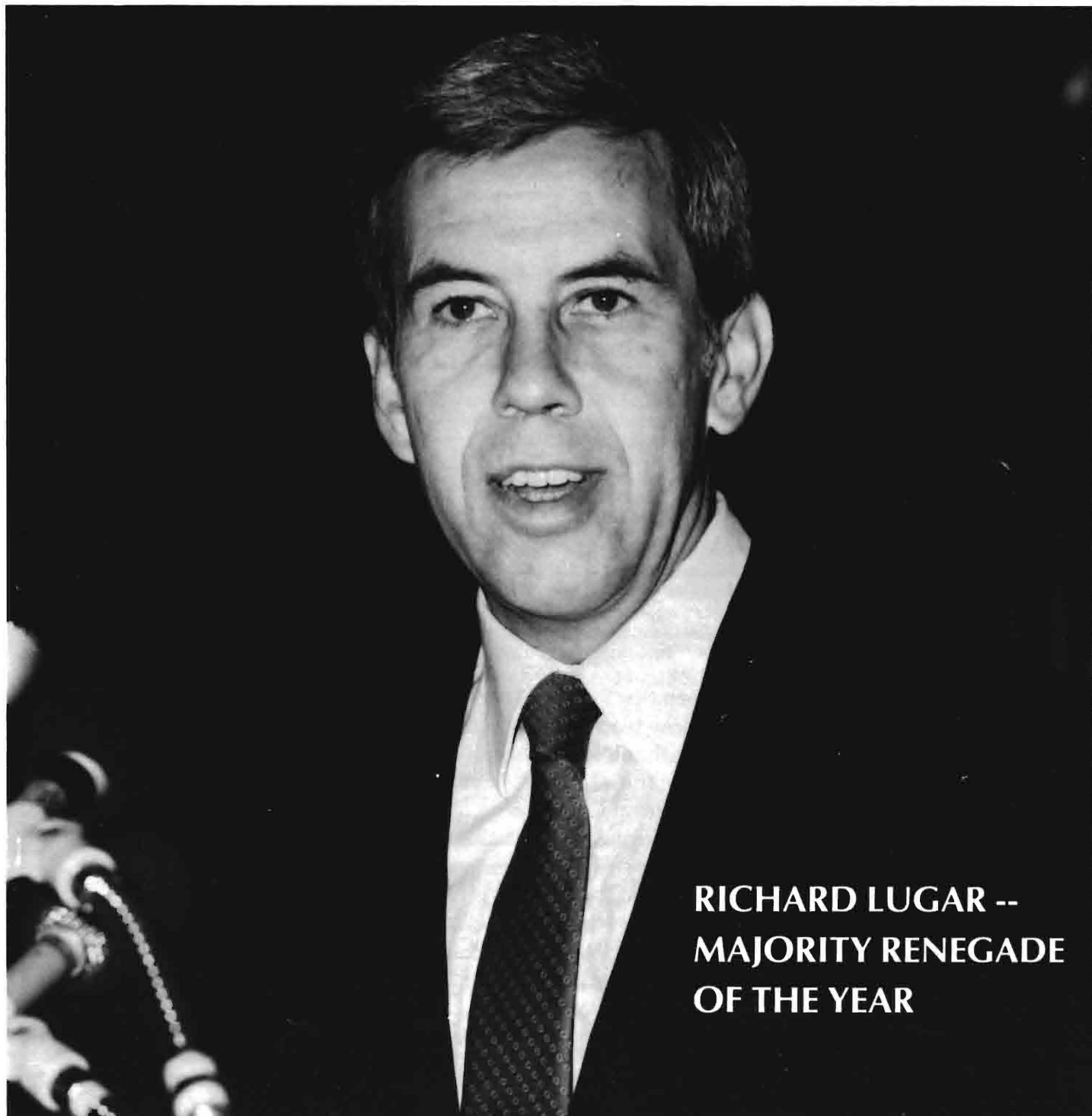


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Instauration®

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JANUARY 1987



**RICHARD LUGAR --
MAJORITY RENEGADE
OF THE YEAR**

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

☐ In "The Aristocratic Animal" (Sept. 1986), the author uses some faulty logic while making his point about innate superiority, when he parallels the high performance of thoroughbred horses with the conduct of Anglo-Saxon aristocrats. The idea that high quality in ancestral bloodlines accounts for superiority in the offspring is valid. But the comparison between gentry and racing animals can only be carried so far. In bemoaning the despoilment of the hereditary aristocracy because too many lower-class millionaires have married into it, and comparing this phenomenon to unpedigreed winners whose recessives will make them failures when retired to stud, the article's author seems not to realize that the landed gentry are a self-selecting caste, while thoroughbreds are rigorously selected by another species for characteristics that all relate to speed. Biological criteria are all that matter in the case of a thoroughbred animal -- whereas social criteria become increasingly important with each generation of aristocrats. Among castes and classes that have ruled for long periods, the social graces ultimately become more important than the masculine virtues. And this shift, in selective emphasis, from the biological to the social, is why aristocrats are less dependable under stress -- than good horses.

Regarding effeminate aristocrats who (supposedly) handle danger more successfully than their social inferiors, one could say that this proves their old genes are showing, or that they're used to giving orders and can't imagine getting hurt. Actually, I've never seen an aristocrat behave badly. When confronted by danger they are simply bewildered.

113

☐ My answer to Zip 327's attack on me is as follows: What do you think I receive of benefit from having more children with various women? Sex alone is no problem, as I can get plenty of that without having children. Zip 327 seems to feel that I am the one to benefit from paying \$250 per month for the proposed children. All I get, if we look at the hedonistic side of it, is a lot of problems. I should point out that I pay \$1,600 per month to my ex-wife with the two children, and she has a large fully-paid-for house I provided for her. Because of that I cannot have up to 10 children and pay about \$715 a month. I am willing to sacrifice for the good of increasing our stock of intelligent human beings. Apparently Zip 327 is not. I showed these letters to my Japanese ex-wife (my third) and she feels Zip 327 is a woman. I assume she is right and Zip 327 duplicates the exact thinking of practically every high-IQ white woman I've met that's attractive. What I can't understand is why they don't appreciate the precarious situation our race is in. What I offer are emergency solutions to a dire emergency. Whites with an IQ over 115 are becoming extinct at a rapid rate. Therefore the only thing we can do is breed as many intelligent whites as possible.

967

☐ I always thought of Republicans, although stinkers, as the "lesser of two evils." No more! The spectacle of such groveling wimps as Richard Lugar doing backflips re South Africa for their black and Jewish masters -- people who don't vote for them in the first place -- is truly disgusting. For the first time in 14 years (since I became old enough to vote), I am not going to bother. Regardless of the party, Republican, Democrat or Libertarian, they all toe the same woeful line on race.

786

☐ When I saw the *Instauration* cover of the November issue with the naked cannibals, I almost nominated Wilmot Robertson Majority Renegade of the Year.

774

☐ I think it's time we looked at the Gandhian/Martin Luther King tactic of civil disobedience. Long ago I mentally dismissed the nonviolent, passive resistance technique as counterproductive, as solely media-oriented and against my nature. Yet who today can deny its success? Gandhi's genius lay in knowing his enemy and creating tactics that penetrated the enemy's psyche. His method would have no success against the Russians or Chinese, but the English were deeply affected by it. A lot of *Instauration* is devoted to saying our own kind is the real enemy. Then why not use Gandhian techniques against them? Surely some Majority activists' love affair with guns turns off many of us. I for one am absolutely opposed to stocking an armory with weapons. I understand that King, who constantly preached nonviolence, caused violence wherever he went, but maybe that was part and parcel of his strategy. Anyway, civil disobedience is worthy of intense study by its targets.

101

☐ Cocaine and AIDS are Nature's way of balancing the black population. Of course, whitey will do his damndest to save these lost blacks, but despite all his technology, he will fail. Cocaine and AIDS will also sweep the dregs of the whites -- the fronts for most Jewish demonstrations down through the years -- down with the blacks. It's Nature's way of redressing the population between the human producers and the human parasites.

481

☐ I nominate Indiana Senator Richard Lugar for Majority Renegade of the Year (if he is a Majorityite!).

787

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CONTENTS

Senator Richard Lugar -- Majority Renegade of the Year	6
How Ivan Made -- and Unmade -- It.....	7
Nathaniel Hawthorne -- Anti-Semite?	9
The Initial Mistakes.....	10
Cultural Catacombs	18
Inklings.....	20
Notes from the Sceptred Isle.....	22
Satcom Sam Dishes It Out.....	25
Talking Numbers	27
Primate Watch.....	28
Elsewhere	29
Stirrings	34

□ Heard on a recent Jewish program broadcast in Modesto (CA): "The promise made by God to Arbaham is at last coming to fulfillment. Israel is today the pivotal power in world affairs. Whenever any nation wishes to take a step of any political consequence, it must first ask itself whether Israel will be with it or against it. To unlock the increasing complexity of world affairs only Israel holds the key." All this was spoken in a quiet voice, in excellent English with no trace of an accent, with the unmistakable note of triumph that only absolute assurance can impart. It was not rodomontade; it was simple fact stated by someone totally sure of his position.

953

□ I guess I'm pure dee weary of anything with the locomotion of a slug to crawl, slink and slither across our borders, get his bilingual welfare card and then puff out his nipples and propose to interpret the Constitution, define the American Way and dictate how we are supposed to feel about ourselves. I'm worn out from watching the media portray classically white males as either bumbling androgynous wimps, retarded bad guys or lunatic Christians molesting children in the name of God.

758

□ Now that Argentines want to move the seat of government from Buenos Aires to the region of Patagonia, imitating Brazil's creation of Brasilia, perhaps it is time for our capital to follow population trends and leave the eastern seaboard. I vote for the Colorado Springs area. A presidential candidate with some moxie might get some mileage out of this. Gary Hart is always talking about New Ideas. How about it, Mr. Hartpence?

809

□ It is with a great sense of purpose that I renew my subscription to *Instauration*. There is no greater crime against humanity than the suppression of free thought. The simple fact that this letter must be printed anonymously attests to the sickness afflicting America.

204

□ Zip 294 really expressed my feelings (Sept. 1986). I, too, am tired of the "nitpicking" among "our folk," who should be converging, not splitting!

911

□ No one (after flipping *Instauration* open and seeing the Marv and Willie cartoons) will accept my offer of a free copy. As a consequence of this negative experience, I've dropped one of my subscriptions. There simply was no use in having an extra copy if I could not even give it away. Marv and Willie and a few other things should be omitted and/or cleaned up. Our people need an intellectual journal discussing their plight and it should be on a plane higher than the graffiti on an outhouse.

200

□ One wonders how long it will be before every white U.S. citizen is required to take a race sensitivity course.

066

□ Why can't Howard Allen Enterprises get some federal gravy from the National Endowment for the Humanities? Maybe you could if you published *Instauration* in Yiddish. The New York Times (Sept. 11, 1986) had a long story about the Yiddish Dictionary project, which has picked up \$540,000 from the NEH for 1986-87 alone. Keep in mind this is for a German-Hebrew dialect with a maximum of four million speakers worldwide. Imagine what Howard Allen could do with that kind of payola!

122

□ Feminists are sure a funny breed. Now they are up in arms about sexual harassment in college and on the job. As an eligible bachelor, I know all about this problem. For years I have been harassed by unattractive ladies desiring my body and my purse. Indeed, I am thinking of forming a support group to find a solution. And don't tell me it's human nature. I am sick of these women playing up to me. They better watch out of else I'm going to unload an enormous damage suit against them. What they call flirting, I call harassment. I wonder how much the jury will award me for my troubles.

232

□ Your designation of our people as "Majority" is only a mathematical term and can grab no one at all. It is my view that it is of first importance to establish their true, biological identification, if oppression against the prevailing establishment is ever to make any headway. If our people begin to see themselves as "European Americans," which is exactly what they are, then their latent, genetic disposition to be gregarious and seek out their own kind will be stirred, their slumbering xenophobic urgings against all non-Europeans who pose threats to their welfare will be aroused and their aggressiveness will encourage them to support positive actions for survival.

074

□ Caught the televised confrontation between Rabbi Kahane and Pete McCloskey (Aug. 26, 1986). McCloskey received applause from an audience which was at least 65% Jewish. Kahane had to admit that more Jews are leaving Israel than entering. All in all, it was a very informative hour. McCloskey was calm, cool and collected. He'd make a great presidential candidate!

113

□ Though my freshman college son has no Jewish professors and is in a small college almost devoid of the Chosen, within four weeks of entering he was being given hour-long sessions on the Holocaust. Fortunately for him, but unfortunately for most of his fellow students, he at least had heard the other side of the question.

327

□ I applaud Zip 114's (Sept. 1986) complete disgust, aversion, nausea and contempt for the lady (?) in New York Harbor. I've always wanted to knock her head off, myself.

774

□ Stephen Bingham beat the rap in Marin County (CA) -- that ain't too hard for a radical to do -- but he will find out to his disappointment that his crowd prefers a jailed radical to a free one. No protest meetings. No fund appeals. No books casting doubt on the verdict. Now he's just another WASP foot soldier with a Jewish wife who probably dislikes her husband's Jesse Jackson connection. Instead of writing his autobiography, Bingham should tell us how to beat the system. He did -- after 13 years.

946

□ The statistics about crime in the U.S. prove that police protection hardly exists. President Reagan had the best police protection available to anyone, and he got shot.

309

□ The public access TV program I sponsor here is pretty interesting. It's Tom Metzger's "Race and Reason." People who reside in the Austin (TX) area can see the program every Thursday night at 9:30 P.M. on cable channel 10. Those who would like more detailed information on public access TV and how to get "Race and Reason" on in their areas can write to Race and Reason, P.O. Box 65, Fallbrook, CA 92028.

787

□ John Updike, in the sports section of the Boston Globe wrote of the German character that Germans, after being continuously kicked, learn to love the kicker. This was written in an article on baseball!! Updike's *Bech: A Book* is noted for its praise of Jews and love of blacks and general anti-racist attitudes. It is almost a caricature of what a good book -- by Chosen standards -- should be. I nominate him Majority Renegade of the Year.

017

□ The Majority Renegades of the Year? The Walker family. No contest.

902

□ The author of "The Aristocratic Animal" (Sept. 1986) seems to be pretty sure that a mere fearless display of one's true genteel breeding is capable of transforming a bloodthirsty pack of hooligans on the loose into a cowering bunch of embarrassed schoolboys. I wonder if Tsar Nicholas and Tsarina Alexandria or any of the rest of the world's countless cultured royalty and aristocracy who fell in the last 200 years before the revolutionary guillotines, nooses and firing squads would agree with him.

651

□ How sweet irony is. A card-carrying liberal, contemptuous of revisionist historians, the late Carroll Quigley, lived long enough to see his magnum opus, *Tragedy and Hope*, become a cult book among the revisionists. To find out why, I recently read his book again. He's like a prosecutor who presents an airtight case against the accused -- and then declares him innocent! Quigley lacked the deductive instinct, I guess, or else he couldn't believe the data he assembled. Whatever the reason, he showed us how establishment money corrupts our institutions.

599

The Safety Valve

□ If our scientists would be forthright in upholding the truth, their numbers would, I think, preclude persecution. It is the fact they all go into the closet rather than fulfill their profession's basic requirement of standing by the truth -- whatever the cost -- that permits the media to persecute and terrorize them if they should ever open their mouths.

972

□ Stories have appeared in our local press about how awful it is that in Lincoln's hometown, the 11% black population of Springfield (IL) has no representation in city government. I have just finished rereading the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. Lincoln makes it clear that he certainly did not consider blacks to be his social or political equals. In almost every debate he stated forthrightly that he would not allow blacks to vote or sit on juries.

627

□ The other day I heard this dialog in my office: Black #1: "How much is six-foot-twelve?" Black #2: "Oh, that's seven-foot-two." #1: "I thought it was eight feet." #2: "No, it's seven-foot-two."

944

□ My nominee for Majority Renegade of the Year is P.W. Botha of South Africa.

210



□ There is a perceptible difference in the approach to the human rights question in the statements of Soviet Jewish dissidents and the various "Americans for Soviet Jewry" groups. To detect the Soviet Jewish viewpoint, one has to get access to either the unedited written material produced by, say, Yelena Bonner, or Anatoly Shcharansky's statements up to the time of his appearance before Congress -- before he was hustled back to Israel for some obviously much needed reprogramming. Frankly, I had thought Anatoly just another fanatical Jewish chauvinist -- the image fostered by the media. However, his speech, despite the occasional curious turn of phrase, revealed that he was ideologically committed to enforcement of the Helsinki Accords "across the board," not just to procure exit visas for Jews.

From clues suggesting that he was an extremely obstinate personality, I doubt that Anatoly will easily convert into a "true believer" like his wife Avital. Of course, resistance to Soviet brainwashing techniques does not guarantee immunity from Zionist efforts. I would urge those individuals who are interested in the eventual resolution of the Shcharansky matter, even as an academic exercise, to obtain unedited texts of his statements. During his testimony before Congress he was given adequate exposure and the entire contents of his speeches were available. By the next day, however, the speeches had been edited to imply that Shcharansky had delivered a monologue written by the Jewish lobby.

142

□ The late 60s, be they ever so drugged and leftist, were still a lot closer to traditional America than the Reaganite mid-80s. As I see it, the late 60s were the final, writhing death spasm of The America That Was, still a part of the ill-fated American adventure. By the mid-70s, things had gotten quiet -- a little too quiet. The real America had died. It never quite made it to the Bicentennial. Something new was born in its place, a new kind of country where white Southern congressmen voted overwhelmingly for a Martin Luther King holiday. Truly ours is the Age of the "Neo-Con." "Neo-America" is not 210 years old, but 10 or 15. This strange new land beneath our feet is still quiescent, but capable of loud and dreadful acts in the future. In the name of all that the real America was, may Neo-America speedily break into fragments!

223

□ Been reading *Instauration* for a couple of years; like it; find it stimulating and provocative. Enjoy the reporting in the different departments, the shenanigans and weirdities missing from the media. *Instauration* is as horrified as anyone with an ounce of intelligence and decency would be at such goings-on. Pardon, but aren't you people at *Instauration* evolutionists (which, incidentally, demands as much faith as a belief in creationism)? So what's surprising at descendants of monkeys acting like monkeys? Horrifying, yes. Surprising? Hardly.

902

□ For several months I have been going to a little hamburger grill owned by Wally, a funny, joke-telling Polish-American fellow. His produce supplier, a Mr. Kramer, is quite wealthy. A few weeks ago, Wally, who likes to instigate situations, was talking with Mr. Kramer about whether the latter would let his daughter marry a good provider, even if he were a Gentile. The father said, "no way." The conversation went on and Wally said that that's the way Jewish people are. I said it's because of what they learned as children from the Babylonian Talmud. Mr. Kramer started to glare at me. The two of them went on talking about Israel and the news media. I asked why the media didn't talk about Menahem Begin's history with the Irgun and Stern gangs. Mr. K. almost became uncontrollable. He said that Begin was a hero, that he killed five Englishmen, whereas the Germans killed six million Jews. I calmly asked him if he actually believed that the Third Reich systematically murdered six million Jews. He cursed me so loudly I began to fear for my physical safety. Nevertheless, it was a good lesson. I learned firsthand about the hate such human beings have for anyone who dares to question what they think is history.

406

□ Do you really think "Death to the Drug Pusher" will be implemented when so many pushers are minority members? Cleaning up the drug cancer would involve doing some pretty awful things to our precious blacks and browns, so it ain't never gonna happen! Willie can breathe (or snort) a sigh of relief. As things now stand, Majority renegade and federal judge William Wayne Justice in Tyler (TX) continues to order the release of all sorts of cutthroats, coke fiends and murderers from the Texas prisons because of "inhumane crowding and living conditions." At best, zealous enforcement of Reagan's drug pogrom will only mean we make room for the pushers and users by releasing the rapists and murderers.

789

□ Many of *Instauration's* readers are quite rightly revolted by the simple-minded interpretation of Christian charity and love, as currently being propounded by those (especially of the political left) who would have us, in the name of those virtues, effectively destroy our culture by unbarring the gates to Our City. That reaction is as reasonable as it is necessary. Jews, by their very dedication to ideas that repelled men of "Christian" values back in the time of Christ and have equally repulsed later thinkers of our social lineage to these very days, hold no moral currency sufficient to instruct Christians as to whom we should regard as "people of God"; or even whom we should introduce into Our City. It is only their obnoxious willingness to try every present social gambit that provides Jews with the ability to broach these issues with us. It is only too bad that many of us who subscribe to *Instauration's* ethos would reject the values of Christianity merely because of Jewish attempts to pervert these values for their own selfish ends. Charity, humility and forgiveness will forever mark the best of our culture -- and, quite interestingly, will forever demarcate and differentiate between us and them.

220

□ I am a supporter of WWII revisionism, but I have to ask the question: What good can it possibly do? John Toland has pretty well established that Roosevelt knew in advance about Pearl Harbor. David Irving has shown that Hitler had no knowledge of any organized extermination of the Jews and, indeed, had specifically ordered that no such action be taken. But what good has it done? Our enemies still exercise almost absolute control while our position continues to deteriorate.

The maddest I ever saw anyone get about the Holocaust was a Gentile woman who became almost hysterical at her son's very suggestion that six million Jews might not have been killed. It is the same with almost all WWII veterans. These men, for the most part, are average Joes who realize deep down that the only really worthwhile thing they ever did in their lives was fighting the evil Huns who roasted Jews. They will not let you take away their illusions. Menahem Begin and ten thousand Jewish angels swearing it never happened would not be able to disabuse these people of the "fact."

Even if we could make them realize that much of what they know as "history" is nothing but a pack of opportunistic lies, what would they do? Their political leaders and preachers would immediately step in and tell them that it would be wrong to take out any wrath on today's Jews, who were not responsible. Besides, Israel must be supported because the Bible says so . . .

I will remain a strong supporter of revisionism because I want to know the truth. But what good can it possibly do?

021

□ Jody Powell tells us Jimmy Carter said on more than one occasion that "I spent more time on my knees" during his presidency than at any other time in his life. I wonder how a man with enough talent to become President can talk like that. Well, I'm glad he's back in Plains. Look for Pat Robertson to make similar goofs.

880

□ After a Chinese woman insulted an American woman during a heated argument, the American responded, "If you don't shut up, I'll pull your nose out!" The Chinese was completely miffed.

074

□ A Jewish friend of mine once told me what he does at 3:00 A.M. while most people are sleeping. He would break out the phone book and call people soliciting donations for Zionist causes. He would identify himself as Hymie Holocaustbaum or some such name. People usually asked him if he knew what time it was. He would reply that anti-Semitism never sleeps. Unbelievably, the yawning person would write the address or phone number down and promise to send a donation or phone back in the morning.

934

□ The sanctions against South Africa are not surprising. Like Faust, the vast majority of our politicians are anxious to sell their souls, not for eternal youth but for black votes. The Devil scorns such humans.

301

□ As a result of Prime Minister Nakasone's truthful remarks about our minority draggers-down, the Japanese treasury will be depleted by a few million as the Japs attempt to control the damage by giving grants to Jesse Jackson and various Hispanic groups. Incidentally, no one said he was incorrect.

