

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχῃ.

Instauration.®

VOL. 13, NO. 1

DECEMBER 1987

OUTSTRIPPED
IN
SPACE



Safety Valve



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

Greetings to Instauration from Zip 205, who wishes to announce that she has just become the mother -- against all odds, mind you! -- of a beautiful little Nordic baby girl. Readers of this page will recall that the dénouement of Zip 205's skeptical attack upon WASP males was her marriage last year to one of the same. The happy parents are now witness to the wisdom of breeding with one's own kind, as their little daughter is a harmonious confection of symmetrical, fair beauty and calm, dignified alertness. So, you Instaurationists, get out there and start producing some playmates and beaux for Baby 205!

Happy Mom

A black Miss Mississippi! It's the end of the world!

782

God only knows where all this miscegenation is leading. I would rather not think about it. Sociologists are the cheerleaders of white guilt and destruction. One of these fifth columnists gave a speech at our first faculty meeting. He talked about how guilty he felt about his Oriental stereotypes during his trip to Asia. Next he told us to prepare for a non-Western (Third World) future. Finally, he urged us to bring more foreign students over to "enrich" our university. To my way of thinking, the college is already "rich" enough to give me indigestion.

717

Watching Russian folk dancers from Archangel (in the USSR's far north), I was struck by their extreme blondness and general all-around fairness.

British subscriber

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

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10 for first class mail
\$34 Canada and foreign (surface)
Add \$15 Europe (air)
Add \$20 Elsewhere (air)
Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen
Florida residents please add 5% sales tax

Third class mail is not forwardable.
Please advise us of any change of address
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

© 1987 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

Bravo on your North piece! You are so right about this cowboy. He should be indicted for the Libyan raid -- but he won't be.

764

I will be moving soon, but I don't know where yet. The change is necessitated by the changing nature of my neighborhood, the relentless influx of nonwhites and unassimilable whites and the ever-increasing crime caused by both nonwhites and whites because of narcotics. Narcotics are as prevalent as alcohol, it seems, and this makes for a great increase in property crime. I will say, though, that while some nonwhites around here are troublesome, it is the whites -- almost always the younger whites -- who are the real source of trouble. They outdo the nonwhites in noise, litter, vandalism and general indifference to the rights of others. Almost all of them, including the young women, are inveterately foul-mouthed. If I didn't know better, if I didn't know that there are still many upright whites around, if I had only the whites I see in the area to live among, I'd say to hell with them. Let them go under. I don't think it right to call people names and use pejoratives, but the term "white trash" is both valid and correct.

926

As to a coming depression, I don't go by what the economists say. I don't understand any of that business, nor probably do they. I only go by what I feel and the totality of my experience and that tells me that this sorry and silly game is coming to a halt soon, very soon, and will precipitate economic distress to the point where all the latent and not-so-latent hostilities between the races in this country will boil over. It will, I believe, be horrendous. I don't think anybody could summarize it more concisely than ex-Governor Lamm.

641

John Nobull's alarmed that Labour might destroy the public (private) schools as they destroyed the grammar schools. This being the case, he should support English autonomy and an English Parliament, as it was only by its big Scots majority that Labour got to power and did in the grammar schools (though the finishing touches were supplied by the Tories). And, of course, repatriation or expatriation of minority immigrants was very much in the English tradition, only ending with the development of the United Kingdom. This seems to be beyond the comprehension of the right, who long for an imperial Britain -- in many ways the opposite of nationalism.

English subscriber

Spuds Mackenzie, a bull terrier with a circle of dark fur around its left eye, was this summer's leading pop celebrity. As a marketing tool devised by the ad agency handling Budweiser beer, viewers observed him in a TV commercial exiting a chauffeur-driven limousine, sitting at a bar wearing a white suit, and then leaving the "party" -- at which he was the center of attention -- surrounded by three beautiful women. During this final shot the dance step done by the women was intriguing. Trying to get as close to the dog as possible, they crouched like baseball catchers behind home plate. Squatting, with their weight balanced on the balls of their feet, the women then inched forward while wagging their behinds in sync with the recorded music. This a close approximation of the presenting posture adopted by female mammals in heat (especially cats and dogs). Madison Avenue's hidden persuaders were never more in evidence. The subliminal message received by undesirables -- and non-Caucasians -- was this: you may be as physically alien (and repulsive) as the male of another species, but if you have enough money, conform to social fashion and drink the right beer, attractive women will want to breed with you. With this commercial American pop culture has hit an all-time low.

113

CONTENTS

First, Second and Third Parties	6
Outstripped in Space	8
The Siege of South Africa (II)	9
A Hanukkah Carol	12
Cultural Catacombs	18
Inklings	20
WASPishly Yours	22
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	24
Satcom Sam Dishes It Out	27
Talking Numbers	29
Primate Watch	30
Elsewhere	31
Stirrings	35

□ There is a lot to be said for Zip 900's observations on the right's fear and loathing of homosexuals (Sept. 1987). The left is never ashamed of anyone who wants to help its cause -- blacks, Hispanics, homosexuals, child molesters, lesbian feminists, Communists, criminals. But the right, and especially the "respectable" right, is obsessed with the way it is perceived by its enemies and the media (or do I repeat myself?). "Oh, please don't call us racists -- intolerant -- narrow-minded -- homosexuals," ad nauseam. I agree with 900. In an abstract sense, at least, I think I would rather have one homosexual who believes in our cause and is willing to put his money and his effort where his mouth is, than a dozen shiftless, loudmouthed, heterosexual bums. As long as the homosexuals are not flaunting their lifestyles, recruiting for their own personal cause or spreading AIDS through our ranks, why keep them out of our movement? The old-line right drove the dedicated environmentalists -- the very people who were most likely to understand the need to conserve the white race -- into the arms of the left by its slavish toadying to big business and capitalism. And big business is now one of our worst enemies. Are we so strong and numerous that we can afford to be so choosy?

802

□ The contents of a flyer from the Weber/Smith Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust is off the mark. I say accept the Holocaust as a fact and concentrate instead on no genocide order and no gas chambers. There are not "two sides" to the Holocaust, as their headline says. You lose 90% of your prospects by coming on like that. I told Smith he should work through the Black Student Union at the University of Vermont, where Hilberg teaches, to set up a debate. Smith disagreed with my suggestion that he corner Hilberg. I'm sorry, but purism won't get the job done.

912

□ In August's Instauration we learned that Italian anthropologists claim to have introduced human sperm into a female chimp and achieved conception. The scientists, however, did us all a disservice by aborting the fetus before it came to term. If it were possible for such a creature to be born at all, it would probably be as sterile as a mule. But then, no one knows for sure. Ligers and tiglons (crosses between lions and tigers achieved in zoos) are sometimes fertile. A human-chimp hybrid might prove reasonably viable. The appearance of such a creature would force liberal-Marxist-egalitarian philosophers to include it as one of those who are entitled to share in the benefits of Western civilization. Indeed, their dialectic might compel them to encourage matings between humans and chimpanzees, in the same way -- and for the same reasons -- that they presently encourage interbreeding between the most widely dissimilar human races. The absence of a biological line of demarcation between Pan troglodytes and Homo sapiens, would then encourage taxonomists to reclassify the two hominoids as merely different varieties of the same interfertile species. Science could then serve philosophy by making the obscene appear logical.

113

□ The Indians kicked the British out of India in 1947. When will the Brits return the compliment by kicking the Indians out of Britain?

202

□ Just because you are an editor doesn't mean you have to edit. But I guess blue-pencil mania is such a heady wine that there is no cure for the ego-inflating effects it has on the human brain. Mayhap it's an incurable genetic defect. Whether hereditary or acquired, it's an insidious failing and the effect it has on the scrivening fraternity is the last word in frustration.

921

□ I read where a letter addressed simply to "Sandinista Sam, Washington, D.C." was promptly delivered to Sam Donaldson.

418

□ I must tell you I don't think much of your article, "Heroes with Feats of Clay" (Aug. 1987), in which you write cleverly to denigrate Col. Oliver North. If you disapprove of what Col. North tried to do in Nicaragua, it must be that you wouldn't object to having another Russian base in the Americas. Sorry. I didn't think that of you. And of course you had to belittle President Reagan's master stroke in denying the Russians a third base in our hemisphere by kicking them and the Cubans out of Grenada. You disappoint me. I had the impression you were more of a loyal American than that.

188

□ The worst part about Holocaust art is that the theme gives Jewish artists more ammunition in their 3,000-year war against Western aesthetics. They not only gravitate from beauty instinctively; they take delight in so doing. Their "art" is just one more means of displaying their instinctual hostility to non-Jews. I knew a lot of young Jewish artists in Paris. Like many other modernists, they were happy to shock the naive non-Jews who came to their expositions. But being Jews, they had something else going for them. They were settling a racial score with Western art. Holocaust motifs, which allow them to indulge in pro-Zionist propaganda, re-double their urge to uglify.

I have talked to various people who have been to Israel. The most beautiful building in Jerusalem is a mosque. Tel Aviv, the work of modern Jewish architects, resembles the worst of post-WWII boxy skyscrapers along Park Avenue. Thank the late Emery Roth for these skyline scars. It was a Jew who put up the Pan Am building behind Grand Central Station -- one of the most outlandish architectural mishmashes ever conceived by a hominid. Ironically, the one attractive office building of the post-WWII era in New York is the Jewish-owned Seagram headquarters, which was designed by a non-Jewish German.

Speaking of ugliness, I am sure that a great deal of the present-day emphasis of TV on the handicapped and the mental retardates can be traced to the same animus that animates Jewish art. Shock us, wound our ideals and physical beauty and harmony, force us to stare for long minutes at what we would normally shy away from!

287

□ I wish I could say that I am surprised at the volume of letters criticizing the drawing of the Nordic lass on the cover of Instauration (May 1987). Unfortunately, this kind of behavior is all too typical of our side, and is one of the biggest reasons our race is dying. We have endless numbers of people who like to gripe and complain -- but that's all they want to do. How many of those expressing their displeasure about the picture would even consider writing letters to their local newspapers, congressman or CBS News about the ongoing destruction of the white race? How many would be willing to march in peaceful demonstrations in favor of South Africa or against that unregistered agent of a foreign government, the ADL? No, but they are brave enough to write anonymous letters savaging the only intelligent magazine in America dedicated to their race, and to complain about what is, by any measure, a most trivial matter. We seem to be a movement made up mostly of hobbyists and nitpickers. There are a few serious, dedicated people, but too many of them lately have gone over the edge and gotten involved in far-out groups like The Order and the hopelessly defamed KKK. I suspect that the inanities of the nitpickers have helped drive the good people in desperate directions.

302

□ I found it interesting to read (The Annals of America, Vol. 1, 1493-1754) that New York City, today under the heel of a Jewish mayor and his corrupt henchmen and moneymen, was in 1655 a totally different kettle of gefilte fish. While Peter Stuyvesant was attempting to augment his 200-man guard in preparation for a military expedition, Jewish citizens of New Amsterdam petitioned the City Council for permission to join the ranks. The petition was rejected on the basis of the "disinclination and unwillingness" of other militiamen to serve with Jews and the lack of any precedent in Holland. The Council then levied a special tax of 65 strivers (\$1.30) a month on all Jewish males between the ages of 16 and 60 to compensate for their exemption from military service.

100

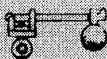
□ The teenage daughter of a friend asked me to watch a scene from the TV showing of a recent Goldie Hawn movie, Wildcats, and tell her the meaning of the Spanish words that were being spoken. When Goldie, playing the coach of a football team in a tough southern California high school, walks into the locker room, a Mexican-American calls out, "Ey, güera, quiero que me chupes el pito." I declined to translate the line, which means, "Hey, whitey, I want you to [do an obscene act]." Güero, by the way, is a word which, though often applied to light-skinned Spanish speakers by those of a darker hue, is just as frequently a racial epithet (sometimes malicious, sometimes not) directed at Anglos.

361

□ My nomination for Majority Renegade of the Year is Howell Heflin or any of the other Southern Democratic senators who truckled to the blacks by voting against the confirmation of Judge Bork.

787

Safety Valve



□ Maybe we have misjudged Gary Hart. In the September *Vanity Fair*, author Gail Sheehy nails down Donna Rice's reputation as a party girl. That's hard to define: not a hooker precisely, but an all-expenses-paid type who knows what is expected of her. Not someone you bring home to meet mother. Perhaps Hart thought he was dealing with a pro, who would honor the hooker's code of never telling. Perhaps the Democratic Party professionals, afraid the Republicans would unload on Hart in the middle of the campaign (if he won the nomination), decided to blow the whistle on him right away. Better to be rid of him now before the first primary.

801

□ The Polish Pope has been in town giving orders to the faithful. He better watch out because the non-Hispanic fish-eaters may form their own church. And there goes his easy life, since they are the ones who send money to Rome. The Hispanics don't send money. John Paul II might have to take a second job to meet expenses if white Catholics stop giving.

911

□ In 1957 I became an overage freshman at what is now Malcolm X College. I wanted to become a teacher. I was a white dot in a black sea. A tough problem in a geography course was to find France on a map.

600



Jesse Jackson oughta get Jessica Hahn's vote. She a real Rainbow. She coalishes with everybody.

□ I've changed my mind about talk shows conducted by Oprah Winfrey, Phil Donahue and the other electromagnetic psychologists. They actually perform a service in exposing the quackery and papa-knows-best attitudes of big shots in the professions. Imagine if the Freuds, Jungs and Adlers had to defend some of their screwball ideas in front of a TV audience! Now I understand why these modern "geniuses" restricted themselves to writing books and articles, while surrounding themselves with adoring disciples. The last thing they wanted was to face a public challenge to their doctrines. The medical profession, especially, is under attack on the Donahue and Winfrey shows. When there is a bunch of victims of, say, misdiagnosed illnesses, almost everyone in the audience can sympathize. The sooner doctors, lawyers and educators admit their fallibility, the better off will be the public. I am sure if Freud rambled on about his theories he would be greeted with laughter from a Donahue or Winfrey audience.

811

□ I was amazed to watch actress Margot (Lois Lane) Kidder on the *Joan Rivers* talk show some time ago. Never was there a greater contrast in women's eyes! Both of these women would claim to be members of the white race and both have very brown eyes, but there the similarity ends. Kidder is a large, sexy Nordic whose beautiful eyes are enormous, fantastically open and expressive, and very light brown. Rivers's eyes are nothing more than little black smudge spots! You have to look and look and look to see any white in them, whereas Kidder would have been the first person shot had she been a British soldier advancing on Bunker Hill. You see a hundred emotions fleeting through Kidder's eyes, while Rivers's are as inscrutable as any East Asian's. Only her big mouth and flamboyant body language tell you what's going on.

Stupid me. I never fully realized what a huge subracial marker the eye can be. A physical anthropologist should tour America showing that film clip on a VCR and asking his audiences to concentrate on the eyes.

124

□ Many on the Pacific Coast such as myself didn't see *Platoon* in the same light as *Satcom Sam*. The so-called bad guy seemed very natural and commendable under the circumstances. While the so-called good guy, Elias, seemed like an insane bleeding heart liberal, I don't think the film was any harder on Southern whites than on the blacks. *Platoon* demonstrates why Jews and others play Russian roulette when they make movies with a so-called message. Many of us view such films from our own private perspective. My message is quite clear to me. The Aryan shouldn't fight the rich man's war. He should fight his own war right here. However, if he does find himself in those insane conditions, then ruthlessness is the guiding light. Barnes was the truly sane man in *Platoon*. A real berserker! Marlon Brando's role in *Apocalypse Now* portrays a message that all of us should listen to again and again.

920

□ I have recently returned from a holiday at a popular resort on Spain's Costa del Sol, where British visitors (and in some cases residents) are to be found in great profusion. On both this stay and the last one I was struck by one thing about these fellow Brits: their overwhelming Nordicism.

The indigenous inhabitants of the United Kingdom are still probably about 60-65% Nordic stock. Among these particular representatives, however, the proportion was considerably larger. The men in particular impressed me, seeming to be not only mostly taller and fairer than average, but largely of excellent physique -- the latter feature not being noticeable, sadly, among a great number at home. Nearly all the kids, including our own, seemed healthy and very blond.

I have considered various theories that might account for this. Of course it is true that Anglo-Saxon hair with a tendency to light colouring will, under the glare of a hot sun, become fairer still. This, however, would nowhere near account for the phenomenon which, I suspect, may have socio-economic causes.

From the accents I heard, the vast majority came from the lower middle and working classes, and a large proportion were Scottish. These people probably belong mostly to the higher income groups among these classes -- moderately prosperous shopkeepers, small tradesmen, clerks and the cream of factory workers. Is it among these sections of the populace that our best racial elements are now to be found? Whatever the answer, the subject is worthy of deeper study. Is the tendency confined to Britain, or does it apply also to other Nordic lands? Is our aristocracy of the future going to come largely from these social groups? If we are going to rally our peoples, it behooves us to know where the best of them are to be found.

British subscriber

□ During a recent visit to the city of Hall in the Tyrol, a local told me that the Amerikaners were filming "a commercial about our city" nearby. Later, I overheard another resident of this beautiful medieval city explaining, "the Americans are shooting a short film about Christmas in Austria." Skeptical but intrigued, I went out to the site. Hundreds of Austrians were standing around watching technicians shoot waxy artificial snow (it was August) into the air as a young, homely looking actor in a goofy winter getup with big ear flaps walked up a dark alley. Sorry, but this didn't seem like a commercial to me -- more like a film set. Sure enough, a tiny sign in the equipment truck's front window told me the story: "ABC Films. WAR AND REMEMBRANCE." As anti-American and anti-Jewish as the Austrians now are, they probably would have made trouble for ABC had they known what their city was being misused for.

223

□ With its \$17,100 yearly cost, Harvard seems unresponsive to consumer demand and is pricing itself out of the market. In any event, Harvard is severely limiting its selection. In the long run that can prove disastrous. The middle class made that school great. Now they can't afford it.

222

□ To Zip 912: I am very pleased to report there are no yuppies living near me. For the last nine years of my dispossession, I've lived in a racially mixed Third World colony on the mid-Atlantic Coast. Here the only other whites are a bunch of old weepies, the manager of an ancient, overcrowded apartment complex and his wife and child, a handful of college girls and skinheads, and a German woman with her Negro husband and their swarm of little mulattoes. Because I rent and cannot afford to own the dilapidated little house I occupy, real estate values are no concern. The neighborhood has other advantages. I'm obliged -- privileged, actually -- to emulate my pioneer ancestors' frontier, war-in-the-dooryard way of life. This keeps me young and fit, and I've acquired a heightened sense of smell, a whole new appreciation for the English steel-hafted Boy Scout hatchet, a fondness for guard dogs, an abiding faith in the stopping power of the Colt .45 ACP, and some familiarity with the Spanish language. I am also becoming more knowledgeable about rat poisons, plexiglass, double dead-bolt locks, the most effective cleaning agents for removing bloodstains from the fenders and hoods of Cadillacs, the sound of babies crying in the night, the sound of women crying in the night, the symptoms of tuberculosis, and the many innovative uses for razor blades. And, too, each sundown brings exciting new challenges.

Yep, the yuppies don't want to live in my neighborhood, partner. It's a lonely life out here on the frontier but, as Harriman Baker said (Instauration, July 1980), "better to be here, at the core of horror, at the center of revealed truth . . . At least for a time."

Mayflower Descendant

□ How interesting that White Student Union founder Greg Withrow has "discovered love" and seemingly turned against white racialism (Sept. 1987, p. 20). In my limited past contact with the man, I was always skittish because his rhetoric sometimes -- or should I say often -- suggested hate as the point of origin for his convictions. Despite what the media say, most Majority activists of my acquaintance, and all of the best ones, were primarily motivated by a strong racial love. Rather than challenging Withrow directly to cast hate aside and go for love -- as I was once sorely tempted to do -- I wimped out and challenged him merely on certain points of "style." I will not make that mistake again with any future hate-choked Withrows whom I may encounter. I don't want them belatedly "discovering love" at the hands of some alien. I want every Majority activist to understand that we have that luminous emotion in great abundance within our own ranks. If Withrow was hate-filled, then he missed the boat -- our boat. Let's purify our ranks by regarding the haters in our midst with deep suspicion and relegating them to the periphery.

124

□ Rep. Thomas S. Foley, the leader of the House Democrats, has my vote for Majority Renegade of the Year. All his smooth talk can't cover up his abominable anti-Majority voting record. He is more dangerous to our survival than a thousand blacks or five Jews.

550

□ The article, "We Future Ethnics" (Aug. 1987) contains a piece of faulty reasoning. Will whites as a group become a protected race when there are more nonwhites than whites in the country? No chance! Present-day antiwhite discrimination is practiced with the approval of the white majority. It is not realistic to think that a nonwhite majority would be so foolish. It is not in their genes. They have too much race-consciousness for that. Neither is it realistic to consider existing legislation as valid in such a future generation. Think of a future nonwhite Supreme Court! As a more realistic possibility for the survival of the white American in that situation, I see something else: once the present minorities no longer need the support of their liberal patrons, once they are, collectively, the bosses, they cannot fail to get at each others' throats. Precisely on account of their race-consciousness. That is in their genes.

Dutch subscriber

□ An interesting point was overlooked in the news about the fingerprinting of blacks in Homestead (PA). In her heyday Eleanor ("La Boca Grande") Roosevelt, in her "My Day" column on numerous occasions, advocated nationwide fingerprinting (as a means of complete regimentation). Another item recalling Eleanor that was buried deep in the pages of our local bleat was the demise of Lady Chatter-ly's Jewish paramour and Young Communist Leager, Joe Lash. If you recall, the old girl was so hung up on Joe that she donned a makeshift Red Cross uniform and commandeered a four-motor bomber to fly her to the South Pacific islands where he happened to be stationed, whilst the poor gas-rationed suckers at home were coasting their cars to save fuel. He later cashed in on the romance with a couple of books, plus picture rights.

107

□ I received the September Instauration, which I found even better than usual. It is a true florilegium of superb and concise texts. It is hard to select the best one. Your chronicles about both the Barbie affair and the Le Pen movement are genuine jewels of synthesis. At the end of your lifetime -- I hope it will be as late as possible; what a loss the day you disappear -- there will be only one regret. It is that your language has not been the classical Latin, because you might have equalled in some of your writings the unique level of Tacitus by both the elegance and the concision (plus the clarity). The English language, like French, is in my opinion suffering from the absence of declensions (plus many other less important vacua in its grammar). My own opinion is that they both suffer from having been essentially "mastered" languages learned originally by illiterates. French from the Latin and English from the German plus French (via the Norman conquerors). My preferred language is Russian, then German, because of the wider range of grammatical subtleties which enable the user to evoke more easily and naturally higher levels of thought. Notice that the homelands of both languages were never conquered by other nations.

French subscriber

□ I appreciate how accurate Instauration is. However, on page 18 of the September issue it is stated that 34 died on the USS Liberty. It also says that no one died in the attack on the USS Pueblo. This is not true. An American sailor named Duane D. Hodges was killed by North Korean gunfire while carrying out an order from Captain Lloyd M. Bucher to destroy classified material.

462

[Editor's Note: Mea culpa! When I checked the 1987 *World Almanac* and found that the attack on the *Liberty* was strangely unmentioned, I also checked the *Pueblo* item. It said nothing about anyone dying in the high seas hijacking of the intelligence-gathering vessel. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has three entries for the *Pueblo* and does mention the one fatality. Like the *World Almanac*, the latest edition of the *Britannica*, in all its 29 volumes, can find no space for the blasting of the *Liberty*.]

□ I hope the Constitution worshippers among your readers take note of the Stirrings piece about the silencing of the Pace Amendment advocates in California (October). Will this -- and the thousands of other patent violations of our First Amendment freedoms -- finally convince them that just because something is in the Constitution, that doesn't make it a reality?

