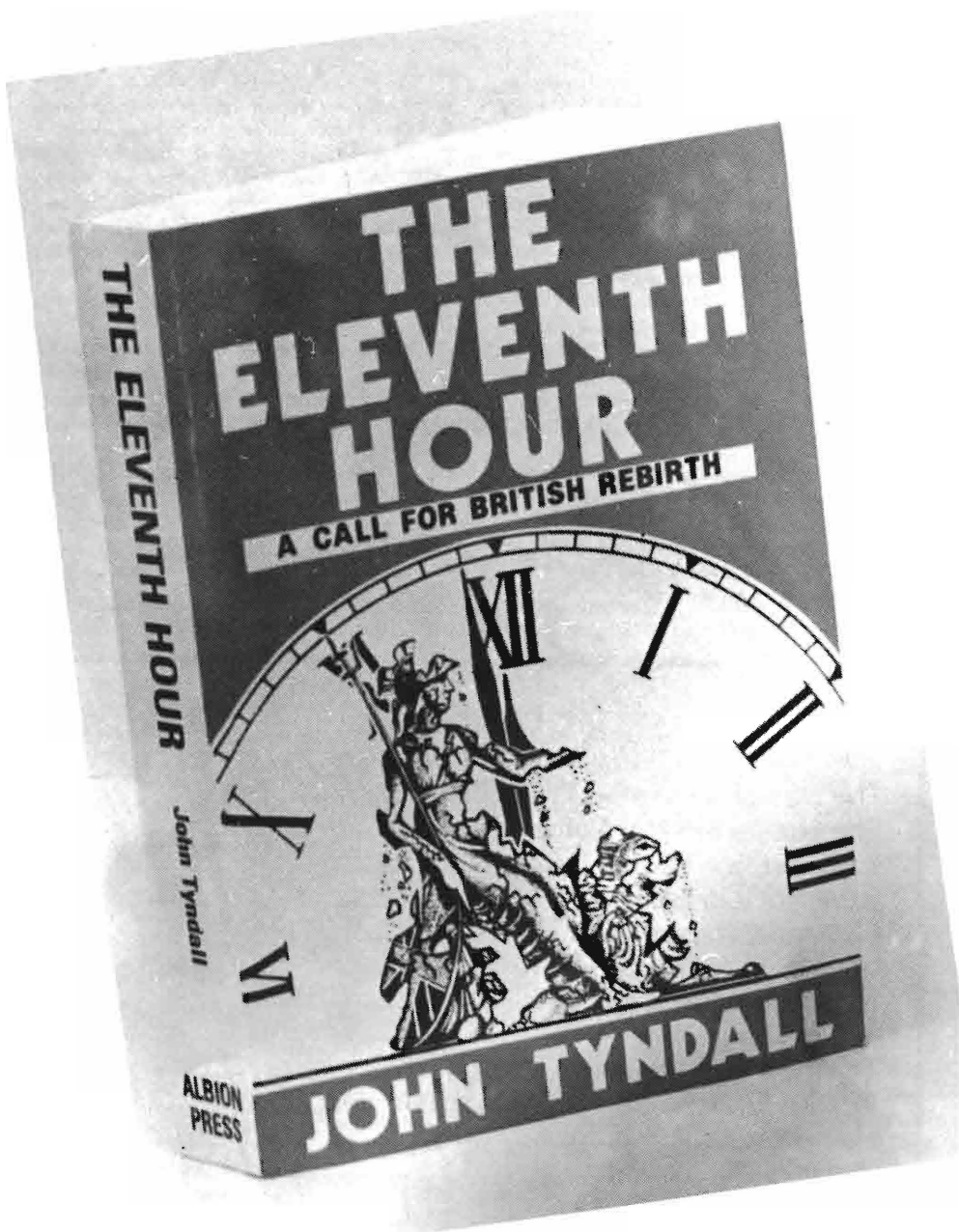


δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 12

NOVEMBER 1988



*A Compelling
Work of
Literary
Statecraft*

Safety Valve

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

□ What went on in Yonkers was a national disgrace -- but so was Little Rock! An admirably courageous band of citizens can withstand federal pressure for only so long until steamrollered into capitulation. The pity is that they were so few and public apathy so ubiquitous. It's the all-too-familiar we/they syndrome. "That's their problem, not ours." It is ours, baby. Little Rock was once only "their" problem.

589

□ Very disappointed to learn about Beryl Markham, July's cover girl, a Nordic "paradigm" who had countless affairs, but got round to bearing only one child -- and that with reluctance. Beryl was apparently intelligent, amoral, promiscuous, charming but lacking in warmth. Taken together, these are the traits of a psychopath. I still prefer Hanna Reitsch, the German test pilot and another golden girl. Okay, I'll admit she was a childless Christian, but she is still more deserving of the attention of Satcom Sam.

British subscriber

Editor's note: It's obvious that Brit. sub. hasn't read Beryl's incomparable prose poem, "West With the Night."