300

□ The drug crisis is of great concern to the lib-minners because probably 90% of the fatalities are lib-minners. It cuts into their ranks and strength. Come to think about it, aren't all the recent crusades on which the federal government and the mass media have attempted to focus the two-week attention span of the general public, crusades which benefit the lib-min coalition? Recent examples coming to mind: AIDS hysteria, hunger in America, lost children, illegitimate children, pregnant teenagers. Now it's drugs. But you seldom see public attention focused on Majority-related concerns.

119

□ I am writing to commend you for the article, "Talking Back" (Sept. 1986). I think its content should be polished to perfection and published in every issue. Let this message be for both friend and foe, but especially for the uncommitted. It will not soften the hatred or deceit of our enemy. His mind is made up. Chivalry means nothing to him. He approaches combat from ambush, for his end is murder. But for those already committed to what we stand for, "Talking Back" is a guideline of conduct and an answer to the brutal and crude lies heaped upon us. It does us no good whatever to play into our enemies' hands by confining ourselves to crude racial insults when struck by their missiles. What is needed is the response of intelligent and articulate truth and fact. But most importantly, let "Talking Back" be directed to the sane and rational fencesitters of our own race. They search the horizon in vain for an intelligent, reasonable and articulate leadership touched with chivalry and sportsmanship. Their numbers and efforts are essential to our cause, and they will never be persuaded by burning crosses, sheets in the night wind or hostile drive-throughs of black neighborhoods. The blacks once looked up to the whites and had no real quarrel with those who held themselves up as superior, as long as they conducted themselves in a superior manner. I believe that one of the greatest come-downs and disappointments American blacks ever suffered was to discover that the Great White Father seems to have feet of clay. When whites begin to accept blacks as their equals, blacks are disappointed and feel a deep hatred and contempt. Blacks know very well their limitations and shortcomings and to see whites accept them as equals is false, dishonest and (as blacks see it) cowardly. Yes, I liked your message tremendously and hope you will not leave it at that. A war of racial self-defense must be rooted in truth and reason. Neither friend nor foe should ever be allowed to forget it.

402

□ Let's give Lowell T. Weicker Jr., the so-called Republican who acts like the most radical Democrat, a shot at Majority Renegadess of the Year.

081

□ How come we've been so sexist and ignored the prime Majority Renegadess of the Year -- Jane Fonda?

327

□ The prison guards and administrators here are a motley assortment of flotsam and jetsam; greasy Aunt Jemimas, hillbillies, sadists, pathetically petty statist bureaucrats, high-school nerds unable to find an opening at the local Dairy Queen, bovine quasi-humans, uneducated bumpkins totally and completely incapable of demonstrating any known marketable skill except scratching their pimply behinds and poking caged animals with a stick.

Zip withheld

□ I am supposed to be of Assyrian descent. I know conversational Aramaic, which I learned from my parents, and I am almost always taken to be a Jew. I have the aquiline nose, am dark-haired with brown eyes. Yet I have been told by women in the past that they knew I wasn't a Jew because I wasn't "pushy," a trait they associate with the Jewish man who always seems to want to go out with shiksas. My parents are deceased, but they could have told a couple of stories. Most of my mother's relatives were massacred in the land grabs by the Bolsheviks and Turks in northwest Persia, where our people and Armenians were simple villagers. Because we were Christians, this was the excuse to kill and plunder us.

506



SENATOR RICHARD LUGAR -- MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

BEFORE SENATOR LUGAR can be marked down as a bonafide Majority Renegade of the Year, he must first qualify as a bonafide Majority member. His name is not particularly reassuring, nor is his father's first name, Marvin, nor even his mother's maiden name, Green, nor even his wife's maiden name, Smeltzer, nor his very dark hair and very dark eyes. Nevertheless, having found no specific evidence to the contrary and considering that he boasts of his German ancestry, is a Methodist, a fourth-generation Hoosier and part owner of a livestock and grain farm, as well as being a former long-distance runner, we have little choice but to accept his Majority status at face value.

After somehow escaping the Korean and Vietnam wars, the 32-year-old Lugar got his start in politics in 1964 by being elected to the Indianapolis school board. Four years later he was mayor of the town. Establishing a reputation for his realistic fiscal policy and for cleaning up the environment, he became "Nixon's favorite mayor." In 1972, running for a second term, he promised voters he would not try for the Senate while he was mayor. As true to his word as most politicians, Mayor Lugar challenged Birch Bayh for his Senate seat in 1974. This was a time when Watergate was still echoing through the land. Cynically and hypocritically, Lugar washed his hands of his fallen leader, a craven act which may have cost him the election. Two years later, however, he ran for the Senate again, this time against Vance Hartke, and beat him handily.

In Washington, Lugar kept his nose clean, his profile low and voted the way a conservative Republican is supposed to vote -- and consequently was dimly viewed by the media. Racked with ambition, Lugar eventually tired of this inattention and decided to hit the headlines. He knew very well that the only good Republican (in the media's eyes) is the Republican who acts and votes like a Democrat and strives mightily to out-liberal Democrats -- Republicans in name only, like Weicker and Specter.

As Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Lugar was in a perfect spot to make his dramatic move. Anti-Marcos agitation in the Philippines provided the trigger. It was Lugar, more than any other American legislator, with the possible exception of Congressman Stephen Solarz (D-IS), who bore most of the responsibility for bringing down Ferdinand and Imelda. Almost immediately he became an electronic Nestor, appearing nightly on the evening TV news with effusive praise for dear friend Corazon and repeatedly accusing Marcos of all the criminal doings that generically adhere to right-wing dictators but which, for some reason, never cling to left-wing dictators.

In the end, Lugar managed to portray Mrs. Aquino to the American people as a sort of Joan of Arc rediviva, who would return beauty, light and prosperity to a Far-Eastern

Arcadia ravaged by corruption and tyranny. He was, of course, lying through his teeth. Anyone who has ever been to the Philippines, as this writer has, knows full well that no one, no political party and no institution can ever do anything to pull the Philippines out of the muck. The country will always be ruled by one strongman or another until either it breaks up or the entire population undergoes a genetic engineering program.

Some months later, with the Philippines worse off than ever, Lugar was off on another tack, trying to bring down another regime that is friendly to the U.S. and replace it with a less amicable, perhaps even a hostile Soviet dominated one.



Dramatically illuminated in the media spotlight, Lugar led the Senate fight to put together sanctions on South Africa. In doing so, he openly defied the leader of his own party by orchestrating the vote that overrode Reagan's veto. No wonder the accolades came rolling in from the CBS-Washington Post-New York Times axis. Better to lose the friendship and support of a country strategically placed on a strategic sea lane and strategically gifted by nature with masses of strategic minerals than to put America's geopolitical interests ahead of the yearnings of minority racists. The damage to American defenses and foreign policy was long-term and might not show up for years,

whereas media praise flows in at once and crowns the politician with daily haloes of headlines. Lugar was careful to polish his halo with a demagogic attack on South African Foreign Minister Pik Botha, who had called a few senators to explain the damage that sanctions would do not only to his country but to the United States. Standing statesman-like before a battery of TV cameras, Lugar denounced the phone calls as "bribery and intimidation." Yes, he had learned all the tricks. He was giving the Rathers, Brokaws and Jennings exactly what they wanted.

What's in store for Lugar? First, he will be competing with Jesse Helms for the post of ranking minority member on the now-Democratic-controlled Senate Foreign Relations Committee. If he gets it -- and the chances are that he will -- he will be in a good position to water down aid for the Contras, the next item on his liberal checklist.

Whatever happens, even if Lugar quits politics, he can have a choice of such lucrative jobs as head of the Hollywood Motion Picture Institute, high-paid columnist for the *Washington Post* syndicate, or authoring a foreign policy best-seller published by Simon & Schuster, with favorable reviews guaranteed and a million-dollar advance. There is even the possibility of a shot at the presidency as a

middle-of-the-road Republican candidate who can count on liberal, Jewish and black votes to more than make up for the loss of his conservative support.

As time goes on, however, and as the liberal crumbs that Lugar has cast upon the muddy waters of the Philippines and South Africa flow back on muddier waters, as Communists infiltrate into the Philippine power structure, which they are now doing by means of the Aquino-approved cease fire, as pressure mounts to drive the U.S. Navy out of its base at Subic Bay, as the USSR moves deeper into Southern Africa through its trenchermen in the African National Congress, as the only high civilization in Africa struggles desperately against junglification, Lugar can sit back and congratulate himself on a job well done. Few American politicians can rival him in the race-destructive art of renegadism.

Having turned his back on Nixon, who launched him into national politics, Lugar is now a prominent member of the Republican pack going after Reagan. Dante said that the greatest criminal was the man who betrayed his leader. Lugar probably hasn't read much Dante, but he must have heard of a guy named Judas.

Richissimo celebrity, Holocaust bigwig, criminal

HOW IVAN MADE -- AND UNMADE -- IT

HE WAS THE risingest plutocrat of a plutocratic age, palsy-walsy with mayors, governors, senators, cabinet officers and the grandest grandees of Hollywood and Broadway. His name glowed neonly in the *Forbes 400*. He was recently elevated by Reagan to that most honorific post -- membership on the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council, which brought him within breathing distance of the semi-divine Elie Wiesel, Nobel laureate and Council President.

What a meteoric ascent for a second-generation American, the son of an early-day Russian-Jewish dissident who operated a Detroit deli! He could jet out at will to the Beverly Hills Hotel and mingle in its Polo Lounge with the smuggest and the smartest (and the prettiest *shiksies*), where he presided over a late 20th-century version of a French 18th-century salon. For Ivan Boesky controls the hotel (his wife happens to own half of it), though there has been some trouble lately from his sister-in-law concerning the handling of its finances.

There has also been some trouble on Wall Street. Boesky, the Wundermensch of the stock market, who made several hundred million dollars in not so many years, who had an uncanny eye for what was going up and what was not going up, Boesky, the arbitrageur sans pareil, was always -- or almost always -- right on the buy and sell button. Why at this rate the onetime Democrat would soon be running for political office -- as a Republican, of course, because Republicans are now more pro-Israel than Democrats, more pro-Israel than even Jewish Democrats, as was made clear by Senator Alfonse D'Amato's recent election

victory over challenger Mark Green.

How smart that Boesky was! He could pick up the phone and in one minute sell a hunk of stock that made him ten times, maybe a hundred times, what a farmer makes in a lifetime. And he wouldn't have to dirty his hands or get up at four in the morning or watch his family go on short rations in times of 18% loans.

Don't work; let the others work. Then speculate on the others' work. Speculation brings money, money buys power, power collects friends, powerful friends, friends who are in the know, friends who know when another friend is going to raid (the euphemism is "take over") some corporation, which will shoot up the stock, a pile of which by this time will be nesting securely in Ivan's bulging portfolio and will remain there until the certificates double in value and the raider, being paid off with greenmail, withdraws and looks for other prey.

Small wonder Ivan hit it so rich. You see, he wasn't a speculator at all. He knew which way the market would go, not because he had the best crystal ball on Wall Street, not because he was blessed with the Midas touch, but because he had the best inside information. Close friends and tipsters, like the recently confessed crook, Dennis Levine, sold him priceless advance knowledge about corporate raids and takeovers at the very moment the kept-in-the-dark stockholder was being enticed to get rid of his stock for a small profit -- whereupon Boesky and his fellow bandidos would watch their shares skyrocket. No one quite knows for sure who Boesky's informers really were, but there are some leading candidates: Carl Icahn, now

trying to steal USX, formerly U.S. Steel; Victor Posner, now facing his second trial for income tax evasion; the Israeli Bank Leumi; Dennis Levine's bank; Michael Milken of Los Angeles, king of the junk bonds, another *Forbes* 400 hecto-millionaire; and all the boys at Drexel Burnham Lambert (don't let the WASPish names fool you), who have raised something much more substantial than traveling money for their raider clients. That they are practically all Jews, that almost all of them belong to that esoteric 2.8% of the population seems to have escaped the notice of the media. (Even the foreigner among them, Sir James Goldsmith, who made \$90 million in a few months in a raid on Goodyear, is a Jew.) Since we know that Jews are like everyone else, we can only assume the monolithic Jewishness of the scam is one more of those amazing coincidences.

Boesky-isms

- On a nighttime stroll down the Champs Elysées in Paris, his wife, Seema, exclaimed, "It's a beautiful evening. Just look at the moon. Isn't it gorgeous?" "What good is the moon," replied Ivan, "if you can't buy and sell it?"

- Ivan likes to play with big numbers. "[W]e are talking about \$500 million Imagine it in \$1 bills or, better yet, in a pile of silver dollars. I wonder how tall that would be. It would be like a Jacob's ladder, wouldn't it? A Jacob's ladder of silver dollars. Imagine -- wouldn't that be an aphrodisiac experience, climbing to the top of such a ladder!"

- "He who owns the most when he dies, wins." Inscription on a Boesky-designed T-shirt.

- A coffee addict, Boesky once told a meeting of Washington financiers, "This is my plasma. I was thinking, vampires live on blood. Well, I live on coffee. This is vampire's plasma."

Such are the words and thoughts of one of those "people of the book." Quite an uplifter, quite a culture-enricher, quite a plus for the American gene pool. Quite a fast-buck artist!

All of this stock rigging and betrayal of trust is against the law, of course. But what does Boesky care about the law? By breaking laws, Ivan became a celebrity. He got the best tables at 21 and Chasen's. He was named a trustee of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, of Brandeis and New York University. He was made a special adviser on Jewish affairs to the chairman of the Republican National Committee and finance director of a Republican Jewish lobbying group. He was appointed to the board of directors of the American Ballet Theater (where there are more *shiksas*). Although he never went to Harvard, he was warmly welcomed whenever he dropped in at the Harvard Club. Money, no matter how illicitly gotten, crumbles the thickest walls.

And aside from the hotel in L.A., don't forget that luxury apartment in Manhattan and those 163 acres north of Zoo City, where Ivan maintains not one, not two, not three, but four homes.

How tragic that he finally got nabbed and had to shell out \$50 million in fines and \$50 million for restitution! That's comparable to an Instaurationist paying a \$60 fine for speeding. It hurts, but it's by no means bankrupting. According to *Forbes*, Ivan will have a cool \$100 million left after settling his accounts with the Feds and the thousands of stockholders he cheated out of handsome profits. And there may be more, much more than that \$100 million in overstuffed safe deposit boxes in Zug, the Cayman Islands, Panama or wherever.

Will he ever go to jail? The SEC has already extended to him the special privilege of taking two years to sell off his holdings. After that, he is forbidden to trade in securities in the U.S. But his wife can trade, and his flunkies can trade, and he can move to Zurich and buy and sell to his heart's and his pocketbook's content.

Will he ever go to jail? Although he has confessed to what amounts to a felony, he has made a deal with the SEC. If he squeals long enough and loud enough on his partners and cohorts, he may be given probation. At last report he had secretly taped some phone conversations with unsuspecting suspects before the news about him hit the headlines.

Some of these gentlemen may not like being entrapped. Some of them may even be members of the Mob. The SEC charges have forced Ivan to resign from all his high-sounding trusteeships and board memberships. But the Mafia can make people resign from the human race.

Ponderable Quotes on Democracy

If experience teaches us anything at all, it teaches us this: that a good politician, under democracy, is quite as unthinkable as an honest burglar.

H. L. Mencken,
Prejudices,
Fourth Series (1924)

Democracy is also a form of religion. It is the worship of jackals by jackasses.

H. L. Mencken,
A Little Book in C Major (1916)

Under democracy one party always devotes its chief energies to trying to prove that the other party is unfit to rule -- and both commonly succeed, and are right.

H. L. Mencken,
Minority Report:
H. L. Mencken's Notebooks (1956)

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

George Bernard Shaw,
Maxims for Revolutions (1903)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE -- ANTI-SEMITIC?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is a writer not often linked to racial sympathies of any kind. His stories and novels don't deal with racial themes, as, for instance, some of Herman Melville's do (e.g., *Benito Cereno*). However, Hawthorne's *Notebooks* (English, French and Italian), unlike his fiction, revealed his innermost feelings on matters of race and nationality. Hawthorne's *English Notebooks* in particular show an artistic temperament sensitive to the most subtle racial nuances.

In 1856, Hawthorne visited an acquaintance in London, a visit topped off by a gala banquet sponsored by the first Jewish Lord Mayor, David Solomons. The hostess for the affair was his dark and sensual sister-in-law, Emma Solomons. Hawthorne found himself powerfully attracted to this beautiful Jewess, as the entry in his *English Notebooks** attests:

She was, I suppose, dark, and yet not dark, but rather seemed to be of pure white marble, yet not white; but the purest and finest complexion (without a shade of color in, yet anything but sallow or sickly) that I ever beheld Her nose had a beautiful outline, though I could see that it was Jewish too; and that all her features were so fine that sculpture seemed a despicable art beside her

Despite the overflow of admiration and praise, Hawthorne detected something sinister in Emma's appearance, as becomes apparent in his description of her thick, dark hair, which

was a wonderful deep, raven black, black as night, black as death; *not* raven black, for that has a shiny gloss, but hers had not; but it was hair never to be painted, nor described -- wonderful hair, Jewish hair.

Hawthorne summarized his ambivalent feelings of attraction and repulsion:

I never should have thought of touching her, nor desired to touch her; for, whether owing to distinctness of race, my sense that she was a Jewess, or whatever else, I felt a sort of repugnance, simultaneously with my perception that she was an admirable creature.

Although he had mixed feelings towards Mrs. Solomons (some of the positive ones perhaps adopted from Walter Scott's Rebecca, the beautiful Jewess in *Ivanhoe*), Hawthorne's feelings toward her husband were quite unqualified:

But at the right hand of this miraculous Jewess, there sat the very Jew of Jews; the distilled essence of all the Jews that have . . . been born since Jacob's time: he was Judas Iscariot; he was the wandering Jew; he was the worst, and at the same time, the truest type of his race, and contained within himself, I have no doubt, every old prophet and every old clothesman that ever the tribes produced; and he must have been circumcised as much [as] ten times over. I never beheld anything so ugly and disagreeable, and preposterous, and laughable, as the outline of his profile; it was so hideously Jewish, and so cruel, and so keen; and he had such an immense beard that you could see no trace of a mouth, until he opened it to speak, or to eat his dinner -- and then, indeed, you were aware of a cave in this density of beard. And yet his manners and aspect, in spite of all, were those of a man of the world, and a gentleman. Well; it is as hard to give an idea of this ugly Jew, as of the beautiful Jewess. He was the Lord Mayor's brother, and an elderly man, though he looked in his prime, with his wig and dyed red beard; and Rachel, or Judith, or whatever her name be, was his wife! I rejoiced exceedingly in this Shylock, this Iscariot; for the sight of him justified me in the repugnance I have always felt toward his race.

Hawthorne competes with Melville for the honor of being America's premier literary genius. What Melville did for the Negro's character in *Benito Cereno*, Hawthorne did for the Jewish character in his *English Notebooks*. Melville let his art speak publicly for his racism; Hawthorne confined his racism to private notebooks. Either way, these two incomparable writers have put race consciousness on such a high plane that all the preachers of the equalitarian mania, all the best-selling books of liberal dogmatists and all the sermons of the anti-racists will never do more than snipe at it. They will never be able to shoot it down.



* Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The English Notebooks*, edited by Randall Stewart (Russell & Russell, NY, 1962, p. 321).

THE INITIAL MISTAKES

IN THE FIRST HALF of the 20th century, virtually the entire world was convulsed by two great wars -- conventionally (though inaccurately) known as the First World War (1914-1918) and the Second World War (1939-1945).^{*} On the one side were the "Central Powers," headed by Germany; on the other England, France, Russia and the United States. Various other nations, both European and non-European, became involved on one side or the other, as a secondary effect of their alliances. With the passage of time, the necessity of waging these wars has come increasingly into question, to the understandable dismay of those who, personally or through the loss of family members, were harmed by them. Were the First and Second World Wars really necessary -- or was this a case to which one could apply Whittier's famous lines, varying them somewhat:

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are these: it need not have been.

Looked at in the time perspective of August 1914 and September 1939, the outbreak of war would seem even now, as it did on both of those occasions, to have been unavoidable. The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia in August 1914 set off what would today be called a "chain reaction" by bringing in Russia on the side of Serbia, then Germany on the side of Austria-Hungary, then France in support of Russia. These successive declarations of war were consequences of the alliance known as the Triple Entente, in which Russia, France and Britain undertook to come to each other's defense if attacked. Not directly involved by military aggression, Britain nevertheless entered the conflict because of another guarantee, that of the neutrality of Belgium. Although Germany, France and Britain had undertaken not to invade Belgium, the Germans had violated that agreement by sending their troops into that neutral country in order to mount a flank attack against France. The British government considered this a mandate for a declaration of war against Germany.

In many respects 1914 was repeated in 1939. The German government had remilitarized the Rhineland in 1935, in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. Germany subsequently invaded Austria in 1938, then Czechoslovakia in 1939, despite assurances that, in each case, it had no intention of doing so. The imminence of a German move to reannex the free city of Danzig and the Polish Corridor led Britain and France to promise to come to Poland's defense in the event of an invasion. When the German attack on Poland materialized on September 1, 1939, France and England lived up to their solemn assurances. The situations in both

1914 and 1939 have often been compared to powder kegs with very short fuses. Once lit, they could only be extinguished only with the greatest difficulty.

The 1914 powder keg contained various economic and political rivalries, aggravated in many instances by emotional attitudes which rendered rational approaches to the problem difficult or impossible. German industrial and military expansionism, coupled with the bumptiously aggressive, "sabre-rattling" foreign policy of Kaiser Wilhelm II, made Russia, France and Britain uneasy. Russian and French governments feared German aggression on land; Britain was alarmed at Germany's growing sea power. In English literature at the turn of the century the effects of a possible German invasion were portrayed in a number of fantasies, such as Guy De Maurier's play, *An Englishman's Home* (1900), the novel, *When William Came*, by "Saki" (H.H. Munro; 1912) and P.G. Wodehouse's parody of similar imaginings in *The Swoop!* (1909). To these relatively justified apprehensions was added, in France, a widely prevalent emotion usually termed *revanchisme* -- the obsessive desire to avenge the French Army's defeat in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. *Revanchisme* led to French insistence, in 1919, on the inclusion of unnecessarily punitive and humiliating sanctions against Germany in the Versailles Treaty.

As a result of these fears, Russia and France seemed to have a common interest, in the early years of the century, in establishing a protective alliance against Germany. Britain's reasons for joining Russia and France in the Triple Entente were, on the whole, somewhat less compelling. Both Germany and Russia were viewed as posing threats to the British Empire at various points along the "lifeline" of sea traffic through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. Britain and France had been rivals, not allies, ever since their medieval conflicts over the suzerainty of Aquitaine and other parts of France. From the 18th century on, Britain had made temporary alliances with one Central European power (kingdom or principedom) or another to hold French expansionism in check. By the beginning of the 20th century, British foreign policy, as far as Europe was concerned, was geared to preventing any one country from dominating the Continent.