229

MARV



Because of the Wall Street crash, I'm going to have to reduce my support of the Free the Pollards Now Committee from \$20,000 to \$10,000 a month.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD PARTIES

IN THE TRAVESTY of the democratic process known as the U.S. presidential campaign, politicians don't govern; they spend their best hours endeavoring to get elected or reelected, and once elected they immediately concentrate what brains they have on the next election. Not one senator or governor who is trying for the Democratic presidential nomination is spending more than a fraction of his time legislating or governing. They are out in the hustings electioneering.

What is the Vice President, the second highest elected official in the land, doing? In October, Bush made the obligatory pilgrimage to Auschwitz, having previously completed his obligatory trip to Israel. He is paid to be Vice President, not a vote hustler or a political trencherman of the world's most powerful minority.

The Populist Party isn't as deeply in the permanent election business as are the Democrats and Republicans. The Populists waited till Labor Day to name their presidential candidate, the first choice being George Hansen, the former Republican congressman from Idaho, who was jailed for withholding information from his financial statements. (Geraldine Ferraro was not jailed for doing exactly the same thing.)

Hansen was released from a federal prison in Virginia after serving 11½ months. He had been paroled last December, but then locked up again after making an "unauthorized speaking trip." He may or may not accept the Populist Party's nomination. He is thinking it over while starting to work on a book.

The National Libertarian party chose Ron Paul as its nominee for the White House. Paul, another former Republican congressman, has a newsletter, whose first issue contained a scathing attack on Israel. One excerpt:

Every November, the Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, W. Allen Wallis, goes to Israel to meet with Israeli Finance Ministry Director Ariel Sharon. Wallis brings a blank check. As Sharon says: "We work to determine the difference between Israel's requirements and Israel's ability to meet those requirements. From that we find the size of the gap that needs to be filled with U.S. aid."

And some of the \$4 billion-plus in U.S. aid that Israel is getting in 1987 will outrageously (and illegally) be recycled to fund pro-Israel activities in the U.S.

But then Paul goes on to spoil it all with a salute to the Jewish Alan Stang, the Birch Society publicist who has been convicted of income tax evasion.

The Libertarians are to be commended for wishing to free us from government intrusion into our public and private lives. But they go overboard in their demand for the closing down of federal agencies, the establishment of a private police force and the elimination of all controls on immigration.

The answer, of course, is not to eliminate all government, but to eliminate bad government and replace it with

good government. Libertarians don't seem to realize that as the quality of the U.S. population goes down, it will be increasingly difficult to reduce government because the self-reliance and intelligence required for a society with minimal officialdom are increasingly in short supply. Unfortunately, libertarianism, a civilized and non-violent form of anarchism, is running against the tide of history. It might have had a chance in Fifth Century B.C. Athens; it has very little chance now and no chance at all after a few more decades of nonwhite proliferation and nonwhite immigration.

Duke Keeps Fighting

David Duke is keeping up his gallant, David vs. Goliath struggle to win the Democratic presidential nomination, as Democratic Party bosses continue to refuse to admit his existence. The media treat him equally cavalierly. When Jesse Jackson announced for president in Raleigh (NC), Duke held an outdoor meeting close by. The *CBS Evening News* spent all of two or three seconds on Duke, without mentioning him by name or letting a single one of his wise words be heard by the viewing audience. Though Duke had challenged Jackson to a debate, Dan Rather carefully withheld this news from his listeners.

The most ironic part of the silent treatment given Duke is that, excluding Jackson, he is by far the most charismatic and the best speaker of the candidates of both parties and, including Jackson, by far the most intelligent. Duke was born in wedlock, not out of it as Jackson was. He was not conceived out of wedlock like the moralizing Pat Robertson's eldest child. He writes his own speeches, unlike ex-candidate Joseph Biden. He runs his own campaign, unlike Michael Dukakis, who says he had no knowledge of what his chief of staff was up to in the dirty tricks department. Unlike Senator Gore, the moment he announced for president, Duke didn't run off to cocktail parties with Jewish bankers in New York or set forth on a heavily publicized trip to Israel.

Duke's political platform is a bright ray of straight talk compared to the obfuscation and platitudinous drivel put forward by the "respectable" candidates of either party. Duke stands for:

- Equal rights for whites.
- Abolition of forced school integration and busing.
- Sharp reduction of immigration.
- Tougher laws on crime.
- An end to welfare ripoffs.
- Protectionist trade policies to save American jobs.
- Preservation of family farms.
- Establishment of a national bank.
- War on AIDS.
- Election of Supreme Court justices.
- Reestablishment of the Monroe Doctrine.
- End of the boycott of South Africa.
- America first!

Campaign Trivia

George Bush, a WWII fighter pilot is, of course, not a wimp, yet he goes wimping and whimpering around, idiotically pounding his fist as if that out-of-character gesture will persuade his audience to pay closer attention to the political inanities he is uttering. The Nordic is out of sync when he tries to make Teddy Kennedy-type stump speeches. It is this purposeful miscasting -- rightly so -- that puts the wimp label on Bush.

* * *

Mario Cuomo, the unannounced Democratic candidate for president, continues to lurk craftily in the wings. Instead of making the obligatory pilgrimage to Israel, he went and paid homage to the Jews of Russia. Now that his daughter is marrying a Jewish shoe designer, he is practically one of the family, and the yarmulke he wears for his photo opportunities looks more and more as if it were an organic part of his head.

* * *

Senator Albert Gore Jr. is playing the Carter card, the middle-of-the-road Southerner who advertises himself as being much less radical than the northern and western



"New Southerner" Gore

McGovernite types. But he too sinks to floor level in his obeisance to Jews, north and south, having gone so far as to organize a mass pilgrimage of 100 Tennesseans to visit Israel. Gore played footsie on the Bork confirmation until almost the bitter end when, naturally and perfunctorily, he voted no, thereby making his "issue adviser," Thurgood Marshall Jr., the son of the

black racist Supreme Court justice, extremely happy. Another person close to Gore is Nathan Landow, the millionaire Washington land developer and hotshot Democratic fundraiser. Landow organized a \$500-a-head reception and a \$50-a-head dinner that netted "his candidate's" campaign \$50,000.

* * *

Michael Dukakis, one of the two unassimilated minority presidential hopefuls, was supposed to be a whip-cracking administrator, the rare pol who ran a tight ship. But somehow he knew nothing about his chief of staff, Jim Sasso, sneaking a video of Biden's (Kinnock's) speeches into the hands of the media. When he did find out, Dukakis waffled for hours. First he decided to keep Sasso on. Only when the

sour reactions from financial backers started avalanching did he dump him. Consequently, the "decisive leader" pitch had to be toned down for a spell.

Dukakis has raised \$7 to \$8 million for his campaign, a lot of it from fellow Greeks and from Jews who feel reassured by his Jewish wife and half-Jewish children. He himself is not exactly poor, being the beneficiary of a \$1 million trust set up by his father. But this nest egg is causing him some political trouble. In 1983 he jumped loudly on the South African disinvestment bandwagon. Yet not until last year did his trust fund sell its shares in corporations that do business there.

In sum, Dukakis is a stereo- and archetypical presidential candidate, a refugee from truth, a diddler and a howling hypocrite. He is also, according to the leading paper in his hometown of Boston, a "dreadful bore." Says the *Globe*, "He brings new meaning to the word 'dull' [and] has the personality of a mashed potato. People who have had dinner with Dukakis report they have fallen asleep over the salad."

* * *

Simon Hoggart reports in the *London Observer* (Sept. 27, 1987) that the Hart and Biden scandals may be followed by equally juicy ones as the election campaign gets up steam. One Republican presidential candidate, Hoggart attests, rents X-rated videos and watches them droolingly in the company of his mistress. He was mugged recently on the way home from such a session. Another Republican presidential aspirant is supposedly in the pay of a millionaire who feeds him kickbacks to promote his business interests. A Democratic candidate, happily married in the eyes of the public, has been playing the field with several women, one of them a "fairly well-known pop singer." (Jackson, maybe?)

* * *

It's pretty low comedy so far, the 1988 election race. But it still remains on a somewhat higher level than Haiti's, in which two candidates have already been murdered. Yves Volel, a critic of the ruling military junta, was shot and killed by police. Louis Eugene Athis, an alleged Communist, was hacked to death on the steps of a church.

* * *

Pat Robertson padded his résumé by claiming he was a director of the United Virginia Bank. He wasn't. He said he had been a graduate student at the University of London. He hadn't. He altered the date on his marriage certificate to conceal the fact that his first child, a son, had been conceived in a rather unChristian manner, out of wedlock. It still isn't clear whether he used his father's political pull to escape combat in Korea, where he claims -- falsely -- that he did make it to the front lines. Prince Hal wildly sowed his oats, then reformed and as Henry V made a pretty good king. Pat's followers can only hope their guru is on the same track.

A frustrated subscriber was in the middle of the stripping process

OUTSTRIPPED IN SPACE

I AM WRITING TO VERIFY the statement by German rocket engineer Georg von Tiesenhausen (*Instauration*, July 1987, p. 17) that the U.S. could have been on Mars years ago if the NASA German team had not been broken up or purged. He is right. I was part of an advanced technology group of a major aerospace company as a proposals-configuration engineer from 1960 to 1974. One of the advanced projects I worked on was the manned Mars mission.

This configuration was an LH₂-LOX staged vehicle that was to be built, assembled in low Earth orbit and launched in 1981. It was an eight-man vehicle with a three-man Mars landing vehicle to put men on the surface for three and a half months. The landing team would collect samples, take photographs and compile scientific data while the return vehicle orbited around the planet. The trip would have taken about three years.

The first stage was designed to launch the vehicle out of Earth orbit toward Mars. The second stage would slow the vehicle into orbit around Mars, after which a landing vehicle and its three occupants would establish a base on the planet. The third stage would launch the orbiting vehicle from Mars orbit toward Earth. The fourth stage would retro (slow) the manned component into Earth's orbit. The Mars mission was to be the next major space project after Apollo. But President Johnson cancelled it, along with the moon base project. Our great lead in space was suddenly ended. LBJ and Congress put their political priority on welfare. Because the space program was halted, the Mars mission group was dismantled and the personnel transferred to other sections. I was assigned to missiles.

The U.S. also had a Manned Orbital Laboratory ready to launch in less than a year when Nixon deep-sixed it seven weeks after taking office. The MOL was a space observation platform for two men. It would have given our national defense scientists and space program a real edge over the USSR, which has now built, tested and deployed such a station.

While in the advanced technology space group, I heard that the first U.S.-USSR joint space venture, an orbital rendezvous, was undertaken in part to give our docking system mechanism to the Russians, who were unable to create one of their own.

The company I worked for had invented an innovative emergency escape system using an inflatable structure that could be inflated in one to three seconds. It was a stabilizer, decelerator, heat shield, ingest deceleration and flotation system attached to an ejection seat. It would have provided a safe emergency escape for the crew at any time during the flight envelope -- on pad, during launch, during flight to orbit, in orbit and during flight and landing. Our company was negotiating with the U.S. Air Force for a contract to build and test this system, which had been selected over all others as the safest and most cost-efficient.

Then, apparently due to funding cutbacks, NASA made the decision that no emergency escape system was necessary for the shuttle or for any future NASA space effort. If the system had been installed on *Challenger*, the seven crew members might still be alive.

The new launch platform escape system developed for the space shuttle takes over two minutes (145 seconds, according to *Aviation Week*; 135 according to *Space Technology* magazine) for the crew to open the escape hatch and get far enough away from the space vehicle to be considered safe. Crew members must run to the edge of the platform, climb into a metal basket hanging on a cable (two men per basket), release the basket cable lock and slide down the 1,000- to 2,000-foot-long cable to the ground. Then they have to climb out of the basket and run to an armored personnel carrier -- all this in their cumbersome space suits.

The post-launch emergency escape system proposed to NASA over 20 years ago is an ejection seat with an inflatable structure stabilizer and a decelerator (after reaching the top of its escape trajectory) as its impact attenuator. The ejection seats are positioned around the edge of the platform. In an emergency the crew gets out of the shuttle hatch, runs to the ejection seats, which are fired when the crewmen sit on them and close the door. In five seconds the crew rockets a thousand feet and reaches a 500-foot altitude. NASA's present system takes 125 seconds longer than this ejection seat design. The additional seconds are very dangerous in a situation when a difference of a few seconds can mean life or death. As in the Apollo fire, this emergency escape system, if used on the shuttle, permits the ejection process to be triggered by the emergency itself and ejects and rockets the crew so they will be in front of the fireball, not in it, if the fuel tanks on the large LH₂/LOX exterior container rupture and explode. The present proposed emergency escape system (it can only be used during a few minutes after launch) is inadequate, just as the original Apollo escape system was inadequate. It took the Apollo crewmen 90 seconds to unstrap, to get the escape hatch and open it. In the Apollo fire the three astronauts were dead in 25 to 30 seconds.

The history of the U.S. space effort leads to the conclusion that certain bureaucrats in Congress and in almost every large agency consciously or unconsciously hamstring, denigrate or gut every space program. The Saturn heavy launch system is a case in point. We had a flawless Saturn (Apollo) HLS system that the imported German scientists created. We used it and it was perfect. Then we scrapped it. We also cut the Apollo program short. The USSR has recently launched its first HLV (heavy launch booster) while we are again asking for bids to build a "new" HLS to be operational in the mid-1990s.

More than a year before Sputnik, Wernher von Braun informed government leaders that his German-American

rocket/space team could put a satellite in orbit. His superiors turned down the idea, supposedly because it was too costly and no money was available. The government had decided that putting the first satellite in orbit must be a civilian project, not a military one. This was supposed to prevent militarizing space. The USSR put Sputnik into orbit with its military rocket system, as did the U.S. 30 days later. Our government's delay permitted the USSR to enter history as the first nation to orbit a satellite and gave the Russians a great propaganda victory.

The High Frontier defense against strategic weapons is another space defeat for the U.S. In 1981 General Daniel Graham came up with his HF project to be built with off-the-shelf, state-of-the-art technology, to cost \$25-35 billion and be in place in three to five years -- three years for the silo ground defense, five years for the orbital defense. A somewhat similar national defense system was first proposed in the late 60s. Instead, we got Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). We kill them, maybe, after they kill us.

Although Congress was against HF and ignored it, General Graham publicized his project to the point where

citizens were beginning to demand that something be done about it. So Reagan came up with "Star Wars" (Strategic Defense Initiative), which would be "studied for five years," "tested in five to ten years," and "deployed in ten to twenty years." In the meantime, we have no effective defense in space and no High Frontier.

The U.S. has gone from overwhelming superiority in national defense in 1960 to superiority in 1964, to sufficiency in 1968, to equality in 1972 and finally to inferiority in 1978. One advanced program after another has been scrapped, diluted by reduced funding and stymied. If this keeps up, we may someday be forced into a corner where an American president will have no recourse but to capitulate to the Soviets.

If Congress and the White House had not cut NASA off at the pass, the U.S. would today have Moon bases, a Mars base and would have landed robots on Venus. Without Korea, Vietnam, uncontrolled immigration and welfare waste, with our German partners still at their NASA drawing boards, Americans today would be the kings of space and halfway to the stars.

THE SIEGE OF SOUTH AFRICA (II)



THE LATEST COUNTRY to institute sanctions against South Africa is Israel, owing, we are told, to American pressure and to make amends for Jonathan Pollard, the American Jew who received a life sentence for spying against his nominal country for his racial country. Shimon Peres, when he was prime minister of the Zionist state before handing over power to Yitzhak Shamir, said that Israel would reduce its ties to South Africa and adopt policies "that other democratic countries do," adding that "our enemies are not the white people of South Africa, or the black ones, but the policies of Apartheid." Israel insists in any case that it signed no military contracts with South Africa since the United Nations imposed an arms embargo in 1977. It is obviously Israel's military deals with Pretoria that worry the Americans. The embargo was imposed so that the civilized anti-Communist whites of South Africa would be defenseless against the black hordes, but this did not happen and its result has been that South Africa has become a burgeoning arms exporter.

It is generally believed that Israel is responsible for South Africa's military know-how, but this is a mistaken impression (as indeed a South African general publicly explained) and the truth is more likely to be that there have been exchanges of information. South Africa's "Armscor" is a highly competent organization, and I cannot doubt that South Africa developed its nuclear capability independently many years ago. Of course, Israel is not in the least concerned about the fate of the whites in South Africa, other than its own whites. There are more than 100,000 Jews in this country, which means that there are more Jews per capita in the white population than in any other country in the world, barring only Israel and the United States, though American statistics on its Jews are always highly dubious. Jews were originally attracted to South

Africa by its gold and diamonds. It is extraordinary that they all claim they came from Lithuania and not a single one from Poland!

The Jewish Board of Deputies in South Africa has always been more harsh in its condemnations of Apartheid than Israel itself. The Board has formally stated that "racial prejudice is in complete contradiction to the teachings of Judaism," which would surely amaze the dispossessed Palestinian Arabs, to whom the Jews are the most ferocious anti-Semites the world has ever known. It would also amaze the half-crazed American Negroes in Israel, the "Black Hebrews" who are not accepted by the Jews, are confined to their own ghettos and live in constant fear of deportation. But it was left to former President Jimmy Carter to carry off the top prize in hypocrisy when, on the Israeli-occupied West Bank, he urged Israel and indeed all nations to cease supplying arms to South Africa because it is a "terrible racist regime perpetrating horrible human rights abuses on the majority of the population in their [sic] country." The endearing little Yitzhak Shamir must have had a good chuckle at this act of American cravenness, since Carter must have known that Shamir had been identified by British Intelligence as having been deeply involved in the assassinations of British Resident Minister in the Middle East, Lord Moyne, in 1944, and the United Nations mediator, Count Bernadotte, four years later.

The South African Jewish Board of Deputies notwithstanding, by no means all Jews approve the process of racial integration in

South Africa or the appeasing of black terrorists. The Jewish Mayor of Johannesburg, Ernie Fabel, caused an uproar when he stated in Israel that Nelson Mandela "should have been killed." In Cape Town the opening of the beaches, pools and swimming baths to all races has very much upset wealthy Jews of the seaside suburb of Sea Point, prominent among them Councillor Joe Rabinowitz and the chairman of the local Ratepayers and Residents Association, Morrie Silber. Interestingly, it was the Jewish-dominated Cape Town City Council, headed by Mayor Leon Markovitz, who opened the pools and beaches even before receiving government authority. They must have been tipped off, most probably by Mrs. Suzman of Harry Oppenheimer's Progressive Federal Party, for the government soon acquiesced in the action. Letters to the newspapers poured in from many Jewish ratepayers, deplored the nudity, urinating and spitting of the nonwhites, and "the most filthy scenes imaginable." A Mrs. Levy wrote, "As the whites arrived, they took one long look at the scene . . . grabbed their children's hands and left."

Crime

Jewish feelings were not improved by the murder of a prominent Jew, Louis Hirshon, in his own luxury home and the attempted murder of his wife by the Coloured son of their domestic servant, aided by two black men. The Hirshons had known the Coloured man, Konzie, since he was a small child. As he had done often in the past, he had come to them for money, which this time they were reluctant to give, whereupon, Mr. Hirshon having been disposed of, he sprang on Mrs. Hirshon "like a wild beast" and stabbed her repeatedly until he was satisfied she was dead. "I did not see any reason," Konzie said, "why they could not give me money." Perhaps he also didn't see why he and his two accomplices are going to hang, because Mrs. Hirshon survived after all.

Such murderous assaults on whites are by no means uncommon and are especially directed toward elderly folk in isolated homes. Illegal immigrant squatters from the Transkei contribute to these crimes, as they did when they murdered the owner of a luxury house not far from the Hirshons'. The victim was a Mr. Hinrichsen, who had recently become the father of quadruplets. He was very security conscious, and his property was defended like a fortress. Nor had he forgotten to have what the police will tell you is the best security device, a savage watchdog -- in this case a Doberman-Rottweiler, which was always let loose to prowl the grounds. Nonetheless, the killer gang of Xhosas penetrated the defenses one night and walked into the house and shot Mr. Hinrichsen dead. Then they started to stab Mrs. Hinrichsen, but fled when the telephone started ringing. It was a neighbor whose suspicions had been aroused and who had already called the police. Their job was an easy one because of the strange silence of the dog, like something out of Sherlock Holmes. In any case, whites often suspect the complicity of the native servants, just as in Kenya during the Mau Mau. The dog was found locked in the garage. As only the domestic worker, Victoria Gwe, could touch the dog, apart from the Hinrichsens themselves, the police got to work on her and soon discovered she had organized the murder-robbery because she knew there was always plenty of money in the house. The police arrested the other culprits in the Crossroads squatter encampment in the early hours of the morning and all have been sentenced to hang, including Victoria herself.

One sees from this the mixture of cunning and stupidity of the native mind. The intelligence of the black man always expresses itself in a certain cunning, yet he is undone in the end because of his stupidity. Victoria thought herself very clever in her careful planning, and it obviously never occurred to her that she would end up on the gallows. It's the same with all of them; they cannot foresee the probable consequences of their actions, and in any case they have little or no control over their instinctive animal

urges.

The Cape Peninsula has five times as many murders a year as New York City, which is really saying something, though they are, of course, almost entirely confined to the Coloured and black townships. However, the Sea Point residents in particular have been clamoring for more police protection, though they are themselves in no small measure responsible for the crime rate, because of their insistence on having domestic servants, who in turn keep boyfriends with criminal propensities in their quarters. Sea Point residents are the sort who only stop criticizing the police when they feel themselves endangered. In any case the overworked police are kept busy in the townships, especially the black townships, where they have to protect the law-abiding residents from the political intimidators and criminals. The majority of blacks are law-abiding and are always calling for the police to take stronger action against those who are not, not realizing, of course, that the government is far too terrified of "world opinion" to allow the police to use real bullets. Moreover, the police don't have men to spare because the government is spending so much money on nonwhite welfare that it has sharply cut its law enforcement budgets.

The police are further handicapped by the courts, which too often side with subversive elements and lawbreakers, even though the government has declared a state of emergency. In such consequences, a policeman has to think twice before he acts. It is a technique with which I am sure Americans are familiar. Indeed, Justice Didcott has ruled that key sections of the emergency itself are void and that definitions of "subversive statements" go beyond President P.W. Botha's powers. Yet this is happening in a country everywhere described as a "police state."



President P.W. Botha

Originally there had been a clause curtailing the ability of the courts to enquire into the validity of the emergency regulations which constituted the teeth of the Public Safety Act. But amendments promptly proposed by Mrs. Suzman were just as promptly accepted by the responsible minister, rendering the so-called emergency regulations ineffective from the very onset.

The College Scene

There has been an interesting happening at the University of Cape Town, whose chancellor is Harry Oppenheimer. Hundreds of Coloured students from the University of the Western Cape assembled in the Jameson Hall and were soon joined by hundreds of Jewish students, who are always politically active and espe-

cially keen to assist their nonwhite brothers. Why the Coloureds were allowed to hold a demonstration in the UCT instead of their own university was unexplained, but it turned out that they were Muslims protesting against the Zionists and their treatment of the Palestinians! Soon they were calling out "Death to the Jews" and "Heil Hitler," whereupon the punches started flying. The Cape Council of the South African Jewish Board of Deputies condemned "in the strongest terms" the "racism and anti-Semitism" expressed by the Muslim students and said that no distinction can be drawn between Judaism and Zionism, which I find an interesting statement.

Shortly before this, however, an event of much more significance occurred, namely, the arrival of the notorious Conor Cruise O'Brien, together with his son, who is black! Although he intended giving a series of lectures on academic freedom at the university, he was chased away by the nonwhite students in spite of his reputation as an exemplary world citizen and in spite of his hybrid heir. According to the UCT vice-chancellor and principal, Dr. Stuart Saunders, an extreme liberal incapable of maintaining order (and whose wife chose to shoot herself to death rather than go on living with him), nearly a quarter of the students at the once solidly English university were not "so-called white" any more. On the other hand, when six "so-called white" liberal students attended the black Medical University of Southern Africa near Pretoria, the black students boycotted lectures until the whites had been expelled.