□ Not too long ago, a white man was almost stoned to death when he called a black man, "black boy." But, today, I hear many black men saying, "white boy." No reaction from the whites. They just act like puppy dogs. More and more white men are now beginning to call other white men, "white boys." Is this just happening in Maryland?

218

□ I'm delighted that David Irving has turned agnostic vis-à-vis Holocaustianity. He gets my vote for Majority Hero of the Year. He also rates the award for his bio of Churchill and his recent book on Hess.

991

□ My text for today is taken from F.E. Halliday's *Cultural History of England* (Thames & Hudson, London, 1967): "The British, like most northern people, are temperamentally romantic rather than classical, more subjective than objective in their art, more introvert than extrovert . . ." Would John Nobull care to read the sermon?

804

□ A fellow Instaurationist's father told me that Martin Luther King hired white Los Angeles hookers to walk with blacks in the Deep South to provoke racial incidents. Could someone please find some sources to confirm this? I was just a babe back then.

480

□ A note to reflect my profound thanks for the achievements of the September *Instauration*. I've just received it, have perused it once (reading four or five of the principal articles), and am nothing less than intellectually thrilled. Without *Instauration* I'd be a philosophical wanderer -- a man without a defined cause. With it, the beginning of each month is stocked with excited anticipation and then fulfillment.

220

□ In a recent survey of 500 ten- to twelve-year-olds in Washington (DC), most of them could name ten brands of whiskey, but only three presidents. As the dusky female news commentator on the local NBC station aptly put it, "Where have we gone wrong?"

370

□ My bank spelled my name wrong on my imprinted checks. I mentioned this to a cashier, pointing out that when I sign my name correctly, the names don't match. "Oh, that doesn't matter at all," she replied. "They pay no attention to your name. It's the number on the left bottom corner that identifies you." One time I mailed a check to my insurance company and forgot to sign it. When the bank returned my cancelled check, my name had been typed in where my signature should have been.

577

□ How strangely coincidental! After buckling down and immersing myself in rarefied anti-Semitic reading matter that insists over and over that the Talmud says it's all right for Jews to molest three-year-old Gentile girls, *Instauration* reveals that one casualty in the New Holocaust was a Palestinian of the given age and sex who was first blinded and then terminated by Israeli tear gas.

070

□ You know, of course, about Sam and Mort going up the elevator together in their condo building. "Mort, I'm so sorry to hear about the fire at your store," said Sam. "Shhhh," replied Mort. "Please keep it quiet, but the fire's tomorrow." Or how about the two arsonists who were talking about a flood that destroyed Abe's store. "So," one of them said, "how do you start a flood?"

912

□ My own perspective on the homosexual situation is quite a bit less heated than normally found in *Instauration*. Simply, I see it as a deep psychological dysfunction -- neither morally evil nor good. The young boys who proliferate throughout our major cities in self-identifying get-ups are an obviously sad lot, struggling with a disturbance that leaves them perpetually disoriented. Your sneering at them seems to equate with baiting patients in the burn ward of your local hospital.

412

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☐ The 1988 presidential election will be the Anglo-Saxons' last stand. I think they are going to make it. Dukakis is going to come off as evasive, slippery and mean-tempered. Jesse will keep his mush mouth going overtime. That's going to fire up the white ethnics. The Poles, Italians and Irish are going to vote against him, but they will be silent in public. If I were handling GOP money, I'd sneak a lot of it into Jesse's funds. The more exposure he gets, the worse for the Democrats.

317

☐ In my experience, people who are employed to rehabilitate criminals have to be watched closely. They rarely achieve any success and often slide in with those they are rehabilitating. Criminals seldom change. Crime is their work and they are perfectly satisfied with it.

284

☐ If Instauration were the voice of an organization, I suspect that it would not give us, as it does, so much news about other organizations.

300

☐ I like Instauration's style. Instead of the long, cold and sterile five- or nine-digit zip, you have given us nicknames. It's friendlier.

774

☐ Why do Christian Scientists have so much money? If there is a crazier credo around, I'd like to know about it. Liberals and conservatives hold beliefs that are bizarre, not because they deal with esoterica, like the theory of relativity, miracles, space gods and UFOs, but because they demand belief in absurdities that defy the everyday experiences of ordinary people. How can anybody think we need more economic growth? How can anybody believe that 98% of the Majority is anything other than insane?

208

☐ In regard to the Demjanjuk trial, how come no legal pundit has come up with what occurred to me, who has only a law degree from the Perry Mason show? What happened to the principle of ex post facto? The evidence so far submitted wouldn't be sufficient to clinch a case against a Negro shoplifter caught with a pork chop in his pants.

334

☐ Paul Fussell, whose book, *Class*, I criticized in Instauration a few years ago, has just issued *Thank God for the Atom Bomb, and Other Essays* (Summit, 1988). Almost every essay fits right in with our thinking. He has a story on how an interventionist in 1940 concocted a bogus book, *My Sister and I*, about a Dutch boy experiencing the German invasion. An editor at Harcourt Brace, a middle-aged man, wrote it, not a young Dutch boy. This certainly gives the anti-Anne Frank crowd another example of fraud. Why is it that some of this century's best essayists -- H.L. Mencken, Edmund Wilson, Gore Vidal and now Fussell -- agree with us, at least in part? Even my old hero, George Orwell, if he were living today, would be on our side.