Under Queen Victoria, British policy had been one of neutrality on the various occasions when Prussia was in conflict with Denmark (1864), Austria (1866) and France (1870). The accession of her son, Edward VII, in 1901, signaled an abrupt about-face, culminating in the formation of the Triple Entente only three years later. There were several reasons for this important change in British foreign policy, in addition to the economic, political and military considerations. A great deal of sympathy for Prussia's de-

^{*} See "Renaming the Wars" (*Instauration*, Dec. 1986).

feated opponents was felt by the British public, especially for Denmark, the country of Edward VII's wife, Princess (later Queen) Alexandra. (Public opinion was then, as now, easily swayed in favor of "brave little x," in a conflict between small nation "x" and a larger power, regardless of the rights and wrongs of the situation.)

In matters of state, the personal influence of a British monarch on policy and public opinion should not be underestimated. Although above party politics, the King or Queen of England is in a position not to dictate, but to recommend to his or her ministers one course of action in preference to another. When he came to the throne, Edward VII was already 60. In his youth and middle age, Paris had been his favorite city. He spoke French well and was familiar with Parisian life, not only in its official manifestations but also in its less inhibited aspects, the dusk-to-dawn cafés, the can-can dancers and the *grandes horizontales* of the *belle époque*. On the other hand, he was on less than amicable terms with his nephew, the Kaiser. To these personal attitudes of Edward VII were added the growing hostility of the British public toward Germany's powerful Junker class, which was strongly disliked for its arrogant, domineering behavior. Also, both Edward VII and his people were beginning to react against many features of the strait-laced Victorian Age, including his mother's German connections and sympathies.

Another factor in the British shift of favor from Germany to France was the presence of influential Jews in powerful financial and industrial circles, some of them Edward VII's close friends. When the news of Edward's kingship reached the young Winston Churchill in Canada, the latter wrote to his mother:

I am curious to know about the new King. Will it entirely revolutionise his way of life? Will he sell his horses and scatter his Jews, or will Reuben Sassoon be enshrined among the crown jewels and royal regalia?

Many of these Jews were of German origin and many, whether from Germany or not, were anti-German because of the endemic anti-Jewish attitudes of a large section of the German public. There were also a certain number of Jews in Britain who came from countries, Russia and Poland, which were much more anti-Jewish, not only in talk but also in action. They might have been expected to turn British opinion and policy against Russia. In general, however, since they belonged to the lower classes, they did not exert the same influence as their co-religionists of German origin.

In the realm of culture, Victorian preferences for German music, art and literature were being replaced by an interest in the French avant-garde. Russian literature, music and particularly the ballet came to be the *dernier cri* in both Britain and France. Those who still shared Madame de Staël's romantic vision of Germany as a land of unworldly, longhaired poets and transcendental philosophers were rudely disillusioned in the years after 1870 and came to believe that the country was devoted exclusively to materialistic self-aggrandizement -- a view shared after 1870 by many Germans, including Richard Wagner.

How justified was this ensemble of newly acquired ap-

prehensions and attitudes which led to the formation of the Triple Entente? One of the few intelligent observations of the late and unlamented Benito Mussolini was, "History knows no ifs." Nevertheless, it is interesting and perhaps enlightening, with the benefit of hindsight, to speculate on the course events might have taken if the Triple Entente had not been formed and if, consequently, France and especially Britain had not joined in the Russo-German conflict in 1914.

A war between the Kaiser and the Tsar would undoubtedly have come sooner or later, given the irreconcilability of the German *Drang nach Osten* and Russian-backed pan-Slavism. If anything, it was to the long-range interest of both Britain and France to let those two countries fight it out between them, while remaining neutral and enjoying the benefits of being *tertiū guadentes*. Germany would probably have been the initial winner, even if France had come in on the side of Russia and Britain had stayed out. If France had not entered the conflict, the question would not have arisen. A purely German (and Austro-Hungarian) war against Russia would probably have lasted more than two years, with the great possibility that the Central Powers would get bogged down in the Russian winter like Napoleon in 1812 and Hitler in 1941-42.

But, for the sake of argument, assume that Germany and Austria-Hungary had defeated Russia (and possibly also France). The victors would almost certainly have imposed humiliating penalties on the defeated nations, though in all probability they would not have gone so far as to overthrow the Tsar or abolish the republican system of government of France, had the latter country been involved. (When the Germans sent Lenin into Russia in 1917, it was to inject maximum confusion into an already non-Tsarist regime.) As an aftermath of such a German victory, however, an intensified French *revanchisme* would have been added to an intensified pan-Slavic underground movement, which would surely have grown stronger in the following decades, while Britain and, in the long run, the United States were left in peace. The fear of Germany becoming the single dominant power on the Continent was largely unfounded. Any German government, whether Junker or socialist, would have had its hands full dealing with ever mounting resistance in the Slavic-speaking countries and the Balkans.

The longer-range effects of "the Kaiser's War" of 1914-18 and of "Hitler's War" of 1939-45 might well have been avoided or else been much less severe. Economic exhaustion would certainly not have afflicted both sides as it did in the post-1918 period. Even if socialist governments had come to power in Germany and in Russia, it would probably have been through legal channels, without the disastrous character of the Weimar Republic and the Bolshevik Revolution. Without the German collapse of 1918-19 and the Versailles Treaty, the entire nationalist movement in Germany would have had much less appeal. Without the Bolshevik takeover in Russia, it would have been much less likely that the West would be facing, as it is now, the dynamic of Soviet imperialism under the guise of a chiliastic communism. The need of Britain for Jewish financial support was -- as is now universally admitted in both Jewish and non-Jewish circles -- the lever which Zionists

used to obtain from the British government the Balfour Declaration of 1917, favoring the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Absent this agreement and the haphazard attempts of British governments to enforce it, there would have been no state of Israel to constitute a permanent threat to the peace and well-being of the Middle East.

Perhaps not all, but certainly a great part of the world's present troubles go back, therefore, to the initial mistake of the century -- Britain's abandonment of benign neutrality towards Germany in favor of a policy of active support of France and Russia. The *volte-face* was, as previously mentioned, due to a number of factors -- feelings of insecurity in economic, political and military matters, Edward VII's personal relations with France, Queen Alexandra's Danish origin and strong anti-German sentiments, and pressure from influential Jewish sources. Each of these factors would have been dealt with in a manner that could have defused, not exacerbated, the various conflicts of interest and the emotions aroused by such conflicts. A more rational approach might have convinced the British ruling class, Parliament and people of the wisdom of noninvolvement in purely European antagonisms.

The second mistake was made in 1914 by the German chiefs of staff when they implemented the "von Schlieffen" plan and invaded Belgium to outflank the French defenses. As happened on many other occasions (the 1915 execu-

tion of nurse Edith Cavell, for example), the German authorities underestimated the effect of their actions on the emotions of the British and other Anglo-Saxons overseas. Apparently the German government thought that Britons would be too concerned with domestic problems (such as home rule for Ireland) to react to the invasion of Belgium.

The Germans also failed to reckon with the somewhat Boy-Scoutish attitude of the British towards keeping promises, including those made in international treaties, and with the British public's rooting for the underdog in unequal combat -- for Denmark in 1864, for Belgium in 1914. In retrospect, the British entry into the war in 1914 over the invasion of Belgium was the third of the initial mistakes. Britain would have done much better to stay out of the conflict, thereby limiting it to Europe instead of spreading it worldwide.

Needless to say, the rational approach did not prevail, as it seldom does in human affairs. As a consequence, those who have lived through the 20th century from 1914 onwards and those who will live in later centuries have been and will be condemned to suffer the short- and long-range effects of the first and worst of these three mistakes, the prime source of the two other errors: Britain's joining with France and Russia in 1904 to form the Triple Entente.

ROBERT A. HALL JR.

Ho-Hum Election

No sooner were the 1986 midterm elections over than the anchormen started mouthing off about the 1988 elections. The media would like to have elections every year, even every month. The candidates and their shenanigans are always good for a headline -- and a laugh.

All that can be said about the 1986 elections is that they were more of the same. Republicans lost control of the Senate, as if that makes any real difference, and won some new governorships, as if that makes any real difference. The Negro vote, growing relentlessly larger because of the high black birthrate, scored some victories in the South, where four senators who couldn't get a majority of white ballots were elected. This does make a difference because these senators are now more beholden than ever to the black racism which made their victories possible. Even though there are no blacks in the Senate, these scalawags can be counted on to cater to their black constituencies.

No states are yet ready for a black governor, as demonstrated by the decisive defeats of Democrat Tom Bradley in California and Republican William Lucas in Michigan. This step forward (or backward) will probably have to wait until a state has a

black majority. Mississippi, which is 36.2% black, is the closest.

The number of black representatives in the House increased from 20 to 23. A new black face is that of Kweisi Mfume (D-MD), the first congressman with an African name. It means "conquering son of kings." In the early 70s, he signed his checks Frizzell Gerard Gray. Mfume also has the distinction of being the only member of Congress who fathered five kids (most or all illegitimate) with four different women.

Jews neither gained nor lost in the Senate. They still have an official count of eight, unofficial nine. (*Instauration* counts Maine's William Cohen as a Jew despite his Gentile mother.) Jews lost one seat in the House, bringing them down to 30. (*Instauration* counts Mickey Edwards (R-OK), a convert to Christianity; Jews don't.) Oregon came up with a Jewish governor -- Neil Goldschmidt. The Republican legislature of Vermont is expected to name one of their own to replace Jewish Madeline Kunin, the Democratic governor who couldn't get a majority of the vote in November.

Roman Catholics are the most numerous religious group in the new Congress, with 141 members (down one from the 99th). Methodists are next with 74 (down two),

followed by Episcopalians with 60 (down seven). There will be 57 Presbyterian lawmakers (up one), 54 Baptists (up five), 23 Lutherans (no change), 16 members of the United Church of Christ (up two), 11 Mormons (down one), 10 Unitarians (up one), seven Eastern Orthodox (no change) and two Christian Scientists (up one), according to the Religious News Service. RNS also noted 22 members who claimed to be "Protestants" and four who indicated no religious affiliation -- one of whom was Colorado Democrat Ben Nighthorse Campbell, an American Indian.

Rev. Floyd Flake, pastor of an African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in New York, became the first new clergyman elected to Congress since 1976, joining Rep. Bill Gray (D-PA), a black Baptist minister, and Senator John Danforth (R-MO), an Episcopal priest.

No Hispanic senator can be found in the 100th Congress, but there are 11 Hispanics in the House, a gain of one. Florida got its first Hispanic governor, Bob Martinez, a Republican. The state, the southern part of which is now being Cubanized, will probably have many more such in the future. The net figure for Hispanic governors remains at one, because Toney Anaya of

New Mexico was prohibited by law from succeeding himself.

No LaRouche candidate won anywhere, but a few who got on the Democratic ticket in Texas and Illinois received 20-30% of the vote. The LaRouche-sponsored "tough on AIDS" proposition in California went down to defeat, while the "English is the official language" proposition won handily, as did the one that threw out California Supreme Court Justice Rose Bird and two of her permissive sidekicks. Consequently, the state's numerous death row inmates

will have their life expectancies significantly shortened. A non-binding referendum in Boston authorizing blacks to secede from the city and carve out their own municipality of Mandela, was beaten 3 to 1. If it had passed and been implemented, Boston's crime rate would have taken a nosedive.

Some of the worst senators were reelected, such as Alan Cranston of California and Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, and one of the worst representatives, Barbara Mikulski of Maryland, an "under-the-rose" lesbian, moved to the upper chamber.

She's the dunce who votes the Israel party line, yet didn't know who was prime minister of her beloved state.

The best word to describe the elections was -- yawful. They demonstrated once again that the American political system, as it stands today, cannot elect a statesman to public office. All it can do is continue to erect a cohort of seedy, corrupt, cretinous pols whose principal talent is raising money and the votes that money buys. Once they are elected the country can go to hell -- and it continues to do so.

Secret Saga Unsecreted

One country seems to be the nemesis of two American Presidents. The hostages held by Ayatullah Khomeini for more than a year exposed Carter's indecisive and wobbling character for all the world to see, in addition to persuading American voters to turn him out of office when he tried for reelection.

His successor ignored Iran for most of his first term until a new set of hostages, this time in Lebanon, began to twitch his political antennae. The relations of the hostages, abetted by the likes of Dan Rather, were giving Reagan hell for doing little to get them out. Although he repeated and repeated he would never deal with terrorists, the First Actor ended up doing just that.

The secret intercontinental wheeling and dealing, with the National Security Council and the Israelis doing most of the legwork, apparently led to the release of a few hostages on and off, but when the negotiations were revealed, the media, always ready to squash a Republican President, swooped down on Reagan with a supersonic roar. The *Washington Post* tried hard to engineer another Watergate, but the bullied and battered U.S. public resisted being sold two such lugubrious sideshows within 14 years.

What the Iranian gaffe did produce, however, was more proof that Reagan's IQ, never too high, has now sunk to the two-digit level. His performance at the exculpatory press conference was worthy of a mental retardate. As for lying, Ronnie is getting closer to Ted Kennedy and Baron Münchhausen by the hour.

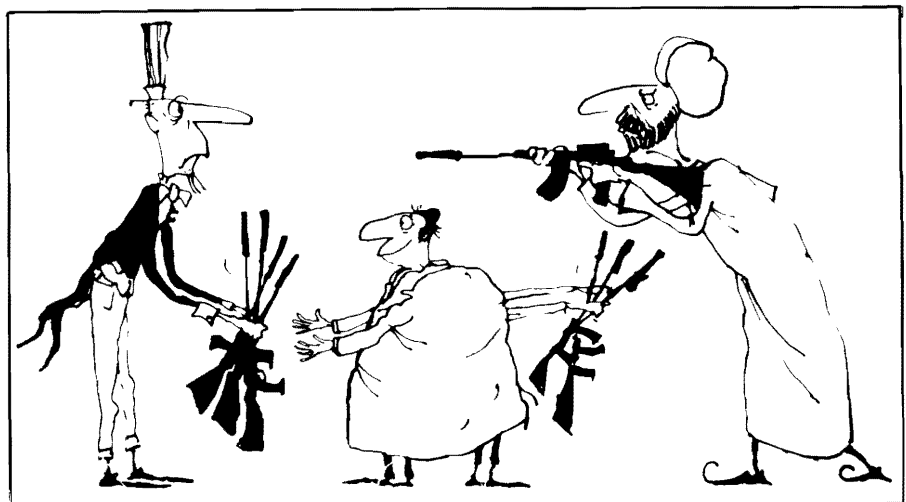
Before the smoke began to clear, it was obvious that Iran had again made idiots of an American President and his advisers. Potato-faced Shultz showed his true caliber by trying to out-lie his boss, while seasoning his mendacity with a few dollops of disloyalty. When it came time to throw some subordinates to the wolves (for doing what the throwers had ordered them to do), the pointer on the Wheel of Misfortune landed on such names as Admiral John Poindexter and Lt. Col. Oliver North.

As always, there was a Jewish connection. Israeli arms dealers whispered in Ronnie's ear that they had established some important connections in Iran while they were illegally selling and delivering American weapons during the grueling 44-day hostage crisis and thereafter. Normally, this would have produced a nationwide shriek of outrage in the American media, but what reporter or government official wants to jeopardize his career by blowing the whistle on Israel?

The Israelis, acting both as international intermediaries and merchants of death, insinuated that the Ayatullah could be persuaded to use his considerable influence with the Shiite hostage holders in Lebanon to release some of their captives. Iranian underlings agreed it was quite possible -- provided they were given some arms and badly needed spare parts for the aging F-5s bought by the Shah.

Reagan bit. After all, there was an election coming up. Now the Israelis could act as middlemen for American arms deliveries -- with Reagan's blessing. They charged a high commission, of course, but they did the President the favor of transmitting some of the millions of dollars they received from Tehran to Swiss banks, some of which money may or may not have found its way to the Contras in Nicaragua. Good business all around. But like all good business, when it gets too good, someone becomes envious and either wants to cut in on the deal or spoil it. Someone with a sour grapes syndrome or an ax to grind decided to let it all hang out.

The rest was history -- the kind of history we'll see someday in a potboiling nighttime soap opera directed by Steven Spielberg and starring Caesar Romero as the Ayatullah, Don Rickles as Shultz and Ronald Reagan as Ronald Reagan.



Good business all around -- especially for the middleman.

After sifting through -- and rejecting -- piles of unsolicited fiction over the past eleven years, Instauration confidently presents its first short story.

Trend

Bubba rolled back onto his own side of the bed. As his strenuous breathing began to ease to normal, he became aware of her hand moving to grasp his. He permitted her the familiarity, but did not reciprocate by closing his fingers around hers. She held a limp, disinterested hand.

Through the darkness, a slit in the window curtains cast a particularly bright sliver of moonlight across the bed. He lay there silently, without moving his head from the pillow, and his gaze wandered to their intertwined hands. The coal blackness of his hand contrasted sharply with the alabaster of hers in the stark, colorless tableau of moonlight and darkness. It was like watching a tender scene from an old black and white movie. But, of course, black and white hands had never met that way in yesterday's black and white films.

No, Bubba's world was definitely today, a world not of black and white, but of color; not of blacks and whites, but of blending, of mixing, of fusion.

Fifty or sixty years ago he might have been lynched just for holding hands with a white girl. He smiled at that and then wondered what his teeth looked like in the darkness. The thought had never entered his mind before, but suddenly it became almost irresistible. He opened his eyes wide and wondered if he looked like the racist caricatures he had seen in his youth.

"Bubba?" he heard her whisper. "Are you awake?"

"Yeah, baby," he said. "You want a cigarette?"

"No." Then, after a long pause, "Can we talk?"

Now it was his turn to pause. Why do they always want to talk? he thought bitterly. She's gonna whine about not being satisfied. She's gonna say I was too rough. She's gonna . . .

"Bubba?" she asked again.

"OK, baby. Talk." After the words were out he hoped they hadn't sounded as harsh to her as they did to him.

"We've been together for a year now," she started tentatively, "and I've been wondering if you . . . if we . . . do you think . . . ?"

Oh shit, here it comes, he thought. He remained silent, giving her no help in getting the words out.

"Do you think we might get married someday?" she said in a rush, forcing the words around an unwilling tongue.

"Maybe," he said with no enthusiasm. Strangely enough, the thought did not scare

him as badly as it had in the past when other women had brought it up. In the year that they had been living together, he had begun to notice at the office that many of the junior executives on his level and of his age were beginning to get married, and that many of those marriages were interracial.

It might be a smart career move to get hitched now. Affirmative action was fine for getting one's foot in the door at one of the Fortune 500 companies, and it helped to a degree in promotions. But a person could rise only so high on race and government threats alone. He had to play the corporate game, wear the right clothes, go to the right parties, cultivate the right people. And wives, especially white wives, were looked on with favor at the moment. Go with the flow, he always said.

"Maybe when?" she asked, a little more insistently. He wondered if she was growing bolder because of his lapse into silence instead of furious instant rejection.

"Maybe soon," he said, smiling to himself.

"You mean it?" she almost squealed. He felt her hand close tightly on his.

"Yeah, baby. I think I do." He looked down again at their hands, his large ebony appendage grasped by her tiny white fingers.

But he had to be honest. She had to know.

"There is one thing we got to talk about, though. You've got to know all about me."

I know all I need to know," she gushed, almost making him repudiate the whole concept.

"You don't know shit," he said without being hostile. "You know my name and where I work and how much money I make and that I drive a Porsche and wear all the latest styles and like to go to the trendy places. But you don't know anything about my family or what I did before I met you or what I'm really like."

There was another silence and it lasted so long that Bubba began to wish he'd started timing it when it had begun; it might be a world's record. Her fingers released their death grip on his hand but did not remove themselves from contact with his skin.

Finally she spoke, more wary, less girlishly enthusiastic than before. "Tell me about yourself."

Now the ball was in his court again. How to start? he wondered. How to broach the subject he had never shared with anyone?

He decided on the direct approach. "First of all, baby, I haven't always been

black."

She gasped audibly, and while her hand took his tightly again, her body seemed to withdraw, to seek a greater distance between them.

"Yeah," he continued. "I was born white. With blond hair, blue eyes and all those things that marked me for the whole world to kick and spit on. Hey, not that your blonde hair and blue eyes aren't great. You're a foxy lady. It's just that for a man, it's different. Women are an oppressed minority, but white men are way down on the bottom of the heap."

"Sure, everybody dumps on them," she agreed.

"You can't understand what it was like to be a white man. It was bad enough when I was growing up, and high school was pure hell because we didn't have enough money to send me to a private school."

"But it was a thousand times worse when I got out into the world. I couldn't get into a real college. Most of them didn't have room for me because of all the quotas they had to meet. And the few that were willing to take me couldn't help me get any financial aid because all that money was set aside for minority students. So I wound up going to a third-rate two-year college and working my ass off just to survive."

"Awful," she echoed faintly.

"But the social life was even worse. No woman would go out with me. They all had plenty of rich, successful minority men chasing after them, and they knew I was going nowhere. They'd hardly even speak to me, afraid their boyfriends might get mad and dump them."

"I seriously planned suicide lots of times, but I didn't even have the guts to do that. I was a failure all the way around."

"How did you get to be . . . black?" she asked.

"After I got out of school, I heard about the operations they were doing in Sweden. I figured it was just a legend, a rumor at first, sort of like Spanish fly. But it was my only hope, so I decided I had to find out."

"I sold everything I had and went to Sweden. Finally, after I had spent everything and was washing dishes in a restaurant there just so I could eat, I found out about Dr. Hirschfeld. He told me he was doing those illegal operations, that he could turn me into a black man -- but the cost would be enormous, and I didn't have a pot to piss in."

"How did you do it?"

"I worked my way back as a steward on

an African cruise ship, and once I landed in New York, I swore that I'd do it or die trying. I went to work as a garbage collector, the only job I could get, and worked nights at a convenience store. I lived like an animal and saved all the money I could." He was silent for a moment.

"It took me seven years. Seven years! But I saved up the money and went back to Sweden. That was just the beginning.

"I had to create a whole new identity, so I pretended to be an illegal alien from Nigeria. Since I had proof of living in the United States for all those years, I was able to qualify under the latest amnesty for illegals. They even gave me welfare, food stamps and all that kind of stuff while I was getting on my feet in my 'new' country. All this from the government that wouldn't help me when I was white."

"Took a lot of getting used to, huh?" she commented.

"You said it. They used to call it culture shock. All of a sudden I was a respectable, desirable member of the community. All kinds of companies were trying to recruit me for high-paying jobs. Being a Nigerian helped even more there. And women were all of a sudden hot for me. Beautiful blondes were fighting with each other over who would get to sleep with me.

"And the way other blacks treated me! I was all of a sudden a brother. They accepted me without question. There was almost no danger in walking any street at any time of the day or night.

"The solidarity was incredible. There was this group consciousness, a feeling I'd never felt before. Demonstrating at a nuke South Africa rally or marching for compensatory extra votes for blacks was a fantastic experience, something I'd never even imagined was possible when I was white.

"After a while, whenever I saw a white man, I hated him like they must have hated me. He was a candy-ass, a weakling, a whiner. It was almost like he wanted to be spit on and kicked. He was asking for it because he just took whatever we dished out. He never fought back. Never.

"So now I'm black, baby, and I'm gonna stay black. I got the best of everything. Just wanted to tell you before we got married. You know, the children might turn out to be white."

She said nothing, but her grip on his hand tightened.

"Well, whatcha say?" he asked finally.

"What do you know about me, Bubba?"

He shrugged, making the whole bed move. "What do you want to tell me?"