To use liberal jargon, the "so-called Coloured" hooligans who invaded the UCT lecture hall belong to the Azanian Students Organization (by "Azania" they mean South Africa, though the word means "black" and was applied to the coastal regions of northeast Africa by the ancient Greeks). The rampaging blacks were protesting because O'Brien's presence flouted the Anti-Apartheid Movement's support of the academic boycott of South Africa. According to their spokesman, O'Brien's statements had all been "deliberately constructed to ridicule the oppressed people of South Africa in their efforts to isolate South Africa from the international community."

The behavior of these affirmative action Coloured students in a once greatly respected white university was so bad that even the local English-language journals denounced it and stressed the sanctity of free academic expression, though not, of course, for anti-liberal white students. Needless to say, only three or four of the worst offenders were given a mild slap on the wrists.

Back in Dublin, O'Brien had no criticism to make of the hooligans, while he happily predicted the ruling white regime would not survive much longer. He said before long the superpowers would agree to United Nations intervention in South Africa, just as they did in anti-Communist Katanga in the Congo. In any case, he went on, "The blacks can't lose as their numbers are growing all the time, while the white population is static." Unfortunately, he added, the blacks cannot match the military might of the white regime, which means that a great number of people are going to lose their lives.

To conclude my remarks on sanctions, they have not been effective and never will be. As P.W. Botha has said, South Africa can survive without the West. South Africa's banned coal, reduced in price and cornering the market in Asia, has cost Australia hundreds of millions in lost exports. The Sullivan Code, named after the Reverend Leon Sullivan of the Zion Baptist Church in Philadelphia, a morose, racialistic, megalomaniac set of rules, was meant to apply to all American industries working anywhere in the world outside America itself, whereas in fact it has been aimed solely at South Africa and not at any other country. As a result, Sullivan's threats and deadlines have not only been entirely ignored, but he himself has been denied a visa to visit South Africa. He certainly did not expect this outcome to all his efforts to

establish a Marxist millennium in this country.

That crafty fox, the U.S. Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, Chester Crocker, announced he was well pleased that American firms in South Africa were doing great work in demolishing Apartheid. What they had been doing was instituting affirmative action, sacking whites and promoting blacks, encouraging civil disobedience, buying up buildings in white group areas and filling them with blacks, and so on. Most, but not all, American firms groveled to the Sullivan and Crocker edicts. When the call came for disinvestment and U.S. companies began pulling out, they were promptly taken over and bought on the cheap by local companies.

As a matter of fact, the American government does not agree with disinvestment. It wants the U.S. companies to stay in South Africa and keep on with the good work of demolishing Apartheid. The truth of the matter is that American firms have been pulling out not only to curry favor with the Western media, but because the enforced high wages and low productivity have rendered operations unprofitable.

(To be continued)

Ponderable Quotes

Kissinger, it seemed, was now prepared to intervene openly in the Arab-Israeli war to keep Israel from losing more of the Arab lands it had seized in 1967. And if the Soviets tried to stop him, he was prepared to risk war with the Soviet Union. In short, having silenced every other ranking U.S. official with a threat of instant dismissal that morning, Kissinger was, by that afternoon, seemingly having the time of his life.

Richard A Curtiss,
"A Changing Image: Perspectives
of the Arab-Israeli Dispute,"
American Education Trust

The question of how much influence the Jewish lobby did actually exert on British foreign policy in the 1930s has never been properly studied. For the later 1930s Beaverbrook believed that Jewish émigrés in the professions and the "big" Jewish position in the Press made accommodation with Germany very difficult. "The Jews may drive us into war," (quoted in A.J.P. Taylor, *Beaverbrook*, pp. 379, 387). Sir Samuel Hoare wrote, "All Jews and Communists for war" at the time of Munich (Templewood Papers). My own view is that the Jewish lobby was more influential earlier in the 1930s and may have had some permanent effect in conditioning the way people felt about the Nazi regime.

Robert Sidelsky,
Oswald Mosley, footnote, p. 384

Russians probably found it impossible to forgive the Jews for the Revolution . . . I doubt if the Russians would ever have been capable of putting such ideas to the test unassisted by the permanent Jewish fermentation in the world of thought.

Peter Ustinov in his
autobiography, *Dear Me, Wrongly*
considered by many to be Jewish,
he comes from an anti-Communist,
white Russian family. His mother,
however, was part Ethiopian.

A HANUKKAH CAROL

MARLEY JACOBS WAS DEAD. There was no doubt about that.

His certificate of death had been duly signed and registered. Ebenezer Stein, his business partner, had made the funeral arrangements and had been the sole mourner on that gray December afternoon, seven years before, when Jacobs had been laid to rest in a plain pine box, flowers omitted.

So Marley was dead. Unchangeably, irrefutably and irretrievably dead. Ebenezer Stein knew he was dead, and Stein was the only one who counted. He was the sole surviving partner of the firm of Stein and Jacobs. And in addition to being Jacobs' only mourner, Stein was also his sole beneficiary.

Thus, even Stein had not been so dreadfully sorry to see Marley Jacobs go to his eternal reward. For Jacobs had left a considerable fortune, and, adding it to his own not insignificant wealth, Stein had used acumen, cunning, an impeccable sense of timing and not a little inside information to make the funds multiply many times over in the years since his partner's demise.

And the little golden slaves continued to work day and night for their master, compounding and reproducing like the proverbial rabbits.

Stein was not a sentimental man, but he did consider every penny his personal friend. The quarters were as dear to him as the children he had never had. The dollars were the objects of his undying love and the hundreds and thousands had become his lustful desire.

Marley Jacobs was dead. And Ebenezer Stein had sincerely mourned him all the way to the bank.

Stein thought it strange that Marley Jacobs should cross his mind this day, on the seventh anniversary of the latter's passing. He rarely gave a thought to the man who had been his partner for thirty years, and whose name still could be read on the weathered sign over the door to his small suite of offices.

Stein had been congratulating himself on his recent killing in the pork bellies market, and suddenly Jacobs's face appeared in his mind's eye. Marley had always laughed about making huge amounts of money from something he wouldn't even consider eating. The animal might be unclean, he would snicker, but the money was certainly kosher.

The old man was startled from his reminiscing by the sound of a familiar voice speaking his name in the outer office. His nephew was here to see him.

An unconscious grimace curled the thick lip beneath his pointed beak. The nephew was Stein's only relative, the son of a sister who had died in childbirth twenty years before. The boy dropped in to see his rich uncle three or four times a year, and Stein always held his breath. Although the young man was struggling to keep his head above the financial water, he had never asked his uncle for a thing -- and that was exactly the way the old man liked it.

But Stein was always afraid that the next time would bring his lucky streak to an end, that the nephew would begin to wheedle and whine, to cajole and attempt to play on family connections and guilt to extract some funds. Not that Stein had any problem in turning down such entreaties -- he was a past master in the art of creating and manipulating guilt -- but it disgusted him to see a co-religionist -- not to mention a blood relative -- in such a supplicant position.

"Happy Hanukkah, Uncle," the young man said with his habitual cheerfulness, another habit Stein despised, as he crossed the

threshold to enter the old man's office, his face still red from the cold. He was smiling broadly and holding his cap in his hands.

"Hanukkah can *kush mir in tokhis*," Stein muttered, staring disdainfully at his nephew's tousled brown hair and the dark eyes that sparkled with excitement.

"What a terrible thing to say about Hanukkah!" the young man exclaimed.

"Hanukkah!" snorted Stein. "What a useless holiday, just another excuse for workers and school children to take a day off."

"But it's the Festival of Light, the celebration of a miracle in the Temple."

"The celebration of a fraud that only the simple-minded can't see through," Stein said, smiling for the first time in the conversation. "I'd expect the *goyim* to believe that crap, but I would have thought we had better sense. There's not enough holy oil for the Temple's lamps, but they burn on and on -- and it's a miracle. Couldn't be somebody slipping in some non-holy oil to keep the damned things going, could it? No, it's got to be a *miracle!*"

"You're too cynical, Uncle, not to mention blasphemous."

"I'm not cynical. I'm realistic."

A change came over the nephew. He seemed suddenly intense, less light-hearted. Stein's pulse quickened. *It's coming*, he thought.

"I guess you could say I'm becoming more realistic, too," the nephew said hesitantly. "I'm planning to get married . . . and I need a loan."

"A loan?" Stein's eyes narrowed. "A loan as in money that will be paid back -- with interest?"

There was a short silence. "Yes, if it has to be that way," the younger man conceded. "But I was really hoping for an advance on my inheritance."

"Your *inheritance?*" roared Stein, rising violently from his chair. "What makes you think you're getting any of my money?"

"I'm the only family you've got, and you can't take it with you," said the nephew, his temper flaring.

"If I can't take it with me, then I'm not going anywhere!" raged Stein, pounding his fist on the desk. "And now I'm going to make sure that you *never* see any of it. I'm having my will changed day after tomorrow! You've just given Israel a windfall."

There was a wild look in the young man's eyes and he began clenching and unclenching his fists. For a moment Stein was afraid his nephew would physically assault him.

The boy's lips trembled. He opened his mouth to speak and then, without a word, turned and took long, deliberate steps away from his uncle and out the door.

Stein resumed his seat. He was shaking with rage, every nerve end tingling. By God, he would disinherit the whelp just as soon as Manny Liebowitz, his lawyer, got back from Miami.

His heartbeat had not yet had time to slow to normal when the intercom buzzed. "Yeah?" he snarled into the device.

The voice of Bob Cratchitt, his assistant and general flunky, informed him that some men were asking to see him.

"Well, send them in," he said gruffly.

Moments later two strangers darkened Stein's doorway. One of the men was tall, young and blond-haired; the other shorter, older, rotund and almost bald. The latter carried a black notebook.

"Mr. Stein," said the first man, marching up to the desk and extending his hand. "I'm Philip Smithson and this is John Garvey.

We're with the United Appeal, and we're soliciting donations from local businesses for the less fortunate at this time of the year."

Stein didn't move, allowing the man's proffered hand to dangle empty in the air until it was finally retracted.

"Something for the less fortunate?" he mused at last. "Do you mean the derelicts I see sleeping on grates on the sidewalk? The bag ladies who ask me for spare change, and all the hungry children we hear so much about?"

"That's right," said Smithson, smiling in anticipation of a pledge.

"And all the starving millions in Africa and Asia?"

"Of course."

"Well, then," Stein said expansively. "I suppose you can put me down for my usual contribution -- and not a penny more."

The younger man's face went blank. "Your usual contribution? I don't have any record . . ."

Stein smiled. The slight motion of his lips sent a chill through both of the visitors.

"Let me explain," he said with exaggerated care, as if speaking with children or morons. "But first, tell me: What has happened to the welfare system?"

"Happened?" Smithson's face was still uncomprehending.

"Happened. Has it disappeared? Has the government purse finally been picked clean? Is the system bankrupt?"

"Well, no. Welfare is still in business," Garvey admitted.

"And food stamps? AFDC, WIC, PIC and all those alphabet programs?"

"Still functioning," admitted Smithson.

"And Social Security? SSI? Free housing? Free heating oil? Free medical care? Foreign aid?"

The men said nothing.

"I can answer that, gentlemen. It's yes. And that is my regular yearly contribution. The government continues its policy of committing shameless extortion and highway robbery every April fifteenth for the benefit of this human waste, and I see no reason to permit you to pick my pocket again on December twenty-fourth."

Absolute disbelief was plain on the faces of the two intruders. "But there are so many people who fall between the cracks in the welfare safety net," said Garvey. "And lots of people are too proud to apply for government programs. They would rather die."

Another ghastly smile spread across Stein's countenance. "And that is truly a blessing, gentlemen," he said, "because it reduces the parasite population. When they die, the tax man uses my money to pay for their funerals. But there is some benefit in that. At least when I have paid to bury a man, he never comes to me again with his hand out. Goodbye, gentlemen!"

Garvey and Smithson stared at each other with expressions of incredulity and loathing, traces of both anger and fear. Stein approved of the latter emotion, and had often been able to use it to his advantage.

They turned slowly and walked out of the chamber, as Stein's twisted smile grew broader in absolute triumph.

Throughout the afternoon, the weather grew colder and snow flurries came and went, but the memory of his handling of the two solicitors kept Ebenezer Stein warm inside. It almost sufficed to erase the bitter residue of his nephew's visit.

Stein dismissed his assistant, gruffly allowing that the man could have the next day, which happened to be both Christmas and Hanukkah, as a holiday. As far as Stein was concerned, the day would be a total loss. The markets would be closed. Precious metals prices would not change. He would be unable to reach any of his cohorts in greenmail schemes and sundry other operations. Any day that Stein could not make money, by fair means or foul, was a useless 24 hours.

As was his habit, Stein was the last to leave the office, with the final chores of locking the safe and turning out the lights. As he did

every evening, he stood in the doorway and gazed back into the empty office, listening for the sound of a typewriter or adding machine left on, checking for a light under the door of the rest room, making certain that no one had slipped into the office and was waiting to emerge from hiding later to burglarize the place.

But this evening, somehow, something seemed wrong. Stein knew all the furnishings by heart, and very few of them had been replaced or even moved since the death of his partner seven years before. Something was not in its usual place, but Stein couldn't put his finger on it.

Shrugging, he closed and locked the door. It couldn't be anything important, he was sure.

Out into the night Stein stalked, drawing his collar close against what had become a thick and driving snowstorm. His hat, which he had worn since before hats had gone out of style and expected to wear until they came back in vogue again, was wedged tightly on his head.

It was only a few blocks to the rundown old brownstone building where Stein made his home, but by the time he saw it in the snowy distance, his hands were freezing in his coat pockets and he was certain that his lips were turning blue. His pace quickened and, as his foot touched the bottom step, Stein suddenly recalled what had been wrong at the office. The realization -- or was it ice on the step? -- almost made him lose his footing.

The picture of Marley Jacobs, the one that hung on the wall next to his office door -- it was gone. It was such a little thing, not something that would cost money, so it had gone unnoticed by his conscious mind. But he could summon up the image now: the small discolored rectangle on the wall where more than a decade of grease and grime had not been able to accumulate because of the protective presence of the picture frame.

Who the devil would take a picture of Marley Jacobs? Stein asked himself. He could think of no answer.

Perhaps his clerk had taken it down to be cleaned, or had moved it to another location for some reason. He made a mental note to ask about it on the day after Hanukkah. Meanwhile, he felt like a damned fool, standing out in the snow and worrying about a picture of a dead man. He scrambled up the steps and disappeared into the building.

Stein owned the building and rented apartments on the lower four floors, maintaining his own quarters in the fifth floor rear, which would command the least rent. Even more than the financial justification for the decision, Stein appreciated the solitude that went along with his choice of living quarters. As the neighborhood and the building had deteriorated, as the *schwarzes* and the jabbering aliens had moved into the area, he was left relatively alone in his isolated eyrie.

Even so, he left nothing of value in his apartment, and a simple push-button lock sufficed to secure the door. The building's tenants did not know that he was their landlord. All rental business was handled through a professional agency. To them he was just another aging Jew in threadbare clothing, obviously fallen on hard times, just like the neighborhood. His protective coloration stood him in good stead, and he was left alone.

Stein entered his apartment and stopped in the doorway, listening, repeating his performance at the office, seeking a dripping water faucet, a light left on or the presence of any intruders. He saw and heard nothing.

Stein lay asleep in bed. The feeble glare of a 40-watt bulb in a bedside lamp illuminated the small print of the *Wall Street Journal* that lay crumpled on his chest. He snored loudly and his eyeglasses dangled precariously, having come unhooked from one ear after he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly a sound echoed in the room. It was only a slight noise, but it was something to which Stein's ears were always attuned --

the sound of money. It was like someone calling his name across a room.

His eyes flew open and the old man was alert in an instant.

There it was again! It wasn't a dream!

The clinking sound of coins striking each other and echoing low! It seemed to come with a rhythm, and was coming closer.

Stein felt his heart skip a beat as the figure of Marley Jacobs stepped through the darkened doorway of his bedroom.

"I'm dreaming," he said aloud to the apparition.

"No, Ebenezer. Four million, nine hundred sixty-seven thousand, one hundred twelve dollars and seventeen cents," replied Marley Jacobs in a somber monotone, withdrawing a penny from his left-hand trouser pocket and placing it in his right pocket, where it clinked against other coins.

He repeated the motion. "Four million, nine hundred sixty-seven thousand, one hundred twelve dollars and eighteen cents."

"Who are you?" demanded Stein in a voice which quavered considerably more than he liked.

"Ask me who I was."

"All right, then, who were you?"

"In life, I was your partner, Marley Jacobs," said the intruder.

"But, you're dead!" gasped Stein.

"And you're not -- yet," came the stern rejoinder. "But you will be, Ebenezer."

Apprehension pumped a new surge of fear into Stein's heart. "Are you here for revenge? Are you threatening me?"

"I have no need for revenge. You will die sooner or later. We all do."

Somehow Stein never expected Jacobs to be so frank and forgiving about his own death. "Then why are you here? And why are you counting like that?"

The countenance of Marley Jacobs was grim. "I count the money I loved in life. Every penny that passed through my hands during life, I am condemned to count through eternity. And remember, Ebenezer, you inherited my fortune when I died. Your counting may truly go on forever. But I have come to save you."

"Save me from counting?"

"And more. You have many sins, Ebenezer, not the least of which is blasphemy."

Stein opened his mouth to protest, but Jacobs continued: "You will be given a chance for redemption. Tonight, expect a visit from the Spirit of Hanukkah. You will be shown the error of your ways and given a chance to repent. This chance is offered only once, and the weight of your sins is tremendous. Take heed, Ebenezer. Do not let this chance slip away."

As the words left Marley's lips, Stein heard a popping sound and the bedside lamp went out. He leaped from his bed in the darkness and charged across the room toward the light switch, passing through the space where his visitor had been. When a comforting light again held dominion over the surroundings, he saw that his late partner had disappeared. Gazing at the lamp, he noted that the bulb was broken, that it seemed to have exploded.

Stein tore the apartment to pieces, searching everywhere, searching desperately to find any indication that his visit from Marley Jacobs had been a trick. His hopes faded gradually as each room, each closet in turn failed to reveal anything suspicious. There was no one under the bed, and no one behind the shower curtain. Stein even looked in places he knew were too small for anyone to hide, desperate to disprove the growing certainty that he had indeed been visited by a spirit.

Finally, exhausted, he had to confess that it was not a trick. In the absence of evidence, and having been put in fear of his immortal soul, he warily anticipated the Spirit of Hanukkah.

Stein changed the bulb in the bedside lamp, discarding the shattered remains, and left it on as he returned to bed. He did not expect to sleep after such an experience, and wondered if the Spirit would come while he was awake, wondered if he could see

it materialize from nothingness.

Perhaps it was the exhaustion generated by the frantic search of his quarters, but Stein did eventually doze, and soon the sound of his stentorous snores echoed through the room.

The old man awoke suddenly, totally alert, with the absolute certainty that he was not alone. He did not move, but assessed the situation. The lamp, which he distinctly remembered leaving on, was dark. And there was light coming from a different source, a place where he knew there was no light fixture.

Apprehensively, Ebenezer Stein moved his head ever so slightly, trying to look out of the corner of his eye without committing himself to the movement.

She was so beautiful that he knew he must still be asleep.

Her dark hair cascaded over her shoulders, contrasting starkly with the virginal white gown. Her dark eyes and long lashes stirred long dormant feelings in Stein; the full lips were two delicately shaped scarlet slashes smiling enigmatically beneath a nose that betrayed just a hint of Semitic ancestry.

Her dress displayed more than ample cleavage and, on second glance, Stein saw that it was made of the sheerest, virtually transparent fabric. None of her womanly charms was hidden, and he felt his pulse pounding, his respiration increasing. A light-headed feeling he had not experienced in more than 40 years began to swirl through his brain.

She stood in front of the curtained French doors, flanked by two large menorahs on stands. Every candle was lit and the room blazed with a fierce light, a light that flickered and moved, caressing her face and body with a series of shadows and highlights that enhanced her beauty to a supernatural degree.

Stein tried to speak, but his throat was not equal to the task.

"I am the Spirit of Hanukkah," she said in a voice as melodious as he had known it must be. "Rise and walk with me."

She crossed the room swiftly, her long gown making it seem as if she floated. Throwing back the covers, she took his gnarled old hand in hers, and for the first time he noticed that she was wearing elbow-length gloves. So intense was his passion that he imagined he could feel her soft, cool grip as she brought him out of the bed.

"Marley said you were coming," Stein babbled as she drew him toward the candlelit doorway.

"I come to offer you salvation," she said softly, her voice a sensual massage to his ears, a lovely sound in a life that Stein suddenly realized was an incredibly lonely existence. The heat from the candles was intense, but far greater was the burning he felt when he imagined her skin touching his own.

Turning to the French doors, she threw them open wide, and a sudden gust of cold wind made the shadows dance even more eerily as the candle flames gyrated in involuntary reaction.

A long time ago, when the building was a fashionable residence, that doorway had led to a balcony. But over the years, under the studied neglect of Stein's ownership, it had crumbled away.

Still holding his hand, she turned toward the portal. "Come with me," she purred. "We have many miles to go before the morning light."

Stein's instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. "We can't go out there," he protested. "We'll fall."

Her expression showed clear incredulity. "But I'm a spirit," she said. "You need only touch the hem of my gown to fly with me through the night." She removed his hand from hers and he found himself clutching her dress.

"Wait!" he cried as she stepped toward the doorway to nothingness. "It's five stories to the ground."

She smiled, showing such a combination of pity and tolerance that the expression made Stein ashamed. He took it as her understanding of the fears and failings of mere mortals. "In four thousand years I've never dropped anyone," she whispered. Her eyes

sparkled with reflected flame and set his withered loins on fire.

She took a step to the precipice. He followed. Standing on the very edge, she halted and turned to bestow another smile on her charge. He tore his eyes from her face to gaze at his hand, still firmly attached to her gown.

He took one more look at that face and knew that he would follow her anywhere.

She started the motion that would take her through the window and Stein, determined to be brave in her eyes, did likewise.

Two left feet stepped into nothingness.

And then one right foot.

Stein's eyes snapped upward with the sudden sensation of falling. She still stood with one foot in the air, but she was holding onto the doorway with an intensity that strained her every muscle.

His grip on her dress tightened, but the breakaway fabric performed its function, splitting along the side and permitting him to carry the garment along in his five-story fall.

Naked, she stood for a second in the open doorway, letting the cool night breezes fondle her body as a respite from the heat of the

candles. Then she turned and quickly passed through the bedroom. She gasped as the figure of Marley Jacobs leaped from the hallway and loomed before her.

Jacobs reached up and removed his face, peeling it away in strips to reveal the smiling visage of Stein's nephew. He handed her a blouse and skirt, which she began to don.

"I inherit everything, and we can get married tomorrow," he said, breathless with excitement.

"What will they think about that dress in his hand?"

"Who cares?" He kissed her hard in triumph.

"Let's get out of here before somebody comes," he said finally, jamming the pieces of the mask into his pocket. "All that money, all those millions and millions of dollars," he muttered gleefully.

Just like his uncle. She smiled, following him as he opened the front door with a gloved hand. She found herself wondering just how many millions there were -- and how much life insurance she could get her new husband to take out before he became suspicious.

DOUGLAS OLSON

More on Burt

After reading Instauration's article on the rehabilitation of Sir Cyril Burt (Oct. 1987), a subscriber sent in a short profile of this much maligned British psychologist, who for many a decade has been raked over the coals by hatchetmen Leon Kamin and Stephen Jay Gould. Burt, they allege, had cooked some of the numbers in his twin studies. Though they had no compelling or incontrovertible evidence to support this allegation, they have tried to damn him for all eternity as a fraud, phony and trickster.