729

☐ George Morgenstern died in Denver, July 23, into his 83rd year. His Pearl Harbor (1947) and his chapter in *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* (1953) set the direction of a long spell of Pearl Harbor writers in the revisionist camp. He was editor of the Chicago Tribune's editorial page for an estimated 35 years. Of course, in recent years the Trib has become just another liberal sheet like the DC Post, the LA Times and 40 other read-alikes. A collection of Morgenstern's stuff in the Tribune would make a prodigious tome. He was a great man. The Denver Post did not print his obituary until July 30. The editors obviously did not know him from any local house painter or taxi driver.

441

Majority Renegade of the Year

Nominations for Majority Renegade of the Year are now being accepted. If your nominee is not well known, it would be helpful if you could include some newspaper clippings or other biographical info.

☐ After Bernie Goetz, we have Carl Rowan. Instead of an obscure demi-Jew, we have a black liberal celebrity. The NAACP tried to pressure Mayor Barry to drop all charges against Rowan, but Hiz Onner chickened out and Rowan will have to face some music. The tune was interesting -- hung jury and charges dropped.

780

☐ Did you happen to see La Fonda's performance on 20/20? It was a travesty! She had been well advised by her attorney to admit no wrongdoing. She restricted herself to saying she was sorry for having upset some of our troops. Like the fools we are, we'll forgive her. I think Tom Hayden (Mr. Fonda) is becoming restless in the state legislature and hopes to spring towards Washington. His new book and Jane's "apology" are counted on to soften up a gullible public.

903

☐ In Instauration (Oct. 1984), Zip 404 said, "Sometimes I think Alfred Hitchcock's motion picture *The Birds* is a sort of allegory of America's racial future." This is tangy food for thought for film buffs. Some of us have wondered for 25 years what the master of suspense meant when he called *The Birds* his "doomsday vision." Now I think I've got it! The plot fits. WASP life is humming along cheerily but is overtaken oh-so-gradually by increasing hordes of menacing dark creatures. In the end, the leading characters have no choice but to get in the car and leave behind everything they own for the invaders. A spellbinder, the film met with lukewarm acclaim from the critics. Hitch was the racial and cultural antithesis of the Hollywood beautiful people. For all we know, this may have been the closest he could come to shouting a warning to his adopted country.

070

☐ If Michael Dukakis becomes President, he ought to send a dozen roses to Donna Rice.

299

☐ Although Barry Goldwater boastfully claims he's half-Jewish, he's really one-quarter. Both his grandfather, a peddler from Poland, and his father married Gentiles. He's getting goofy in his old age. I saw him tell ABC's Brit Hume that his candidate for veep was Colin Powell, the black National Security Adviser.

112

☐ One of my pet peeves is the debasing use of classical music as a background in TV commercials. It's just incredible that a so-called advanced society sits still while its most glorious artistic achievements are desecrated in this fashion. I wrote a letter of protest long ago to one of the Federal agencies. I was not favored with a reply.

012

☐ Why is Bush better than Dukakis? He's not a lawyer.

320

☐ As I pound out this letter, the beasts in the dayroom outside my door sit in rapt and slavish attention, ogling in the brute manner of their kind, paws unconsciously scrounging in their wool for lice, rubber lips slack as if deep in a voodoo trance, dog-yellow eyes wide like antebellum darkies watching in gullible fascination some minutiae of white man's magic. They watch the Democratic National Convention on the Rainbow Tube, listening with sweaty palms to the glorious promises of a White Manless America.

Prison inmate

☐ Once again, the Majority got it in the neck at the Democratic Convention on the subject of personal wealth. I am tired of hearing about Bentsen's and Bush's family money as contrasted with "poor" Geraldine Ferraro, Mario Cuomo and now Mike the Greek. It's time to discuss the Unreported Wealth of Ethnics. Only late in the 1984 campaign did we learn that the Zaccaro/Ferraro net worth was almost double the Bushes'. Ethnics did indeed come to our shores with little personal money, but they were part of a community ready to stake them to business ventures at a low rate of interest (2-3%). Many of them went into cash-intensive operations, such as restaurants, grocery stores and tailoring. They prospered not only in trade, but also in the money they could "skim" and not report to the IRS. In turn, this created a dilemma: they had lots of money under the mattress, but any display of wealth would catch the eye of the IRS. They low-profiled it except in education. Note that Ferraro, Cuomo and Dukakis went to private -- and thus expensive -- colleges.

803

☐ As a graduate of Harvard, I've sent my alma mater a modest annual contribution. Up until now, that is. Henceforth, this contribution will be sent to Instauration, which I'm sure will make much better use of it.