"Can you imagine what it must be like to be a black woman?" she started. "All those beautiful blonde honky women throwing themselves at the black men. How many men would pass up an exotic, forbidden blonde for a black woman?"

"And while women were getting the benefits of affirmative action, it was women in general -- mostly white -- getting hired and making big bucks, not black women. Black women were still second class, even

to their own men."

Bubba stiffened in his horizontal position.

"A lot of black women couldn't go to college, even though they could get in and get money easy enough, because they had to raise the bastard children they'd started having when they were 13 or 14. All they had was welfare and food stamps, 'cause the men wouldn't stand by them.

"The white women went out and got wine and dined by black men while black women sat at home watching television and changing diapers.

"I had to whore for a whole year to get enough money to go to Sweden . . ."

Bubba jerked his hand from her grasp. He sat up violently in bed and swung his legs over the side, feeling for his slippers on the floor.

"That's disgusting!" he spat. "I just can't believe it!"

"Oh, Bubba," she cried in anguish. "I didn't want to whore, but I just couldn't stand to be a black woman. You got to understand. You been in the same situation."

He was on his feet now, heading toward the bedroom door.

"You're a nigger!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Goddamn! I've been sleeping with a nigger! How could you do that to me? I think I'm gonna puke!"

He slammed the door behind him as the tears trickled down her lily white cheeks.

DOUGLAS OLSON

"Dosage" Wins the Derby -- Again!

"Blood will tell," is an oft-heard axiom in the thoroughbred racing game. Those who follow this sport know that, as a rule, horses tend to pass on their own peculiar traits to their offspring (a fact that will hardly surprise readers of this publication!). For example, horses that have proven their ability to win classic races on the turf (grass) will produce foals with the same affinity for that kind of racing surface. Mudders -- horses who run well on tracks softened by rain -- often have offspring that also do well on "off-tracks" -- it has to do with the shape of the hooves. Even temperament is frequently passed on to the subsequent generation.

Thoroughbreds that win prestigious races as three- or four-year-olds are often syndicated (for breeding purposes, where the big money is) for millions of dollars. Quality tends to reproduce quality. While it is true that not all champions pass on their own quality to their offspring (Triple Crown winner Secretariat hasn't done very much at stud), and even the great sires like North-

ern Dancer produce their share of clunkers, it is nevertheless true that the great horses have a statistically much better chance of siring great horses than do their mediocre brethren. Steeds of plebeian blood who do perform magnificently -- like the fabulous old gelding John Henry -- are the exception rather than the rule.

Experienced thoroughbred breeders employ a combination of science and instinct to determine which broodmares are to be serviced by which stallions. And nowhere is the scientific aspect more important than it is in determining the likely winner of the Kentucky Derby.

Dr. Steven Roman, elaborating on earlier research done by Colonel Vullier in the 1920s and by Dr. Franco Varola in the 1950s, has developed a rather arcane but extraordinarily accurate mathematical method of examining pedigree to ascertain which of the Derby hopefuls have the best chance to win. His "Dosage Profile" and "Dosage Index" basically trace an animal back through four generations to assay the

influence of blood, and specifically a horse's ability to successfully negotiate the 1 1/4 miles of Derby distance. The great sires -- "chefs de race" they are called -- are divided into five groups, shading from those who pass on early great speed to their offspring to those on the other end of the scale who have proven the capacity to transmit significant stamina. Roman uses an arithmetic formula to shape a Dosage Index (DI) on each contestant. The singular thing is that no horse with a DI of more than 4.00 has won the Kentucky Derby since 1929. This cutoff number, emphasizing stamina, has held up for almost 60 years. It has dumped favorites like Chief's Crown in 1984 and Snow Chief a year later; it just wasn't in the genetic cards for those horses to "do" 1 1/4 miles at this stage of their careers.

Also, in the past 14 years no horse has won the Derby that has not been rated within ten pounds on the Experimental Free Handicap, a mythical race placing value on early maturity by which turf experts

grade the nation's top two-year-olds of the previous year (the three-year-olds of this year). In the 112th Kentucky Derby that was run last May, the only horse that was both under the DI of 4.00 and also within the requisite ten pounds on the Experimental Free Handicap was Ferdinand, who paid over \$37 for each \$2 wagered at

Churchill Downs, and up to \$85 in other parts of the country. Students of breeding were able to cash in on Derby Day.

Dr. Roman's evaluation of blood in relation to performance may not hold up for another 60 Kentucky Derbys, but it certainly is powerful evidence of inborn equine proclivities and tendencies. Of course we

should all remember that mathematical formulas used in determining potential in racehorses could never be applied to us human beings, who are exempt from natural laws due to our immortal souls. Or perhaps our democratic way of life. Or something . . .

What Makes Elie Run?

Mention was made in the December issue of Elie Wiesel's undeserved acquisition of the Nobel Peace Prize. One would think that a person who specializes in vengeance and in racial hatred (of Germans) would be the last person on earth to receive such an honor and the huge financial reward (\$270,000) that goes with it.

Wiesel is the rankest of hypocrites. Although he specializes in Jewish suffering, he constantly pretends that he is the champion of oppressed people everywhere. Yet he adamantly refuses to criticize Israel. When he heard of the massacre of the Palestinians at Sabra and Shatila, he said he felt "sad." But he hastened to qualify his remark by saying that the sadness was "with Israel, not against Israel. After all, the Israelis did not kill."

Another Wiesel quote should have put him out of the Peace Prize running altogether. With respect to Israel's bloody invasion of Lebanon, Elie seemed to forget the day-after-day, night-after-night phosphorous bombing of Beirut hospitals and confined his worries to the media reaction.

Was it necessary to criticize the Israeli government, notwithstanding the spate of lies disseminated in the press? Or would it not have been better to have offered Israel unreserved support, regardless of the suffering endured by the population of Beirut? In the face of hatred, our love for Israel ought to have deepened, become more whole-hearted, and our faith in Israel more compelling, more true.

And what is peace-loving and pacifist about this little obiter dicta from his book, *Legends of Our Time*?

Every Jew, somewhere in his being, should set apart a zone of hate -- healthy, virile hate -- for what the German personalities and for what persists in the German. To do otherwise would be a betrayal of the dead.

What most people don't realize about the Nobel Peace Prize is that it is often the end product of a beautifully orchestrated publicity campaign. The campaign for Elie was handled by Sigmund Stochlitz, a mil-

lionaire Connecticut Ford dealer who lobbied Congress and the legislative bodies of West Germany, France and Norway for almost a decade. The trick is to solicit letters of recommendation from prominent legislators, since the Norwegian Nobel Committee accepts nominations from lawmakers, judges, academics and Nobel laureates. Such letters are due February 1 of each year. Here, for example, is the grammatically dubious letter Stochlitz persuaded Barry Goldwater to write:

It is my honor to propose Mr. Wiesel for the 1984 Nobel Prize for Peace. As you well know, Mr. Wiesel has dedicated most of his life toward the goal of peace and throughout the world. In my opinion, you could not go wrong by awarding the Nobel Peace Prize to this most deserving gentleman.

With respect,
Barry Goldwater

Second in command of the Wiesel PR

campaign was John Silber, president of Boston University, where Wiesel occasionally shows up and teaches classes. Each year, he and Stochlitz would stir the fires of puffery by conning Wieselites to write new letters. In all, Wiesel managed to get written testimonials from 170 lawmakers in the U.S., 80 in West Germany and 12 in Sweden. The heads of state of France, Israel and West Germany joined in the chorus of praise. On top of all this, Wiesel made a few trips to Norway, where he made it a point to meet members of the Nobel Committee.

As far as *Instauration* is concerned, the Nobel Peace Prize has degenerated into a bad Orwellian joke. If it has been awarded to warmongers like Begin and frauds like Kissinger, why shouldn't it go to a hate-monger like Wiesel? Giving the prize to people like Mother Teresa doesn't repair the damage or restore its credibility.

And by the way, Gandhi never got it, but riot-maker Martin Luther King Jr. did.

A Massacre Remembered

*Blood in the camps, the run
of birds of death, their cry
a croak of joy. A wild flight
down the black hills to silted caves
where wide-eyed children watch their shadows die.*

*Beyond the scent of pathos, beyond time,
the corpses flatten in a camera's light --
a finger here, and there a random eye.
The killing stations drying out, the sun
crowning the jest: the frozen way the bodies lie.*

*Hatred and scorn melt grossly in a face:
a mythic man, lion of courts and sand,
who sent the killing fire to the camps --
Sabra! Shatila! Corpulent and sly,
he bows and winks, a hero of this race.*

V.O.



WASP Guilt



For a sterling example of WASP wimp-ery, we hasten to cite an article by Larry E. Tise in the *Montgomery (AL) Journal* (Aug. 20, 1986). The title, "WASP Now Finds Self Last Minority," sounded promising, as did the introduction:

I won't be able to reflect upon my life with total joy, since I was born with a mark, a defect, a genetic problem I cannot change.

My problem is that I was born in the United States into a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant family. Moreover, I was born in the South. I am a native Southern, white, Caucasian, heterosexual, middle-aged, unhandicapped, nonveteran male. Every experience I have had from the moment of birth has told me over and over again that I am the worst type of human being in American society.

But then comes the waffling:

Even though I personally always wanted to see our schools and everything else integrated, I still had to bear the odium of having been born a white Southerner who by definition was supposed to be against such ideas.

What kind of a Southerner is a person who "wanted to see our schools and everything else integrated" when he was growing up? Well, Tise is not exactly a common garden variety Southerner. He is the state historian of Pennsylvania with a Ph.D. in

history. The doctorate means he has undergone the most intense educational brainwashing that our institutions of higher learning are able to dish out. Even the best brains, South and North, can hardly withstand the 19 years of exposure to the lib-min agitprop (8 years of grammar school, 4 years of high school, 4 years of college, at least 3 years of graduate school) that it takes to acquire a Ph.D. in history.

Tise then seesaws back to his reverse discrimination theme:

Whenever I applied for a job, the first question I was asked -- before an in-person encounter with my prospective employer -- was, "Are you a minority?" . . . As one door after another closed in front of me, I found my WASP maleness a liability . . . If I could only get a good simple physical handicap, or claim a military background, or alter my white, nonethnic maleness: I could instantly name the job and the salary.

When he did get a job and was put in charge of a large staff, he was hounded by:

endless grievances and suits claiming sex, race or age discrimination. Three-fourths of these cases would not have been heard if the appellants had not been nonwhite, nonmale or nonmiddleaged, and I had not been a white, maturing male, who by birth and character was supposed to discriminate.

Then he brings up another problem:

I have been able to deal with most of the assaults on my race, gender and age. The most recent is also the most trying -- the assault on my sexual preference. I am heterosexual.

He sums up:

When I was a boy, I somehow got the idea that it was good to be a white male in American society. I liked the idea of the breadwinning husband-father head of family. In the intervening years, however, our society has quite consciously, openly and with the aid and cooperation of the afflicted group made the ever-diminishing and endangered class of white, Caucasian, heterosexual, nonveteran males the last and only group in American society that it is all right and even appropriate to discriminate against.

All well and good, except for a very revealing -- and somewhat dissonant -- confession in the middle of his article:

I have not a single discriminatory bone in my body.

How sad! Dr. Tise knows what's up. He knows what has been done and will continue to be done to him. But he still can't and won't discriminate against the crowd that is discriminating against him. It's very Christ-like, but also very poltroonish.

Why Should We Bring Up Theirs?

The young woman I'll call Gretchen Brown looked, as we were growing up in the neighborhood, like the ideal German maiden from a sentimental etching come to life -- blond, clear-browed and perfectly proportioned. Now, in her mid-thirties, she looks thin and gaunt and is being treated by her physician for acute stress.

Another casualty of the swinging sixties? Another neurotic female on the fast track who's realized, too late, that family life is all she ever really wanted? Not exactly. Gretchen and her husband, Bob, have been married for several years and have two little girls, one three and one 18 months. The first was thoroughly planned, the second was conceived a little too soon after the first, but resolutely accommodated, as abortion is out of the question for Gretchen.

Bob works as a teacher/coach at the local high school. They've just bought their

first house in a small, mid-Atlantic city where both have lived most of their lives. "Times being what they are" and "the cost of living being what it is," Gretchen must work. Unfortunately, her occupation is Special Education. And since her experience has been in counseling "emotionally disturbed, learning-disabled juvenile delinquents," that's where she keeps getting assigned. She'd love to be able to quit and devote her energies to her own kids -- the older of whom has already, with that supernatural sensitivity of small children, begun reacting to her mother's tension by becoming "difficult" -- but they just can't afford it.

In other words, as attested by countless tales like this all over the country, our people are paying with their blood, literally with their very lives, to maintain the vast, ever-increasing population of unwanted, unneeded offspring of parents who don't give a fraction of a damn about their own

children! Gretchen is being eaten alive by parasites (almost all her charges are minorities) while her own beautiful children are deprived of her care. The only reason Bob and Gretchen even have as many as two children is due to a "mistake." Their prospects for having a third are dim indeed. Yet no such constraints of self-reliance, decency, or responsibility stop the producers of "emotionally disturbed, learning-disabled juvenile delinquents" from dumping their genetic garbage in our once-pristine front yards. Whitey always can be counted on to clean up after them.

I say, let's get out from under this garbage. Let's let the nobodies take care of their own worthless offspring, and get the hell away from them where we can start focusing upon and raising our own future before it's precluded altogether.



Big Bucks for Letter

Of all the correspondence that Thomas Jefferson ever wrote -- and he wrote considerable -- and of all the letters that any President or any world-famous figure ever wrote, the one that brought the most money at auction was a letter that the third American President addressed in 1818 to Mordecai M. Noah, a New York journalist of Portuguese Jewish descent.

Ludwig Jesselson, a collector of Judaica, paid \$396,000 for the one-page letter, which was auctioned off by Sotheby's in late October. Before he and his wife were driven off in their limousine, they said they would donate their proud new possession to Yeshiva University on the occasion of its 100th anniversary. The letter had been previously owned by the late Charles J. Rosenthal.

The contents of the letter was what might be expected in a communication that attracted such an outrageous price. Jefferson praised Jews for having stood up to bigotry -- and so on and so on.

In 1813, Noah fell under the displeasure of James Monroe, then Secretary of State, for some shady accounting when he was negotiating the release of American prisoners (hostages) held by Algerian pirates. Later, as happens so often when Jews fall afoul of the law, Noah was vindicated.

It does seem a little odd, however, that the most valuable piece of correspondence the world has ever seen was devoted to a Jewish topic and sent to a Jew at a time when Jews in America were as scarce as hens' teeth. But, as today's non-Jews have been learning to their sorrow, there is a special value, one might even say a special tax deduction, that is routinely applied to anything and everything Jewish.

Lemann's Honesty

Way back on May Day 1985, *Atlantic Monthly* correspondent Nicholas Lemann had a column in the *Washington Post* which let a few honest cats out of the bag. "Why Can't We Be More Like Japan?" his headline asked. Or even like the relatively crime-free, community-minded social democracies of Western Europe?

Answer: those countries are ultimately motivated by racial nationalism.

I don't mean here to tar social democracies by calling them racist, but I do think there's a connection. It is that the easiest way to achieve the kind of national sense of community that's crucially important to a country's prosperity, its social welfare, the quality of its educational system and its overall feeling of worth is by calling forth a spirit of racial and cultural solidarity. Urban Japanese

consumers, according to [Murray] Sayle, are willing to pay a non-market price for rice because they want to help Japanese rice farmers, purely on the grounds that they're Japanese.

It's hard to imagine that happening here. We are too diverse racially and culturally to be able to make use of the easy route to a true feeling of community. Good for us!

The answer for America, Lemann continued, was a hyperbolic "Horatio Algerism: the notion that one's station in life is determined solely by hard work, talent and luck, not at all by circumstances of birth. This, rather than nationalism, would be what binds us together."

Impossible? Most likely it is, he conceded:

Most people today see race as rigged

....

But let's assume for a minute that it could be made fair and could be perceived as fair by everyone -- rich and poor, blacks and whites, men and women. What kind of society would we have?

It would be a society significantly different from the great social democracies, because it would be much more chaotic. Businesses would rise and fall. The successful would be a motley crew. The actings-out of millions of individual attempts at upward mobility would keep vital the side of America that Americans returning here from years abroad always find aesthetically revolting: the shopping strips and mobile homes and big cars. We would not have the sense of serene social order and rootedness that characterizes provincial life in much of Europe and Japan. If all this sounds familiar, well, yes, that's what we're like already; but with a fairer system, there would be a gloss of nobility to it.

But is "the chaos and coarseness of America," as Lemann calls it, truly a "fairer system"? Or is it supremely unfair to those with visions reaching beyond selfish, individualistic striving? Should racial and cultural values count for nothing more than stepping stones to the acquisition of creature comforts?

Our Home-Grown Mestizos

Among the many federal benefits reserved for American Indians is special treatment in Indian hospitals and health-care centers. The Reagan administration has tried to limit the perks to those with at least 25% Indian blood. But Rep. Mike Synar (D-OK), who is part Indian himself, persuaded his fellow congressmen to defeat the move by voice vote last September. Synar says the Reagan plan would cost

100,000 Oklahomans their eligibility for special health services. This provoked Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*, to ask:

Is Indian blood so powerful that it should legally overwhelm any amount of non-Indian blood? . . . Does [Synar's position] mean that even a small amount of Indian blood renders an individual incompetent to care for himself?

"That would be a racist argument," said Jones. And, says *Instauration*, it wouldn't be too far from right.

In his classic 1963 study of America's scattered "triracial" (Indian-black-white) communities, *Almost White*, sociologist Brewton Berry quoted the superintendent of a hospital in the Carolinas:

Until I came here, I had never heard of such people as Brass Ankles (the local triracial group) . . . We have lots of trouble with them. When they come in here, we just have to go by their appearance, and it is sometimes hard to tell whether they ought to be sent to the white or the colored ward. They are always charity patients. I don't believe we've ever had one to come and pay for room service. If they are dark, we send them to the Negro ward. Sometimes they will go there and not complain . . . But sometimes the Brass Ankles raise Cain about being sent to the Negro ward.

Not one Brass Ankle had ever paid his way, said the superintendent. And so it goes today, with hundreds of similar groups. Generation by generation, their numbers soar, and babyless white America picks up the tab.

Many of the triracials, and the more conventional white-Indian mixtures, are now gravitating toward our large cities. The next time you pass a "typical Third Worlder" on the city street, take another look. He *could* be a Brass Ankle -- or a "Melungeon" from east Tennessee -- or a "Guinea" from northeast West Virginia -- or a "Jackson White" from New Jersey. Even that world-famous dysgenic disaster from upstate New York known as the "Jukes family" was actually part of an isolated triracial community, which, like uncounted others around the country, has bred so furiously that it promises to become the new "all-American" type.

Rednecks Do Not Have Red Necks

The term "redneck," the media-approved racial slur that Jews and other minorities throw at poor, hard-working Southern whites, is generally considered to have been derived from the skin color acquired by laboring in the hot Dixie sun or by the red dust from the Deep Southern soil that settles on the necks of white field-

hands. Not so, says Dan E. Rogers, in a letter to *Reason* (Nov. 1986). Rogers asserts the supporters of James K. Vardeman, the popular Populist Mississippi governor and senator in the early 1900s, wore red bandanas to demonstrate their solidarity with their leader. It wasn't long before they became known as rednecks. Later the term spread throughout the South and was turned into a racial pejorative by the minority-friendly, Majority-hostile Northern gutter press.

Conservatives Help Ignite People Bomb

For more than a decade demographers, environmentalists and others in the West have warned of the impending population explosion in the Third World. The cause of the unprecedented increase in population is simple: Western medicine, particularly inexpensive antibiotics, reduces the death-rate without affecting the traditional high birthrates.

Liberals urge massive U.S. taxpayer funding of population control in the Third World, although the natives of Nigeria, Mexico and India continue to prove by the number of their offspring that they do not take too kindly to American advice about family planning. Conservatives are generally silent. Only a precious few support private and public efforts to reduce Third World population growth rates, either for humanitarian reasons or apprehensions concerning the rising tide of color. Most conservative leaders and pundits are not too far from mainstream thinking on the subject.

Now the religious right and the "right to life" movement have entered the picture. Family planning has become part of the "secular humanist" conspiracy. Any mention of runaway Third World population growth is immediately and unthinkingly attacked as "pro-abortion propaganda." Witness the Reagan administration's "population growth is neither good nor bad" policy, propounded at the International Conference on Population in Mexico City. That population growth is a major factor in producing the veritable hell on earth that is Mexico City every sensible person agrees -- except nutty conservatives. When the supply-side, pro-growth, quasi-religious boosters of capitalism discovered they were the optimists and their liberal adversaries the pessimists, Julian Simon rose from obscurity to prominence in cramped conservative intellectual circles with a series of books arguing that population growth and its correlation, the uncontrolled and uncontrollable influx of migrants from south of the border, are gifts from on high. With the election of Ronald Reagan everything turned up roses. Just cut taxes, we were told, and the country will bask once

again in the economic glories of the Coolidge era. From Simon to Stan Evans to Donald Lambro rang out the joyful message: man is a resource, so the more the better. Simon says, "[I]f one believes that human life is good, it seems logical to think that more human life is good . . ." Get the Third World to adopt free enterprise and its growing population will be a boon, not a burden. Thus speaks Simple Simon.

Mexico will never adopt the Calvinist work ethic. Illegal Hispanic aliens, amnesiated or not, will never read the *Federalist Papers*. Meanwhile, shallow-minded conservatives focus on economics or religion, never on the importance of race. When Mexico's population explodes and we have 30 million Hispanics squatting in the Southwest in a few years, only then will the American people get around to turning their backs on a conservatism that does not conserve. But by then, it may be too late.

High Batting Average

The *Los Angeles Times* proudly announced in its book section (Oct. 19, 1986) that next Sunday it would feature reviews of the following works:

Arthur M. Schlesinger, *The Cycles of American History*

Frances Fitzgerald, *Cities on a Hill: A Journey Through Contemporary American Culture*

David K. Shipler, *Arab and Jew Wounded Spirits in a Promised Land*

Bernard Lewis, *Semites and Anti-Semites: An Inquiry into Conflict and Prejudice*

Primo Levi, *The Monkey's Wrench*

Isaac Asimov, *Foundation and Earth*

That's five out of six or a batting average of .833 for Jewish authors in a list of works which the *Los Angeles Times* considered to be the most important books of the day. Not bad for a minority that is only a small fraction of the U.S. population, a much smaller fraction of the English-speaking world and 0.3% of the earth's population.

Hear No Evil

Once again! While a 19-year-old woman was being raped outside an apartment building in Greenbelt (MD), two lady occupants who couldn't help but hear her frantic screams did absolutely nothing. They wouldn't even pick up the phone and dial the police. One of them was only six feet away from where the rapist was doing his obscene work.

The victim was grabbed from behind as she was entering her ground floor apartment at 9:00 o'clock in the evening. She screamed for five minutes, only stopping when the rapist threatened to kill her. After

a while he dragged her to another part of the 240-unit apartment complex and raped her, or tried to rape her, a few more times.

Every year there seems to be at least one rerun of the Kitty Genovese case.