Instauration, insisting that these charges are far from proven, pointed out that in Britain there is a movement under way (the British say under weigh) to restore Burt to his rightful place, as one prominent British academician put it, among "the half-dozen greatest psychologists this century has produced."

To assist in this restorative process, we offer a brief summary of Burt's life and achievements, for which we are beholden to our subscriber.

Burt was born in 1883 on the same London street where John Milton had his "pretty garden house" and where Jeremy Bentham and the Mills family lived. He won a scholarship at age 11 to a select London school and later obtained a classical scholarship to attend Oxford, where he read the "Greats" and studied psychology under the celebrated William McDougall. Since his father was a physician, Burt had always shown an intense interest in medicine, an interest which turned him away from the purely theoretical side of psychology to the statistical, empirical, experimental aspects of the discipline, which is still striving mightily to become a science. This fondness for hard facts made him an avid admirer of Sir Francis Galton, whom he met

several times.

Burt put the finishing touches on his education in Germany, where he also indulged in astronomy and his father's hobby of collecting and classifying wildflowers, the latter pursuit being of great help to him in his study of Mendelian genetics.

Burt's first academic position was Lecturer in Psychology and Assistant Lecturer in Physiology at Liverpool University. He immediately started to study the inherited traits and individual differences of the human species, his life-long field of interest and the one that was later to draw the wrath of those who believe that men and women are the mere playthings, if not slaves, of their environment.

Throughout his career Burt was never content to confine his work to the narrow-minded and often mind-deadening groves of academe. Much of his research was done in the real world, visiting slum dwellers and even studying the behavior of criminal gangs by making friends with some of their members.

Unlike many other Western psychologists, Burt never became a fanatical, one-eyed disciple of Freud or Jung. Neither did he totally reject their far-out metaphysically tainted theories. He tried to put their claims to the test, to see if what they theorized had any relation to reality. The verdict, he announced, was mixed.

In 1931 Burt was appointed Professor of Psychology at University College, London, and attracted students that later became some of the noted names in modern psychology, including perhaps the most notable, Raymond Cattell. Burt's multifactorial theory of heredity was just one of the important accomplishments that earned him a knighthood -- the first psychologist ever to

be so honored. Some of his other pioneering achievements were made possible by the use of the Quantum Theory and Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy in his investigation of the workings of the brain, an organ he viewed as a "field," in somewhat the same sense electromagnetism was treated by certain physicists. In his capacity as an internationally respected professor, Burt came down hard on the moral nihilism of the existentialists, especially Sartre, whose banal negativism he condemned as "bad psychology and false metaphysics."

Just as he was the first member of his profession to have a "Sir" prefixed to his name, so Burt was the first psychologist to give talks over the radio. He could have given them in Latin, Greek, French, German or Italian because of his knowledge of these languages. He also knew some Hebrew and Sanskrit. An incomplete bibliography of his books and scientific papers has 332 separate entries.

Such, in very brief outline, was the man Gould, Kamin and other assorted Jewish bigots have attacked as a charlatan -- after his death in 1982, of course. Jackals, whether in the wild or in academia, prefer to give a wide berth to live lions.

Ponderable Quote

In this business, you find out that there is more racism on the black side of the fence than on the white side. They didn't want to know about me, because I'm white.

Phil Collins, rock star

Genetic Beauty Standards

One of the most egregious aberrations of modern psychology is that beauty is totally relative. Aesthetics, it has been drilled into our brains nonstop by minority social scientists, has no universal standards. It is, in short, conditioned. Bring up a Nordic in a society of pygmies and feed him the latest sociological nonsense and he will think a steatopygous, black-skinned, thickly lipped, kinky-haired creature more beautiful than Greta Garbo.

Interestingly, even the most bigoted and opinionated liberal knows this is not so. Nonetheless, this is one of the chief articles of faith of modern liberalism and we better believe it or we can get into serious trouble. By serious trouble is meant getting an F on our Psychology 101 final. It also means being eternally classified as a raging Hitlerite, a classification not conducive to a successful career of any sort in the present wild-eyed and woolly-minded West.

A gutsy team of Texas University child psychologists decided to test this sacred and sanctimonious tenet of modern social science by placing slides of attractive and unattractive women's faces before two groups of infants. The findings showed that the children looked longer, more eagerly

and more intently at the attractive faces than at the unattractive ones.

Here's how the experiment went: 34 infants from six to eight months old and 30 in the two- to three-month range were shown slides with an attractive woman's face juxtaposed with the face of an unattractive woman. The six-month-old cohort of infants consisted of 11 females and 12 males. The two- to three-month-old group consisted of 14 males, 16 females, all of them white except two Hispanics and one Asian.

About two-thirds of both sets of infants looked longer at the attractive faces. In a second test, when attractive faces were shown separately and then followed by unattractive faces, the older set of infants duplicated their previous performance. The younger set spent roughly an equal amount of time looking at both faces.

Instaurationists could have easily predicted these results. But what is of the most interest to us is how the research team gauged "attractiveness." All the psychologists would say is the photos shown to the infants were of "16 adult Caucasian women, eight rated as attractive and eight rated as unattractive." It was further admitted that all of them had medium to dark

brown hair and did not wear glasses.

The other measure of attractiveness the psychological team resorted to is the so-called Likert scale. In general, this categorizes attractiveness on the basis of facial symmetry and the absence of sharp angles.

We'd like to see many more such tests, particularly ones in which blondes and relatively pure Nordic types were featured. The research team admitted that a sharper distinction between attractiveness and unattractiveness -- allowing the infants to choose between extremely beautiful and extremely ugly faces -- might well have produced a stronger confirmation of their thesis.

Despite all the protestations of Stephen Jay Gould and Ashley Montagu, we have always thought that the Nordic was the aesthetic physical ideal, not only of the white race, but of all races; just as we have always thought that beauty has a genetic basis, as well as some vague link to a Platonic idea or a Jungian archetype. We'd like to be proved wrong, if we are wrong. But if we are right, it gives us hope that the Nordic, who is fast disappearing from this earth, will not disappear altogether.

Vive le Aesthetic Prop!

Perverted Gray Matter

We hear a lot about sexual and moral perverts these days, but little about the "mental pervert" -- the individual of seemingly high IQ who habitually employs his intellect to stand common sense and every other kind of sense directly on its head. An exemplary specimen is columnist Michael Katz, writing about the Al Campanis affair for the New York Daily News (April 10, 1987).

Katz is entitled to call the National Football League the National Fascist League, to change baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth's name to Peter Ueberalles, and even to indignantly protest "ethnic jokes where Jews [he doesn't say 'kikes'] are pecuniary and Polacks [he doesn't say 'Poles'] are dumb." But some of Katz's writing drifts into the destructive realm of perverted logic. For example, he quotes these "sick remarks" of Campanis:

How many [black] quarterbacks do you have? How many pitchers do you have that are black? Why are black men, or black people, not good swimmers? Because they don't have the buoyancy?

[This too was a question, though many papers left out the all-important question mark of interrogation.]

Katz follows these four serious questions with the malicious rejoinder: "Mark Spitz can manage in the big leagues, but not [Negro baseballer] Bill Robinson."

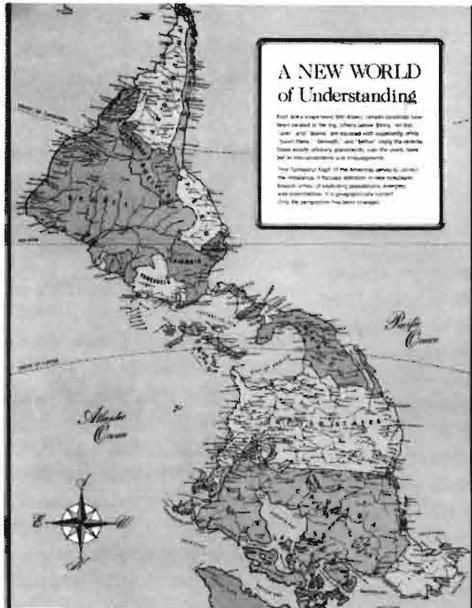
Did Campanis even suggest that buoyancy is necessary for managing in baseball? Obviously not. But by introducing the Jewish Olympic swimmer, Mark Spitz, "mental pervert" Katz has avoided confronting both the strong logic of Campanis's argument (i.e., that blacks are underrepresented in many areas) and also the strong facts of the matter (i.e., that blacks are indeed less buoyant as a race than whites).

Consider this second clear example of Michael Katz's "doublethink." He notes that USA Today recently asked Murray Cook, the general manager of the Montreal Expos, why blacks seldom reach baseball's front office. Cook, reasonably enough, advanced the familiar hypothesis that blacks generally are not "real students of the

game. Things come so naturally to so many of those fine athletes, they don't learn all the rudiments of the game." Katz returned to Bill Robinson for his ensuing demonstration of "mental perversion":

Ten years ago, Bill Robinson batted .304 for the Pirates, hit 26 homers and drove in 104 runs. But in his 14-season big-league career, he hit only .258. Obviously, in Cook's thinking, that makes Robinson very smart. Had he hit .220, he would have been Einstein.

It would be easy to dismiss Katz's perverted mode of argumentation as merely weak attempts at humor. Easy -- but wrong. Because the same method appears regularly in the more polemical political writings of Stephen Jay Gould and all the other Jewish would-be debunkers of the study of racial differences. Scoring points by ruthlessly twisting the meanings of their opponents is second nature to most of these gentlemen -- whether or not cheap "humor" happens to be generated as a byproduct.



The cartographic upside-down monstrosity at left is the Turnabout Map, whose purpose is to put Latin Americans "above" the much envied gringos. Listen to this sales pitch, if you can, without gagging.

Run-of-the-mill maps place the U.S. up above. Since "upper" is equated with "superior," this has bred misconceptions and mischief. The Turnabout Map of the Americas offers a corrective perspective.

Too bad the company doesn't put out a map with Australia on top of Asia.

As every true-blue Instaurationist would know, the map had to be the brainchild of a Chosenite. In point of fact his name is Jesse Levine

You can have one of these 17-1/2" x 33" colored maps for \$6 by ordering from Laguna Sales, 7040 Via Valverde, San Jose, CA 95136.

If you turn the upside-down map upside down, it restores the hemisphere to its proper pre-Levine alignment. But you'll have to stand on your head to read the names of the countries, cities and other geographical features.

BOY, ARE THEY OUT TO GET US!

Get 'em in the mood while they're young seems to be the motto of Michael Pulitzer's Arizona Daily Star, whose editors thought the photo on the right was just too cute for words and gave it a big play in the August 28 issue. It was taken at the closing ceremonies of a Tucson Moms and Tots summer program. The caption of the Tom Thumb wedding, as it was called, read in part, "Weddings tend to make people nervous and, golly, even a tad silly...." Golly, this particular ceremony also makes Instaurationists nervous, but for different reasons. And, golly, it sends out vibes that are a tad serious, not a tad silly.

What is this? A not-so-subtle hint of what future weddings should be like? Do mock nuptials, even at the tender age of three, have to have a white groom and a black bride? The groom apparently considers the whole thing a joke. Let's hope he continues to think so when he grows up.





Pistol-Packing New Yorkers

New York City is supposed to have just about the toughest gun laws in the country. Practically no one, we are told, is allowed to carry a firearm except cops and other lawmen. That's what we are told. What we are not told is that 22 city judges have "carrying permits," even though in court they are surrounded by armed officers. Other Gothamites allowed to hoist guns in their belts, pockets or wherever are Edgar Bronfman, the Zionist liquor mogul, William F. Buckley Jr., lickspittle of Zionism, Harry Fotopoulos, slumlord, Uri Geller, Israeli con artist, Barry Gray, Jewish talk show host, Michael Korda, Simon & Schuster editor, Angelo Ponte, mafioso, John Reale, mafioso, Laurance Rockefeller, Arthur Sulzberger, mediocrat, and Donald Trump, billionaire Majority truckler.

Jabbing at JAPs

Non-Jews are forbidden to joke about JAPs, meaning by the acronym not those world-record, work-a-sake exporters in the Land of the Rising Sun, but the Jewish American Princesses who live high on everything but the non-kosher hog. Being Jewish, Larry Wilde, the author of 38 alleged joke books, can make as many cracks as suit his fancy about America's new royalty -- or at least could until Susan Weidman Schneider, a Jewish magazine editress, accused him of the crime of sexism. "These jokes," she let forth, "make all women, especially Jewish women, fair game for bigots."

She took particular umbrage at Wilde's favorite joke: Question: How does a Jewish Princess learn her ABCs? Answer: "A is for Abercrombie, B is for Bloomingdale's, C is for Cartier, D is for Dior"

To the chagrin of the American Jewish Congress, which is beginning to turn an unfriendly eye on Wilde, his *The Ultimate Jewish Joke Book* defines JAPs as "pampered, snobbish, selfish and arrogant."

Whither High Tech?

In the old days every village had its village idiot. Today every city has its city planner. Three such individuals, Ann Markusen and Amy Glasmeier of Berkeley (CA) and Peter Hall of Austin (TX) have produced a scholarly tome that attempts to determine where high tech industries should be located. What they did was to correlate a number of typical economic, geographic and demographic measures (wage rate, unionization rate, freeway and airport access, climate, presence of Fortune 500 corporate

headquarters and business services) with the number of high tech jobs, the increase or decrease in the number of such jobs over five years, the number of high tech plants and the increase or decrease in the number of such plants over the years. To their surprise, few of these predictors proved more accurate than dart-throwing or coin-tossing.

One measure that did predict far above the chance level was "percent black." The greater the ratio of blacks in a city, the fewer high tech jobs and plants. The measures of change were also significantly correlated with what former Transportation Secretary Coleman called "ethnicity" in the Bork hearings. That is, as the percentage of blacks increases, any high tech firms unfortunate enough to be in the area head for greener grass and whiter neighborhoods. Prime Minister Nakasone (or Al Campanis) could have told us that much without recourse to multiple correlational analysis.

With all their emphasis on manipulating where private industries locate, the authors, who for some reason feel compelled to work in a totally gratuitous reference to Marx's *Das Kapital*, completely ignore the Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan proposed by Dr. William Shockley, the God-father of High Tech. It's also interesting that they make no reference to a rule of thumb well known to school administrators and real estate agents -- namely, that once the percentage of blacks in a school or neighborhood reaches the critical mass of 25%, whites flee at the speed of light and the school or neighborhood quickly becomes a black hole. As the brothers themselves say, "Once it goes black, it never comes back!"

Activist Deactivated

The judge gave J.R. Hagan five years' probation, a two-year suspended sentence, forbade him from having a gun and from associating with people who have guns. Hagan must also submit to body searches at any hour of the day or night that his probation officers feel the urge to do so.

Who is J.R. Hagan and what was his crime? He was the man who led the armed band that dared to patrol the U.S. border one night and hold a gang of illegal Mexican aliens at gunpoint for several hours while awaiting the arrival of the Border Patrol. He and the other members of the Civilian Materiel Assistance, as the group called itself, were trying to enforce a law that the U.S. government was not enforcing. However, that was not what Hagan was arrested for.

Sixteen years ago Hagan had been convicted for marijuana possession, which made him a felon, which in turn made him

a candidate for a firearms charge. Under federal law, felons are not allowed to own or carry guns.

U.S. District Judge William B. Brown lectured Hagan for "taking it upon yourself to conduct foreign policies and enforcing the laws of this nation." Although the leaders of various Hispanic groups yipped "racism" and were disappointed that Hagan had not been given a life term, they had nothing but praise for the illegals whom Hagan's group had temporarily detained. It would be both lawful and logical to convict these Hispanic leaders for conspiracy to violate U.S. immigration laws. But they are Hispanics and above the law, in contrast to Majority member Hagan, who must remain under the law.

As for someone not in government "undertaking foreign policies," if this is a crime, as it is under the Logan Act, then why aren't Jesse Jackson, who wheeled and dealled with Castro, and the leaders of the World Jewish Congress, who tried to change the face of Austrian politics, behind bars?

Black Power Fizzles

Some people like to think that blacks in New York are beginning to break the half-nelson that Jews have on the city. The verdict in the Bernhard Goetz case ought to disenchant them. Although he shot four blacks, permanently crippling one, he was acquitted on 12 of 13 counts -- and on the last, illegal possession of a gun, he received a slap-on-the-wrist six-month jail term, plus a few other inconveniences like 280 hours of community service, psychiatric treatment and a \$5,000 fine.

Goetz, who is appealing, is a half-Jew; his lawyer a whole one. The Jewish media treated him extremely gently. Practically all white New Yorkers, Jews and non-Jews, were for him. The blacks really lost that one.

And the Italians, who also claim some power in Zoo City, didn't come off much better. Congressman Mario Biaggi and Meade Esposito, a former Democratic boss, were found guilty of obstruction of justice and accepting a paid-in-full vacation from a semi-bankrupt ship-repair firm. Sentenced to jail by a Jewish judge, all Biaggi and Esposito and their lawyers could do was complain about anti-Italian bias in the selection of the jury.

Suborning Lady

Suborning of witnesses used to be a crime, but not in present-day congressional hearings. When Linda Greene, a black counsel to a Senate Judiciary subcommittee headed by Senator Howard Metzenbaum, learned that Professor John T. Baker of the University of Indiana Law School was going to testify on Robert Bork's behalf

in the recent inquisitorial Supreme Court confirmation proceedings, she called Baker, one of the nation's few prominent black law professors, the day before he was to appear and warned him of the hard grilling and questioning he would have to face. The results, she said, could put his scholarly reputation and his academic career at risk.

Baker took these threats to heart, deciding at the last minute not to appear. No prosecution of Senator Metzenbaum ensued, nor were any charges brought against his subcommittee counsel, who still holds her job.

Crocodile Tears

When the liberal-minority coalition promotes its own people and keeps the rest of us at a safe distance, that's called "progressive hiring." When a rightist, pro-America coalition -- to the extent one even exists -- does the same, that's called "racism" or "blacklisting." The most famous blacklist, the only one that merits a capital "B," was that of the late 1940s to middle 1950s, which primarily sought only to pare the excessive number of Communists and fellow travelers in America's government and media. "Affirmative Blacklisting" is what the embattled right might have called its short-lived defensive crusade. Just how ineffective it really was is suggested by a sob story which appeared in *Newsweek* (Sept. 28, 1987):

For a victim of cold-war witch-hunting, Penn Kimball did all right for himself. He was an adviser to New York Gov. Averell Harriman and Connecticut Sen. William Benton, wrote for *The New York Times* and *Time* magazine and recently retired as a professor at Columbia's prestigious Graduate School of Journalism. He did so well, in fact, that it took him 30 years to find out he was a victim of a witch-hunt.

As a Foreign Service candidate in 1946, young Kimball was secretly declared a security risk. But he didn't find out about this until 1977, which inspired him to sue the FBI, the CIA and the State Department for \$10 million. "How much it [the blacklisting] changed his life Kimball will never know," concluded *Newsweek*.

The Ultimate Self-Hater

Lewis Grizzard of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution has written a very honest column about racial differences. But his job is only half done.

He began by complimenting Isiah Thomas, Detroit Pistons basketball virtuoso, for noting that Larry Bird -- the best white player in the game -- is gravely afflicted with

White Man's Disease or WMD. "The symptoms are the following," enumerated Grizzard:

You can't jump; you can't run; you can't dunk; you can't change directions while still in the air; when you try to do a high-five with another white player, you occasionally miss contact.

Watch Larry Bird. He's slow and he can't jump, but somehow he manages to get the ball into the basket at a very high frequency and WMD sufferers all over the country see him and say proudly, "Look, he's one of us, but he made it anyway."

Grizzard compiled all this sensational data the hard way. He had played basketball on his high-school team, but only because "integration didn't happen until I had graduated. Otherwise, my extracurricular activities would have centered around the Spanish Club."

"You're a pretty good player to be white," said one black kid. Grizzard treasures this remark as "one of the greatest compliments I have ever been paid."



Grizzard -- flattered to be insulted

Grizzard's abject putdown of his own people and his self-abasing puffery of another race appeared way back in June. Some of his white readers, however, are still waiting for the other shoe to drop. It so happens that thousands of black teachers who were considered excellent or "near genius" under the South's segregated school system are now being forced from integrated staffs because of their grotesque incompetence.

When are you going to tell us about Black Man's Disease, or BMD, Mr. Grizzard?

Only We Are Racist

The Congressional Black Caucus held its annual conference in September. Two of

the biggest corporate sponsors of all the partying and mutual back-scratching were Philip Morris and Anheuser-Busch. The whites who buy their beer and cigarettes pay a hidden tax to subsidize these political hootenannies.

Nothing racist here . . .

At the annual convention of LULAC (the League of United Latin American Citizens) held last June, all seven mainstream Democratic candidates for the presidency, plus Republican campaigner Jack Kemp, promised to give Hispanic-Americans practically everything north of the Rio Grande in their shameless bid for brown votes. Two candidates, Michael Dukakis and Bruce Babbitt, delivered parts of their speeches in Spanish. Babbitt promised to appoint several Hispanic members to his cabinet, while Jesse Jackson hinted that an Hispanic should fill the Supreme Court seat vacated by Lewis Powell. Kemp apologized profusely for the ethnic myopia of the GOP.

Nothing racist going on at LULAC . . .

Down in Portsmouth (VA), they are having a recall election for mayor on Dec. 15. The city's black mayor, James W. Holley III, may lose his job because his fingerprints were found on several pieces of anti-black "hate mail" which were received by other black community leaders. Among the candidates hoping to replace Holley is Richard H. Ramsey, active in the recall campaign, who says he seeks to promote "white interests" in the city. The election is a "black-white issue," as Ramsey sees it, "a question of who's going to run this city."

Guess what? All the other white organizers of the recall campaign are calling Ramsey a "racist." The leader of a white civic club went out of his way to condemn him: "It's people like you who make it a [racial] situation."

Ecumenical Jewelry

The latest thing in necklaces was featured in *Modern Maturity* magazine (Dec. 1986-Jan. 1987). Overly suspicious and obsessively conspiratorial readers may note that the star overlaps the cross.





Israel Balance Sheet

Israel, whose population of 4.3 million is only 1½% that of Western Europe, receives 25% of all U.S. foreign aid. From the founding of the Zionist state in 1948 up to mid-1987 it has collected a total of \$58.8 billion from the U.S. Treasury, and for every dollar in government aid, it gets at least \$1 from private sources. "No parallel exists in the history of international capital flow," says the Los Angeles Times (July 20, 1987). "That amounts to nearly \$1,000 a year for every Israeli citizen."

But there is more. Israel is permitted to bid on U.S. classified defense contracts. The U.S. has a free trade agreement with Israel that works directly against American agricultural and business interests. The \$3 billion annual aid comes in the form of grants, not in repayable loans, and is so earmarked it can be expended in ventures that compete against American defense contractors, such as the large amounts of money that were spent on the Lavi fighter, now abandoned, that was intended to out-sell U.S. warplanes in the lucrative world arms market.

There is still more. Military grants are paid on a "cash flow" basis, meaning that Israel can let contracts before Congress appropriates the money. This makes Congress liable for fulfilling long-term contracts Israel makes with American companies. Also, \$300 million of the military aid can be spent in Israel on Israeli research and development.

Still more! The grants are paid in a lump sum at the beginning of the fiscal year. Other countries that receive aid are paid quarterly. As a result of the Camp David Accords, the U.S. guarantees Israel all the oil it will need at the world market price in case of an Arab or Third World cutoff. All sorts of additional costs and expenses are charged to the U.S. by its "Middle Eastern partner"; the unending shuttle diplomacy, the maintenance of 1,000 troops in the Sinai to protect Israel from an Egyptian attack, the Marines' short-lived and tragic occupation of Beirut, the destruction of U.S. embassies and other American property, and the successful and unsuccessful rescues of hostages. Much of this mounting expense stems largely from the hostility aroused in the Arab and Moslem world by U.S. trucking to Israel and its military intrusions into Libya and the Persian Gulf.