021

□ The ability of blacks to wrap themselves in the protective covering of bureaucratic lingo is nothing short of amazing. In most metropolitan areas, even the lowliest know how to "strategize," establish a "coalition," define "common goals" and confront the "establishment." In Washington (DC), the process has been raised to a fine art. Seemingly, every "concerned" black has, at one time or another, chaired a "task force" to "focus" resources and "highlight" issues. A recent monthly radio talk-show chat with Mayor Barry (himself no slouch in the art form) found one otherwise tongue-tied woman announcing herself as Chairperson of the Credentials Committee of the Urban Planning Strategy Task Force. Said the Mayor, obviously bewildered as to the identity of this particular group of noisemakers, "I'z gots tuh git muh sec'tary tuh calls yuh back."

220

□ Americans should realize that national boundaries, often carved by white men, mean little to Africans. They are completely tribal and the slaughter is never ending. But precious little media attention is ever focused on this phenomenon until the death toll in one week runs into the thousands.

334

□ This year is the 200th anniversary of the birth of the finest prime minister England has had for the last couple of centuries -- Sir Robert Peel. For some reason, this handsome Nordic has always attracted less attention from the media fuglemen than has a certain Lord Beaconsfield (aka Benjamin Disraeli). No friend of "democracy," Peel opposed an 1830 bill to remove the political disabilities of the British Chosen and on its second reading he sharply attacked any attempts to "unchristianise the legislature" for the sake of 27,000 British-born Jews. Doubtless we shan't be hearing overmuch about that in any eulogy of Peel.

British subscriber

□ I'm deeply impressed with Instauration's sympathy for ethnics, reflected, for example, in the "Last Run in the Forest" (Sept. 1988). Most likely, the author was describing a small mill town in Pennsylvania or industrial New England. "Little City" is a lovely literary artifact.

041

□ Best of Instauration 1977 has the pep essay, "Who Are We?" When I read, "We are the sons of glacier chasers . . .," there was a surge of emotion that was hard to describe, a joy that is not now present in our society. I am grateful for that good feeling.

665

□ Congressman Tom DeLay recently went to the Soviet Union and brought back a family of Jewish dissidents, settled them here, helped them find jobs, and so on. This is, I believe, only his first term in Congress. He's learning fast!

774

□ Marshal Tito, that successful mesmerizer, did the same after WWII that today Ceausescu is doing to Romanians and Israel is doing to Palestinians -- bulldozing houses and villages.

Austrian subscriber

□ An American Instaurationist just paid me a visit, and I thought I might pass on some of his opinions about South Africa. He didn't like Johannesburg, which showed he had good taste. He considered the city to be a small and inferior New York. Durban, he decided, was a small and inferior Miami. He liked Pretoria much better, which is indeed a more attractive place -- well laid out but dull. Cape Town, with its magnificent scenery, he duly praised, and he was very pleased with the nearby university town of Stellenbosch, with its old Dutch atmosphere, its trees and mountain views, its flowing water channels at the sides of the streets, its fine hotels and its pubs flowing with wine. It is in fact the most beautiful village or townlet in all Africa. My visitor had been to the Kruger National Park, which is about the size of Wales, and had seen a few buck and a couple of rhino and an enormous elephant at uncomfortably close quarters. He had also been to the Okavango Swamps in Botswana, with its crocs, hippo and other fauna, yet he nowhere saw lions. From here he was headed to the Etosha Game Reserve in the far north of the country, where he might have better luck -- plenty of zebra and giraffe, at least. He saw the Victoria Falls, which he rightly said makes Niagara look silly, and as, in addition to Table Mountain, he had previously gone to the Amboseli Reserve in Kenya for a look at Mount Kilimanjaro, he had seen the three main natural sights of Africa -- though I don't know why the Mountains of the Moon are left out. But he had not seen too many animals because he had arrived at the worst time of the year for game-viewing. He should have come in the dry season, preferably in September and October, when the grass is short and the animals have to come to the water-holes.

South African subscriber

□ I recently traveled down to South Carolina. One evening a beauty pageant was conducted in the lounge of my hotel. Most of the audience was white. A table near the bar was occupied by two Negroes. During the swimsuit competition, when one particularly well-endowed young lady passed their table, the two blacks made some scurrilous comments. Shortly thereafter, a huge white man, weighing 300-plus pounds, walked very slowly and deliberately toward their table. He placed a hand on the side of each of their heads and smacked them together. The noise sounded like billiard balls cracking on a pool table! The two blacks slumped into their chairs with dazed, blank stares on their faces. Several men grabbed hands and feet and threw them outside. My host, sitting beside me, dryly said, "We don't put up with that stuff down here." What a shame that the other 49 states can't take a lesson from the South Carolinians.

720

□ I quite agree with Instauration that it is slipshod science to compare the homogeneous Japanese and Chinese population samples against some mosaic Caucasoid sample. Thank you for the article that showed the Swedes and Germans outperforming the Japs on the geography test. Many types of Mongoloids -- Amerindians for example -- score well below the Japanese. Yet the Mongoloids are always credited with the IQ performance of their best group.

677

□ I've always wondered what the history of the Olympic Games would look like if East German and West German medals were tallied together.