Book-Hating Thieves

Sumner Public Library in north Minneapolis is surrounded by Negro housing projects. Librarian Grace Belton has been there 11 years, trying to coax the neighborhood blacks to read. Break-ins are a constant problem at Sumner, with typewriters and answering machines among the targets of choice.

"And stolen library books?" asks a local reporter.

Grace Belton smiles, folds her hands and gazes heavenward. "I pray that they will," she says.

Unsafe Mail

The government can open your mail if you are the subject of a criminal investigation. A branch of the government, namely the IRS, can pry into your correspondence, even if you have a perfectly clean record.

Paul Desfosses, who worked for the Internal Revenue Service for 20 years, says bluntly:

Almost every post office has one or two people the IRS is watching. Most are not under criminal investigation; they are tax protesters, John Birch Society leaders, ministers and minor politicians.

Does anyone believe that the new Postmaster General, Larry Tisch's brother, Preston, is going to stop this illegal prying?

Ponderable Quote

Look at the American whose preposterous caperings have given us a new code word for machismo -- Sylvester (Rambo) Stallone, or as the *Star* newspaper here [in England] has rechristened him, "Le Wimpo." The man who on screen managed singlehandedly to wipe out the larger part of the armed forces of Vietnam has declined to exhibit his indestructible body at the Cannes Film Festival for safety's sake. [Sales of] Rambo T-shirts have plummeted in France, and a French disc jockey has invented the Rambo Rumba. You dance it backward all the way.

Tony Clifton, in the European edition of *Newsweek*, May 19, 1986



Yankee Come Home

How about this for a foreign policy? Pull all U.S. troops out of NATO after handing over to any Western European country that wants them enough nuclear weapons to blast any invading army to smithereens.

Such a decisive restructuring of U.S. defense strategy, if also applied to other foreign people, would practically balance the budget, since NATO alone costs the U.S. \$134 billion annually. It would also help to generate a more independent spirit in the European allies, which the U.S. is now going broke trying to protect.

Such was the proposal of Melvyn Krauss in a recent book, *How NATO Weakens the West*. The author buttressed his argument by showing that because of the disproportionate U.S. contribution to Western European defenses, the protected nations are able to devote an obscenely large segment of their budgets to welfare, which slows their economies and injects a huge dose of laziness and irresponsibility into their citizenry.

We recommend going much further than Mr. Krauss. We would like to see all U.S. Armed Forces pulled out from everywhere in the Eastern Hemisphere -- not only from Western Europe, but from Southern Europe, the Middle East, the Indian Ocean, the Philippines, Japan and especially from South Korea, where a new Vietnam is waiting to happen.

Again, going beyond Mr. Krauss, we would be perfectly happy for our European and Asian allies to have as many of our nuclear weapons as their hearts desire. This courtesy, of course, would not be extended to Israel, which already has enough nukes, nor to the Philippines, which might one day use them against us or against one of its internal warring factions.

Sooner or later, willy-nilly, America is going to become Fortress America. Another Great Depression, plus the huge trade imbalance, plus the huge deficit will eventually bring a crash, at which time all our troops and ships and planes will be needed back home to quell racial riots in the cities and an attempted Mexican takeover of Texas and the Southwest.

A Fortress America in our future? We can't wait. It will be the last chance for our lost America to become our America again.

America's Midases

The 1986 *Forbes* 400, published last October, included every American worth \$180 million or more. Actually, the 400 number is a misnomer because 505 people are listed as belonging to the supermillionaire club. *Forbes* includes members of families and partners. Of the favored 505,

29% or 147 were identifiable Jews -- compared to 22% in the 1985 listing. The 1986 roster was headed by 26 billionaires. Nine of them, or 35%, were Jews. The nine does not include John Werner Kluge, the media mogul, though he was born in Germany and is a familiar sight in the Jewish *haut monde*. Whether or not he is Jewish cannot be determined.

Planting Alien Corn in Our Midst

For all the critical commentary about black and feminist studies programs on American campuses, there has been remarkably little questioning of the explosive growth of Jewish studies. As recently as the late 1960s, a survey showed only two tenured faculty positions in Jewish studies in the nation's colleges and universities. Today, the count is about 600, according to Prof. Michael L. Goldberg of Virginia's College of William and Mary. The latest gimmick in Jewish philanthropy is to endow a chair in one's honor at the local diploma mill. It's a gift that few college administrators would dare refuse.

Though Dr. Goldberg was placed in William and Mary's religion department, he believes that "to confine the program to religion maybe is a serious distortion of the Jewish experience." So he plans to build Jewish studies into an inter-disciplinary program analogous to "American studies." A vast collection of Jewish books is being assembled on the small-town Southern campus: "We're [buying] across the board with anything that pertains to Jewish life, thought and history, culture, sociology, political science and literature."

The Dumb Defense

If you're going to be a two-bit vigilante and get caught, you'd best pretend to be mindlessly non-political when you come before the judge.

It was in June of last year that seven high-school honor students and star athletes from Fort Worth (TX) received 30 days in jail, among other penalties, for reacting violently against the thieves and dope peddlers who were plaguing their school. The self-styled Legion of Doom's "mistake" was to take what it was doing seriously.

It was in September that three fraternity brothers at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore received *no* days in jail for having set fire to an occupied "anti-Apartheid" protest shanty on campus and burning one occupant. Though the students were placed on probation for three years, fined \$100 each and ordered to complete 300 hours of community service, they avoided

the slammer by repeatedly insisting that their action was utterly non-political, the result of an advanced state of collective inebriation.

Actually, the three frat men (and two others who were never identified) had been heard plotting the act the night before, and even planned a getaway route through some nearby woods. Still, it was all "just a prank." According to black prosecutor Kurt Schmoke, "One of the witnesses laughed at the notion that there would be a discussion of politics in the [fraternity] house."

The defense attorney was Leslie Stein and he accused Schmoke and another black prosecutor of "playing hardball" on the case because South Africa was involved. "If it had been a protest to get Jews out of Russia," then Schmoke would not have demanded long jail terms, reasoned Stein.

As the black and Jewish attorneys turned the trial into a forum for debating #1 ethnic victim status, the white frat rats of Johns Hopkins learned an invaluable lesson in American life: always play it dumb. Never be a hero. It's politically conscious whites, like the Legion of Doom, who risk going to jail.

Another Consummate Phony

Thinking people are not fooled by the "sensitivity" song and dance which so many Jews put on for their "minority brethren." A specimen of this was reported in the *Nation* last July 19. It concerned one Len Kaminsky, administrator of the Haitian Refugee Center in Miami, who usually "approaches the daily *New York Times* crossword puzzle with keen enjoyment."

But it was a chapfallen Kaminsky who peered at the puzzle for May 27 and came upon the clue to 30 across, "Illegal border crosser." The answer was "wetback." Kaminsky sprang to his typewriter and wrote to the editor of the *Times*: "I fail to see how any pejorative or racist term can be allowed into the crossword puzzle. I have never seen racist labels for blacks, Jews, Puerto Ricans, etc. used in the crossword. Do you not feel Mexican immigrants deserve the same respect?"

The editor in charge of the puzzle department, Eugene T. Maleska by name, wrote back to say he had agonized over this use of "wetback," and reluctantly decided to run it. "As for racism," he continued, "you may be interested to hear that the Spanish-American community in Harlem chose me as Man of the Year in the 1950s. Also, my poems and articles on brotherhood have been widely acclaimed."

On October 12, the *Washington Post's* weekly *Book World* supplement ran a review of a "thought-provoking" book called *The Gringo Brought His Mother!* This is at

least the second book (and probably the twentieth) with "gringo" in its title to receive acclaim north of the border recently. Somehow, we don't think Len Kaminsky "springs to his typewriter" and shrieks "racism" whenever he sees *that* abusive word. (This despite the fact that many Mexicans were slaughtered for their fair complexions during the *mestizo* revolution of 1910, from which others fled into the onetime gringo-land of Texas.)

The word "hillbilly" appears at least as often as "gringo" in all our establishment papers. Far more common is the use of "redneck." And then there is "WASP," which persists although some well-heeled Northern Europeans have repeatedly and politely stated they don't like it. (The poor "rednecks" and "hillbillies" don't even realize they are constantly being called "white niggers" in places where one may never call blacks "niggers.")

Somehow, white America has got to let all the Kaminskys know that we're through with falling for their "chapfallen" act. The Jews have long been described as a theatrical people -- so theatrical they sometimes forget they are acting. But it is certainly an act when Kaminsky's chaps fall on cue for the word "wetback" but never for "redneck."

Forked Tongue

Minneapolis is well on its way to becoming a clone of every other large American city. Hordes of young blacks keep moving up from Chicago, St. Louis and other points south, which largely explains why assaults are up 19% over a year ago, robberies are up 30%, and auto thefts 70%.

Police Chief Tony Bouza, who learned about life in his native New York City, pulled very few punches when he addressed the Minneapolis city council's Public Health and Safety Committee last July 17. "Things are not good and they're going to get worse," he noted.

There has been explosive growth in the black and Native American young male population. They are in the troublesome . . . age bracket. We're in for longer, hotter summers for a long time to come.

Alas, Bouza's remarks deserved only a one-handed clap, because the quota-boosting chief cop concluded by lamenting his failure to recruit enough minority rookies.

No Badmouthing the Dead

The revelations of massive corruption in the governments of several of America's largest cities involve practically an all-Jew-

ish cast of villains. In New Haven (CT), where the five defendants are Jewish, prosecutors are trying to keep Jews off the jury. In New York City, two Jewish legislators, friends of the late bribe-taking Jewish borough president of Queens, Donald Manes, introduced a bill that would make it unlawful to libel the dead. No one ever proposed any legislation to protect the reputation of any Majority politician.

The Worst Liar

Science is the closest thing we have to the truth. Untruthful science is an oxymoron, a blanket contradiction in terms, as impossible a bird as a lily-white raven.

This is why Dr. Robert Slutsky is a particularly obnoxious creature. The 37-year-old cardiac specialist, formerly of the University of California School of Medicine in San Diego, published an incredible 147 papers on heart research in 1983-85 in more than 30 professional journals -- incredible both in regard to number and in regard to content. Fifty-five of these papers were found to be questionable and 13 were definitely "fraudulent." In at least 13 he had deliberately falsified his research.

Finally getting wise after a 16-month investigation, the UC Medical School announced that Slutsky had "falsified and misused data and reported patient and animal studies which apparently were never made."

Slutsky was fired, but he is still a doctor, still has his license and still can practice medicine. An accountant or business executive who engaged in such deception would be in jail. Free as an animal in the wild, Slutsky is out there somewhere ready and able once again to disgrace his profession by putting his patients' lives at risk with unproven techniques and cooked-up results from cooked-up experiments.

Cohn's Good Buddies

Below is a partial list of the public figures who testified to the late Roy Cohn's good character in his disbarment proceedings shortly before he died of AIDS. Cohn was not only a crook and a faggot, but an associate of gangsters and hoods and one of New York's slimiest shysters. Also included are some of the encomia that his sycophants heaped upon Cohn.

William F. Buckley Jr.: "Absolutely impeccable."

Barry Farber, the neo-con radio commentator: Cohn's word was "a sacred trust."

Barbara Walters: "I totally believe[d] in his integrity, his caring, his honesty."

Donald Trump, the New York developer, said Cohn was a fine fellow.

Federal Judge David Edelstein: "A man of integrity and honesty."

Geraldine Ferraro and **Alan Dershowitz** also offered to testify to his sterling character.

William Safire, warmongering columnist of the *New York Times*: "An honest man . . . a man of considerable integrity."



Safire found nothing wrong with Cohn

Insufferable Meddler

The same wild animal that ordinarily gives human intruders into its territory a wide berth, will, if it feels hopelessly cornered, suddenly launch a devastating attack. Many an outdoorsman has learned the hard way to respect the uncompromising territorial needs of large animals.

John Fife, the Presbyterian minister from Tucson who helped found the American "sanctuary" movement, is one of those thick-skulled disrespecters of nature who simply have no idea how cruelly they are bearding the lion in its own den until the fatal pounce.

First, Fife helped to create a situation in the U.S. where millions of Central American mestizos, who are much better at making babies than jobs, feel at liberty to take up residence in the Anglo north simply by crying "refugee!" Now, grievously compounding their offense, Fife and 12 fellow American activists have taken their false morality show to Western Europe and helped to launch a crusade against the enforcement of immigration laws in nations like Britain, France, West Germany, Denmark and the Low Countries.

The sight of blond children happily at play apparently provokes a fierce resentment in Fife when there are no black-haired aliens in their midst. The reverend is furious that the tidal flow of Turks, Sri Lankans and Zairians into the last remaining white heartland may yet be staunched. *He* knows what is best for the little Nordic cubs. But the mother and father lions are watching, and their blood pressure is rising!

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Mere Talk. Epilogue. In real life, we may be lucky to get a word in edgeways when conversing with a liberal. But when the liberal feels he has got one on the hook, he is only too willing to let one talk. The protagonists of the following dialogue are Hypokrites -- so called because he is an actor by profession -- and Eugenēs, who is John Nobull under another name. They are acquaintances rather than friends, but are capable of communicating with each other, up to a point.

HYPOKRITES (*pouring the port*). They say you're a Fascist.

EUGENES. Yes.

H. So you admit it?

E. Not at all. I admit that's what they say. Fascism was an historical movement originated and developed by Mussolini to serve Italian interests and combat the imminent menace of red revolution.

H. That's a pretty friendly assessment.

E. Yes, I don't deny that if I had been an Italian at that time, I should have supported Mussolini. Destructive revolutions had already broken out in several European countries, and the reds in Italy (who included the Socialists) were by no means the least destructive. The idea that fascism created the illusion of a red menace is quite unhistorical. Besides, fascism was not merely an anti-movement. It put forward certain ideas. For instance, I would certainly have been attracted by the Roman symbolism of the fasces, which is that, while any of its constituent twigs may easily be snapped, the bundle as a whole cannot.

H. So why deny that you are still a Fascist?

E. That is like assuming that someone who regards the Bolsheviks as an improvement on the Tsars must be a Communist. Do remember that the Italians had been our allies during World War I and that Mussolini was widely admired, not least by Winston Churchill, who made a pronouncement in his favour almost every year between 1922 and 1940. However, my plea for fairness to fascism does not extend so far as to palliate the intrusion of Italian Fascists into the German territory of South Tyrol.

H. All this is a red herring. The fact remains that fascism is now taken to refer to a state of mind in which authoritarianism, mass psychosis and racism are represented in about equal proportions.

E. In other words, a straw figure of the enemy which has been created and given the name of a political movement that was discredited by defeat. Yet even their enemies concede that fascism and nazism could only have been overthrown from without. Hence World War II.

H. I can see you regret that a great deal.

E. Too right, as our Aussie cousins say. It meant the end of

the British Empire.

H. But can you deny that your outlook is authoritarian, psychotic and racist?

E. Authority is a fact of life, because only about five percent of any given population are inner-directed enough to be capable of leadership, even on a low level. Besides, most people are economically dependent, which makes some form of authoritarian structure inevitable. However, bossiness is certainly not my style. On the contrary, I get my subordinates to define their own objectives because I get much more out of them that way.

H. What about the other charges?

E. The reference to mass psychosis is inspired by liberal individualism, which turned out to be a way of destroying

Northern European societies by overstressing the characteristic which differentiates them from other societies. The fact remains that we survive in relation to a group, as both Darwin and Kropotkin realised, from different standpoints, a long time ago. Gustave Le Bon demonstrated that crowd psychology tends towards the lowest common denominator; nevertheless, identification with a group is essential to survival, and no group is going to be so close to one, temperamentally and psychologically, as one's own kin.

H. That leads on to racism.

E. Or to racialism, at any rate. Certainly I believe in the existence of races, and it is interesting to observe that liberals, who only a short while ago were denying the existence of race, are now intent on establishing quotas in favour of any identifiable race except our own.

H. Then you admit that racialism is central to your political thinking? That is fascist.

E. I don't admit it, I affirm it. Different races have different characteristics, which it is vital to preserve. Subspeciation is the method of evolution. But there is no necessary connexion between survival and fascism.

H. All the same, I know you despise democracy.

E. I despise the party system, which ensures that those in control of the media can frustrate the wishes of the people by making everything dependent on some dirty political package deal.

H. But our party system has been in existence since the late seventeenth century.

E. Yes, but until the present century members of Parliament had private resources which enabled them to take a stand on matters of principle. Ian Gow, who resigned over Mrs. Thatcher's deal with Dublin, is a rare bird nowadays. Besides, until recently a gentleman was almost by definition someone who disregarded the opinions of the press if he found good reason to disagree. My present preference is



for a system modeled on the Swiss example. The Swiss have remained free for six centuries, after all.

H. You realise, of course, that mere majority votes would result in reintroduction of hanging and flogging?

E. Certainly, and if that seems to you hard-hearted, bear in mind that the victims of crimes which occur because of excessive leniency are the ones who suffer most. If we could for example, send convicted muggers back to the West Indies, what a difference it would make!

H. What you really mean is that the plebiscite system permits the Swiss to restrict the number of immigrants they accept -- even when the majority in the plebiscite is an actual minority of those entitled to vote -- even if the xenophobes fail to win a majority!

E. Just so. It seems to be perfectly fair that those who take the trouble to vote should determine the issue, and that a strong dissenting opinion should have some modifying influence on governmental policy, even if it does not gain a majority. What is more, the Swiss are not xenophobes. They put up with enormous numbers of tourists every year and pay their guestworkers very well. They just don't want to be swamped. The British, by contrast, have never been allowed to vote on the issue.

H. The fact remains that the immigrants are now here. You will just have to accept a multiracial society, whether you like it or not.

E. If you mean by a multiracial society one in which the races all mingle in harmony, with interracial marriage as a common phenomenon, then we haven't got one. What is actually happening is that our people are being replaced in one district after another.

H. All I care about is the dignity of the individual human person.

E. That is a piece of cant, if I may say so. The days of Voltaire, who said, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," are now long past. "The dignity of the individual human person" soon goes by the board nowadays if that person can be characterised as a "Fascist."

H. And for good reason. Fascism is not merely Mussolini-ism. It also covers nazism, which no decent person could possibly defend.

E. The claim to exclusive morality is the oldest trick in the book.

H. What about the death camps and the millions who died in them?

E. Even the wildest exaggeration of the numbers who died in Hitler's camps are very much smaller than those admitted to have died in the Russian or Chinese camps.

H. Two wrongs don't make a right. Besides, the Russians and Chinese were trying to create a system of equality -- however wrong their methods may have been.

E. Two wrongs may not make a right, but isn't there something in the New Testament about considering the beam out of thine own eye before beholding the mote in thy brother's? And does the purity of Communist motives really make the number of their victims irrelevant? I would say that, since equality is not to be found in nature, the attempt to create it is either disingenuous or stupid, and necessarily led to all those deaths.

H. And I would say that Nazi racism necessarily led to the

Holocaust.

E. That word has been copyrighted by the Jews, though so many among those who died were non-Jews. But in any case, I do not agree that Nazi racialism inevitably led to all those deaths. Before the war, Hitler had some 30,000 people in his camps, most of whom were let out after a time. All the efforts of Willy Münzenberg's lie factory in Paris could not increase those numbers, so it had to fall back on the line that Germany itself was an enormous concentration camp for the German people. Strange that these oppressed people should fight for the Third Reich with such tenacity!

In any case, conditions in Hitler's camps were not all that bad. When Diana Mosley was sent to Holloway Gaol (without trial, incidentally), she met a German Jewess who, having been in Dachau, complained that Holloway was much dirtier. I can believe it. What is more, I think the whole idea of sending people to prison is wrong. A man with inner resources can benefit from a few months of solitary confinement, but most are destroyed by it. As for "normal" gaol conditions, I think the combination of boredom, overcrowding and television merely makes for more recidivism. At least crime is exciting!

H. It all sounds very noble, but in fact you are arguing for concentration camps.

E. Yes, I am, and I note that the government is now thinking of turning some of the disused wartime airfields into prison camps. I cannot think of a better idea than having prisoners learn new skills and useful work -- first to compensate their victims, second to compensate the taxpayer. They would also live in a much healthier environment, but unfortunately the unions regard useful work in prison as a threat.

H. All this is irrelevant. Hitler's camps were death factories.

E. If I may say so, you are a bit out of date. Certainly all the Nazi camps were once classified as death factories, and the newsreel films we saw at the end of the war appeared to support this view. But as the evidence began to pile up -- especially from former inmates like Paul Rassinier -- this claim began to look silly. So now even the pro-Jewish documentation centre in Munich only claims a few places in Poland as extermination camps.

H. You make it sound as though most of them were holiday camps.

E. The argument turns on the purpose of the camps. For instance, I think one of the best points made in Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* is that Birkenau had a Buna rubber factory. That would account for the oily smoke and the stench. Also, if the camps were places of work, then it was not logical to kill their inmates, though I have no doubt that they had to work hard. Moreover, I think the evidence indicates that the inmates were not starved until the end of the war, when the blockade and incessant Allied bombing reduced the German people themselves to desperate straits.

H. You will at least concede that they hardly made the feeding of the inmates a priority?

E. Yes, and in this I see a desire to make those perceived as responsible for the war suffer for it.

H. Do you really believe that the Jews were responsible for the war?

E. Certainly, and so did Sir Neville Henderson, the British

Ambassador in Berlin when the war broke out.
H. Then you condone the sufferings inflicted on the Jews.
E. I find revenge against the authors of a catastrophic war much more understandable than the deliberate murder of millions in time of peace, which is a Communist specialty.
H. So you are a Nazi, really.
E. Not at all. Nazism, as Hitler was at pains to explain, was not for export. He thought it would strengthen other peoples too much. Like Henderson, I feel that the interests of the British Empire demanded that we should not declare war against Germany. In any case, Hitler's thrust was eastwards, where we had no vital interest, and the emergence of America as the number-one world power had made the need to maintain a European balance of power obsolete.
H. Just what is it that so attracts you to the Germans?
E. I am no more attracted to the Germans than I am to the French. In fact, I think the French have much of what the Germans lack, though the converse is also true. The same can be said in making a comparison between the English and either the French or the Germans. The other European nations are just not in the same league.
H. But you must admit that the Germans haven't got a very pleasant image.
E. Of course I do. But essentially it is an image fashioned in

Hollywood. No wonder cinema audiences learned to hate the German officer when he was played by the Jewish Erich "von" Stroheim. In real life, I find the Germans to be a cheerful, humorous people with a great capacity for pragmatic thinking. I also admire their culture. Largely because the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was a collection of independent states, every sizable town has an opera house, for example. That is not the case in Britain, France or the United States.
H. But you do admit that there are some pretty frightful Germans?
E. I do. Some are petty-minded, bureaucratic and legalistic. But these are just the people who are knee-jerk anti-Nazis. Hitler used to call them "paragraph cobbler." I will also say this for the Germans. During the war their women and children were literally and deliberately burnt alive in our bombing raids. I have visited the cities where these things happened, and not once have I experienced any hostility on account of my national origin. Just imagine how the Irish, or the Poles, or the Serbs would react to similar atrocities!
H. I see you are an incorrigible case.
E. I don't think *you* are, or you would not have heard me out.