Instauration has estimated that the total cost of Israel to the American people has now approached the \$100 billion mark. It's the biggest looting of a country's treasury in world history and there is yet no light at the end of the funnel.

Crèche Banned

There'll be no room in Chicago's City Hall this Christmas for the traditional crèche. On November 5 last year, it was approved by Senior District Judge Frank J. McGarr and consequently the infant Jesus was there for all to see and admire throughout the holiday season. In his ruling, McGarr actually had the guts to state that America had a "Christian heritage."

This was too much for a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals panel headed by Judge Joel Flaum, a member of the country's ruling 2.8%. McGarr's ruling was reversed and the nativity scene banned from city hall. The American Jewish Congress, which instigated the suit to remove the crèche, congratulated itself on another successful act of censorship.

The crèche was moved to the privately owned Daley Center Plaza, in the shadow of a huge menorah set up to commemorate the Jewish copycat holiday, Hanukkah.

Royal Soft-Soaper

Yasuhiro Nakasone, who handed over Japan's top job to Noboru Takeshita a few months ago, told the truth during a trip to the U.S. last year. He said the U.S. economy was being stultified by Hispanics and blacks. To stifle lingering echoes of criticism, Japanese Crown Prince Akihito engaged in some hypocritical damage control when he told an elite gathering at the Japanese embassy in Washington in October how wonderful it was: "Many people have come to the United States from every corner of the world, have blended together, and have shaped today's resilient American society."

Black Kluxer

It usually takes Majority members a month of Sundays (or Sabbaths) to understand that when synagogues are burned or Jewish graveyards are vandalized, it's quite possible that the perpetrators are Jews. Instauration has a file folder filled with such cases. It may take Majority members even longer -- as long as a year of Sundays -- to understand that when crosses are burned or hate letters mailed, it's quite possible that the perpetrators are blacks.

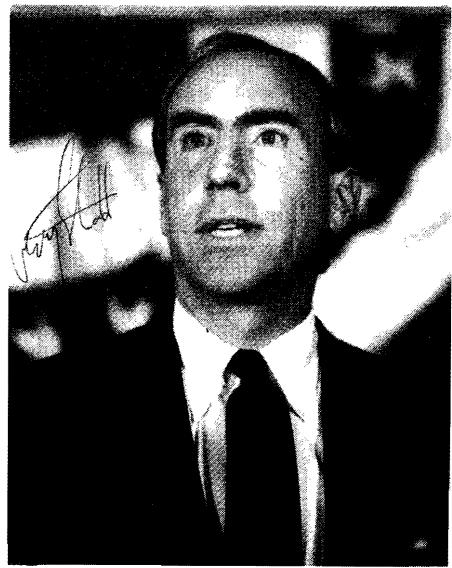
The latest such incident occurred in Marvel (AR) a few months ago, when ex-fourth-grade teacher and scoutmaster Earl Edwards, a 33-year-old Negro, pleaded guilty to sending eight threatening letters, all signed "KKK," to blacks who had accused him of unethical conduct toward his students.

Edwards was given three years' proba-

tion and a year's community service (eight hours a week) at a local nursing home. A white caught sending such adrenaline-raising billets-doux would have been thrown in the slammer instanter.

Gays Galore

Thirty-one congressmen lent their names or their presence to that six-day October homo hootenanny in Washington (DC). They included such Democratic luminaries as Senators Alan Cranston and John Kerry and Representatives John Conyers, George Crockett, Ron Dellums, Mickey Leland, Joseph Kennedy, Ted Weiss, Patricia Schroeder and, of course, the two certified congressional queers, Barney Frank and Gerry Studds. The only Republican booster of the event was Bill Green of New York, who just happens to be Jewish.



Gerry Studds (Q-MA)

Showbiz showoffs like Whoopi Goldberg harangued the mob, and 2,000 same-sex couples were joined in unholy matrimony in front of the IRS building. Songs dear to gay hearts were heard, one of them with these lyrics: "I'm a bull-dyke, she's a bull-dyke, wouldn't you like to be a bull-dyke too?" sung to the tune of the hummable Dr. Pepper jingle. AIDS carriers were everywhere.

Why all the fuss? Why the march? The protesters, 100,000 or 200,000 strong (how they love to play with numbers!) wanted Congress to enact the Lesbian and Gay Rights Bill, which would put homos in the same legally protected league as non-white minorities. The organizers of the queer parade also demanded massive handouts to AIDSers, the legalization of sodomy and guarantees that "lesbians and gays with domestic partners are entitled to the same rights as heterosexual partners." Although several homosexual lawmakers have been Republicans, among them the late Stewart McKinney of Connecticut and

former Rep. Bob Bauman of Maryland, the Democratic Party has become the party of the perverts as surely as it has become the party of the blacks. That millions of Majority members have clearly perceived this connection was a principal reason for the two recent Republican presidential landslides.

Only a sharp downturn in the economy, which is already showing a few signs of such, would induce a sufficient number of Majority voters to return to the Democratic fold to elect a Democratic president in 1988. Though the old New Deal coalition of white Southerners, union members, northern ethnics and Jewish left-wingers is as dead as its founder, FDR, it might come fleetingly back to life in the event of an authentic depression, which is certainly on the books, but whose date is still not fixed.

Coronation Time

Weighed down with bracelets and chains of solid gold and garbed in gowns of golden cloth and lace, 21 chiefs of the Ashanti tribe, Ghana's largest, marched up and bared their shoulders, a sign of deference, to Adusei Opoku, the son and representative of the tribe's spiritual leader, the Asantehene.

In the midst of all this pomp and circumstance, Nana Kwabena Oppong, the new king, arrived. Shortly thereafter he was tossed in the air and sprinkled with white powder as 500 tribesmen broke into a Michael Jackson-type African dance. The king, having combed the powder out of his jetblack, frizzy hair, and put on a brightly colored robe, a mass of gold jewelry, topped off all the finery with a golden crown.

No, this didn't happen in some African jungle. The coronation of the king of the 5,000 Ashanti tribesmen in the U.S. was held at the Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Avenue & 45th Street, Zoo City.

Cultural Feast

Anyone interested in unceremonious, flat-out minority racist entertainment has an embarrassment of riches these days, especially if he lives in Zoo City. How about an Italian-American lad and a slant-eyed maiden playing the feature roles in *China Girl*, an updated film version of Romeo and Juliet . . . or maybe *Big Shots*, featuring a rich white boy who forms a partnership in crime with a feisty black stud -- complete with a lecture on the glories of Martin Luther King Jr. . . . or perhaps *From the Mississippi Delta*, an off-Broadway play by a former black prostitute, Ida Mae Holland, who says she writes about what she knows best. When not playwriting, Ida Mae teaches Third World studies at Buffalo State University. Or how about the First Lesbian and Gay Experimental Film Festival? In one of the 61 films, French poets Arthur Rimbaud

and Paul Verlaine "make out" in a rowboat . . . or *Maurice*, a pansy art film based on the novel of the same name by E.M. Forster, the pansy British author. New York Post critic Jerry Tallmer called it, "A sensitive, scrupulous, many-layered movie rich in nuances, subtleties, strengths, shades of feeling, precision detail" . . . or the Hispanic rock 'n' roll noisemaker, *La Bamba*, which has a Latino good guy rejected by a snotty, snobby WASPess. The star is Hawaiian-born Lou Diamond Phillips, who has a Scottish-Irish-Cherokee father and a Filipino-Hawaiian-Asian-Hispanic mother . . . or *She's Gotta Have It*, the raunchy creation of the black film "genius," Spike Lee, in which he divides black society into "jigaboos" (black blacks) and "wannabees" (light blacks who want to become lighter) . . . or *He's My Girl*, a black transvestite's dalliance with a "studsy blond young man" . . . or *Surf Nazis Must Die*, whose title tells you all you need to know.

Not Always a Bad Color

When blacks run into trouble or make trouble, they have the habit of setting up a convenient strawman yept "racism." They even accuse the English language of bigotry because the word "black" has so many negative or distressing connotations. True. But black is not always bad.

Black tie signals a formal occasion. Sexy ladies go in for black lingerie. Johnny Walker Black Label is a passable scotch. Ornithologists and King Cole have nothing against blackbirds. Blackberries make toothsome pies. Black boxes in crashed airplanes contain data that help prevent future accidents. A person with a black belt comes out pretty well in a fight. Black Rod is the respected usher in the House of Lords. It's wiser to own stock in a company in the black than one in the red.

'Twas the blacks themselves who demanded that we switch from Negro to black when addressing them. 'Twas a silly demand because both words mean the same, unless for some reason black with its ancient Germanic root (*blah*) is considered to have a lighter and less evil hue than the Latin-derived Negro (*niger*).

Biting the Helping Hand

How do you educate people who vandalize libraries and stab firemen trying to put out fires in their own neighborhoods?

In late September, a branch of the Chicago public library located on the first floor of a black public housing project was ripped off for the eighth time. Stolen were four desktop computers, a printer, a typewriter, three filmstrip projectors, four tape record-

ers, eight sets of headphones and a color TV. As Marie Baker, the head library clerk, sadly reported, "They come in and steal from their own people." The only books missing were one by Arnold Schwarzenegger on body building and a guide on how to pass a high-school equivalency test.

Chicago goons have also distinguished themselves of late by stabbing a white fireman fighting a blaze in Chicago's black South Side. Four "youths" came up to him, while he was opening a hydrant and targeted him with a long string of insults before they inserted a knife into his back. This was the sixteenth attack in recent months on Chicago firefighters or paramedics.

The way things are going now in Mayor Washington's urban mess, if the Good Samaritan came back to earth and plied his trade in Chicago, he would probably be murdered by the victim he was trying to help.

Joan's Way

Joan Baez's autobiography, *And a Voice to Sing With*, is in the bookstores. It's hardly worth \$19.95, though it does throw some light on how a not untalented half-Hispanic folk singer managed to work her way up and down the Yellow Brick Road.

Joan came from nowhere into the here in 1941, the product of a Mexican-American father and a Scottish-American mother. She had the darkest skin of three daughters, so dark she alleges her junior high classmates in Redlands (CA) called her "nigger" and her sister, Mimi, took to avoiding her. Her first love affair was with a woman; her second with Bob Dylan. Her one husband was David V. Harris, a convicted draft dodger, whom she quickly divorced, but not before she was left with a boy child named Gabriel. Her biggest moment was her barefooted performance at the mud-sodden, drug-soaked music bash at Woodstock.

As her fame sank and her name retreated into the back pages of Rolling Stone, Joan started living on Quaaludes and shacking up with such riffraffish lover boys as a stablehand and a drifter, both of whom were noticeably shorter in the tooth.

Joan writes that her political mentor was Ira Sandperl, which explains a lot. It is to be hoped that she will move further away from Ira -- and Ira's thoughts -- as she gets on in years. Aside from her songs and her singing, well above the level of most minority troubadours, she did have the guts to admit that the North Vietnam Stalinists, whom she once adored, were hardly paragons of virtue. This is more than can be said for her former friend, Jane Fonda, who still refuses to apologize for her proditorious dealings with Hanoi and still passes herself off as a champion of the oppressed, all while cheering Israel's invidious persecution of the Palestinians, the most oppressed people of modern times.



ASPISHLY YOURS

NOTHING IS MORE off-putting to race-conscious Majority members than the sight of a good-looking blonde out on a date with a not-so-good-looking black. It's the Beauty and the Beast thing that once had an entirely different connotation in fairy tales. The Beast either turned into a handsome prince or was a good, sensitive guy at heart who suffered greatly for his sins, the kind of person or monstrosity (like the Hunchback of Notre Dame), whose soul was as beautiful as his face was ugly.

None of these qualifications can be attached to the blonde girl-black dude duos that leave such motes in our eyes today. Perhaps we can get a clearer picture of what is going on and our reaction to it by first turning to a psychologist who explained it all wrong, as shrinks usually do, particularly when they dip their hairy fingers into the sticky field of sex. The following is taken from *The Human Agenda* (Simon & Schuster, 1972) by a Freudian doctor named Roderic Gorney. Whether he was born with that name is one of those open questions.

Dr. Gorney informs us that the attractive blonde is a "flashlight" who lights up the people who crowd around her. Since a flashlight glows best in the dark, some blondes deliberately search out dark dates or mates so they will shine brighter -- the darker, the better. Gorney recounts the case history of one blonde who drifted from high yellow to black to coal black, leaving behind her a trail of broken Negro hearts. What had triggered the blonde's mad pursuit in the first place? She had been reading *Othello* and suddenly decided she was Desdemona.

Ignoring the Bard's description of Othello as a Moor, a dark white from North Africa rather than a cannibalistic Idi Amin-type from Uganda, Dr. Gorney is convinced that his "flashlight" or Desdemona theory holds for almost all blonde-black get-togethers.

I beg to differ. One hundred years ago no blonde would or could publicly rendezvous with a black anywhere in the Western world, except perhaps in a French café. Since blondes have not changed genetically to any considerable extent in the last century or so, except to become proportionately rarer, we must look to changing times for an answer -- to an environment which has opened new fields of social activity to both blondes and blacks.

Back in colonial times before the Quakers and the Abolitionists got their show on the road, most blondes, particularly in the South, and whites in general felt no more guilty about the Negro's plight than Aristotle did. Today, blondes of both sexes, being more or less Nordic and consequently gifted with more genes for altruism than members of any other race, feel more guilty than any other racial group for the sins of that peculiar institution. Put the two together -- guilt and altruism -- and you have the contemporary recipe for the kind of racial mixing we are talking about.



So unusual was the white-black match in 1889 that the Police Gazette noted, "A pretty white girl of Xenia, Ohio, marries a hunk of charcoal and parades the streets with him." The couple was arrested.

Another factor in modern salt-and-pepper combinations is the generation gap, which encourages young people of all races to go against the wishes of their parents. What father and mother like, the children, when they reach a certain age, feel compelled to dislike. If the parents were brought up not to date nonwhites, son and daughter, especially the latter, can show their defiance of their parental code by going out with blacks.

Guilt, altruism and defiance are largely accountable for the good-looking, straight-A coed holding hands on campus with the C-average black on a four-year affirmative action scholarship. Take away the guilt and the minority and liberal professors who preach it, stop believing everything the media say about the generation gap, and there will be a sharp reduction in mixed couples both on and off campus.

So far I've been commenting on the racial adventurism of the attractive blonde, Gorney's "flashlight." The more common the sight of mixed dating and mating involves the unattractive blonde or brunette who has difficulty getting

the attention of any male of any color. If the only man she can attract is a black, better dark skin than no skin at all. That decision, thankfully, is only arrived at by a small percentage of "ordinary" or "unattractive" girls, since custom, tradition and xenophobic genes will continue to keep most white girls away from ever bolder, ever more insistent blacks who, now that laws permit miscegenation, consider the conquest of any white girl, no matter how unattractive, as a great feat.

This brings up a final point. There would be no black-white mixing at all if the two races were separated into black and white nations. Even when living in close proximity to each other, blacks and whites would not be getting together socially if "public opinion" had not been radically changed over the last 50 years by a race-leveling media campaign of massive proportions -- a campaign that had as much to do with envy as the desire for racial equality.

But that's another story. All I have tried to do here is offer a brief rebuttal to Dr. Gorney's rather perverse and demeaning theory of light searching for darkness.

PETER WRIGHT'S book, *Spycatcher*, which is banned in England, has been published in Australia and is causing quite a stir in intelligence circles, almost as much of a stir as Bob Woodward's monumental smear of the late CIA head, William Casey.

Chapter 12 should be of particular interest to Alger Hiss apologists. Wright, an old MI5 man, asserts that an American cryptologist broke the Russian spy codes at the end of WWII. Among the top-secret material deciphered over the years was the news that the USSR had some 800 agents planted around the U.S. in the late 1940s. Fourteen agents were working close to the OSS, the forerunner of the CIA. Five were described as being close to the White House, one of whom "traveled in Ambassador Averell Harriman's private plane back from Moscow."

So there you have it. Alger Hiss was not nailed by the teary confessions of Whittaker Chambers and the contents of his Pumpkin Papers or by the investigative posturing of Richard Nixon and his fellow Red hunters, but by an unknown genius named Gardner Mitchell, who cracked the Russian code. It is obvious that excerpts from the deciphered Soviet communications were passed to the FBI and various congressmen and that these leaks were responsible for putting the spotlight on Alger Hiss.

Once again in this age of total persiflage, a man like Mitchell, who accomplished something really significant had to sit back in the shadows, while headline-hunting politicians and pundits stepped forward to take the bows and the credit.

AS A SUBSCRIBER SENT ME a few xeroxed pages from a book about Jewry in the Dakotas. The work is entitled *Today's American Jew* by Morris N. Kertzer (McGraw Hill, 1967). The date indicates it's not a contemporary bestseller, but it shows once again that Jerry Rubin was right when yippies were riding high and yuppies were unknown, when he proudly proclaimed, "We are everywhere."

Back in 1967, Herschel Laschkowitz, a Jewish lawyer, was mayor of Fargo, North Dakota's largest city. He had once been a state senator and had run for governor. Ben Strool, a Jewish rancher, was Commissioner of Schools and Public Lands in South Dakota. The "beloved" Abe Pred was a state senator from Aberdeen (SD).

Sovereign Grand Inspector General for the Scottish Rite for South Dakota was Harry Margolin, a Jewish merchant. Judge Mose Lindau, who presided over the Juvenile and County Court of Brown County for 15 years, was also a high muckety-muck in the Masons.

But the first Jews who came to the Dakotas were not all salesmen and pack peddlers, whose descendants soon rose up the ladder and became department store owners, lawyers, doctors and academics. Some Jewish pioneers, 200 in all, from the Ukraine, settled on an abandoned Indian reservation and decided to prove to the world that Jews could be successful farmers. They fought it out for a few years and then returned to New York. The few who remained headed for the richer economic pastures in the Dakotan cities.

One of the more interesting arrivals in the Dakotas was a Russian Jew who married a squaw who bore him a son who later became a congressman. Author Kertzer did not reveal the name of this half-caste legislator, but a perusal of the 1967 *World Almanac* disclosed that a certain Ben Reifel represented South Dakota in Congress that year.

Ponderable Quotes

Before 1890, according to Dr. Miller, the Census Bureau "sought to sub-divide the Negro group into *blacks*, *mulattoes*, *quadroons* and *octofoons*," but found it "impossible to make such sharp discriminations, since these divisions ran imperceptibly into one another." It was upon the advice of Booker T. Washington that it began calling all colored persons of African blood *Negroes*. *Mulatto*, *quadroon* and *octofoon* have now almost disappeared from American speech.

H.L. Mencken,
The American Language: Supplement I

As long as I'm on the screen, I will never hold or kiss a white woman. Hey, our black women have nothing to look forward to in films, nothing to identify with . . . Tell me, how often do you see a black man in love and making love with a black woman? So as it is, I want to be seen only with our women -- not Chinese or Filipino women, not yellow, green, pink or white. Just our women, black women.

Bill Cosby

One of these days Richard Pryor's whining, sex-obsessed, drug-fondling, filthy-mouthed soliloquies will be recognized as more harmful to blacks than the shiftless, shuffling, mis-portrayals of blacks done by Stepin Fetchit. The Ku Klux Klan must love Pryor.

Joe Brown, columnist,
Post-Gazette, Mar. 12, 1987

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

During my trip to Mexico many months ago, the sight of all those North Americans painfully negotiating the steps of the Mayan pyramids convinced me that it is time something was done about their frightful condition of obesity and unfitness. They even had the effect of making me more content with the old continent than I have been for many years. The girls at Amsterdam airport mostly looked like goddesses by contrast, and everywhere in England, for several days, I mainly saw fit men and women of all ages. Contentment with the New Britain is not a state of mind I approve of, and eventually I returned to my former disgust with slack TV bellies (which look so much worse on otherwise slim people), the gormless expressions which go with hearing pop music on a Walkman, and all the other signs of proletarian decadence. I also reminded myself of the fact that some American oarsmen are bigger and stronger than ours, and that outside my selective version of England the minorities are breeding like rabbits.

True, I have met a number of Instaurationists now, and not one of them is overweight. But perhaps they will be kind enough to allow this article to fall into the hands of some of those slobs I saw in Mexico. I know that expression will annoy those who are committed to the notion that fat is beautiful, but Instauration is not dedicated to soothing the feelings of the unaesthetic.

The first thing to get into their fat heads is that, although some people have a stronger propensity than others to put on weight (the Nordic-Alpine cross is particularly prone to it), obesity is quite simply the result of self-indulgence coupled with a lack of self-discipline.

I think the first step in the right direction should be the practice of a simplified form of the autogenic training originated by I.H. Schultz, which has the effect of bringing the autonomous vegetative system under control. (This is not controlled by the central nervous system.) Autogenic training has also been shown to reduce fats in the blood. It has many uses, but here I am only concerned with the reduction of obesity. For those who can read German I would especially recommend Dr. Fritz Langen's little book, *Autogenes Training fur jeden* (Munich, Gräfe und Unzer, 1986). After the initial learning period, all it needs is three two-minute periods of mental exercise a day -- surely not too much if your whole life is going to be changed for the better. If you wake naturally, your first training period will be in bed. If you are a slow waker, do it after breakfast. The next session comes after lunch, and the third always before you go to sleep at night.

The first stage is to convince yourself of the power of mind over matter. This is quite simply done by closing the eyes and standing in front of an armchair. Now tell yourself that you are falling back, without actually making yourself do so. In a short while, you will have to shift your weight to prevent falling back. Now hang a small object on a thread eight to twelve inches long, hold it out with a slightly raised arm and will the pendulum to swing sideways, remain still, swing backwards and forwards, remain still, and then swing in a circle. But do not consciously move it. After a few tries, this should work, too.

Now you may either lie on your back, sit comfortably in an armchair with your head and arms on the rests, or sit forward on a hard seat like an old-time driver of a hansom cab, with some

of your weight on your feet -- collapsed into yourself, so to speak. The exercise goes in three stages:

1. Say that you are perfectly calm. Induce that feeling, but without strain of any kind. Clear the mind of all other notions or images.

2. Tell yourself that your right arm is heavy (or left arm, if left-handed). Imagine the arm as the only thing illuminated on an otherwise darkened stage. It may take days or even weeks, but eventually the arm will feel heavier. The amount of saliva in your mouth will increase, your eyelids may vibrate, and you will become aware of noises in your digestive system.

3. Wake yourself by bunching up your fists and pushing them out and in, while breathing deeply (down into your stomach). Then, and only then, open your eyes. This stage is important and should never be forgotten except before turning over and going to sleep.

When, in the course of time, you have learnt how to induce a feeling of weight in one arm, begin telling yourself that the arm is also warm, very warm. Eventually, you will either begin to feel a warm sensation in the other arm as well, and then in the legs, or else (in rare cases) all down one side, the sensation transferring itself later to the other side as well.

The next stage is to become fully aware of your breathing process, emphasising calm at all times. You do not breathe so much as become aware that the process of breathing is making use of your body.

When this has been achieved, you can make up a guiding phrase which should contain three parts: a reference to the problem, a statement that you are overcoming it, and a clear indication as to how (e.g. "Eating is not that important to me -- I am becoming slim and healthy -- by watching my diet"). Back around 1900, William James had already realised what changes can be effected by simply stating something desired as though it were a fact. Note the necessity of avoiding any strong expression of will. Your guiding phrase should become monotonous and quite normal.

The final stage involves the rapid inducement of all these states within the key words: calm -- weight -- warmth -- breathing -- guiding phrase -- waking.

Meanwhile, our fat friends should be turning their attention to the problem of diet. Here the key name is that of Dr. Howard Hay, an American, whose book, *A Healthy New Era* came out in the late 1930s, but was largely ignored everywhere but in Germany, where Dr. Ludwig Walb and his wife, Ilse, have developed Hay's ideas into an extremely effective system (see *Die Hay'sche Trennkost*, Heidelberg: Karl F. Haug Verlag, 35 editions).