703

□ A few years ago I read about half of Hemingway in Cuba by some Chosenite whose chief aim was to deify and sanctify the book's hero. If I remember correctly, before throwing the damn opus out, the author never mentions the length of Hemingway's Wheeler cabin cruiser, which the Castro mob has made into a national monument. The writer of this extravagant praise for our most celebrated egocentric, self-promoting "character" of the expatriate writing circuit sounds to me as if he was on permanent assignment from the New York Times. Throughout Latin America, the Communists would form little cells à la Che Guevara (the Romantic Mythos of armed violence), using For Whom the Bell Tolls to instruct young starry-eyed aesthetes in the ways of guerrilla psychology. It's an insightful and inciteful textbook. Hemingway loved to kill. Wherever there was a shooting war, he was sorely tempted to jump in. But he never got more than his feet wet. He would just keep breezing in and out of the war zones to get some local color for his newspaper stories and novels. His main base was always the nearest bar. In the Letters of Ernest Hemingway, published in Britain, he writes about a German who came around the corner of a building during the liberation of Paris and stood right in front of him. Ernest boastfully writes that he "shot him in the head . . . and his brains came out his mouth . . . or was it his nose?" Some years later, the paranoid Hemingway shot himself in the head.

296

□ The Democratic party, once called the party of Jackson, is on a long downhill skid. Whites who remain in the toboggan are at enormous risk. Standardbearer Mike let it all hang out in his address to the B'nai B'rith in Baltimore. No more weapons for Arabs, no negotiation with the PLO, more handouts to Israel, a no-holds-barred attack on anti-Semitism. Most important, no more visits to Bitburg! The spectre of a Democratic victory this November is chilling for anyone other than blacks and Jews.

188

□ We lost in Vietnam because we were unrestrained in our faith in managerial and technocratic assumptions -- the McNamara "bean counter" syndrome. The screw-up aboard the USS Vincennes in the Persian Gulf proves his thesis.

582

**If any book can reverse the downward trend
of present-day Britain, it is *The Eleventh Hour***

THE EDUCATION OF JOHN TYNDALL

NOT MANY BOOKS change the way of the world -- for better or worse. The New Testament was one. *The Origin of the Species* and *Das Kapital* were two others. We'll let the reader evaluate the potential import and impact of *The Eleventh Hour* by John Tyndall. All we dare say at this point is that Tyndall's encyclopedic blueprint for 21st-century Britain deserves study and meditation. We might add that, if it doesn't register on British minds, Britons may come to regret it.

Britain's loony leftists will probably say that Tyndall has written a *Son of Mein Kampf*. Not true. The work is British to the core, weaving autobiography, current history, constructive proposals and imaginative innovation into a devastating critique of his country's government, diplomacy, party politics and media duplicity. Little has escaped the author's Argus eyes.

Tyndall hasn't yet made it to the House of Commons, but he's been up to his neck in British politics ever since he joined the League of Empire Loyalists in the early 1950s. He first fell under the influence of A.K. Chesterton a relative of the great Catholic writer, and followed him into the National Front. When his mentor quit that organization, Tyndall stayed, worked his way up to the top and was its leader in the days when its numbers, its leafleting campaigns, its electioneering and its highly publicized marches were putting the fear of God in the British establishment. But, as often happens to any political movement that goes too far too fast, the National Front broke up into an orgy of ego-tripping, divisive haggling and selfish powermongering. Tyndall was given the gate, largely as a result of secretive maneuverings by a coterie of homosexuals. Today's Front is only a shadow of its former self. Freed from the impossible task of trying to please a hubris-ridden politburo, Tyndall went out and formed his own group, the British National Party, which has been showing some interesting signs of life. Whether it will get anywhere, only Father Time knows.

Tyndall describes himself as a British nationalist. He regrets the passing of the British Empire and argues for its partial restitution, which he would achieve by strengthening the racial and cultural ties that bind the United Kingdom to the other white nations of the Commonwealth -- Canada, Australia and New Zealand. He would cast adrift the non-white members, such as India and the various Black African states.

In the field of foreign policy Tyndall wants Britain out of Europe and all the European organizations that have sprung up since the end of WWII. Instead, he suggests an alliance with the German Bundesrepublik on the basis that the great wars of the 20th century would never have been fought if Britain had joined, not opposed Wilhelmine and



Hitlerian Germany. He writes off the United States as a hopelessly negative and destructive world force, but hopes that its Dispossessed Majority will regain its lost power and work with Britain to prevent the white race from drowning in the world's swelling brown and yellow demographic tide.

Having served time in prison for criticizing minority racism, Tyndall is understandably restrained when he approaches the Jewish problem. But he is not afraid to talk about the Zionist control of the United States and the immense influence that Jews wield in Britain and other parts of the West. Without specifically saying so, he lets it be known that Britain would be much better off if the Jewish presence could be moved lock, stock and barrel to some faraway land, such as Madagascar. Israel, he writes,

is a logical place to stash the Jews, but not at the expense of robbing the Palestinians of a homeland to which they have an inalienable right.

British politics is totally corrupt, Tyndall observes. Somewhat like the U.S., the British establishment rules by controlling the two major parties, Conservative and Labour, which alternately move in and out of office. When the economy sours or something else goes wrong, as it always does, one party is blamed and the other party takes over for a few years until the first party is called back to clean up the mess left by the second party. It's a rather clever scheme, especially since the seesawing manages to forestall any serious takeover attempt by a third party dedicated to real solutions.