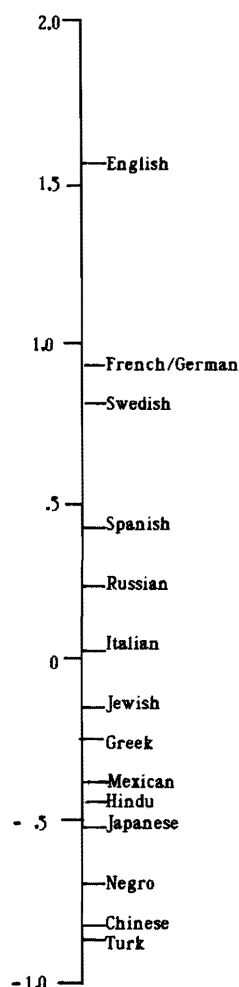
No Longer Fit to Print

One of the most significant aspects of our post-1960s popular culture is the vast proportion of information on the goings-on of our society that must be obtained outside the regular channels of communications. To acquire any realistic understanding of American culture, the inquirer has to augment his data base with sources well beyond those available in the high-school classroom, the college library, magazine counter and bookstand. Subjects verboten for open discussion include elements of racial and cultural preferences. Nobody, that is nobody, is going to come out with an objective survey of social attitudes toward blacks (let alone Jews) unless his Aunt Tilly has left him the family jewels. And probably not even then.

It was not always so. Way back when -- "when" being before the minority headlock over the popular media was tightened to the point of strangulation -- discourse on racial matters had an orderly form of balance and candor that provided our parents with the facts needed to make intelligent choices in the social arena. Questions involving changes in the immigration laws, matters concerning black assimilability and pros and cons of welfare (who should get what) were freely discussed.

One example of this lost openness is a statistical analysis of attitudes toward 15 ethnic groups made in the late 1920s by Professor H.P. Guilford of the University of Nebraska. The scale at right shows the responses of 211 college students when asked to express their opinions on which ethnic groups would make the best or worst U.S. citizens. The scale was constructed from 105 paired comparisons.

Can you imagine such a poll being published and taken seriously in the current environment of social thought control? To get a similar statement of racial preferences today, Americans would have to search far and wide among the "alternative" sources of information, which, unfortunately for most people, are limited to word of mouth.



Hollywood's TV culture busters not only like to steal British sitcoms, but seem to take particular pleasure in perverting them. Archie Bunker was based on the BBC-TV character, Alf Garnett, a fusty old Brit. Under the inspired, antiwhite direction of Norman Lear, Alf was turned into Archie, a racist bigot who was and looked like an Irishman, but was fobbed off as a WASP. To push the deception even further, his son-in-law, the "meathead," who was and acted Jewish, was camouflaged as a Pole.

Alf Garnett, by the way, is back in a new BBC-TV series, attacking government leaders, women, faggots and the high cost of dying: "£300 for the coffin, £300 for the car. Cemetery's just around the corner -- we could have walked it." On one episode, which featured a wake, a ham-eating rabbi declared blacks are not smart enough to pull off the dishonest real estate deals that Jews, who are smart, get away with.

That's one joke you never heard on *All in the Family*.

* * *

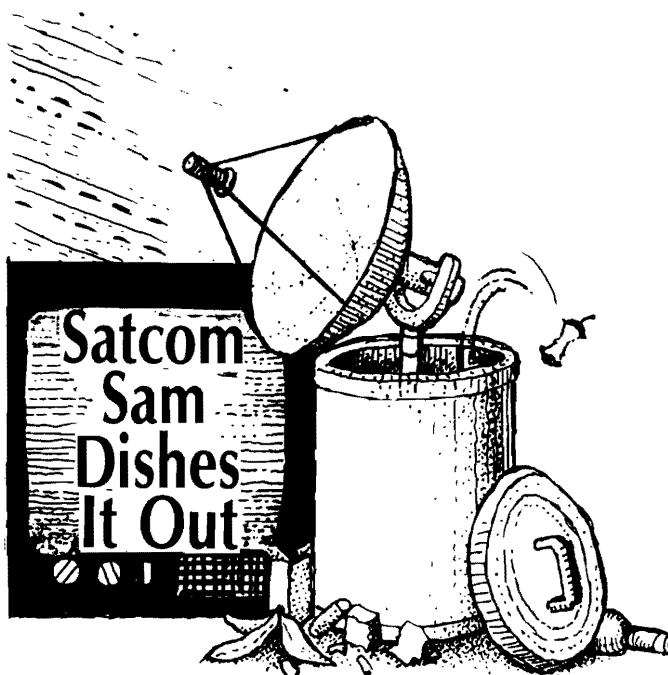
A note from a reader: On a recent visit to New York I watched ABC-TV's *Good Morning America* co-hostess Joan Lunden interview "author-actor" Martin Mull about his book, *White Politics*. Lunden queried Mull about the "soul" of the white race. Mull, who is white, replied it is an absence of soul, since whites have no soul. A scene from the movie made from the book was shown, depicting two white children and their mother belaboring their father for having taken a forthright political stand. After the clip, Lunden, a fetching blonde, congratulated Mull on having coined the term "mockumentary" to describe his cultural attacks on the white race. With a serious expression she then asked Mull if he wasn't worried about offending anyone with his "mockumentary." Mull said no, because he had been to a Mexican restaurant where he had spoken with "four black executives" about his book and the movie. The four black executives said that they found no fault with either. Mull concluded that if four black business bigwigs approved his work, there could be nothing wrong with it.

* * *

Mini-reviews from readers:

- Yesterday I saw the movie, *Split*, on TV. James Whitmore was begging a black lady, who rented one of his apartments, to have sex with him. Though he had a machine gun pointed at her, she refused. So he killed her. The murder was presented as a white-on-black racist crime.

- At first I thought *A Fight for Jenny* was one of TV's less tasteful attempts to deal with one of the last and most ripe-for-the-picking "sensitive" topics. After all, we've been treated to heavy doses of drug addiction, mental retardation, venereal disease, child abuse and incest, and they're beginning to wear off. Then it began



to dawn on me that it was an adaptation of a newspaper story I'd read some time ago: divorced mother loses custody of her child after she marries a live-in black. It was like staring at somebody's horribly disfiguring scar; you find it repugnant, but you can't tear your eyes away. I watched the program through to its end. It was one of the worst programs in a plethora of TV outrages. Is this pure bigotry on my part? I think not. I have long objected to explicit sex scenes on television, not from a sense of prudery, but because of the enormous audience of children. I feel, too, that a well done film need not rely on such explicitness; that, like Marquand's books, it can give its audience plenty to imagine. The gratuitous sex scenes in *A Fight for Jenny* were far more numerous than what would normally have occurred in such a situation. They were also noisier; the kisses "slurpier," though this may just be due to the physical reality of lip configuration. Naturally, the program was slanted toward evoking sympathy for the miscegenating couple and telling young viewers that interracial marriage was perfectly acceptable. I copied a partial list of sponsors. I don't really know why. Perhaps I thought I might boycott some of the products. But who can wage war against General Electric, Minute Maid and Burger King at the same time?

- The two-hour debut of *L.A. Law* had a rich white kid joining a couple of poor white kids in a gang rape of guess who -- a middle-aged black woman dying of cancer! Life, some wiseacre once said, imitates art. Today, if that same person had a TV set, he would have to say that art, or what passes for art, turns life upside down.

* * *

One of America's leading boosters of Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish "righteous Gentile" of remote Jewish parentage who has been acclaimed for saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of Hungarian Jews during the closing days of WWII, is Kati Marton. It is Marton's cherished belief, as set forth in her new biography, *Wallenberg*, that her hero would not have been captured and probably killed by the Russians if his family, the richest in Sweden, had come to his support. Kati Marton's father, a member of the anti-Nazi Hungarian underground, came to this country with his daughter in 1957. She rates a mention in this column because she is the wife of ABC News anchorman Peter Jennings. Proving once again that it's a good idea for all news anchormen to flaunt their liberal colors, Jennings attended a dinner (Sept. 18) to raise money for two radical feminist congressional candidates, the obstreperous Bella Abzug and the ignoramus (*Instauration*, Oct. 1986) Barbara Mikulski.

* * *

It may or may not have been a coincidence, but somebody cut two important transmission lines and put WOWK-TV, Huntington (WV) off the air a half hour before the station was scheduled to broadcast a series of programs on the Ku Klux Klan, entitled, *West Virginia, a Haven for Hate*. The station was forcibly silent for two hours.

* * *

The weirdest and unlikeliest TV emanation in recent times was the talk show, *A Glimpse of Islam*, broadcast six times over Channel 21, Pittsburgh Community Television, last September. Mustafa Ali, a local Moslem, droned on for an uninterrupted half-hour about rabbis perverting "God's law." What was particularly galling to Jewish viewers was his accusation that Jews believed "a Gentile girl who is three years old can be violated"; "all non-Jewesses are whores"; that it's OK for Jews to rob Christians and cohabit with animals; that Jews think non-Jews are "nothing but cattle and dumb beasts."

Two Jewish members of the Pittsburgh City Council complained mightily, but too late. The electromagneticized words were out and could never be recalled. No one bothered to check Mustafa's citations. If they had, they might have found something not too dissimilar in old, unedited versions of the Talmud, which contain a collection of pretty scathing anti-Gentile remarks.

* * *

The magazine *Writer's Digest* is mainly for those who want to write professionally and are still striving for their big break. In its June 1986 issue, the story of Brian Keith Moody, a novice who sold a script to the *Diff'rent Strokes* TV show, is presented as proof that one does not need to live in Hollywood or have friends

in high places to make big bucks selling television scripts.

Moody began scripting in a class at his Ohio high school, and credits his sale to three factors: persistence, market research and a simple story. He explained how easy it was to get an agent -- he just contacted an agency in Hollywood and "outlined my plans and background." The agency agreed to represent him. (Anyone who has actually tried to get an agent knows this is the sheerest fantasy without some special circumstance or hidden clout.)

A proposal was then submitted to Howard Leeds, the executive producer for *Diff'rent Strokes*. Leeds accepted the idea and kicked the script back for several rewrites over a period of months, all of which were completed by Moody.

When the show eventually aired in 1982, it had been almost completely rewritten by staff writers Howard Meyers and Paul Haggis, although it still carried a "story by" credit for Moody and he received \$2,300 for the story, plus another \$2,000 in residuals and bonuses, plus further residuals to come from syndication.

The kicker comes in the last paragraph of Moody's story, when he reveals that because of the show, he was nominated for an NAACP Image Award. This is a prize for which only blacks are eligible, but the article neglects to mention that, just as the magazine strangely fails to run a picture of the conquering hero screenwriter.

Those who do not read the piece carefully are going to be tricked into wasting their time and talent beating their heads against a stone wall, trying to break into a very lucrative and propagandistically powerful market that is overwhelmingly Jewish and is not about to open itself to Majority types.

The real secret of Brian Keith Moody's success has always been the best-kept secret of success in Hollywood -- -- an item called race.

* * *

Shoah, the doctored documentary subsidized by the State of Israel, is now on video cassette, thanks in part to Ivan Boesky, who footed most of the bill. The 9½-hour epic designed to keep the hate pot boiling against Germans and Poles can now be borrowed from some U.S. libraries. Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert, the influential TV critics, knowing which side their bagels are buttered on, called *Shoah*, "extraordinary; don't miss it." More ignobly, George Will described this ignoble piece of agit-prop as "the noblest use to which cinema . . . has been put."

* * *

One of the more unbelievable story plots showed up on *The Equalizer*, where a wife who has been raped hires McCall to protect the rapists from her husband's wrath!

Talking Numbers

The U.S. government spends \$75 million annually just to print food stamps.

#

Several but not all Lutheran denominations have amalgamated into the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, making it the fourth largest Protestant group in the U.S. Church officials explained the merger as an attempt to reach out to minority members, especially Hispanics. A quota system has been established to ensure a greater number of females and minority members on church boards. Only one other Protestant church, the United Church of Christ, has such quotas.

#

Production cost of a half-hour episode on a prime-time TV sitcom is now \$365,000; of a 1-hour episode of a dramatic series, \$765,000; of a made-for-TV movie, \$2,275,000.

#

32.2% of Nebraska's 1,807 prison inmates are black, though blacks only account for 3% of the state's population.

#

The poverty rate of blacks in 1985 was 31.3%, for Hispanics, 29%.

#

The British and Irish component of Australia's population was 87.2% in 1891, 76.9% in 1978 and is guesstimated to be 72.1% in 2008. So attests Dr. Charles Price, an Aussie demographer. The Asian and other nonwhite elements of the continent's population (excluding the aborigines) was 2.4% in 1978, a figure which is expected to rise to 4% in 2008. The aborigines or, as Dan Rather would call them, the native Australians, were 3.4% in 1891, 1% in 1978, and will be an estimated 1.6% at the turn of the century. If Dr. Price's projections are correct, Australia bids fair to be, along with New Zealand, the whitest British commonwealth nation in the early 21st century. However, population figures and estimates regarding nonwhites have generally turned out to be on the low side.

#

More than 93% of West Bank Palestinians support the PLO, and 78% favor violence to regain their lost homeland. 88% applauded the 1978 hijacking of an Israeli bus (32 Jews killed); 81% approved the car bombing of the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut (241 Americans killed). (Source: *Newsday*, Australian Broadcasting Corp. and Jerusalem newspaper poll)

In June in Detroit, 266 persons were shot, 42 fatally; in July, 307 with 51 deaths. On one weekend alone the Motor City had 12 homicides. The Detroit murder rate, highest in the U.S. in 1985, was 58.2/100,000, 7 times the national average. Detroiters own an estimated 1.5 million handguns.

#

An estimated 100,000 Holocaust survivors now live in the U.S. (*New York Times*, Sept. 7, 1986)

#

By the turn of the century, one-third of U.S. public school students will be non-white. The national high-school dropout rate is 27%; 50% in Chicago.

#

Pesticides are responsible for the deaths of 200 Americans a year and 45,000 cases of poisoning. Farmers buy \$3 billion worth of pesticides annually to protect \$12 billion worth of crops.

#

Spain had 3,660 violent robberies in 1976; 38,703 in 1983. Generalissimo Francisco Franco died in 1975. King Juan Carlos turned Spain into a democracy in 1977.

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In Wisconsin, where a family of 4 can collect as much as \$792 a month in Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), the welfare mother or father is reluctant to go to work for less than \$5.50 an hour.

#

26% of blacks and 4% of whites failed the Georgia Teachers Certification Test, some for the 4th time. Even so, those who flunked are still allowed to teach in the hope they will pass it the next time around.

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The U.S. Supreme Court has reversed itself 180 times. (*Time*, Nov. 3, 1986)

#

20% of the U.S. population have some type of learning disability; 3% are born retarded.

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The National Archives contains more than 3 billion sheets of paper relating to U.S. history, a mile-high pile that is increasing at the rate of 3% a year. Half a billion of these sheets are rapidly yellowing to the point of illegibility.

The 3 congressional districts with the highest concentration of Germans (Pennsylvania's 16th and 19th, Wisconsin's 6th) have Republican representatives in Washington. (*1986 Congressional District Fact Book*)

#

In 1984, Bill Cosby bought an antique desk for \$250,000, a Tiffany silver flatware set for \$95,000 and a redwood ashtray for \$3,250. Such purchases earned him a place among the 100 top U.S. collectors. Early this year, Cosby persuaded *Art and Antiques* magazine to stop listing the amounts he paid for his expensive gewgaws.

#

The rich people's share of America's wealth rose from 24.4% in 1963 to 26.9% in 1983. Dan Rather, on the basis of phony figures supplied to him by Rep. Donald Obey (D-WI) and the University of Michigan, in his typical panting delivery, announced on the *CBS Evening News* (July 25, 1986) that the money bags' share of the wealth had risen from 14.4% to "an incredible" 35.1%.

#

It is estimated that 2 to 4 million persons were not counted in the 1980 Federal Census.

#

Blacks comprise 85% of the freshmen football players who were ineligible to play this season because of new NCAA academic regulations.

#

U.S. taxpayers must pay law firms, most of them Jewish, more than \$1 million for defending some 1,800 illegal Haitian immigrants in deportation proceedings.

#

Ex-Governor Toney Anaya of New Mexico, a fanatic Hispanic activist, received a favorable rating of only 12% in a recent poll taken in his state. Richard Nixon, the day he walked out of the White House as a private citizen in 1974, had an approval rating of 24%.

#

Although the San Francisco Arts Theater secured the rights to Clare Booth Luce's *The Women*, the play came with the proviso that "all 35 female roles must be played by women."

#

If there was no fraud -- especially arson and the fake claims of theft -- the insurance rates on the 4 million autos in Minnesota would be 10-12% lower.

Primate Watch



STEVEN ROTH, a Zoo City landlord accused of hiring two Negro thugs to disfigure Texas model Marla Hansen, is trying to get out from under with an insanity plea.

☆ ☆ ☆

Stockton (CA) councilman **RALPH WHITE** (the name is racially disinformative) showed his support for Reagan's drug testing program by providing a urine sample in public.

☆ ☆ ☆

MENACHEM MEIR, 62, son of the late Golda, wants to move to the U.S. and sign on as the principal cellist of the Bismarck (ND) Symphony Orchestra. He has two sons studying in Pittsburgh. Now that more Jews are leaving Israel than arriving, many of the most vaunted Israeli names are found among the efflux.

☆ ☆ ☆

Suicide **DONALD R. MANES**, the late borough president of Queens, left a legacy of massive corruption when he made the long goodbye. Among the corrupters, a grand jury was recently informed, is that ever honest and ever upstanding (according to his wife) **JOHN ZACCARO**. This time Mr. Geraldine Ferraro, who pleaded guilty to a fraud charge in 1985, was accused of trying to fix the award of a cable TV franchise in return for \$1 million worth of *mordida*. Meanwhile, **JOHN JR.**, despite all kinds of legal wire-pulling, must stand trial for cocaine peddling.

☆ ☆ ☆

FREDERICK R. WEISMAN has given \$500,000 for a fountain in Minneapolis designed by Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen. Instead of something in line with their Scandinavian heritage (a Viking ship, perhaps), Minnesotans will see a stainless steel spoon, with a red cherry "placed at the apex of its bowl." The water will flow out of the cherry's stem into the spoon and into "an asymmetrically shaped reflecting pool."

☆ ☆ ☆

Dr. ALBERT GOONETILLEKE, by no means an Anglo-Saxon, is a top-ranking British pathologist. He was suspended from practicing when he tried to bribe a mortuary assistant to break a dead woman's neck. He had written that a broken neck was the cause of her death. He didn't want the coroner to find out, as he later did, that the woman had died of natural causes. In a 1983 autopsy, Goonetilleke certified a woman has been battered to death when she had died of gunshot wounds.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S manic exhibitionism was too much for racial cousin Martin Bernheimer. The *Los Angeles Times'* music critic described Lenny's conducting of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* symphony as an acrobatic act of "shrugging, jumping, sighing, soaring, gushing, crouching, rocking, rolling, bounding, bobbing, leaping, jiggling, stabbing, hunching, bumping, grinding and grunting."

☆ ☆ ☆

GLORIA ALLRED, the Los Angeles shy-stress, has settled her \$10 million suit against former State Senator John Schmitz for \$20,000 and an apology. Schmitz had called her a "slick butch lawyeress" and had described her pro-abortion activist friends as "a sea of hard, Jewish and (arguably) female faces."

☆ ☆ ☆

TWENTY-THREE HOMOSEXUALS sit on the board of the Democratic political organization of Ft. Lauderdale (FL), confessed D. Lynn Mattingly, co-chairman of the National Association of Gay and Lesbian Democratic Clubs. He didn't reveal how many had AIDS.

☆ ☆ ☆

Last August in Boston, to settle an argument with his wife, Erika, presumably German, **Dr. NADER TAGHIZADEH**, an Iranian citizen of West Germany, threw nitric acid in her face. While Erika was undergoing two skin grafts, the physician flew the coop, forfeiting a \$100,000 cash bond.

☆ ☆ ☆

Catching her in the bathtub, Cuban-American **ALEJANDRO MARTINEZ**, 18, stabbed his 66-year-old grandmother to death with a six-inch knife because, as he explained it, "She's Lucifer." Charlotte Corday had a nobler motive when she poignarded Marat in his tub.

☆ ☆ ☆

If AIDS doesn't do in homos, pick-ups will. **FRED RIGA**, noted for inviting strangers he met in gay bars to his home, was found strangled in his Minneapolis apartment. He is the fourth faggot slain under similar circumstances in this Minnesota city in the past 12 months; the 11th in the past two years.

☆ ☆ ☆

Drugs for sex! That's the barter arrangement **Dr. HYMAN LILLIEN** worked out for his female patients, according to Massachusetts law enforcement agents.

Dr. MARTIN SPECTOR, suspected of selling heads and other body parts of corpses, was suspended from practice by the Pennsylvania Medical Center. His going price for a head, \$150; for arms, @ \$65.

☆ ☆ ☆

The late **DANIEL SILBER** and **HAROLD KRAMER**, currently a fugitive from justice, owned four Manhattan buildings under the name of Jan Jay Realty. Over the years they stole \$40,000 in security deposits and interest from their tenants. **MORTON RUBINSTEIN**, the secretary-treasurer of the firm, after pleading guilty to criminal charges, was forced to return the stolen money.

☆ ☆ ☆

ELLEN LEVINE, editor of CBS-owned *Woman's Day*, was the only journalist on the Attorney General's Pornography Commission to dissent from the fairly well established proposition that pornography is one cause of sexual violence.

☆ ☆ ☆

The dark-skinned Spanish crooner, Julio Iglesias, is being sued for \$300,000 by **STEPHEN CLEMONS**, a black St. Louis hotel guard. Julio, claimed Clemons, inferred that he was too black and should be more chocolate. He allegedly reinforced his pigmentation preference with a hard karate chop to the back of Clemons' neck.

☆ ☆ ☆

AIDS continues to strike down the high and mighty. **G. WILLIAM COX**, the very liberal managing editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, quit his job in August, admitting he had the killer disease. In his wordy confession, he omitted explaining how he had contracted AIDS.

☆ ☆ ☆

There seems to be little or no honor among porn magnates. A jury awarded *Penthouse* Vice Chairman Kathy Keeton \$2 million from *Hustler's* chief hustler, **LARRY FLYNT**, who claimed she had contracted venereal disease when shacking up with her boss, Robert Guccione.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ten DC officials have been convicted of on-the-job crimes during his administration, but that doesn't faze **Mayor MARION BARRY JR.**, the black ex-revolutionary who now boasts that he owns 300 ties. Barry easily won a third term in this year's mayoral election.

☆ ☆ ☆

SHIH HSIAO PAO, 48, otherwise known as Madame Shih, was sentenced to 12 years in prison for importing more than 50 Taiwanese prostitutes into the U.S.



Britain. From Zip 782, a disenchanted tourist. Any race-conscious Northern European who wants a frightening look at what is going on in a once all-white country should visit the new Britain, particularly London. Last July, at Gatwick airport, I saw at least a dozen typically good-looking British women strolling arm-in-arm with blacks, browns and yellows, and the progeny from such mixes seemed to be everywhere. One incident stands out in my mind: A tall, statuesque blonde with two mulatto pickaninnies greeting her African husband as he came off a plane in his tribal garb. Strange that so many more British women than men cross the color line and that most of them seem to prefer blacks! But then, aren't white women the main attraction for most of these dusky interlopers when they head for this part of the world? British men who disdain their own kind usually choose brown or yellow Asian women (Michael Caine, John Lennon, *et al.*). Watching these people in action I've often thought that the sheer perversity of the act is what attracts such genetically defective individuals.