Hay cured himself of Bright's disease by adopting the notion that acidic and alkaline foods (proteins and carbohydrates) should not be eaten together at the same meal, because each neutralises the enzymes that break down the other. The basis of his theory is chemical. Thus ptyalin (in the mouth) is neutralised by eating acidic fruits (e.g. citrus) with carbohydrates, and so cannot break down those carbohydrates, as it would normally do. On the other hand, pepsin, in the stomach, needed for the digestion of protein, is neutralised by carbohydrates. Of course, few foods are purely one or the other, but the general rule holds good.



Furthermore, Hay and the Walbs advocate that 80% of our intake should consist of "natural" foods: fruit and green vegetables (both raw and cooked), carrots, cauliflower, onions, raw tomatoes, cabbage of all kinds, radishes, peppers and fennel. Also included in this category are blueberries, raisins and nuts. So, surprisingly enough, are fats, including fat bacon, butter, cream and fat cheese, and also egg-yolk, blood sausage and ripe olives. However, Hay emphasises that overmuch fat is bad. Recommended seasonings are herbs, garlic, paprika, muscat, curry and sea-salt. Gin, vodka and brandy also belong to the neutral category. Not recommended are mayonnaise, soups, sauces, black tea, coffee and cocoa.

Hay says that only 10% of our intake should consist of mainly carbohydrate foods (not more than a quarter pound per day), which include wholemeal breads, natural rice and potatoes, together with honey, dates, figs and unrefined sugar. White breads, noodles, jams, jellies, polished rice and dried leguminous foods are not recommended. Nor are white sugar or sweet things made with it. But beer goes with carbohydrates and so do sweet wines.

Similarly, we are to consume only 10% of protein a day, with the emphasis on fish (because it is less fat than meat), milk products, cheese with less than 55% fat, eggs with the white, and soya flour. These go together with stone fruit, berries, citrus fruit, pomegranates, pineapple and melon, also cooked tomatoes. Raw egg-white (does anybody eat that?) and fat sausage are not recommended, nor are rhubarb or cranberries. But non-sweet wines go with proteins (e.g. tart white wine with fish or red wine with meat).

Ideally, two kinds of carbohydrates or two kinds of proteins should not be mixed at the same meal, though they can be eaten with the other foods that go with them.

Now I must tell you honestly that I have no intention of giving up one cup of good coffee a day, either at home or when visiting Italy or Austria. Nor have I any intention of refraining from a curry containing both meat and rice. Nor shall I absolutely avoid soups, sauces, beans or chestnuts, or bitter orange marmalade with my wholemeal bread or reduced tomato sauce with spaghetti, or refuse cranberry sauce with venison (especially when I have taken the trouble of shooting it myself). Least of all would I criticise a man who works with his hands for eating meat and potatoes together. However, I have found that when I mix the categories set apart by Hay, or eat what he does not recommend, I have to pay for it with a considerably longer digestion time. So, my family and I stick more or less to the Hay rules when we are at home, and break some of them when we go out. Bread and cheese (no butter) with apples and beer make a good meal, as do meat and spinach, or potatoes with some butter plus carrots and cauliflower, or raw tomatoes with olive oil and wholemeal bread (the old-time Italian workman's lunch). All these combinations are in accordance with Hay's ideas. But fast food of all kinds, not to speak of nasty, sticky drinks like Seven-Up, Coca-Cola and root beer, are definite nos.

As a supplement to Hay's ideas, I can thoroughly recommend Karen MacNeill's *Book of Whole Foods* (London: Robert Hale, 1986). This American lady is not completely orthodox in the Haysian sense (for instance, she has nothing against leguminous vegetables), but has some excellent ideas, for all that, and lots of excellent recipes. Her main target is saturated fats, to which she vastly prefers carbohydrates. Another of her dislikes is refined sugar (sucrose). She much prefers fructose, pointing out that brown sugar is mostly made artificially by adding a little molasses to white, refined sugar. She is against sodium chloride in any form, partly because "it draws nutrients out of food," preferring herbal seasonings. And she is right on the ball when she attacks "pre-cooked, frozen, reheated packaged meals," even daring to mention McDonald's by name. (McDonald's "fresh orange juice" turned out to be from a frozen concentrate, and its "maple syrup"

was ordinary hotcake syrup, without a suspicion of maple sap.) She also points to the fact that some people are able to take much more alcohol than others. Good on the perils of tapwater, she is great on the merits of vitamins, herbs and spices. But alas, I have no space to go into that here.

However, I am not going to be able to make friends with the fatties by telling them that all they have to do is follow Hay and Karen MacNeill, and all will be well. They need much more drastic treatment if they are to cure their obesity. Yes, you guessed it, I am proposing fasting.

By fasting I don't just mean missing the odd meal -- which is good for your health and demonstrates your power to do without. I mean fasting for days on end. In America the most popular slimming course is apparently the Hollywood diet, which involves having only one kind of food or drink per day (e.g. nothing but fruit juice on the first day, followed by nothing but eggs and tomatoes on the second, then fruit, then milkshakes, then water-melon, then mangoes, then papayas, then nothing but water, then ice cream, then yogurt, then cooked eggs and oranges, then salad and fish), the idea being that you will not want to eat much of the same food on the same day. It strongly recommends granulated kelp instead of salt (I use potassium salt as an alternative substitute), and fructose as a substitute for sucrose, on the grounds that refined sugars make one hungry half an hour later.

This is all very well, and it works over a long period, but it's by no means drastic enough. Even the recommendation to eat nothing one day a week is not enough, in my opinion, because the poisons accumulated in the body over the years through the excessive intake of proteins and carbohydrates simply cannot be got rid of in a single day. As for the recommendation to wear monocolour suits in order to seem slimmer, it deserves no consideration whatsoever. However, if you are fat, don't let other people catch side views of you wearing only a T-shirt and shorts. If you are a fattish woman, don't wear trousers. As the poet sings:

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants,
The choice is yours, my sweeting,
You look divine as you advance --
Have you seen yourself retreating?

A far more effective method than the Hollywood diet is explained in Dr. Hellmut Lutzner's *Fasten* (Gräfe und Unzer Verlag, 1986). I have adapted this to my own purposes, and it works like a charm whenever I feel I need it. In fact, I am writing this on the fifth and last day of my second fast. I am not in the fatty category, but my life is more sedentary than it used to be.

If you are in reasonable health, you can follow my suggestions, and will benefit greatly. If there is any doubt, consult a doctor.

On the day before your fast, eat only green vegetables, cooked and raw, with a little butter in the former case, and a little dressing in the latter. This should be on a Tuesday. On that day you should also plan the next five days. If you are working on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, so much the better. Unless you are working all the time with your hands (in which case you probably won't need my advice), the quality of your work will not suffer in the slightest.

On Saturday and Sunday you will slow up a bit, but not very appreciably. You may also have to avoid driving, because your reaction time slows down slightly. But make sure you take plenty of exercise every day and siestas at the weekend. If you are not working that week, you can plan to do all the things you have been meaning to get down to for months, alternating right and left brain activity every half-hour or so (e.g., a complete tidying of your desk, followed by a chapter of a novel, followed by letters you should have written weeks ago, followed by exercises, followed by a chapter of a demanding book, followed by another

chapter of the novel and so on).

On the morning of Wednesday, and on every morning from then until Sunday, you take one teaspoonful of B-group vitamin extract (there should be plenty of the yeast-based variety on the market) and one teaspoonful of wheat germ oil. Drink plenty of water (mineral water if the tap water is inferior), and take nothing else. Remember that you are going to feel (and look) splendid when this is all over. Meanwhile, you won't be suffering more than is good for you.

By the third day, the accumulated poisons will be leaving the body in quantity, and you must do your best to remain inoffensive to others, even though your mouth may smell like a charnel house. Clean your teeth several times a day with unsweetened toothpaste, but don't take sugary breath pills, because these tend to excite the pangs of hunger. As a matter of fact, after the first day (when you will certainly be very hungry around lunchtime) that hungry feeling will only be felt occasionally during the day, and never during the night. Take a shower as well as a bath every day, and try to maintain the regularity of your motions (even with an enema, if necessary), but not with pills of any kind. Dehydration pills are the biggest no-no of all.

You will have to turn inwards sometimes, and here the autogenic training will help greatly. You can also (separately) visualise scenes in your head as clearly as possible. Above all, let there be no food, or smells of food in your vicinity. And leave yourself plenty of time for sleep.

On the following Monday and Tuesday, build up slowly, with a little muesli and milk for breakfast (no sugar), a green salad and vegetables for lunch, and perhaps a little fish and an orange for supper. After that you can turn to the Hollywood diet or experiment with Hay's and MacNeill's suggestions. In any case, you will find you have lost a great deal of weight, and that is the main object of the exercise. Side effects will include a sense of self-control and a better knowledge of yourself. I also find that such fasts concentrate my thinking processes, for what that is worth. Fasting does not in any way diminish my conviction that culinary variety, based on local traditions, is one of the pillars of culture.

However, do not imagine that merely by reducing your weight you can eliminate all the problems resulting from cowardice and consumerism. There is only one way to mental health, and that is through adherence to one's tribe, or at least such parts of it as still have some self-awareness as a group.

Some Races Are Smarter

Why do races differ in intelligence? Most contemporary psychologists and brain specialists would be hesitant to ask the question and, if anyone should throw it at them, would probably slough it off by beating a hasty retreat into equalitarian gobbledegook or total silence.

Not so J. Philippe Rushton of the Department of Psychology, University of Western Ontario, Canada, who has published a paper in which he compares races in measures of intelligence (brain weight, cranial capacity, IQ), maturation rate (age of walking, puberty and death), sexual restraint (ovulation rate, frequency of intercourse, sexual attitudes) and emotional stability (mental health rates, marital stability). His figures for average cranial capacity are: Mongoloids 1,448 cc; Caucasoids 1,408 cc; Negroids 1,334 cc. Brain weight: Mongoloids 1,351 grams; Caucasoids 1,336 grams; Negroids 1,286 grams. Since brain weight has a significant correlation with body weight -- as well as intelligence -- its effect is overstated in the case of Negro intelligence and understated in the case of Monogoids, Negroes having larger bodies than Caucasoids, and Mongoloids smaller bodies. Brain weight, by the way, begins to decrease in Europeans at age 25, but not in the Japanese until their mid-30s.

Maturation rates seem to correlate negatively with intelligence. Rushton reported that in the United States, 51% of black children are born in the 39th week of pregnancy; only 33% of white children. In France, white women have longer pregnancies than mixed-race mothers from the French islands in the Caribbean. The faster

maturation rate of blacks is completely consistent with the genetic hypothesis that phylogenetically "simpler" organisms mature faster. This racial difference is totally inexplicable from an environmental standpoint. What discriminatory, "racist" or socioeconomic factor could cause blacks to walk sooner than whites?

Black babies are generally more mature than white babies of similar age -- in co-ordination, muscular strength and locomotion, while Mongoloid maturation lags behind that of whites. On average, Mongoloid infants can't walk until 13 months, compared to white infants at 12 and Negroids at 11. Puberty, first intercourse and first pregnancy occur for the average Negro 1.5 to two years before the average white and three to four years before the average Mongoloid. Death rates also differ. In 1980 the Chinese death rate in the U.S. was 3.5/1,000; European-descended Americans 5.6/1,000. The Negro death rate was not given, but was said to be "substantially higher."

The success of a civilization, asserts Rushton, depends greatly on such factors as law-abidingness, marital functioning and mental durability. In the U.S. the Mongoloids have a greater "market share" of these traits than the Caucasoids, who in turn possess a larger share of them than Negroids. The sanity index of the population also has a strong influence on the stability of social orders. In the U.S. in 1970, blacks were confined to mental institutions at the rate of 240/100,000; whites 162/100,000. Blacks visit mental health centers and are treated for drugs, alcohol abuse and psychological

disorders at twice the rate of the general population.

Referring to the important trait of law-abidingness, blacks, one-eighth of the U.S. population, account for half of all arrests for assault, murder and robbery. In London, where blacks comprise 13% of the population, they commit half the crimes. Blacks are underrepresented, however, in arrests for "high status" crimes, such as tax fraud and violations of security laws. Asian immigrants, both in the U.S. and Britain, have a relatively low crime rate.

Finally, Rushton states that Mongoloids are less sociable and more neurotic than Caucasoids, who are in turn less social and more neurotic than blacks. Mongoloids, moreover, provide more parental care for their children than whites, who are more caring than Negroes.

Studies show parental care, age of onset of puberty and menopause, rates of growth in height and mental development, family size and structure, strength of sex drive, intercourse frequency and number of partners, onset of degenerative diseases associated with aging, as well as longevity, intelligence, altruism and law-abidingness -- all these factors are to some degree heritable. Consequently, those who preach that all men are created equal are straying just as far from the truth as those who preach that all races are created equal. Nevertheless, both of these glaring falsehoods have become enshrined as gospel in the print and electronic media. We know what happens to a person who lives a lie. We are now finding out what happens to a nation that does the same.

The soapy saga of Dan Rather grows more intriguing every day. It's actually beginning to look as if fudging the news isn't paying off, at least for one anchorman on one network. Remember Dan's 80-mile-an-hour dash through Chicago's streets with a cab driver, who is supposed to have "hijacked" him? Remember the brawl on a Zoo City street, when two men, according to Dan, kept hitting him while one repeatedly uttered the enigmatic words, "Kenneth! What is the frequency?" Then in September Dan went into a deep pewe when his sacred *CBS Evening News* was "overrun" by two minutes of the U.S. Open Tennis tournament. He walked away from a special camera set-up in Miami and didn't return until the network had been black for six whole minutes.

The loss of commercial time, the prompting of lifetime CBS News groupies to switch to Brokaw or Jennings, the loss of prestige and goodwill must have added up to a pretty penny. Laurence Tisch, Dan's boss, who is known to go to bed with a pocket calculator, was not amused. Belonging to an unforgetting race, he is certainly planning revenge.

Is alcohol at the bottom of Dan's problem? He does have some Indian genes, the kind that have always had difficulty handling firewater. Or has Dan's rumored \$2.5 million annual salary gone to his head? Something is wrong somewhere, which means to us Majorityites something is right. It is hard to imagine that any person on the long or short list of Dan's replacements could be worse, even though the main responsibility of an anchorman is to read correctly in a flat and lifeless, unaccented American English what someone else writes for him on the teleprompter.

Perhaps next year at this time we may be able to report the glorious news that Injun Dan has returned to the reservation.

* * *

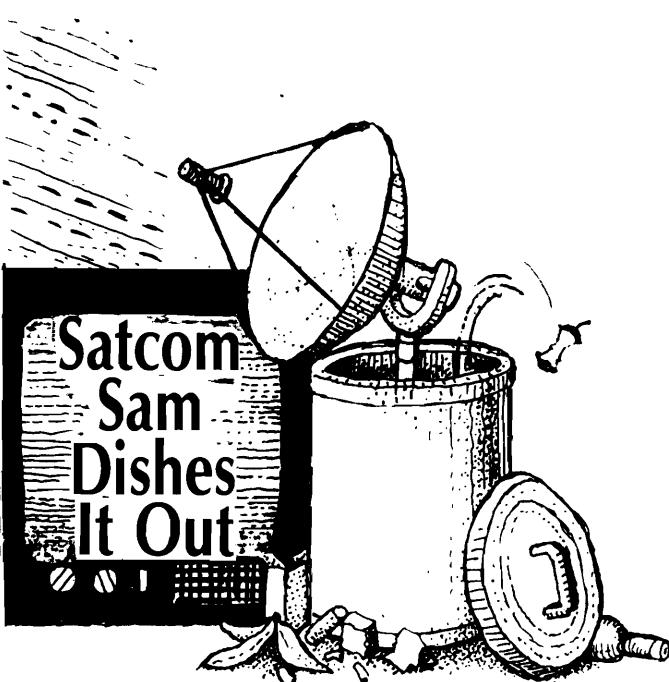
Robert M. Cohen, in charge of foreign news for Dan's show, let a very interesting and a very hushed-up cat out of the bag in a New York Times article (Aug. 31, 1987). Over the years Americans have been assured and reassured that TV news is not biased. Mr. Cohen, who should know what he is talking about, does not agree. Here is what he had to say about TV news from South Africa:

The American consciousness about South Africa, I believe, was formed and maintained by the constant television images of brutal repression in many forms: the image of the padded, faceless policeman, club raised; the image of a black youth with fear covering every inch of his face as he throws a rock. These were constant and common images and now they are missing.

Cohen is regretting the South African government's restriction on television coverage, not because it limits the news, but because it limits his ability to stir up anger at apartheid. He didn't say it, but the consciousness raising that Cohen and his associates have been engaged in respecting South Africa is very much in evidence every night in their handling of TV coverage from Nicaragua and El Salvador.

There's no bias on the tube, say the networks, the anchormen, the reporters and the liberal scribes in the media. Mr. Cohen, however, who's in the know, admits he agrees with the millions of eyes and ears which look and listen to the news differently every night and are damned sure it's biased.

* * *



From Zip 912: Tom Metzger's appearance on the Donahue show was pretty impressive. However, when one questioner asked, "What is race?", Metzger should have answered, "Go ask Jesse Jackson, his whole campaign is based on it." Only at the end did he say that some years ago he had won the Democratic congressional nomination in his district. He should have announced this right off. It would have gotten him more credibility with the unknowing audience.

At times Metzger talked like a walking edition of Instauration. He said he was a white separatist, not a white supremacist. He insisted that many of our problems are not caused by minorities, but by our own people.

What a bunch of smug, self-satisfied members of the bourgeoisie was the audience! Metzger was right to complain about the absence of working men. Donahue's ladies were still shouting the clichés they learned in school in the 1950s. The old bag who said that she and her husband were against interracial marriage because it penalizes the couple's children deserved a wholehearted smirk. If Phil had had a Black Power advocate on his show, that lady would have gotten a firestorm of backtalk. She would have been told that blacks don't care what she does or does not think. They are tired of white condescension.

Donahue's gals have little knowledge of what is going on out there on the racial front. But we should not give up on the audience, even though the temptation is there. Profound truth and new ideas take a fairly long time to sink in. Wait until one of these women sees her child battered by a black mugger. Then they still won't join us, but they'll stop telling Metzger to leave the country.

* * *

I hope my readers will forgive me if I stray from the usual style and content of this column to sketch out a plot for a play within a play. Let's suppose a young white woman is sitting alone in her suburban Chicago or Los Angeles apartment watching *Mandela*, the latest antiwhite TV docudrama. She sees a lot of low-life, drooling South African whites persecut-

ing a noble, godlike black man and woman. While she is wondering how she could possibly belong to such a hideous race, while she wishes she could have been born black, while she fantasizes about dumping her wimpish white boyfriend and taking up with a perfect specimen of humanity like Nelson Mandela, while she dreams about trading places with Nelson's Joan of Arc wife, Winnie, the door is broken open and another kind of black enters. The rape and murder are over before HBO's *Mandela* comes to an end.

Herbert Brodkin and Robert Berger (Jews, of course, not blacks) were the producers of *Mandela*. They also produced such heavily doctored dramas as *Sakharov* and *Murrow* -- apotheoses, respectively, of a Russian bombfather and a chain-smoking American truckler who was William Paley's favorite news twister, second only to Cronkite. Brodkin-Berger "specials" are so awash in minority racism that they become almost surreal and consequently almost totally unbelievable and very, very tune-outable. This is all to the good! Think of the harm Brodkin-Berger could do if they possessed even one neuron of artistry in their thick, cloddish skulls.

Someday, when Western art and Western artists manage to get rid of the throwbacks who have turned television into a cultural trash compactor, instead of *Roots*, *Holocaust* and *Mandela*, which fill the hearts of nonwhites with the same overflowing hatred of whites that Jews have been nurturing for a couple of millennia, we may once again have a chance to be inspired by what we see on the tube, not demeaned and demoralized by hate propaganda that comes to us in the name of entertainment. At such time we may be able to watch not some cheap bathos about a stage black, as Brodkin-Berger portray Nelson Mandela, but the real tragedy of a confused and muddled white girl who was watching *Mandela* when her eyes were closed forever.

* * *

Movie actress Dovie Beams offered British TV a tape of her trysts with the exiled, aging former Filipino strongman, Ferdinand Marcos. The audience would have heard Marcos swearing like Nixon and begging Beams to have his child. The stuff is so raunchy that only a minute was acceptable for airing.

* * *

Having balked for some time at looking at any sitcom, I finally succumbed one Thursday night and watched *Family Ties* with Michael J. Fox. To my surprise, it wasn't half bad -- which is the same as saying it was at least half good. Meredith Baxter Birney, the mother, is totally miscast. She looks like she should be one of the children. But the supporting cast is good and several episodes I've now seen move along and produce a few genuine belly laughs. Michael J. Fox is most definitely not one of the many, many overrated actors.

* * *

Better not say anything against Negro politicians if you're the host of a radio talk show in Atlanta. On the Ed Tyll show on WGST one July evening, the host let loose with his put-down of black Representative John Lewis (D-GA): "I can't stand illiterates . . . I am not going to stand here and talk to a moron like John Lewis . . . The other day [he] sounded like Buckwheat." The latter, for the information of our young readers, was a not overbright black member of the group

known as "The Little Rascals," which made movie shorts back in the golden days of Hollywood.

As the expected complaints rolled in, Tyll was suspended for one week without pay and ordered by his boss, John Lauer, the station manager, to "apologize profusely to Congressman Lewis."

Black Atlanta Councilman Bill Campbell was 100% behind the station's blithe dissociation from the First Amendment, which today is honored mostly in the breach.

I think it's incredible that a comment like that could be made about a member of the U.S. Congress . . . I think you have a person [Tyll] who is totally out of control and insensitive to what is racially infuriating.

When Tyll came back on the air, he put on his kid gloves -- as people in his position usually do -- and became "reasonable." His first show had as its main theme the need for more blacks in the media. He then launched into an attack against -- of all things -- racism. In his new mood, Tyll will probably describe Buckwheat as the brains of "The Little Rascals."

Back when Larry McDonald, the Birchite who went down on Korean Airliner 007, was a metro Atlanta congressman, he was demeaned, libeled, insulted and taken apart almost every day and night on Atlanta radio and TV. But no host or anchor was ever suspended for his attacks on the white rightwinger.

Ah, but there is a difference! McDonald didn't have the melanin that not only protects from the ultraviolet, but also from the many other electromagnetic emissions that penetrate our homes.

* * *

One of the silliest articles I've come across recently is a piece by Ira Rosofsky in the *Village Voice* (July 14, 1987). Ira is up in arms about the fishing and hunting shows on "Cracker Cable." Too much killing, he says. To make his point, the article is illustrated with a Confederate flag and an ugly ole boy gloating over a dead fish he is holding up by the gills. Ira just can't stand those Southern "killers," which he portrays as a gang of bloodthirsty rubes.

Yes, Ira is strongly against killing any warm-blooded creature, unless perhaps it should happen to be a Palestinian.

* * *

There is so much on TV these nights that the law of averages predicts a viewer will stumble on something worth seeing. In June, I stumbled on *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*. The title alone would have urged me to keep several satellites away from Arts & Entertainment (F3, Transponder 24), where it was showing. I only lit upon it by chance as I was giving my dish a 70-station sweep.

One quick look-see and I was hooked. It was a fascinating update of "Medea," with an unknown (to me) actress as good or better than Judith Anderson. Her name was Julie T. Wallace. If there is any justice in the thespian world, we'll be seeing much more of her. As she plotted to get revenge on her husband, who had left her for a female novelist, she irradiated some of the most Gothic histrionics I've ever witnessed. The curiously named series went on for three one-hour episodes and only fell apart in the fourth and final sequence. If you hear about a rerun, tune in. Or be sure you buy it when and if it comes out in videocassette. Julie will transfix you.