One point on which Instauration might disagree with Tyndall involves his conspiracy theory. It's quite true that the heavens will fall on anyone or any group that starts talking honestly about race in any Western country -- a form of censorship that makes it almost impossible to prevent the ongoing racial browning of white populations on the hither side of the Iron Curtain. Tyndall sees this censorship as part and parcel of a vicious and mysterious conspiracy of an internationally minded gang that deliberately seeks the destruction of the West. Instauration takes a more biological view. Parasites of any species are generally programmed to feed off their hosts. When they overfeed, as they are doing today, the host will soon be on his last legs. Instauration sees the contemporary West as being eaten alive.

We are all loaded -- overloaded in these times of racial and cultural decadence -- with altruistic genes which dominate our behavior and thought processes. This opens the door for the parasites who don't "conspire," but simply go about their business. Practically all the earth's creatures have parasitical hitchhikers. Man is no exception. Leeches don't "conspire" to feed on human blood. All they know how to do, all they can do, is feed. You can't argue with them, you can't have compassion for them, you either get rid of them or they get rid of you.

Tyndall, like Sir Oswald Mosley, one of the few 20th-century Britons he admires, is no supercapitalist. He believes that in the coming economic wars, the British government must develop a coordinated national trade policy in order to compete with nations like Japan, which have such centralized policies in place. The time is long past when Britain or any large country dependent on exports can survive by letting economics take its course. In other words, he is a protectionist -- as any sensible Westerner must be. Without protectionism, Britain, like the United States, will soon be making the best hamburgers in the world and the worst computers. What profit a man who invents the better mousetrap if, before the first one comes off his country's production line, the product thieves in the Far East have manufactured a million of them?

Tyndall is no supercapitalist, nor is he a superpatriot. As he writes (p. 21):

A true patriot must be capable at times of cursing his country, even hating it, when it falls from high standards and proves unworthy of his pride. Most of all must he be capable of recognising those times when his country

reaches the lowest level of its fortunes and then giving everything he has to the task of raising it up again. He has to be able to hate everything that is mean, rotten, trashy and contemptible in his native land and nation, and to fight against those things with all the ardour with which he would fight against an outside enemy.

Nor is he a full-fledged socialist, as he explains (p. 23):

But something still held me back from accepting the full socialist package of goods and aligning myself with that point of view. What that something was I could not at that time explain, even to myself. Some kind of instinct, rather than clear reasoning, told me that there was something wrong with it all, and deterred me from joining any left-wing organisation and committing myself to that side of politics.

Have you ever focused your eyes on an object, be it a person, a picture or some urban or rural scene, and had the feeling that something about it is not quite right? Exactly what, you cannot say. Undoubtedly, some features of what you are looking at are attractive, but a little voice inside you says: "Don't accept this -- there is a flaw in it somewhere!"

That was how it was with me as I looked into the subject of socialism, always bearing in mind that every brand of socialism under my examination at the time was one standing to the left of the political spectrum.

If a third party ever arises in the United States and exorcises the evil demons haunting our political scene, Tyndall's book should become an automatic best-seller. He has been through the mill. Having run into every difficulty imaginable -- from censorship to dirty tricks, to physical assaults, to a few stints in prison -- he has a mass of cogent advice for those who will most likely have the same experiences. His book is virtually a graduate course on handling minority mobs, Jewish disrupters, informers, homosexuals, party wreckers and other distasteful types. In addition, there are pages upon pages on party organization and on the esoteric science of political leadership. His warnings on the dangers of rule by directorates or committees should be taken to heart by activist leaders who don't want to see their work ruined by a faulty party constitution.

Britain used to be a great country, and anyone of British descent, either in or out of Britain, has much to be proud of. What other people can boast of having the world's greatest writer, the world's greatest physicist, the world's greatest biologist, the world's greatest empire, the world's most stable government, the world's greatest system of laws and the world's greatest revolutionists (industrial revolutionists, that is).

Today, however, all that was great about the Sceptred Isle has become small. In an embarrassingly short time, Britain fell precipitously from the top of the world heap. London became a sort of European New York where, as Tyndall writes (p. 173), "a drug-addict can be earning a great deal more money than a leading heart surgeon, an outstanding inventor or the managing director of a highly successful manufacturing company."

One of the most interesting parts of *The Eleventh Hour* is the verbal war that Tyndall wages against conservatism. The author is unsparing in his denunciation (p. 177):

Conservatism is the last gasp of a world that is dying. It has surrendered every bastion of defence of that world, to the stage at which there are no more left. All that it has succeeded in conserving is putrid and decayed. All that it might usefully have conserved it has sold off. We leave it, floating like a rotting corpse on the stagnant waters of an historical epoch that has come to the end of its time.