The bus ride into the city did nothing to raise my spirits. We passed one area where there was nothing but Pakistanis and East Indians, with signs everywhere (some were actually in English) proclaiming such distinctively British names as Rashneesh Panjeeb. Bombay could not be any worse. Another area was exclusively black and looked it -- slums, filth, derelicts playing indescribable musical instruments at street corners. I felt I was in a space warp and had been transported to the Congo.

A Babylon of races, London is drowning in the alien overflow: bearded rabbis, turbaned Sikhs, robed Arabs, weirdly dressed West Indians and everywhere, everywhere -- Chinese, Chinese, Chinese! I was told that the Chinese tourist buses I constantly ran into were full of prospective residents, most of them from Hong Kong and most brandishing that open sesame to the darkening white world, the British passport. The Hong Kongers are frantically scouting around for a place to squat once the British mandate expires and the mainland Reds take charge. You can bet the native Brits will be retreating even deeper into the hinterlands once these race-eaters begin arriving en masse.

At London's Victoria bus station, I watched a young, uniformed mulatto official berate an Englishman for some minor infraction. I then joined a load of non-Europeans for the drive to the beautiful former market town of Walton-on-Thames. My host there told me that the place is literally going to the dogs. Large numbers of Italians have discovered it, and Asians have recently begun to make their appearance. His

biting comment was that in a few more years the town will go the way of Notting Hill.

A week later up in Scotland, while waiting for the ferry to Skye, I observed a Mercedes full of Vietnamese men, each with a white Frenchwoman sitting beside him. Everyone seemed to be in extremely high spirits. Someone nearby muttered that their French was execrable. Even the Highlands swarm with Asiatics and sub-Saharan Africans. Edinburgh seems to have been commandeered by denizens of Asia and boasts more than a few blacks. The greatest cultural shock of all is to hear the latter speaking with the distinctive Scottish burr.

I couldn't even escape the minorityites from America. At one B&B (bed and breakfast) place in Scotland, I was cornered by a swarthy young Jewess, a medical student from Tulane University, who discoursed upon the rottenness of American culture. I was tempted to remind her that the sorry state of affairs was mainly due to the incursions of her people and the shabby cultural baggage they brought with them. But knowing from bitter experience the futility of such a response and having no wish to be branded a Nazi before my Scottish hosts, I refrained. She asked about my ethnic background. When I told her it was Anglo-Welsh, she wanted to know how I liked the "old country" and seemed surprised at my lack of enthusiasm. When I inquired as to her own origins, she replied that she was Polish-Russian. I let it go at that.

At the next B&B I met a blond Anglo-Canadian and his pretty French-Canadian wife. Thinking that I might have finally found a fellow North American who shared my feelings, I opened up a conversation. We were galaxies apart. He told me he had spent two years on a kibbutz and went into glowing detail about what a marvelous experience it had been.

On the flight home I sat next to an old widow from Tennessee. She explained that she had been visiting her daughter and son-in-law, both psychiatrists at a college in Hull. I noticed a pained expression that accompanied her words and inquired (with some trepidation, for I had come to expect the worst) whether the husband was an Englishman. "He's a South African Jew," she snorted. Even 30,000 feet above the Atlantic I couldn't escape the minority shadow.

At the Atlanta customs I spotted a black businessman with his Majority wife. Alighting at the San Antonio airport, I saw a lovely, fair-skinned Nordic teenager necking with her Mexican boyfriend. One of these days I must stop this traveling, which has become nothing more than an exercise in self-flagellation.

* * *

From our regular correspondent. Another Tory bigwig, Jeffrey Archer, Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party, has bitten the political dust as a result of dithering around with a lady of the evening. It all brought back memories of the Profumo scandal that almost toppled the Macmillan government some years ago. Archer, who authors made-for-TV potboilers like *Kane and Abel*, had to resign after he was caught giving £1,000 in "traveling money" to a call girl. The man who blew the whistle on him was Aziz Kurtha, a Labour pol, former TV personality and currently an opulent real estate speculator. The snitch artist, who supposedly wanted £50,000 for his story, changed his mind at the last moment and decided to spill the beans for free.

* * *

The government has finally decided to crack down on dark-skinned "visitors" from India, Bangladesh, Ghana, Nigeria and Pakistan, who arrive in Britain without a visa, are put up at huge expense by taxpayers and then disappear before they can be deported. Up to now MPs, mostly of the Labour persuasion, would issue a "stop order" for the more favored of these immigrants, allowing them to stay on while their status was determined in lengthy and expensive legal proceedings. From now on, all such travelers from the New Commonwealth will have to get their visas at their point of departure.

As the deadline for the new visa regulations approached, some 3,000 Pakistanis and Bangladeshis swarmed into Heathrow Airport, massively disrupting the airport's limited facilities. One Air India Boeing 747 brought in 400 young men, 120 of them listed as computer experts, though none had ever been near a computer. It was fairly obvious that these "visitors" were not coming to spend a few days with their relatives or to do a little sightseeing.

"Racism," screamed the Labourites at the Conservative government's new immigration rules. The loudest voice was that of Gerald Kaufman, a member of the Labour Party shadow cabinet. The more blacks and Pakis arriving in Britain, the more votes for the left, once the "visitors" manage to stay in Britain and become citizens.

If Labour should win the next election, Gerald Kaufman will be Home Secretary, and Neil Kinnock will be Prime Minister. Kinnock has already hinted that once he gets into power, he will reduce restrictions on nonwhite immigrants.

* * *

Tory MP Harvey Proctor had a good suggestion for curbing illegal immigration -- make everyone in Britain carry a national identity card. This sensible proposal outraged not only the left-wingers, but some of Proctor's fellow Conservatives. Instead of



retreating, however, Proctor again urged that a program of compensated repatriation be initiated for the 2.5 million nonwhites that he says have come from the New Commonwealth and Pakistan and are now living in Britain. "Racism," screamed the left, whose hatchetmen then brought up the old charge that Proctor is gay.

* * *

Moslems went to work with pickaxe and chain saw on the interior of one of the last surviving 18th-century churches in London. Once a Huguenot, then a Wesleyan chapel, lately a synagogue, it is now being transformed into a mosque. Conservationists were horrified at the destruction of the priceless galleries and panels, but there are no laws to restrict religious groups from doing whatever they please in their place of worship.

* * *

London's loony Haringey Council has banned all references to "family" in school sex sessions. It was decided that the use of such a word might embarrass homosexuals. Students in one school responded with a one-day strike.

Meanwhile, gays everywhere in London are trying to sell their queer way of life by sneaking books into libraries and making video cassettes showing that the gay way is the way to go, a way that is "as good or better than the normal family life." One video depicts young men describing their first taste of homosexual sex and explaining why they are much happier "being gay than straight." No mention is ever made of AIDS.

* * *

Illustrated children's books, featuring two chimps named Bangers and Mash, have been selling well in Britain, particularly in schools, until a Mr. Gurshu Sidhu, the community relations officer of a Midlands Labour Council, perceived the spectre of discrimination. Blacks, he complained to Longmans, the publisher, might be severely offended by the illustrations. The books must be withdrawn forthwith. When he heard the news, Edward McLachlan, the illustrator, blew his top. "The whole thing is just preposterous. It's an incredible insult to black people to suggest that they look like the chimps I have drawn in the books."

Although no caricature was intended and the chimps were always drawn to appear friendly and sociable, admittedly there was a vague similarity, a tenuous resemblance, an embarrassing and unavoidable . . .

* * *

In October, *Burke's Peerage* made the shocking announcement that Queen Elizabeth II is a direct descendant of the prophet Mohammed. But Harold Brooks-Baker, publishing director of the nobility's stud book, warned, "The Royal Family's direct descent from the prophet Mohammed cannot be relied upon to protect the Royal Family forever from Moslem terrorists." Cynics wondered if the Queen's Arab blood could possibly explain the tender feelings she has been displaying lately for the darker-skinned subjects of her Commonwealth.

* * *

John Tyndall, jailed for exercising his right to free expression in July, had his year's sentence cut in half by the Court of Appeal. The same "mercy" was extended to John Morse, a top-ranking member of Tyndall's British National Party. Both men are now on the outside.

* * *



Above is a composite drawing of the black who has been accused of more than a score of rapes or attempted rapes of women he grabbed near late-night bus stops in London suburbs. One white woman, who escaped his simian embraces, fought back so fiercely that she left deep scratch marks on his face. Scotland Yard thinks these telltale scars will eventually lead to his capture. One victim was an 11-year-old girl who almost had her throat slashed. The rapist trusses up his female prey with a leather belt and gags them with a strip of cloth.

It is estimated that some three-quarters of the rape victims in London do not report their ordeal to the police.

* * *

Lord Mayhew is one of the few Englishmen who puts his money where his mouth

is. In 1973 he offered £5,000 to anyone who could document the old Zionist canard that top officials of Arab governments had made statements that Israel should be destroyed and all Israelis should be swept into the sea. There was only one serious taker, a Jewish lawyer, who claimed Azzam Pasha, a onetime secretary general of the Arab League, had uttered such a threat. When the noble Lord called the charge groundless, his shyster adversary haled him into court and produced a "translation" of a public statement of Azzam. In English it sounded most blood-curdling and genocidal. But Lord Mayhew's lawyers demanded to see the original document -- in Arabic. It turned out that the Jewish lawyer's translator had had a vivid and uncontrollable imagination.

Mayhew won the case and forced the plaintiffs to declare in open court that they had never been able to find any such statement by any Arab leader. His offer still stands.

France. President Mitterrand felt a lot of heat from his *concitoyens* in regard to rescuing French hostages in Lebanon -- so much heat that he persuaded the Sorbonne to grant a doctorate to General Mustafa Tlas, the Syrian Defense Minister, who, he thought, if properly flattered could be of some help in the matter. But some years ago Tlas had written a book that made world Jewry squirm. It described the ritual slaughter by Jews in 1840 of a Franciscan monk, whose blood was used to make unleavened bread for Passover. Not exactly the kind of thing that Simon & Schuster would publish, and by no means the kind of book that would normally put its author in line for a Ph.D. from France's top university. Nevertheless, under pressure from Mitterrand, the Sorbonne agreed to go along. A few months later, some French hostages were released, one of them a Jew.

At any event, it will be a month of Sundays before Tlas gets his degree. He must first submit a thesis, which a lot of people are going to be unenthusiastic about, no matter what his subject. It's a good bet his dissertation would get an F, even if he wrote a new Koran.

* * *

The biggest fencing operation in France, if not in the world, has been operated by Maurice Joffo, a Russian Jew, who somehow got deported to, not from, France, in WWII. In Paris he organized a band of Gypsies into a crack team of thieves and pickpockets. When the police finally decided to arrest him, they found \$10 million worth of jewels cached in his apartments in Paris, Cannes and Geneva, and in his country home outside the French capital. He also owned substantial blocks of real estate in Brazil.

Joffo stood trial in October, charged on

48 criminal counts, mostly having to do with receiving stolen property. He was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison.

* * *

Jews in France have a new wrinkle. It's called the Comité national des français juifs. Its purpose? To combat communism and Islam. Reluctantly, the Great Satan of anti-Semitism has been temporarily downgraded so that French Jews can concentrate on anti-Moslemism -- Arabs and Moslems being the greatest threat to Israel, at least for the moment. It's a toss-up, however, as to whether North African Moslems or French Jews are the greater threat to France.

The appearance of a group of French-Jewish Arab-bashers means that Jean-Marie Le Pen and his Front National have some powerful new allies. Right? Not exactly. Jean-Pierre Bloch, the committee chairman, is one of Le Pen's bitterest enemies. If you're in the business of hating Arabs, you first better clear it with Jean-Pierre, not Jean-Marie. To the ever suspicious Jewish mind, non-Jewish nationalists in France and elsewhere can seldom do anything right, even when it comes to opposing enemies of the Jews.

* * *

Konk, one of France's leading cartoonists, has published a cartoon book which denies the existence of gas chambers.

* * *

Mariette Paschoud, the history professor, military judge and captain in the women's services of the Swiss army, traveled to Paris at the end of July to take part in a riotous press conference held by Henri Rocques. She lent her support to Rocques' attack on the validity of the Gerstein papers, one of the foundation stones of the Holocaust industry. Written as a thesis for a doctorate, Rocques' paper was given the highest mark of approval by his examiners. In spite of this, Jewish pressure on the French government managed to have the thesis "dis-accepted" and rejected.

For believing that gas chamber atrocity tales are largely a hoax, Madame Paschoud has been forbidden by Swiss officials to teach history and is restricted to teaching French.

* * *

Before making his ill-advised trip home to the Central African Republic last October, deposed emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa lashed out against his more-than-generous place of exile. From his château west of Paris, Bokassa told a London *Sunday Telegraph* reporter: "I am a black, a nigger. All you whites hate all us blacks. May God condemn France for its hypocrisy." The French, apparently, weren't giving him enough money to maintain his château and

feed his 55 children.

Now safely locked up in a prison cell, which may turn out to be on death row, the cannibalistic Bokassa may be longing for a bit of the old "nigger" treatment.

Spain. Excerpts from Léon Degrelle's civil suit against the Simon Wiesenthal Center, as filed in the U.S. District Court for the Central District of California:

"This case arises out of a million-dollar reward offered by the defendant organization to whoever will kidnap the plaintiff." Jurisdiction is based on the statute "that any person injured in his property by reason of a violation of the Racketeer Influence Corrupt Organization (RICO) Act may sue in any appropriate U.S. District Court."

Plaintiff was a Belgian statesman prior to World War Two. During said war he volunteered to serve as a private in the Belgian Wallonia Legion and fought against the Communist forces on the Eastern Front for four years. During that period he rose from private to general for his valor as a soldier. Plaintiff fought for the defense of Christian and Western civilisation against encroaching Bolshevism along with the armies of Germany and the volunteer forces of 36 different countries. The said force's Commander in Chief was Adolf Hitler, the democratically elected head of the German State.

Defendant, Simon Wiesenthal Center, is an organisation, based in Los Angeles, with the avowed purpose of locating and capturing "Nazi war criminals" [and] has offered a million-dollar reward for the kidnapping of the plaintiff. More than one attempt has been made to collect said reward, by persons unknown to the plaintiff. Defendant has labeled the plaintiff as "NAZI WAR CRIMINAL," and information, along with the reward offered, conveyed to numerous European newspapers. Plaintiff is severely restricted in his movements and business dealings due to all the nuisances attempting to collect said "reward."

The actions of the defendant constitute the torts of: Defamation (libel and slander); Harassment; Nuisance; Assault; False Imprisonment; Invasion of Privacy (intrusion, false light in the public eye).

Plaintiff also states that defendant and its agents are subject to criminal prosecution for conspiracy to commit kidnapping.

Relief requested: (1) Compensatory damages in the amount of \$1,000,000.00 from the defendant, Simon Wiesenthal Center; (2) treble damages in the amount of \$3,000,000.00 . . . ; (3) punitive damages in the amount of \$10,000,000.00

Another foreign general, Ariel Sharon of Israel, managed to bring suit against an American organization, Time Inc., a few years ago. Somehow we feel that General Degrelle won't be granted the same unusual privilege. It's one thing when a Jewish general sues a non-Jewish American organ-

ization. It's quite another when the plaintiff is a non-Jewish general and the defendant is a Jewish group.

Netherlands. Dr. Frank Quint is the new South African ambassador to Holland. He is a prominent educator, a director of the South African Broadcasting Company and a member of the Executive Council of the University of the Western Cape. He also happens to be a member of that racial category that South Africans call "coloured." Since Reagan recently -- and snidely -- appointed a black to represent the U.S. in Pretoria, it might have been more appropriate, more tit for tat, if Quint had been put in charge of the South African Embassy in Washington.

Austria. A Viennese subscriber reports. Jörg Haider's Freedom Party did not win the Austrian general election last November. The socialists did. But Haider's party won nearly 10% of the vote, compared to the 4.9% it got in the previous general election. Its leader at that time was a tall, gangling liberal Viennese called Norbert Steger, who gaily joined a coalition with the Socialists. Before going any further, I should point out that "liberal" in many parts of Europe also has the meaning of freemarketeer, a political and economic stance by no means incompatible with national feeling. "National" in Austria implies German national feeling, which is why the left-wing propagandists are so eager to capture it and reduce it to a narrower "Austrian" nationalism. This is wholly unhistorical, since post-WWI Austria clearly expressed its desire to join Germany.

Jörg Haider is Upper Austrian by origin, though he inherited land in Carinthia,

JÖRG HAIDER KOMMT



DIE FREIHEITLICHEN



where he has lived most of his life. Carinthia is a frontier region and feels threatened, with some justification, by irredentist Yugoslav nationalism. Haider is very much to the fore in pointing out that forcing German-speaking children to learn Slovene, merely because a tiny Slovene minority demands it, is a denial of civil rights for German Austrians. This is true enough, though it is a pity that Germans should come into conflict with Slovenes, who are by far the most go-ahead and handsomest of the Yugoslavs, with a big Nordic minority, a six-hundred-odd-word Germanic vocabulary (probably Vandalic in origin), and a standard of living six times higher than the poorer parts of Yugoslavia, such as Macedonia and Kosovo.

Ever since he replaced Steger as head of the Freedom Party in a recent surprise vote, Haider has been under an all-out media attack, which he has brilliantly been able to turn to his own advantage, so much so that the campaign was allowed to die down a little while the journalists and TV interviewers licked their wounds and thought out their next move. When asked about his presence at the annual commemoration of the defense of Ulrichsburg, where at the end of the war volunteers of the SS, including young men from Norway, Belgium and other countries, protected the local women and children from the bestial behavior of Tito's partisans, he merely stated that the commemoration is an international peace meeting, which in a way it is. At a TV confrontation, faced by no fewer than three hostile interviewers, he was asked whether he would be prepared to marry a Jewess. He replied that he was already happily married and could not imagine being married to anyone but his wife. The interviewer said that his "refusal to reply" had been noted, but most viewers believed that he had successfully avoided the anti-Semitic brand. On another occasion, when his expulsion from an international union of free-market-oriented parties was under discussion at a press conference, he was loudly denounced by an "opinion-former" as a *Naziausbub* (lousy Nazi boy). He waited till the hysterical attack ended, then asked his audience to judge which of them was more liberal in his attitudes.

Knowing he would benefit from the public reaction to the Jewish-inspired defamation of Austria during the Waldheim election, Haider played it cool. When accused of being a brownshirt, he replied that the only brown thing about him was his Carinthian folks costume. In any case, there is no proof that Haider is in fact a Nazi. True, older members of his family were Nazis, but you don't have to be one in order to be a German nationalist, though his adversaries would like Austrians to think so.

Haider is an attractive politician, handsome, well dressed, intelligent and very popular with the ladies, as well as having considerable linguistic dexterity. What is more, he has a doctorate -- almost a guarantee of respectability in Austria.

He does not have the support of all right-wing radicals. Dr. Bruno Haas, who was recently fined and imprisoned for distributing leaflets in Linz which spoke of "so-called Austrian nationalism," feels, justifiably, that Freedom Party officials kept quiet and let him be punished for his opinions, though they formed part of the government and could have influenced the outcome. Not that Haider can personally be blamed for that. On the other hand, Haider has strong support from the *Kritische Studenten-Zeitung*, which hails him as Austria's Le Pen. Certainly he is against Third World immigration and could do a great deal of good in that connection. (The address of the *Kritische Studenten-Zeitung* is Postfach 440, 1071 Vienna, Austria.)

When challenged, Haider claims to be an anti-Fascist (as well he might, given the aggressive behavior of Italian Fascists in South Tyrol), but this does not reassure his enemies. Wiesenthal attacked him in his journal, *Basta*, for living in a house which formerly belonged to Jews and was bought in 1939 for a sum Wiesenthal considers too small. The usual "survivors" are now litigating to get the house back. Wiesenthal is also upset about a pro-Haider pamphlet called, "Jörg Haider, Danger for Austria?", and says it is written in the worst Nazi manner. He has induced a singer (whose career probably depends on it) to sue Haider for using words of a song of hers in the pamphlet. But all this is a small informational item in the newspapers, not blown up large as it would have been if the anti-Waldheim campaign had not backfired.

My own feeling is that Haider would be unwise to go into a ruling coalition with either of the big parties, even if this opportunity is offered to him. Much better to wait and gather support as the only meaningful opposition to a corrupt Black-Red coalition.

West Germany. From a *Heimat*-loving subscriber. The Munich Sheraton Hotel breakfast room, rather large, though not impersonal, was filled with colorful tables, flowers and a full complement of hotel guests feasting on a vast array of European- and American-style breakfast goodies -- sausages, scrambled eggs, a wide assortment of cheeses and cold meats, breads, rolls, cakes, fruit and fruit juices, and what have you. Although it was a self-serve buffet affair, incredibly solicitous waiters dressed in formal attire attended to the coffee

and tea pouring.

Suddenly all eyes were turned from the joyous gluttony to a noisy row developing at the table of an American couple. The Man was billiard-ball bald, heavy set, with bulging eyes, an elephantine nose and ears affixed to a pasty complexion. His vast V-neck sweater of sky-blue acrylic was nattily set off by the obligatory tiny alligator peering lovingly upward toward the early 1950s Tony Martin shirt collar. The Wife, equally hard-faced, also seemed to have reached the Age of Retirement, though she was noticeably less flashy in appearance.

The Man speaks to the waiter, an elegant blond German youth whose slim physique was folded into a perfectly fitting tux. He bent slightly at the waist, partly to show respect for the Man's wishes and partly to tone down the level of his strident speech.

Now, listen to me! I don't want to get my breakfast at thuh buffet! I just want to sit here. Yuh get my breakfast. Okay? Just hand me some of everythinguh. I'll try it out and then I'll tell yuh later if I want more!

The Man turns to the Wife. "What yuh want? Some of everythinguh?"

The Wife, speaking through her nose and through the gray-blue cloud of powder make-up laminating her cheeks: "Coffee, Sol, just coffee!"

The waiter, abandoning his efforts to subdue the couple, responds: "Very good, sir. Will you have your eggs scrambled or otherwise?" Sensing (wrongly) a lack of respect in the waiter's desire to obey his every command, the Man shouts, "Hey, look, kid, just get me some eggs, huh?"

The scene was witnessed by a large assortment of well-heeled Central Europeans. With studied politeness, virtually no one moved his head toward the source of the disruption, though the predictable revulsion on the part of the Continentals was evident in the telltale contraction of facial muscles, the rattling of morning newspapers, the rat-a-tat-tat of the footsteps of guests vacating the breakfast room as quickly as possible.

Having spent several days enjoying the daytime and nighttime charms of Munich while checked into this pricey if supremely comfortable hotel, I became curious as to exactly why the Man and Wife had so deliberately staged the Ugly American act. Accordingly, after the passage of some minutes, I smiled at them -- they were sitting at the next table -- and started up a conversation by referring to some meaningless item in the *International Herald Tribune*. Once they had invited me over for a last cup of coffee, and I had asked them the cause of their disturbance, I was handed the following:

Well, I'm Jewish, and yuh know damned well what these Germans are

really like. Either thur at your feet or thur at your throat. Yuh know what happened right here in tuh 1930s. Right here! Hell, we were out tuh Dachau yesterday and yuh can almost smell tuh boining flesh in tuh air even tuesday. So I get real pleasure givinguh it back to 'em. They way they treated My People!