Talking Numbers

Where have your tax dollars been going recently? \$170,000 to build a Dunkin' Donut store in Oklahoma . . . \$14 million in SBA aid to an investment firm owned partly by Norman Lear, Paul Newman and Burt Reynolds . . . \$1 million for a "water theme park" in Puerto Rico . . . \$30 million to convert a Baltimore ferryboat into a floating crab house.

#

The 13.2 million serious crimes reported to the police in 1986 cost Americans more than \$13.5 billion.

#

Some 19,000 federal employees filed discrimination complaints in fiscal 1985, compared to 13,500 in 1981. It takes an average of 443 days to process such complaints at the Postal Service; 1,615 days at the Department of Justice; 1,709 days at the Department of Education.

#

From 1789 to 1935, 268 of the 464 Catholic bishops in the U.S. were either first- or second-generation Irish.

#

71,000 low-income New Yorkers pay only a dollar a month for their telephones and get a 10% discount on the first \$5 worth of calls.

#

The car bomb that exploded in Johannesburg on July 20 injured 29 whites, 32 blacks and 7 Coloureds. Although it was the biggest such bomb to go off in South Africa, no one was killed.

#

Of the 431 cognoscenti arrested by Stalin in the years following WWII, many were shot in the cellar of Moscow's Lubyanka prison on August 12, 1952, the "Night of the Murdered Jewish Poets."

#

700,000 of the 3.6 million children born each year in the U.S. are "provisionally retarded" or "difficult to teach," states Margaret Wang, director of Temple University's Center for Research in Human Development and Education.

#

87 prison inmates have been executed in 12 states since 1976; 1,922 remain on death row. Texas has executed the most (25); Florida is next with 16. 14 states, all in the North, with the exception of Hawaii, don't have the death penalty.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2

In 1967, Britain had 13 mosques. Today it has 338.

#

70.6% of Hispanic children in the U.S. attend "predominantly minority" public schools. The typical Asian-American student goes to a public school that is 58% white, 12.8% black, 15.6% Hispanic and 13.2% Asian.

#

By July 1, 305,000 illegal aliens had applied for legal status (amnesty) under the new immigration reform law. The INS expects that 1 to 2 million illegals will apply before the eligibility period expires on May 5, 1988.

#

The average home is priced at \$1.2 million in the two richest U.S. suburbs, Greenwich (CT) and Mill Neck (NJ).

#

De Beers, the unboycotted Jewish South African monopoly, which controls 80% of the world's diamonds, raised prices 30% for rare diamonds and 10% for average stones on Oct. 5. 40% of all diamonds used in jewelry are bought during the Christmas season.

#

4.5% of Zoo City streets are designated as "filthy" in Mayor Koch's 711-page management report. A total of 138,000 potholes were identified.

#

Males outnumber females by 238,000 in the 15-29 age group in England and Wales. According to Wedding and Home magazine, only 4% of Britain's brides-to-be will be virgins on their wedding night. The average bride had 3 previous lovers. Only 3% of males were "sexually inexperienced" at the time of their marriage; 25% of the Irish.

#

The U.S. Army has 94,769 commissioned officers. 1,270 (1.34%) are Hispanic; 9,916 black (10.46%). Of the 376 generals, 29 are black; none Hispanic.

#

Women bought 56% of the books sold in the U.S. in 1986. They prefer fiction to nonfiction.

#

Whoopi Goldberg is reported to have received \$2.25 million for starring in the MGM film, *Fatal Beauty*.

At least 10 U.S. prisoners of war died with 150,000 Japanese in the atom bombing of Hiroshima. Among the dead were 2,000 American citizens of Japanese origin, who had returned to Nippon.

#

Irangate hearings had 40 days of public testimony, compared to Watergate's 53. 200,000 documents were pored over; 1,059 public exhibits were introduced; 311 subpoenas were issued.

#

The Department of Health and Human Services, whose computers are loaded with confidential data on the citizenry, has 1,265 employees with arrest records.

#

Japanese enterprises in the U.S. employ 170,000 Americans.

#

The Winds of War, until now the most expensive TV doctored-drama, will be significantly outspent by its 30-hour sequel, *War and Remembrance*, which is expected to cost \$110 million.

#

4.7% of U.S. workers take unauthorized time off in an average week, compared to an 11.8% figure for goldbricks in Britain; 3.0% in West Germany and 2.5% in Japan.

#

The world now holds 12,881,000 Jews, according to Dr. Robert Bach, professor of statistics and demography at Hebrew U. in Jerusalem.

#

A 1986 Gallup Poll found 68% of Americans favor a "Palestinian homeland on the West Bank"; 32% opposed. Only 33% would send U.S. troops to the Middle East if Israel were invaded by Arabs, but 57% of U.S. "leaders" would. A 1987 Gallup Poll found 25% of Americans in favor of stopping military aid and sales to Israel; 16% wanted to cut down on military aid to the Zionist state.

#

14 U.S. Foreign Service officers have tested positive for the AIDS virus. U.S. "departures" to Africa have decreased from 113,000 in 1985 to 74,000 in 1986 -- a 35% drop.

#

As of June 30, 570,519 convicts crowded federal and state prisons -- 64,737 in California (the state with the most), 441 in North Dakota (the state with the least). 5% of the inmates are women.

Primate Watch



EDGAR BRONFMAN JR., the son of Kurt Waldheim's nemesis, is in charge of Seagram's wine cooler division. Like his father, Edgar Bronfman Sr., top banana of World Zionism, Junior is not married to a Jewess. Unlike his father, he is married to a Negress, actress-model Sherry Brewer.

DENNIS LEVINE, one of the crookedest of the inside traders, informed a judge he spends \$20,000 a year on his clothes.

If ever there was a persistent woman chaser, he is **DAVID S. KATZ**, a Boca Raton (FL) stockbroker. He called on one would-be date 147 times in one day, which earned him his third arrest for harassment.

In the reams of adulatory obituaries about **BAYARD RUSTIN** that burst forth in the media after his demise in early September, little notice was made of the black civil rights leader's youthful adventures into Communist Party politics. As for his flaming homosexuality, there was barely a mention and no mention at all of his arrest in one particularly salacious affair with another pervert in a parked automobile. A great deal was made, however, of Rustin's unflagging support of Zionism and his well-recompensed buddy-buddy relationships with Jews.

HARRISON GRAHAM, the 28-year-old black handyman charged with strangling seven women, whose partially decomposed bodies were discovered in his Philadelphia flat, has been found "mentally competent" to stand trial.

Black teenager **CLINTON BANKSTON** was charged with the murder of five members of prominent white families in Athens (GA).

He called himself **CHARLES MERRILL MOUNT**, affected an English accent and was known as an art historian and portrait painter. Actually he was Sherman Suchow, born in Brooklyn. He is accused of purloining historical documents and manuscripts from the Library of Congress, the National Archives and the National Gallery. Suchow was arrested after he sold a Boston bookseller 27 allegedly stolen documents, including nine letters from Whistler and one from Henry James, for \$20,000.

In the past several months the following characters confessed to or were found guilty of the following crimes: **ISRAEL GROSSMAN**, inside trading; **CARMEN LOPEZ BUTLER**, Julian Bond's drug supplier, cocaine possession; **GILBERT SCHULMAN**, a New Jersey stockbroker, securities fraud; **STANLEY FRIEDMAN**, Democratic boss of the Bronx, racketeering; **LESTER SHAF-RAN**, New York City Parking Violations director, racketeering; **MICHAEL LAZAR**, New York City transportation commissioner, racketeering; **ARMIN KAUFMAN**, corporate executive, inside trading; **DAVID S. GREENBERG** and **ALAN L. FREEMAN**, commodity speculators, trading violations; **DIANNE LEVINE**, White House economist, tax fraud; **J. LEONARD SPODEK**, New York slumlord, 3,600 building code violations; **JAY WEISS**, real estate mogul and husband of actress Kathleen Turner, overcharging tenants; **JACK MOGELSON**, president of the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union and high-ranking Teamster official, engaging in prostitution; **JONATHAN MARGOLIS**, auditeur, stealing \$37,000 to pay for phone sex calls.

The author of the obscene put-down of Pat Buchanan in Penthouse (Sept. 1987) was a queer named **PHILIP NOBILE**, who wrote a previous article for the genitalia-decorated magazine entitled, "Incest, the Last Taboo."

Manhattan's Central National Bank, which went bust in September, started moving into the red when **JACOBO FINKIELSTAIN**, an Argentine operator, bought it in 1981.

APRIL JAMES, 25, a black Floridian, threw her infant son, 2, from the roof of Miami's federal courthouse on Sept. 25. Dropped 40 feet, the toddler, who fell into some bushes, stood up and started crying. He was sent to a hospital; his mother to jail.

Conservative San Antonio businessman Bill Allen called **HENRY GONZALEZ** a Red and was promptly assaulted by the Hispanic congressman for same. The district attorney's office considered it a Class A misdemeanor. Gonzalez, who has sponsored two resolutions in the House calling for the impeachment of Reagan, took up \$10,300 worth of space (21 pages) in the Congressional Record to explain his side of the brawl. Allen eventually decided not to press charges.

MARTIN NAVA, a Border Patrol officer in California, was arrested June 25 for attempting to smuggle an 18-year-old Mexican female into the U.S. Jailed, he escaped two hours later and is now a fugitive from justice. Hispanics are not the best choice to guard a frontier being overrun by Hispanics.

☆ ☆ ☆

ADRIAN G. MORRIS JR., a black PFC, was court-martialed in Ft. Huachuca (AZ) for having sex with two other soldiers after he knew -- but they didn't -- that he had tested positive for AIDS.

☆ ☆ ☆

DOROTHY MUMPHREY, a Detroit Negress, was arrested and charged with murder for throwing her three-year-old daughter, Felicia, into a running washing machine. It was mother's way of punishing the daughter for wetting her pants.

☆ ☆ ☆

SAGON PENN shot a white police officer to death in San Diego two years ago and wounded a second policeman and a civilian. Last summer, after his lawyer, Morton Silverman, claimed Penn had been taunted with racial slurs, a soft-headed "racially mixed" jury acquitted the black cop-killer.

☆ ☆ ☆

THREE BLACKS were locked up and charged with burglarizing the apartment of a mixed-race couple in Chicago's crime-ridden Cabrini-Green housing project. In the process, one of them brutally beat and raped the couple's six-year-old daughter, putting her in a coma.

☆ ☆ ☆

LORENZO ZORZA, a Catholic priest, explained to police who arrested him for trying to sell 736 stolen Broadway theater tickets, "I was just trying to help out two friends." He said he didn't know they were stolen goods. He had the same excuse in 1982 when Customs agents nabbed him for smuggling two Italian Renaissance paintings into the country.

☆ ☆ ☆

JEROME ROSENBERG, a jailed cop killer who got his law degree in prison but has never been admitted to the bar, charged the families of fellow inmates \$10,000 for his illegal legal services. The TV movie, *Doing Time*, was based on an earlier phase of his criminal career.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rev. GEORGE CHARLES HOEH, a millionaire Episcopal priest, was murdered in his luxurious New Jersey home after picking up a homosexual drifter.



Britain. Wendy Henry, who distinguished herself by fabricating an interview in tried and true Washington Post style with a Falklands war veteran, has been made editor of News of the World. Ms. Henry is married to Tim Miles, chief reporter of the Daily Mail. Since she happens to be Jewish, it's no surprise that two of her favorite authors are Primo Levi and Saul Bellow. Most London newspapers are an insult to a cretin's intelligence, and at the top of the sex and scandal journalistic heap is the News of the World, the world's largest-selling English language newspaper (13 million readers).

* * *

A Pakistani judge, Mohammed J. Ilobal, was jailed after being charged with attempting to smuggle \$405,000 worth of heroin (4½ pounds) into England in a suitcase.

* * *

Linda Bellos, the leader of London's flaky hard-left Lambeth Council, had a Jewish mother and a Nigerian father. She married Jonathan Bellos, both of whose parents were Jewish. After eight years of marriage, Linda came home one day with a lesbian lover, and soon after moved out on hubby and her two children. That was back in 1979. The divorce did not come through until last year. Jonathan, a cellist and a qualified music teacher, has been driving a cab to make ends meet for himself and his motherless brood. His ex-wife, one of the more powerful politicians on the British scene, is now plugging lesbian and gay rights, anti-sexism, anti-racism, militant feminism and single-parent families.

* * *

In 1986, 6,100 children applied to enter Britain from India and Pakistan, as part of the "immediate settlement" program designed to let the offspring of immigrants already in Britain join their parents. The problem is how many of these children are bona fide sons and daughters of the people they claim to be their parents. There has been so much forgery and beating around the bush in this matter that Britain is making them undergo genetic tests, a kind of genetic fingerprinting, to determine the validity of the relationship.

Matching the DNA of individuals is an almost foolproof means of proving or disproving family blood ties, since half the genetic material examined is supplied by each parent.

France. Name calling and false labeling are among the most pernicious and the

most unbreakable habits of politicians. A mere hint that a member of a rival party leans so far to the left that he topples over into Marxist-Leninism will earn the unscrupulous campaigner a few extra votes from so-called conservatives, while an even merer hint that a political rival is so far to the right that he can't help but be a Nazi or Fascist will mobilize the media, the liberals and the minority racists against him.

Since Jean-Marie Le Pen, the head of France's Front National, is a man of the far right and since this political stance has been a difficult one for Western politicians since WWII, the French left, middle and "respectable" right have resorted to every underhanded trick in the book to destroy him. They've accused him of torturing prisoners when he was a parachute officer in the Algerian war, accused him of murdering a financial benefactor who left him a small fortune, and accused him of treating his wife, Pierrette, so shabbily that she ran off with another man and has now been reduced at age 50 to posing in the nude for the French edition of Playboy. (At last report she is working on a book she predicts will "give him the coup de grâce," adding, "I find that very amusing.")

Any normal person would have drowned in this sea of mud. Not Le Pen. The more he is pilloried, the more his popularity has been growing with French voters. Desperate, his enemies have now resorted to the dirtiest trick of all. He has been entrapped into uttering some heterodox words about the Holocaust.

For years Le Pen has either avoided this six-million-dollar question or neatly sidestepped it. But he let his guard down for a minute or two in mid-September during a question posed by hostile interviewers on a Sunday radio program called "Grand Jury." Two days later the French media erupted in a well-orchestrated chant of horror. "Le Pen," screeched the headlines, "had denied" or "belittled" or "trivialized" the Holocaust! Since he has committed the great modern heresy, the editorialists said, he should be banished forthwith from the French political scene. Some of his enemies wanted him jailed, vowing to start the process by introducing legislation to take away his parliamentary immunity. Six Jewish organizations sued him in civil courts under France's race law, and one befuddled judge out in the boondocks actually fined him one franc and pronounced him guilty. (Le Pen will appeal.)

Still others started organizing a campaign to stop him from getting the necessary endorsement of 500 mayors, a formality required of any candidate for the presidency. (The election will take place next year.) Interior Minister Charles Pasqua pro-

posed making it a crime to deny the Holocaust. Some 4,000 leftists and minority members demonstrated against Le Pen in front of the National Assembly. Cardinal Lustiger, the Jewish born archbishop of Paris, denounced him in public and private. Altogether, France hadn't seen such a hullabaloo since the 30s and 40s when there were some real Nazis, Fascists and anti-Semites on the political scene.

What did Le Pen actually say to induce all this hysteria? The following is a translation of all of his remarks about the Holocaust on that now famous radio program:

QUESTION: In the final analysis, what do you think of the ideas of Faurisson and Roques?

LE PEN: I'm not familiar with their ideas. But whatever their thoughts, and whatever conclusions can be drawn from them, I am a partisan of free inquiry. I believe truth has the extraordinary power to overcome lies and insinuations. Consequently, I am very much against all forms of censorship and regulation of thought. We have a penal code that can be applied to those who break the law. All that we know about the history of war is that a certain number of facts are generally subject to dispute and discussion. It took 50 or 60 years to find out exactly what happened to the *Lusitania*. I am terribly interested in the history of World War II. I have asked myself a certain number of questions about it. I don't say that the gas chambers did not exist. I myself was not able to see them. I have not made a special study of the matter. But I believe they are a footnote (*point de détail**) in the history of World War II.

Q: Six million deaths a footnote?

L: Six million dead? How do you mean?

Q: Six million dead Jews during World War II. Do you consider that a footnote?

L: Your question was not about their number but how those people were killed.

Q: That is not a footnote.

L: Yes, it is. It is a footnote of the war. Do you mean to say that it is a revealed truth in which everyone in the world must believe? That it is a moral obligation? I say there are some historians who debate these questions.

Q: You, yourself, Jean-Marie Le Pen, do you believe there was a genocide of Jews in gas chambers?

L: There were many deaths, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of dead Jews as well as non-Jews. I am astonished to

* It is difficult to make an exact translation of *point de détail* into English. "Point" in French means everything from a "stitch" in needlework and the "dot" over an "i" to the "point" in "to make a point." Point takes up more than half a page in *Petit Larousse*. "Détail" means "a small matter," but it also has a larger meaning, as in the English "detailed" drawing or plan. In the context Le Pen was speaking, "footnote" seems to be a rough but approximate Englishing of what he had in mind.



have to reply at every radio and television broadcast to questions that take the form of an inquisition and which are always the same. Do you believe in this? Do you agree with Mr. So and So when he said that? As for myself, I am Jean-Marie Le Pen. I write and I speak. It is on my expressed opinions that I should be judged. Do I believe this? Do I believe that? Do I believe in God? Or don't I believe in Him? Do I believe in the Virgin Mary? Do I believe in sin? I do not have to reply to these kinds of questions.

The above dialogue, nothing more and nothing less, is what precipitated the great scandal. Any reasonable person or any reasonable Frenchman would consider it to be an interesting and informative piece of verbal give and take. But the liberal-minority media in Paris, as elsewhere, are not reasonable. The press is not interested in reason; it is interested in blood. After a suitable day's pause for organizing their forces for an all-out assault, the French newspapers came out on Tuesday with all guns blazing. *Liberation*, the daily of the obscene left, even reported a story about a Canadian female journalist who had managed to infiltrate a Le Pen dinner party under a false name. She said she heard him say he had met a doctor who had entered Buchenwald shortly ahead of the Americans, a doctor who told him that the Americans had deliberately constructed some crematoria so they could justify the number of Jewish dead claimed by Jewish organizations. The doctor allegedly told him, "If we had admitted that, we would be dead."

No one, of course, can say what the final effect of his "gas chamber interrogatory" will be on Le Pen's political future. While the media blitz was at white heat, he held a wildly enthusiastic meeting which drew tens of thousands of his followers and at which he coddled Jews by saying, "France has the same love for all of its sons, no matter what their race or religion." He then denied that he had denied the Holocaust by stating there should be "no doubt about what I think of the martyrdom of the Jewish people of Europe by the Nazis and about the condemnation I have for this crime." (Le Pen, by the way, has been a staunch friend of Israel.)

Some French observers think that the "scandal" has introduced the Holocaust question for the first time into the minds of most French citizens. They believe Le Pen's controversial remarks will drive the opportunists and weaklings away from his Front National, which will reduce its quantity, but improve its quality. The main source of Le Pen's popularity, his firm stand against France's four million immigrants, mainly from North Africa, will not be diminished

unless one or more of the "respectable" French parties also becomes firmly anti-immigrant.

Perhaps the most interesting result of the Holocaust blow-up will be its impact on the Holocaust legend itself. It was a Frenchman, Paul Rassinier, who was the first to write a scholarly book questioning the six million. Professor Robert Faurisson, who denies the existence of gas chambers, followed in his footsteps. Then along came Henri Roques, who wrote a devastating critique of the confessions of Kurt Gerstein, the SS officer who mysteriously died in a French prison and whose fanciful and incoherent claims about gas chambers have been one of the main sources of the Holocaustiana. Another Frenchman, the historian François Duprat, was assassinated in 1978 as a result of his revisionist ideas. Duprat was an influential member of Le Pen's Front National for six years.

In 1950 it would have been unthinkable for anyone who wasn't a raving maniac to publicly challenge the Holocaust story. Today, while it is considered heretical at worst and disrespectful at best, it is no longer unthinkable -- and as soon as one revisionist comes along and is "squashed" by the media, another bobs up. In France we have Rassinier, Duprat, Faurisson, Roques and now, in an ambivalent way, Le Pen. Then there are Wilhelm Stäglich, the author of *The Auschwitz Myth*, in West Germany; Arthur Butz and the Institute for Historical Review in the U.S.; Richard Harwood in England; and Mariett Paschoud, the history teacher, in Switzerland. No, the anti-Holocaust school simply won't roll over and die. Punch the pillow in any one spot and it comes up in another.

Let us suppose that a day will come when it will be recognized that the Holocaust is just another piece of wartime atrocity mongering. Let us assume that eventually it becomes common knowledge that 90% of the story was dreamed up by Jews for revenge against Germany and for the purpose of conning the West out of a hundred billion dollars for Israel.

Should that day come, what kind of reaction can be expected? Will the media be able to handle it? Will Jews come out smelling like a rose? Or if something is talked about for decades as having happened and then it is discovered that it didn't happen, isn't it then possible that someone might decide to make it happen?

West Germany. The British Army and its hired German workers lost no time demolishing Spandau Prison after the death of Rudolf Hess. The rubble has been disposed of secretly to prevent neo-Nazis and other

evil types from gathering "souvenirs." Meanwhile, the remains of Spandau's last and loneliest occupant have been buried in a secret place, known only to his family and a few others. That's more than can be said for those Nazi bigwigs who were hanged at Nuremberg. Their ashes were scattered by Allied officials, some say in the wind, some say in Nuremberg's Pegnitz River. Hess at least has a grave to call his own.

* * *

For the first time in 20 years, a so-called neo-Nazi has been elected to a state legislature in West Germany. The state is Bremen; the legislator is Hans Altermann, a retired 62-year-old engineer, the candidate of the Deutsche Volksunion. As a recognized party, the DVU can now receive tax-deductible contributions from business and individuals. The party has about 12,000 members. The next largest right-wing group in West Germany today is the National Democratic Party (NPD), with about 6,000 members. Two decades ago the NPD managed to get 10% of the vote in Bavaria. Today in federal elections it's lucky to get 0.1% of the ballots.

Nevertheless, West Germany's Interior Minister claims there are 92 right-wing publications in the Fourth Reich with a total circulation of 8.1 million. As for honest-to-Adolf hardline Nazis, their number is put at 1,460.

* * *

There is some justice left in the world. Arthur Rudolf, the German rocket expert who was as responsible as any man, living or dead, for putting an American astronaut on the moon -- mankind's greatest feat, bar none -- has had his German citizenship restored. In an act of supreme ingratitude that will stand as one of the low points in American history, the Jewish-controlled Office of Special Investigations of the Justice Department hounded Rudolf out of his well-deserved retirement in California and threatened to deport him on a war crimes rap if he didn't leave the U.S. voluntarily.

The 80-year-old Rudolf, who now lives in Hamburg, had his citizenship restored when West German authorities decided there were no grounds to prosecute him for the "war crimes" that the OSI was eager to charge him with.

* * *

It is an article of faith in the American media that European Jewry was destroyed root and branch by Hitler's Germany in WWII. If so, why are four plays in Yiddish being broadcast these days over West German radio stations? On Oct. 6, German listeners heard *Dybbuk*. If there are no Jews left and if that part of Europe occupied by the Nazis is *Judenrein* (cleansed of Jews), one would think the ratings for such pro-

grams, subsidized by the West German state, would be zero. Also, it's difficult to believe that West Germany would spend \$55,000 on each of these Yiddish plays if there were no listeners. Although Yiddish is a bastard form of German, a more debased form of the language than Bronx is of English, Germans have much more difficulty understanding it than the ordinary American has when confronted with the Bronx patois.

Poland. "This is an absurd society," Solidarity leader Lech Walesa recently told a small group of Western reporters. "Ninety percent of the people are Catholic, and atheists hold power." (It sounds a lot like Canada, Australia and New Zealand, where 75% of the people favor keeping their countries white, but the leaders are determined to make them brown.)