Tyndall's future? At 54, it is still possible that he can develop and lead his British National Party into the political limelight. Much will depend on the British economy. Let it falter and Tyndall's chances will improve. Let the present wave of false prosperity continue to deceive the West for two or three more decades and his political future will remain dim. But if Tyndall's political activities fail to

make any headway, his political ideas, as put forth so convincingly in his book, are certain to emerge from the dark shadows of censorship and break into the light of day. *The Eleventh Hour* is the most clear-headed, the most intelligent, most far-seeing work to come out of Britain since the death of Oswald Mosley. When tomorrow's scholars and politicians want to know what went wrong in Britain and what can be done to right the wrongs, they will inevitably be drawn to *The Eleventh Hour*. Where else will they find the answers?

The Eleventh Hour is available for \$19.50 plus \$1.00 per book for shipping charges from Historical Review Press, Box 2010, Decatur, GA 30031.

THE ELUSIVE BUT NOT COLLUSIVE FED

PERHAPS THE MOST obfuscating of the many pathologies of conservatives, neo- and paleo-, is the conspiracy theory spun around the Federal Reserve System, which, it is claimed, was created by vulpine bankers to milk poor widows out of their pitiful mites. Fact is, the Fed's *raison d'être* was to put a hold on the wild financial gyrations of uncontrolled and unregulated banks that were stealing from their depositors by printing their own paper money and making large, unsecured loans to friends and speculators.

Another fairy tale about the Fed is that it was the brainchild of Paul Moritz Warburg, a Jewish international banker. Actually, the men most responsible were Nelson Aldrich, a WASP senator from Rhode Island, and Carter Glass, a Virginia politician of the old school. Warburg did have some input and did become the Fed's first vice chairman. But the first chairman of the Fed, which came into being in 1913, was Charles Sumner Hamlin, a very non-Jewish Boston Brahmin.

A third misconception is that the Fed is a coalition of private banks totally independent of the government and that no one knows the names of the stockholders. Not true. The Fed was created by Congress and can be uncreated by Congress, whenever that body decides to do so. The President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoints the seven governors of the Board of Governors, five for unrenovable 14-year terms and the chairman and vice-chairman for renewable four-year terms. The govern-



Carter Glass

ors supervise the operation of the 12 Federal Reserve Banks and keep an eye on the 6,000 commercial banks that are members of the System. As for the stock, it is owned by the member banks. Since it cannot be sold, it cannot fall into private hands. Bankers profit from the Federal Reserve setup only to the extent that it helps the banking business in general. If so, their shares in their own banks will appreciate and they may be in line for higher salaries and bonuses. There are no payoffs and no speculation in Federal Reserve System shares, which come with a guaranteed 6% annual dividend.

There is much that is wrong with the Fed. The 23,000 people on its payroll make it a bureaucratic monstrosity. But if those critics who want to turn it into a government-controlled national bank had their way, inflation might easily climb back to the giddy double digits of the Carter administration. A Congress and an executive branch which recklessly preside over \$150 billion annual budget deficits, while refusing to make any substantial increase in taxes and any substantial decrease in spending are not exactly the most reliable people to run a centralized, government-owned bank. Avaricious politicians and bureaucrats would quickly overheat the Treasury's printing presses.

The Fed's operations are independent of the government up to a point. But in the long run, the governors have to work with the U.S. Treasury, which can either cooperate or not cooperate, as it sees fit. In recent arguments over international monetary policy, for example, the two organizations have rarely seen eye to eye. The Fed was strongly opposed to the Treasury's campaign to lower the value of the dollar.

Any profits made by the Fed go back to the U.S. Treasury. In 1979 the sum was in the \$9 billion range. On the other hand, the Treasury pays the Fed billions of dollars a year in interest for the latter's huge hoard of U.S. government bonds, notes and other obligations. But, as noted before, no money from these operations, beyond their salaries, goes to the governors or heads of the 12 regional

banks, some of whom make considerable financial sacrifices when they accept their appointments.* Paul Volcker, recently retired, received \$70,000 a year as Fed chairman. He could make ten times that in New York or on the lecture circuit and is probably so doing at this moment.

Jews have had relatively little clout with the Fed, whose governors have come mostly from the ranks of the commercial banks, a segment of the American economy not yet deeply penetrated by Jews. Two Jews have headed up the Fed in recent years -- Arthur Burns, an insufferable ego tripper, and the present chairman, Alan Greenspan, known more as a compromiser and consensus player than for having any fixed or original ideas, conservative or otherwise, about banking. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, the most powerful of the regional banks, was headed for many years by Anthony M. Solomon, a stereotypical Jewish liberal. Henry C. Wallich, a German-Jewish refugee, has been an influential governor of the Federal Reserve Board. But the main source of Jewish influence in the Fed has probably been provided by Milton Friedman, whose prodigious faith in the money supply as the controlling factor in shaping the economy, has pushed the Fed out on a limb more than once. Friedman forgets production, forgets the work force, forgets the usual economic cycles and concentrates on monetarism. Play around with the money supply, the theory goes, and the economy will come out wine and roses. Friedman's cherished dogma, however, contains no provision for the velocity of money (the rate of circulation). This all-important omission caused the Fed and the U.S. economy immense trouble and embarrassment when the money supply was pumped up to counter the 1980 recession. Most people, in and out of business, were so hard-pressed they hung on to the extra infusion of cash, if it came their way, instead of spending it, or, in the case of some banks, loaning it.