Hey, tuh name's Myers! Where yuh from? We're from Napa Valley, California. Got 12 acres, ana pool, ana tennis court. Yuh can't even see tuh highway from tuh house. Private! Yeah, my kids grew up right. No bad influences from tuh street, yuh know? I don't care what yuh say: America's tuh greatest!

* * *

In a scene worthy of a Jean Raspail novel, 600 buses filled with 27,000 swarthy "refugees" converged on West Berlin one day in late September. The occupants were trying to beat the deadline set by West Germany which decreed that, as of October 1, foreigners could pass through its territory only if they already had valid entry visas elsewhere.

* * *

Professor Walter Stangel, addressing a scientific congress in Hanover, reported that 80% of the Federal Republic's 6,000 hemophiliacs are now infected with the AIDS virus (though few have the active disease as yet). The testing of donated blood for the AIDS virus began here only in the fall of 1985.

Given the outstanding level of hygiene which prevails in Central Europe today, it is highly unlikely that AIDS would ever have become well established without the promiscuous homosexual lifestyle. The behavior of German "gays" brought a little bit of darkest Africa/Haiti into whitest, brightest Europe, and will ultimately cost many thousands, if not millions, of European "straights" their lives.

Two generations ago, we are told, German heteros killed German homos. Now it is German homos who have begun killing German heteros.

Russia. President Alfonsín of Argentina, on his October visit to the Soviet imperium, reportedly offered large tracts of land in Patagonia (southern Argentina) to Jewish dissidents. The proposal must have shocked Prime Minister Shamir of Israel, who desperately needs Soviet Jews to fill the thinning ranks of Ashkenazis in the Zionist state.

Italy. *Instauration's* least-disliked homosexual is Gore Vidal, who now holds forth in his picture-book house perched above Amalfi. Sitting on his balcony with the blindingly blue Mare Nostrum spread out below him, he ponders the fate of the world. The ideas he comes up with are

quite jarring, one of his most recent being that the U.S. should join Russia in a defensive alliance against the new colossus -- East Asia -- consisting of "Japan's advanced technology with China's resourceful land-mass." It sounds as if Vidal is warning that the long-feared Yellow Peril is crystalizing into fact.

As to the swarm of anti-Semitic attacks launched against him after his literary backbiting with the Podhoretzes for their manic Israelitis (*Instauration*, (Nov. 1986, p. 32), Vidal commented to a writer for *The Spectator* (London, Sept. 20, 1986):

I don't give a God damn what other countries do. If Israel wants to kill the first-born, that's their business. I would disapprove of it. My business is that \$6 or \$7 billion that could go for American agriculture or education are being wasted on propping up this highly militaristic country that feels free to strike at anybody, any time, anywhere . . .

It's a shame that truth no longer comes out of the mouths of babes, as in biblical times, and that since the straights are so terrorized and wimpified, it must now come out of the mouths of queers.

Harken to Vidal's final sentence:

I hate the American empire, and I love the old republic.

Instauration couldn't have said it better.

* * *

What will doubtless prove to be only the first of many AIDS panics swept the nation during the latter half of October. Most sensational was the finding that 20 of the 500 children attending two large kindergartens in Vicenza (near Venice) had tested positive for the virus. A single child infected through his parents had been admitted earlier, provoking widespread fear of "casual" (i.e., non-sexual) transmission of the disease. After a long struggle, angry parents forced the school to test their children and to release the results. The inevitable reaction was a mass boycott of Vicenza schools and a wild public interrogation of health officials, attended by 1,000 parents and teachers.

In related developments, an examination of 28,000 Italian prisoners found 40% testing positive for exposure to the AIDS virus (according to an official government report), while surveys of known drug addicts showed (variously) 25 to 60% and 60 to 70% testing positive.

The most infected city in Italy is probably Milan, the most infected region probably Emilia Romagna. In Milan, a sizable percentage of school-age children now test positive for AIDS. *Il Giano* (Oct. 21) pointed out that the Vicenza tragedy "could be replicated in any Italian city" where health officials were forced to release their find-

ings. "Everywhere in Italy," the paper added, "children of AIDS-infected drug users, or children infected in other ways, could be passing the infection to other children."

Israel. Diamond exports in the first eight months of 1986 totaled slightly more than \$1 billion. Also mentioned in this optimistic financial report was that 70% of the world's diamonds over one carat are sold by Israelis. What wasn't mentioned: practically all these diamonds in their uncut, unpolished state, come from South African mines. Now you know why Israel has not imposed sanctions on South Africa and why the U.S. carefully excluded diamonds from its list of banned imports from Afrikanerland.

* * *

Years too late, Israel has finally decided to place some restrictions on the 800 Israeli arms dealers scattered about the world. From now on -- or so we are told -- these merchants of death will have to get government approval for each transaction. The applications must state the name of the dealer, the potential purchaser and the type and quantity of weapons involved. Before the deal is consummated, a second permit will be required setting forth the exact terms of the sale and how payments are to be made.

Australia. Anti-Nazi witch-hunting has hit a new hysterical high here down under. A Holocaust-type radio program was produced by Mark Aarons, a rabid Zionist, with the help of a huge budget which paid for sending a broadcasting team to Yugoslavia and for one of the biggest promotional campaigns ever put on by the Australian Broadcasting Co.

At the government's request, the War Criminals Review Board, an inquisition set up last June, will delve into 40 alleged "Nazi criminals," whose names were obligingly furnished by the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles. The ages of the suspects range from 64 to 94.

The *Baltic News*, a newspaper published in Australia for Latvians, Estonians and Lithuanians, stated the Wiesenthal list was 99% wrong and highly suspect. The paper said that all post-WWII immigrants from the Baltic states had been thoroughly checked by Australian authorities before being allowed to enter the country. The examination included a strip-to-the-waist search for SS tattoos.

Another critic of this latest Jewish attempt to keep the hate pot boiling was John Bennett, president of the Australian Civil Liberties Union, whose fondness for free speech and free expression does not stop short of Jewish topics, as is the case with civil liberties people in North America and Western Europe. Bennett wrote that

the review of the entry of suspected war criminals into Australia [is] unnecessary and vengeful, will encourage anti-Semitism, could encourage trial by media, will incite racial hatred of Eastern European communities, will incite racial hatred against Germans and is incompatible with elementary notions of civil liberties . . .

The review has been established more than forty years after the end of the war and more than thirty years after the "suspects" arrived in Australia, as a result of pressure from a section of the Jewish community in Australia. Many Jews, mindful of the experience in the USA and Canada, accept the argument that the review amounts to an unnecessary witch-hunt. There is little community support for the review and considerable resentment about the review on the part of large Eastern European communities in Australia.

Bennett then asked Mr. A.C.C. Menzies, the Grand Inquisitor, if he was prepared to accept tainted evidence from Soviet sources and if he would accept testimony about Allied war crimes, such as

mass murder of civilians by bombing, deaths by starvation, torture . . . to induce confessions at Nuremberg, and of reprisals against partisans, in order that a person who allegedly committed Nazi war crimes can show that similar crimes were committed by the victors and were unpunished.

Bennett ended his communication with the kind of question that everyone interested, pro or con, in anti-Nazi crusading

should ask but never does:

[Have you, Mr. Menzies] given consideration to investigating the motives and modus operandi of those calling for an investigation of alleged war criminals 40 years after the end of the war; and whether what could be called the Nazi war crimes industry, including the worldwide media campaign against Kurt Waldheim and the constant stream of films about the Nazis, is used as a propaganda weapon to secure support for Israel.

* * *

Malcolm Fraser, the half-Jewish former prime minister of Australia and one of the world's fiercest opponents of Apartheid, was roughed up pretty badly in a mugging in Memphis during his recent visit to the U.S. He showed up in a hotel lobby without his trousers and wearing a towel. The race of his assailants was not specified, but it's quite possible the muggers were of the same color as those he so ardently incites to violence in South Africa.

Brazil. "The tragedy of the commons," as biologist Garrett Hardin calls it, is unfolding once again in this only partly ravaged country. The behavior of the nation's worst human elements is being used to penalize the best.

Southern Brazil is a temperate land filled with white and nearly white people who work hard and limit their numbers. Northern Brazil is a tropical zone of Negroes, Indians, mulattos and mestizos who are falling behind economically while making hay demographically.

In Brazil's far south lies São Paulo state, where 10 million acres of farmland is deemed (by some) "under used." With talk of "agrarian reform" in the air, poor families from the north are coming down to squat on this good earth, erecting shantytowns and drinking contaminated water. The idea is that if they occupy the land, which is not being put to "active" economic use, the federal government, under dubious new "land reform" legislation, will be obliged to seize it and give it to them.

It boils down to a clear conflict between quality and quantity, a conflict which took an estimated 320 lives nationwide last year. One knows what a Julian Simon would say: give it all to the "immigrants," who will chop down the trees and fill the brooding landscape with their howling brown-skinned broods. The Simons are certainly right that the total economic base of São Paulo would increase -- albeit cancerously -- as a result.

White ranchers who are terrified by the prospect of squatters followed by state land seizures are responding by aping the immigrants -- not demographically, because white people aren't about to start having eight children apiece again, but economically, by developing their "unused" lands so as to preempt "land reform."

The answer would seem to be a partition separating the Third World Brazil of the north from the First World Brazil of the far south. That would prevent a destructive "commons" from emerging, a commons which would eventually force those who innately favor a quality ethic to bow before the invading carriers of a quantity ethic.

Stirrings

Blacks Criticize Blacks

Not that it will necessarily produce any results, but some black leaders and columnists of late have actually been blaming their own people, not whites, for their race's bleak predicament, especially in regard to living conditions. Louis Fitzgerald, who writes regularly for the *Chicago Metro News*, a Negro paper, states that the first thing blacks should do if they want to get white communities to accept them would be to clean up the mess in their own neighborhoods and parks.

The filth that is perpetrated by blacks in black communities is obscene . . . All the white man has to do is drive through the black community and see the lack of efforts to maintain the area and he must shun the efforts of blacks to encroach [sic] his area. And can you blame him? . . . As long as we perpetuate our filth, our acceptance in other communities will be a long time in coming. While we clamor for residential freedom, we are our own worst enemies . . .

Philip Jackson, writing in the black-owned *Chicago Defender* (Oct. 6, 1986), practically complimented Japanese Prime Minister Nakasone for his statements about the low intellectual level of blacks, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans. He said Nakasone's remarks should shame blacks into revving up their academic and job performance in order to prove him wrong. Blacks will never succeed in boycotting Japanese products, Jackson ruefully admitted, because young Negroes will never stop buying their "three-foot-long" Sony "ghetto blasters" or stop watching "20 or 30" hours of television a week on Panasonic products, or give up their dreams of buying a "Mazda RX-7 or Datsun 300 ZX."

Blacks can boycott Hondas for the next 500 years, but it won't mean anything until we have the technical expertise, engineering skills and the manufacturing capability to build a Honda. There are about one billion black people in the world and we can't build one Honda.

True words, but they are only words. Only very doubtfully will they ever be translated into acts. The black problem stems from one simple fact -- the Western environment, one that emphasizes science, technology, individual initiative, self-reliance and all the other things that go with Western culture.

This is not to say that blacks are inferior. Who can define inferiority? But it does say that blacks find themselves in a competition they cannot win. Life in the West is not short-distance running, basketball or rock concerts. It is a race for success and survival in a highly ramified society -- not the kind of society that the blacks would or could ever develop themselves or choose for themselves, nor the kind of society in which blacks, because of their constitutional differences, will ever get a fair shake. All the laws, all the quotas, all the affirmative action in the world won't

change a maple tree into a palm tree. Whenever two such trees are planted together on the same piece of land in the same weather zone, the environment that accommodates one is lethal to the other.

Ducking the Issue

The latest study to show that intelligence has a significant correlation with height emanates from researchers at Stanford. The man in charge, Dr. Darrell Wilson, attested, "We found a small, but significant, association between relative height and IQ scores. The effect was present in both boys and girls."

The height of 14,000 children between the ages of 6 and 17 was compared with the results of tests measuring intelligence and academic achievement. "They were a specially selected group to represent the entire U.S. population of children," said Wilson.

But whenever anyone publicizes any findings that may have a possible genetic component, qualifications must be added to brush off any tinge of "racism."

Accordingly, Dr. Wilson said, or rather had to say, he couldn't come up with any firm reason for the height-intelligence correlation. Maybe it was that small children were more babied by their parents than tall children, which would lower their motivations for studying. Or maybe being shorter indicated that the child had suffered at one time or another from malnutrition, which would have an effect on his physical and mental development.

What Dr. Wilson could have said, but what he and his colleagues would never dare to say in this age of unenlightenment, is that the Nordic race is the tallest race and therefore, if tallness is linked with intelligence, Nordics must be the most intelligent race. If the tall Jews are smarter than short Jews and tall Negroes smarter than short Negroes and tall whites smarter than short whites, as Dr. Wilson's studies presumably show, then wouldn't he have to agree that tall races are smarter than short races? No, we are sure that Dr. Wilson wouldn't so agree. If he did, he would lose his job.

Confronted with a similar proposition, academics, including Wilson, would probably try to confuse the issue by pointing to Orientals, who are shorter than whites, but who do better on tests. What would be conveniently omitted in this argument is that these tests always compare all whites (a category which often includes Hispanics and always includes short Mediterraneans) with the more intelligent Orientals (Japanese and Chinese, not the less intelligent and shorter-statured Filipinos). The only way to obtain valid answers to this question would be to select Nordics out from the general U.S. population and test them and only them against other population groups.

No one ever does this. In fact, no social scientist of any prominence has ever suggested it. Strange!

Yale Reinstates Free Speech

Wayne Dick, the gutsy sophomore who dared to make fun of Yale's numerous homos and lesbians and who was suspended for his daring, is once again a student in good standing. Some attribute the university's about-face to its new president, Benno Schmidt Jr., whose inaugural address was embroidered with flattering allusions to free speech. Others give some of the credit to Professor C. Vann Woodward, the noted historian, who hales from the Deep South and who has been only slightly scalawagish in his best-selling history books. (Unfortunately, however, Woodward has never had the academic fortitude to utter one word against the wild embroideries of the Holocaust by some of his colleagues.)

Yale authorities also showed some rare academic courage when they suspended five students for violent acts committed during an anti-Apartheid demonstration. The city fathers of New Haven, scrounging more than ever for black votes, protested and

threatened to cancel the university's 285-year-old charter -- an idle threat because, without Yale, New Haven would quickly sink to the level of Camden, East St. Louis or maybe to that of Ouagadougou, the capital of Burkina Faso, once known as Upper Volta.

YALE PROFESSORS BACKING SOPHMORE

Say His Right to Free Speech
Was Limited by Probation
4.28.86

Special to The New York Times

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 27 — Last May the governing executive committee of Yale University put a sophomore on two years' probation for drawing and distributing a poster that satirized Yale's annual Gay and Lesbian Awareness Days.

But with the support of the dean of the Yale Law School and other professors, the student, Wayne Dick, is challenging that ruling.

The dispute centers on the limits of free speech, a question raised just a week ago by Yale's new president.



The New York Times report of the Yale story would indicate that the new Jewish editor, Max Frankel, and the all-Jewish junta that run the U.S. "newspaper of record" might take some time off and learn to spell. The way "sophomore" was treated in the headline was sophomoric.

Nordic Books for Nordics

The tables and shelves at Waldenbooks and B. Dalton's are not overloaded these days with Nordic tomes. If you're interested in such lore -- and such an interest can only be to your benefit -- write to Nineworlds Publications, P.O. Box 1792, Breckenridge, TX 76024 for a free catalog. Here are a few of the many available titles: *Old Norse, Gods of the North, Rites and Religions of the Anglo-Saxons, The Prose Edda and Teutonic Mythology*. There are books for children, books for Celts (early Nordics, according to Carleton Coon), books on crafts, art and cooking, books on genealogy and history with special emphasis on the doings of Germans, Teutons, pagans and the like.

Nineworlds Publications, incidentally, is a division of the Northern European Heritage Center, 120 South Court St., Breckenridge. Wanderlusting Instaurationists are invited to stop by.

Sweet and Bitter Memories

David Wayfield, prodded by the fertile mind of David McCalden, has donated a 3,000-square-foot plot of ground in Martha's Vineyard for a Garden of Remembrance for Righteous Hebrews. This is the non-Jews' answer to a similarly named bower for Righteous Gentiles in the spooky Yad Vashem Museum in Israel. If Jews can honor non-Jews who helped them in their time of troubles, why can't non-Jews honor Jews who have put Western interests above those of Zionism? A preliminary list of honorees includes Noam Chomsky, Alfred Lilienthal, Rabbi Elmer Berger, the late Moshe Menuhin, Lenni Brenner, Charles Fischbein, Haviv Schreiber and Mark Lane. The garden will be open for business sometime this spring.

Wayfield is quite a character. The blue-eyed, 63-year-old carpenter of Scottish descent has recently been bombarding the *Vineyard Gazette* with letters critical of minority racism and all its works. In one epistle, in which he took off against Freudian psychoanalysis, he quoted several paragraphs from *The Dispossessed Majority*. By some happy happenstance, the letter was

Stirrings

printed. The paper, owned by James Reston, the Majority lickspittle who pundits for the *New York Times*, and edited by his son, Richard, immediately came under sharp attack. Martha's Vineyard is a den of viperish liberals among whose denizens are such racial backsliders as John Hersey (*The Wall*), William Styron (*Sophie's Choice*), Walter Cronkite, Bishop Francis Sayre and Jackie O.

Thomas Saltonstall, of the Saltonstalls, sent in a letter studded with vulgar accusations and cheap shots not normally found in a communication from an oldline Boston Brahmin. Among other things, Saltonstall damned Wayfield for being "erroneous" and "pitiable" and for writing "blatantly anti-Semitic tripe."

Carolina Activists Downshift

As Glenn Miller, sentenced to six months in prison on the testimony of two convicts, sweats out his appeal, his White Patriot Party seems to be going into hibernation. Glenn is under court order to stay away from politics and have nothing to do with 28 publications and organizations -- all of them, of course, of the pro-white persuasion. Along with other indications of voluntary or enforced quietude, his paper, *The Confederate Leader*, has suspended publication.

But all is not lost. Cecil Cox, one of his never-say-die followers, has founded the Southern National Front, which might be described as the heir of the White Patriot Party, and publishes the organization's new monthly journal, *Frontline*. The first issue, which came out in November, had 20 pages and contained some thought-provoking articles on geopolitics, politics, immigration and racial and cultural themes, with special emphasis on the immigration flood that threatens to drown white America in a sea of color.

Apparently Mr. Cox's policy is to put education and study above action, on the basis of his past experience as an activist, which taught him that too few Southerners, as is the case with white Americans generally, are ready to take to the streets.

The address of *Frontline* and the Southern National Front is P.O. Box 11, Fayetteville, NC 28302.

P.S. The Pentagon recently came out with a directive stating, "Active participation [in extremist groups] including public demonstrations, recruiting and training members and organizations and leading such organizations is utterly incompatible with military service." We may be sure that the Defense Department's definition of extremist groups does not include Negro and Jewish terrorist bands. At any rate, this is such an outright infringement of the Bill of Rights that even the ACLU is complaining about it. The ruckus was started when the Marine Corps cracked down on a few leathernecks who allegedly participated in some White Patriot Party activities.

Holocaust Is "Part" Hoax

Six-year-old news is not exactly news, but it is when it offers a reasoned, credible rebuttal of the mathematics of the Six Million. Last month a subscriber sent us an old clipping from the *Wichita Eagle*, concerning an interview on March 31, 1980, with Dr. Charles Larson, a Tacoma (WA) physician, known nationwide for his medical detective work.

In Germany with General Patton's troops in WWII, Larson autopsied the bodies of more than 100 concentration camp victims a day. When an *Eagle* reporter asked about the Holocaust, he replied, "Part of that is a hoax." Having been the first pathologist to enter Dachau and having inspected more than 20 concentration camps as the leading forensic pathologist investigating war crimes, Larson stated that hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions, of Jews died at the hands of the Nazis. But he insisted the

cause of death was poor diet, overwork and inadequate clothing and shelter, which made camp inmates extremely susceptible to disease. In one camp he visited, 90% of the inmates had died of tuberculosis.

Larson asserted that deaths by gassing and shooting were rare. He did, however, complicate and confuse his account by saying that Dachau had gas chambers -- a claim now denied by most Holocaust experts.

Viva Christie!

Those filled with nostalgia for the good old days when a certain amount of free speech was enjoyed in the Western world, the days when people were not thrown in jail for thought crimes, should order *The Zündel Trial and Free Speech* by Doug Christie. It is Christie's stirring summation to the jury in the Zündel case and resounds with appeals to free expression, free association, individual rights and all the other perks so dear to the hearts of Voltaire, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster. Christie, a fiery lawyer from Western Canada, was the defense counsel in the Canadian government's pro(per)secution of the German-born Holocaust skeptic, Ernst Zündel and is now a well-known, though media-defamed, public figure in his country. For his pains in behalf of liberty, he has received a stack of death threats, his Victoria office has been vandalized and he, his client and his young lady assistant literally had to claw their way through a cursing, spitting, punching, kicking bunch of Jewish Defense League goons even to attend the first day of the trial.

Christie's speech may go down in history, if the West doesn't move all the way to totalitarianism, a direction toward which it now seems hell-bent. Price per book is \$4 (postpaid) and there are substantial discounts for quantity orders. Another Christie opus is *Thought Crimes and the Keegstra Case* (also \$4). Order from Citizens for Foreign Aid Reform, Box 332, Rexdale, Ontario, M9W 5L3, Canada.

Colorado Doings

Gov. Richard Lamm of Colorado celebrated his last days in office by signing the state's "Make My Day" bill into law. With certain qualifications, this law gives a Coloradan the right to kill anyone who breaks into his home. It also frees the homeowner from any civil liability that might result from a strong-arm defense of his life, his family and his possessions. The language of the law is tough. "Any degree of physical force, including deadly physical force" can be used against an unlawful intruder "when the occupant believes the intruder has committed crimes or intends to commit crimes." The law also gives the occupant the right to shoot when he "reasonably believes that such other person might use physical force, no matter how slight, against any occupant."

As a parting shot at the legal profession, Lamm, a lawyer himself, urged Americans to "go through every institution in the U.S. and find ways to de-lawyer it . . . We do not need two-thirds of the lawyers in the world practicing in the U.S."

At the same time, the Colorado Senate showed some spunk by refusing to pass one of those hate laws which make it impossible or dangerous to criticize minority racism. The bill, defeated 18 to 13, would have made "ethnic intimidation" punishable by up to two years in jail and up to \$5,000 in fines. State Senator Jeff Wells, a Republican who played a large part in defeating the bill, had this to say about it: "It doesn't make sense to me to have different levels of victims in society and say one person who is a victim of assault deserves a higher level crime than another." Translating this into standard English, what Senator Wells meant was that a man who punches a Jew, a black or Hispanic, should not be punished more severely than a man who punches a Majority member.