The same Western reporters also met with Solidarity leader Zbigniew Bujak, 34, trained as an electric power technician. Bujak noted that, without the Soviet occupation, "real [Polish] communists could meet in a bathroom." Asked which American free Poles would vote for, he said Ronald Reagan first, then added Jeane Kirkpatrick and Senator Edward Kennedy.

Jeane Kirkpatrick? The fave rave of America's East Coast pointy-headed, quiche-eating, Commentary-reading intellectual establishment, appealing to a two-fisted Polish workingman? It turns out that Bujak's older buddy is a 41-year-old "intellectual" named Adam Michnik, a Jew who "was once a protégé of Jean-Paul Sartre."

Kirkpatrick, by the way, reached a new personal high in flimflam last June in her column on the Klaus Barbie trial. Barbie, she wrote, "will be convicted not because of his associations or beliefs, but because of his sadistic treatment of specific persons. He will not be convicted for holding a despicable ideology, but for implementing it." Ms. K had just approved the definition of "a crime against humanity (against which there can be no statute of limitations)" as "an attack on the fundamental rights of man . . . the right to equality without regard to race, color, or nationality, religious or political opinions."

Germans, who dislike their present East and West regimes, will be happy to learn that Ms. K recognizes no "statute of limitations" on the future prosecution of their persecutors.

* * *

Poland has 400 underground periodicals. It now has a *third* non-Communist above-ground periodical. The Catholic Church has had a weekly and a monthly paper in the city of Krakow since the 1950s. Now there will be a totally independent magazine with the title *Res Publica* in Warsaw, but it will be limited to 25,000 copies. The first issue bore clear marks of govern-

ment censorship, with dashes appearing all over. The editor-in-chief, 43-year-old Marcin Krol, admits that emerging from the underground will limit his freedom.

Soviet Union. Those who call Afghanistan the "Russian Vietnam" are not exaggerating. Moscow suffered its worst defeat in battle since WWII. Between July 6 and 11, as many as 800 Soviet soldiers were killed by the Islamic Mujahedeen guerrillas along a 37-mile front not far from the Pakistani border. Only 38 Mujahedeen dead and wounded were reported. The surprise attack along the road from Kabul to Jalalabad held a tragic irony for whites. It was on the same spot where, more than a century ago, British forces fleeing Kabul for India were similarly mauled by Moslem tribesmen.

Will the imperialists in Moscow, London and Washington ever learn that white blood is far too precious to be squandered in far-away places with strange-sounding names? Watching white soldiers being blown apart in the movie *Platoon*, this viewer thought of those soldiers' own hometowns being simultaneously overrun by dusky immigrant hordes, and wondered, "Why are those boys defending a jungle hellhole somewhere in the outback of Vietnam?"

And now we find Russian boys dying in the outback of another of the world's most backward countries -- even as their British cousins died there more than a century ago -- so that stupid "geopoliticians" in Moscow can continue playing their stupid strategic games.

Just how dumb is our race? The wars that count today are being "fought" and won in the bedrooms of the nonwhite minorities proliferating inside almost every white country. The brown Moslem minorities of the USSR go right on merrily having six or more children per family, and virtually no abortions. Meanwhile, Russia's white formerly Christian families are alleged to have more abortions than children. Islam, you see, forbids abortion, and the Kremlin has not successfully taken their religion away from them, as it has taken the Russian majority's religion. Perhaps Mr. Gorbachev had better crank up that old time Orthodox Christian faith again, to serve as his white majority's last defense against the burgeoning browns (just as Stalin cranked up Russian nationalism when faced with Hitler).

July's Soviet disaster was no fluke. By mid-September, furious fighting was occurring just six miles west of Kabul along an 18-mile front. Meanwhile, guerrillas had infiltrated the city itself and punished the Soviet embassy with rockets and mortars.

Mozambique. One night last summer, about 400 men, women and children were slaughtered by anti-Marxist rebels in the

town of Homoine, about 300 miles north of the Red capital of Maputo. Allegedly!

America's biggest and most liberal media wasted no time trumpeting the usual tales of pregnant women bayoneted and beheaded. About a week later, some of America's not-so-big and not-so-liberal media began asking pointed questions about the alleged atrocity.

William W. Pascoe III is a policy analyst for the "neoconservative" Heritage Foundation. Last July 30, Pascoe noted, for readers of the Washington Times, several glaring weaknesses in the Homoine Massacre, as recounted to the Washington Post and the New York Times:

1. No Western journalists were permitted to travel to Homoine while the story was breaking in the U.S. media. Nor were staffers from the U.S. Embassy permitted to visit the area. The first few days of sensational front-page reports relied solely on Mozambique government sources.

2. "It is important to remember," said Pascoe, "that this is a Communist government (a fact which somehow eluded the journalists who filed their stories from Mozambique), and Communist governments have a history of manipulating information to their benefit."

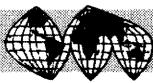
3. The timing of the incident "suggests something fishy." The highest councils in the Reagan administration were then debating whether to aid the Marxist regime in its fight against the anti-Marxist rebels. (They decided in favor of aid.)

The alleged massacre quickly became a partisan issue in Congress. Senator Jesse Helms (R-NC) suggested the entire episode qualified for "the Janet Cooke Award of 1987," which memorializes the black Washington Post reporter who won a Pulitzer Prize for an invented tale of a sub-teen heroin addict. Rep. Dan Burton (R-IN) said he suspected a "disinformation campaign." A State Department official agreed, saying, "We don't have absolutely conclusive evidence about what happened."

Pascoe ended his account on a cautionary note.

This is not the first time that major news organs have run stories based on information drawn solely from Communist government sources. Readers will remember the early accounts of the death of Benjamin Linder in Nicaragua, a U.S. citizen who, we were told, was innocently minding his own business (in a war zone in Nicaragua) when a Contra patrol gunned him down.

South Africa. South Africa is supposed to be a white racist regime, yet it recently permitted Janet Suzman, the country's best-known (but not necessarily best) actress, to direct a Negro, John Kani, in a production of *Othello*. Janet, a Jewess, is the niece of Helen Suzman, the shrillest voice in the



left-wing Progressive Federal Party, which wants to hand the country over to a black majority.

Being a black, Kani is not afraid to indulge in a little sexism. "I am an African man and, as such, I find it very hard to take orders from a woman." Such a statement from a white actor, in South Africa or elsewhere, would ensure him permanent unemployment.

It is interesting that where the liberal press celebrated the choice of a black to play Othello, a heroic but flawed character, PBS recently broadcast a magnificent New York City Opera Company production of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, one of the great triumphs of Western art, with a white playing the part of Monostatos, an authentic villain, who occasionally sings despairingly of his black skin.

The supreme artistry of both Shakespeare and Mozart manages to overcome this racist miscasting. Shakespeare probably viewed Othello not as a Negro but a Moor, a dark-skinned North African white. Mozart considered Monostatos an authentic black, as the character himself admits. Janet Suzman and the New York City Opera Company obviously thought they could improve and update these two classics. If they have to inject minority racism into art, why don't they write their own plays and operas with authentic and credible white villains and black heroes? For some reason or other (could it be lack of talent?) none of them seems to be up to it. All they can do is toss off docudramas to try to force what has already been written into the narrow, suffocating parameters of their bleary ideology.

* * *

On Oct. 19, 1986, when a Russian-made and Russian-piloted Tupolev 134A-3 aircraft came down in a corner of South Africa while on an approach to Maputo Airport in Mozambique, most of the white and non-white world press hinted darkly of a deliberately misplaced beacon. President Samora Machel of Mozambique was killed in the crash along with everyone else on board.

A South African commission, which included American astronaut and airline president Frank Borman and Geoffrey Wilkinson, a former chairman of British European Airways, former vice-chairman of Rolls-Royce and one of the world's foremost authorities on accident investigation, found the cause of the crash was the negligence of the flight crew, which failed to follow procedural regulations for an instrument let-down approach and ignored repeated instrument warnings that the plane was flying too low for an aircraft with retracted landing gear. The Russians pro-

moted the decoy story because they felt if the real cause of the accident became known it might hurt the sale of Tupelovs or at least lower passenger confidence in the skill of Russian pilots.

India. In the past few years Americans have been subjected to a spate of films and TV productions on India -- all of them containing both liminal and not so liminal messages that the white colonial British caste was basically evil and the Hindu Indians, though not necessarily the Moslem Indians, were basically good.

We have never seen any films about the good old Hindu boys burning up their wives because they didn't bring them enough dowry or the wives burning themselves up to join their recently deceased husbands.

When are the networks going to make a docudrama about suttee, about the recent self-immolation of 18-year-old Roop Kanwar who, a few months ago, dressed herself up in her brocaded wedding sari, climbed up on her husband's funeral pyre, rested his head in her lap and told the onlookers to light a match?

Suttee is supposed to be outlawed in India, yet more than 200,000 Hindus have now made a pilgrimage to the site of Kanwar's death by fire, which priests have perfumed with incense and flowers in honor of what Hindus consider to be the ultimate expression of marital fidelity.

Pakistan. At the UN in September, President Reagan asked Pakistan to open its nuclear facilities to international inspection. If the country should decline, Congress is considering delaying a \$4 billion, six-year aid program. President Reagan, however, has not asked Israel, which has at least 100 to 200 "finished" nuclear bombs, to open its bomb factory in the Negev to inspection. Indeed, rather than threaten the withdrawal of any aid package, Reagan is quite happy to continue to approve the \$3 billion annual tribute that flows out of the U.S. Treasury into Israel's bottomless financial pit.

Australia. Ross Terrill's June 6 article in the Adelaide Advertiser magazine -- "Racism: Dark Side of the Australian Soul" -- revealed, as it progressed, some traces of the true ambiguity which all "good white liberals" must feel toward the subject. Terrill had to admit:

I have stiffened upon seeing a large group of Asians happily treating Australia as home, as if this land of mine was their kitchen table. Given a majority, I say to myself with a certain sadness, they will naturally and rightfully take over the direction of the country.

Terrill has a right to be gloomy, but not too gloomy. In nearby Fiji, the natives are down to 47% of the population, against 49% for the immigrant Asian Indians, yet have recently staged two military coups and insisted on their natural right to rule regardless of how low their numbers should go.

Anyhow, while praising massive Asian immigration to Australia as "enriching" and "inevitable," Terrill can't quite resist dropping occasional phrases like "today's [white] guilt could become tomorrow's impulsive effort to reclaim bits of a mauled heritage."

Read the following, and judge for yourself whether the man has sold his entire soul to the devil:

Australians didn't realize they would be changed by the coming of some two million [ethnic] Europeans in the 50s and 60s. This unawareness made it possible for Australia to accept enrichment Later the nation woke up and saw that something had happened to the Australian way of life.

One suspects that some of the trendy middle class progressives see Asians less as human beings than as decorative furniture with which to jazz up Australia

There is an odd dualism of an exaggerated put-down of Australia's white past and -- beneath the surface -- a desperate and bitter cultural nostalgia.

For Australia . . . immigration is perhaps the core of public policy. It is so important that at elections no one mentions it.

At present working as a research assistant at Harvard, Terrill twice tells his Australian readers, "Australia in recent years has been the great immigrant-receiving land of the globe" Not even a blind man living in an unmelted pot like Metro Boston these days could possibly come out with such a whopper. In order to get away with it, he must be relying on the sheer ignorance of the folks back home in Adelaide. It reminds one of the countless newspaper articles appearing in smaller American cities, articles by cynical reporters who brightly inform the local yokels that their city is "special" and "privileged" because the kids in the local public schools now speak 62 or 89 or 104 tongues. "Peoria is the new United Nations!" sums up this appeal-to-civic-pride stratagem for gradual genocide.

Sorry, Mr. Terrill, but you know full well that almost every city in the English-speaking world is currently being swamped by unwanted Third Worlders. Why don't you tell that to the ill-informed burgers of Adelaide? You won't, of course, because your mind and your judgment have been caught in an academic web. Still, you do exhibit from time to time the faint glimmerings of redemption.



A Sensible Conservative Line on Abortion

When a good case is made by a good brain, the stock of human reason climbs 100 points in the Dow IQ. The case referred to is the touchy one of abortion, which Instauration solemnly repeats is an aesthetic horror, but which, because of pyramiding birth defects and overpopulation, is becoming a sad and ugly consideration of responsible mothers-to-be, especially those of the nonwhite variety. The good brain referred to is the finely tuned cerebral apparatus of Garrett Hardin, author, biologist and University of California (Santa Barbara) emeritus professor. Hardin belongs to that very small, but very elite club whose membership is restricted to *intelligent* conservatives. This requirement of intelligence, needless to say, guarantees the paucity of the club's roster.

Quite properly, it behooves Hardin to address his ideas on abortion to the millions of uninformed or confused conservatives who are leading the fight against it. In order to get through to this audience, many of whom put their trust in the likes of such pulpit-thumpers as Jimmy Swaggart, Jerry Falwell and the Bakker duo, Hardin endeavors to speak their language, while slipping in a few hard economic knocks on their moral logic.

He begins by describing himself as a "conservative . . . who nonetheless supports women's choice in reproductive matters." He then goes on to define what he believes should be a conservative's political, economic and social credo:

First, a keen appreciation of the future, and the future costs of present actions; second, an insistence on minimal interference with personal freedom; third, an unflagging awareness of the public costs of private actions.

Many Instaurationists might consider the above a rather tepid definition of the conservative mindset. As cultural and racial conservatives, but not economic conservatives, we could argue with Garrett all night about his somewhat narrow view of conservatism. But assuming he is only trying to work his way into the minds of skittish readers by proving he's not a wild Hitlerite, we'll skip our objections, so we can get into the meat of his pro-abortion argument, which he laid out in the *Los Angeles Times* (Sept. 11, 1987).

To Hardin, the key question in the abortion argument is when life begins. In the general sense, life began on earth some three billion years ago. Cells are "alive" the moment they are formed, whether in plants or animals. In regard to *Homo sapiens*, the cells divide into a hundred million million cells before they comprise a fully formed human being. "No cell can originate its own life."

Hardin asks at what point in the cell division process can this living, pulsing, growing biological organism be defined as "human"? In the 19th century it was thought to be when the fetus "quickened" -- at about three to four months into pregnancy. But, says Hardin, the embryo is "alive" long before three to four months, though its "life" is not so evident because its movements are too feeble to be felt by the mother. The Christian fathers, Hardin adds, were members of the three- to four-month school. St. Thomas Aquinas believed the male fetus was "ensouled" in the third month; the female in the fourth.

Anti-abortionists, on the other hand, believe that human life starts at conception, in contrast to prevailing law, which states that a child does not exist until it is born alive. Pro-lifers talk about "unborn children" being murdered by abortion, but, Hardin reminds us, there is no such thing in common law as an "unborn child." A child only becomes a child at birth.

Hardin asks what the anti-abortionists are prepared to do about

the 50% of all embryos (estimated to number four million a year in the U.S.) that are aborted spontaneously when only a few days old. Are these to be classified as four million acts of murder?

According to Hardin, anti-abortionists are sexists in that they refuse to credit women with having good sense about their pregnancies, planned or otherwise. When a woman wants to undergo an abortion, she must have a pretty good reason for so doing. She may realize that she and her husband, if she has one, are not in a position at the present time to do right by a child, to give it all the care and love it needs and deserves. If conservatism means anything, Hardin asserts, it means "acting with foresight" and putting long-range gain above instant gratification.

Hardin points out that it now costs \$100,000 or thereabouts to raise a middle-class child to adulthood in present-day America. This sizable tab does not include college. Conservative businessmen, he suggests, would not think of starting up a new company without a pretty big hunk of capital. But many American families are woefully undercapitalized for the expensive business of having babies. Conservative anti-abortionists, defying their own economic common sense, want a pregnant woman to engage in an enterprise loaded with much more financial risk than they themselves would assume in a business venture.

Hardin sums up by saying that women know best about whether or not to give birth to unwanted babies. Contraception, of course, is the best preventive. But women have the right to have a backup if that fails, as it often does.

Conservatives should understand the pregnant woman's dilemma better than anyone else because they, of all people, understand the importance of resources, both financial and emotional. The best child is the child who is wanted and who is raised in a family that is ready and able to give him or her all the love, care and economic support he or she will require. An unwanted child added to a family that is already finding it difficult to make ends meet is a tragedy in the offing.

To force a woman to bear such a child is not the conservative way.

IHR Conference a Multiple Success

Some scheduled speakers came; some were not allowed to come. Nevertheless, the Eighth Annual IHR Revisionist Conference was an indisputable success. Ernst Zündel, the defendant in the First Great Holocaust Trial and soon to repeat his role in the Second, set for January in Toronto, was not permitted to appear. He was denied entry by a U.S. government official. Ivor Benson, a South African publisher and lecturer, was also banned, probably by the State Department because U.S. sanctions against South Africa are getting more inclusive by the hour. Walter Beveraggi-Allende, a Harvard Ph.D., economist and Argentine citizen, had his application for a visa turned down flatly by the American consulate in Buenos Aires. He had been honest enough to state he was going to be a speaker at the IHR convention.

On the other hand, General Otto Remer, who commanded the Berlin Guard Regiment which remained loyal to Hitler after the attempt on the Führer's life in 1944 and the abortive coup that went with it, did show up. He was the surprise mystery guest. One would think he would have scared the dithering, free-speech-allergic State Department bureaucrats more than an aging Argentine economist. In his talk, Remer explained that if he hadn't helped to nip the anti-Hitler putsch in the bud, WWII might have ended much earlier, with the Red Army swarming over a Germany torn by civil war. Remer, by the way, is a Holocaust disbeliever, and has been given a suspended jail sentence and a 5,000-mark fine for distributing anti-Semitic tapes in West Germany.

Professor Robert Faurisson, the French literary detective who makes the Rothschilds gnash their teeth, was back, clueing the



125 or so attendees in on the painful but steady growth of anti-Holocaustism in Europe. He was accompanied by a compatriot, Henri Roques, whose thesis on the lies, mind-wanderings and fanciful steamerism* of Kurt Gerstein, a charter member of the Six Million Society, earned him a doctorate from the University of Nantes, of which he was later stripped by the French government at the command of various Jewish organizations.

Other speakers included August Klapprott, a good old landsmann, who was treated more harshly than Japanese Americans in WWII. They were sent to internment camps. He was jailed -- principally because he was a hard-working member of Fritz Kuhn's ephemeral German-American Bund. (Klapprott, who is getting along in years, had his speech read for him.)

Dr. Robert Countess, a professor who has not been afraid to dally with heretical forms of historical revisionism at the University of Alabama at Huntsville, recalled his experiences, sometimes sad, always frustrating, in trying to get his students to look at history behind the media smokescreen. Similar experiences, but in a more comic vein, were recounted by Bradley Smith, a Will Rogers type who has been appearing on radio talk shows in various parts of the country debating with neurasthenic Jews.

Mark Weber, the master of ceremonies, saw that all sessions started and ended on time. Everyone who attended learned things he or she had not known before but should have. As for the IHR, it had the pleasure of reporting that the eighth was the first of its conferences that didn't lose money.

Objectivity Verboten

When it comes to the Holocaust, all opposing views are automatically put down as vestigial manifestations of Nazism. Anyone who mutters or even whispers anything but total agreement with the party line becomes a suspect and, when the media heat up, a pariah.

Christina Price, a political science professor at Kennesaw College in Marietta (GA), was fed through the Holocaust grinder in September when it was revealed that she had criticized a Holocaust brainwashing curriculum, "Facing History," by saying truthfully that it gave "no evidence of balance or objectivity. The Nazi point of view, however unpopular, is still a point of view and is not presented, nor is that of the Ku Klux Klan."

But this wasn't all she wrote:

It is a paradoxical and strange aspect of this program [that] the methods used to change the thinking of students is the same that Hitler and Goebbels used to propagandize the German people. This reeducation method was perfected by Chairman Mao and now is being foisted on American children under the guise of "understanding" history. It is demeaning to a free people My impression is that this program, based as it is on the resource book, *The Holocaust and Human Behavior*, may be appropriate for a limited religious audience, but not for widespread distribution to the schools of the nation.

Although she had been promised anonymity by the U.S. Department of Education, which had invited her to serve on the panel that reviewed such programs, the media leaking process immediately started dripping. The Department of Education not only broke its word, but when her name came out promised the mediocrats that Mrs. Price, the mother of four, would never again be allowed to sit on any educational panel under its control.

Objectivity used to be considered a virtue, particularly when

* Arbitrarily adding zeroes to any number -- a favorite occupation of Hollywood press agents.

practiced by a teacher. But that time is past. Objectivity, the habit of presenting an opposite, different or critical view of any topic, is a crime when applied to the Holocaust -- a serious crime in West Germany, where it can land you in jail or get you a heavy fine.

Well, Mrs. Price has learned her lesson. We may be sure that from now on in this land of "free speech," she'll be as closed-mouthed as the rest of the population when addressing matters of interest to Jewish powermongers. Imagine, a teacher suggesting that the Nazis have a "point of view" and even worse that such a viewpoint should be heard! That is outright treason in a country whose individuals are only permitted to listen with one ear and read with one eye!

Backlash Suits

What's "in" in the far right? Countersuing is in. The sued are suing the suers. Mel Mermenstein, who won a \$90,000 payoff from the Institute for Historical Review after suing it for \$17.5 million, is now on the receiving end of a \$3.5 million libel suit instigated by the IHR, which is unhappy over remarks made by Mel in a radio broadcast. The IHR charges that Mel called it a fraudulent outfit and that he falsely described the payoff as an admission that the IHR had been all wrong about the Holocaust.

One thousand miles to the northeast, Richard Butler, the embattled head of the Aryan Nations, who is now facing a trial for seditious conspiracy and who had a heart bypass operation after he was arrested, is suing his county (Kootenai) for harassing him and his organization during a World Aryan Congress last summer. Butler wants \$1 million in damages, attorneys fees of \$100,000, and a jury trial. Among his constitutional rights he claims were violated: right to worship, right to peaceably assemble and right to freedom of speech.

More USS Liberty Revelations

Phillip Tourney was a shipfitter aboard the *USS Liberty* on that infamous day of June 8, 1967, when an Israeli air and sea attack left 34 Americans dead and 171 wounded. After years of silence, Tourney spoke up at Liberty Lobby's National Board of Policy convention in mid-September.

June 8 began as a beautiful day. Over a period of six hours, Israeli planes made eight reconnaissance flights over the intelligence gathering vessel, the pilots waving at the *Liberty*'s crew and the crew waving back. Then, just after 2:00 P.M., 12 to 14 unmarked jets suddenly appeared and strafed, cannoned and napalmed the ship for 25 to 30 minutes. When the planes had finished their dirty work, Israeli torpedo boats showed up, launched six torpedoes and machine-gunned the crippled vessel, paying particular attention to destroying the life rafts. It was not until the appearance of the torpedo boats that the *Liberty* crew understood they were being attacked by the Israelis.

The *Liberty* managed to get a message off to the *USS Saratoga*, which sent 12 jets to the rescue only nine minutes after the attack had begun. But the warplanes were called back in mid-flight. An hour after the torpedo boats had sped off, an Israeli helicopter showed up with offers of assistance. The message that the *Saratoga* was sending help had apparently been heard by the Zionist High Command and scared it off from continuing its attempts to sink the battered ship. Even though a large 7' x 13' flag was flying in the breeze, the Israelis now announced it had been a case of mistaken identity. They said they thought the *Liberty* was an Egyptian ship.

Phillip Tourney is pushing for a full congressional investigation of this worst of all coverups by a Congress that prides itself on uncovering coverups. But Mr. Tourney will find, as other *Liberty* crew members have before him, that he would have better luck getting Israel's Knesset to investigate the matter than to persuade the U.S. Congress to act. Congress has not earned its title, "Knesset West," for nothing.