The Fed has alternately succeeded and failed in its task of keeping the American banking system orderly. Its power over the economy consists largely of its ability to control the distribution of money by priming and unpriming the pump -- priming it by buying U.S. government obligations from its member banks and thereby providing them with more cash; unpriming it by selling the same government paper to the member banks, a move which lowers their cash reserves and their ability to make loans.

If its control over the money supply does not obtain the desired results, the Fed can set the interest rates that member banks must pay for borrowing money from each other and from the Fed itself. It can also mandate the percentage of reserve funds that member banks must have to back up their loans (current rate is 8%). Pushing up the percentage is a deflationary tool, and vice versa.

Sometimes the Fed has wielded its power beneficially, sometimes not. Despite all its facilities, all its computers and all its Ph.Ds, it has often been as bad a guesser of economic trends as the editors of financial tip sheets.

What is to be done with the Fed? It is apparently better than nothing at all, but it certainly could stand a great deal

of improvement. With all the information available in this information-loaded age, it ought to be able to stop economic disasters from happening rather than wait until they do and then try to patch them up. The Fed has the power to stop the outpouring of loans by the big banks to foreign nations -- borrowings which are either in default or soon will be. It didn't -- and doesn't -- use this power. It had the power to stop Continental Illinois from getting so over-extended that it went down in the biggest bank failure in history. The Fed didn't move until it was too late. Worried that the bank's collapse might set off a worldwide banking crisis, it bailed out every depositor of Continental Illinois, even those with deposits much larger than the \$100,000 covered by federal insurance. When smaller banks fail, depositors receive up to \$100,000 on their deposits and lose all or part of anything above that figure.

In summary, the Fed is no conspiracy, no noxious network of Jews, no nasty plot on the part of clever financiers for wholesale stealing from the public. It is secretive in many of its operations -- and it should be. Imagine what speculators and crooks like Ivan Boesky could do if they had advance notice of some decisions of the Fed on interest rates and the money supply. But overall, the Fed is just another big, top-heavy bureaucracy, which rates at most a C for its operation and whose main excuse for being is that a centralized bank controlled directly by Congress and its pack of irresponsible vote buyers and spenders would be worse.

Much of the information for this article was taken from William Greider's massive new tome, Secrets of the Temple (Simon & Schuster, NY, 1988, \$24.95).

Before publishing the above article, the editor of Instauration sent it to a subscriber known for his economic expertise -- and for his cynicism. His remarks, as will be seen, provide a less optimistic view of the value and efficiency of the Federal Reserve System.

A Cynic Comments

There are some important points that Instauration missed in its article on the Federal Reserve. For all its resources, the Fed is not known to have any expertise in economics or forecasting. And the forecasts put out by the Commerce Department, the universities and the consulting companies are not known for dependability.

What the Fed will do in the next few years about the national and global debt crises is the numero uno topic in the investment business.

Two major events have occurred in U.S. monetary history since the founding of the Federal Reserve System. The first was the confiscation of gold by the Roosevelt administration in 1933. The amount paid for the gold was the current official price of about \$20.50 per troy ounce. Shortly thereafter, the price was raised to \$35 an ounce. This is the sort of legalized theft which has been practiced by governments for thousands of years. Although the country was in the depths of the Great Depression, citizens were patriotic and naive enough to cooperate in the heist.

Organized crime and other more astute groups made a quick 70% profit. Mexicans and Europeans, under similar

* It is true, however, that these "sacrifices" can be made up later by high monetary rewards when these people leave the Fed and get lucrative positions in the commercial banking world.

circumstances, filled their mattresses with bullion. Americans are now more worldly wise than in 1933, albeit not nearly enough.

The second great event in the recent history of the dollar was the closing of the "gold window" by President Nixon in 1972. The victim this time was foreign central banks, which had been converting their dollars into gold. This action effectively terminated the 1944 Bretton Woods agreement by the Allies to maintain fixed exchange rates based on a gold-convertible U.S. dollar.

The closing of the gold window, a *de facto* bankruptcy of the U.S. Treasury, was presaged by the withdrawal of silver coinage and silver certificates (usually \$1 bills) in 1964. The silver dimes and quarters were replaced by copper slugs with a white cupro-nickel alloy laminate. The copper core was required to fool coin-operated devices which measure electrical resistance to detect counterfeits. In the past two years, the once solid copper penny has been superseded by copper-plated zinc.

The Fed, it should be pointed out, was not involved directly in any of these decisions.

Cui Bono?

Whose interests does the Fed serve? Many conservatives note that the U.S. has had consistent inflation since the Fed was founded and that the principal beneficiaries have been the federal government and large corporations, which rely on inflation to bail them out as they go deeper into debt.

The opposite opinion is held by Julian Snyder, publisher of International Moneyline. Snyder claims that the Fed has used credit restraint and produced recessions to protect the wealthy individuals who have much of their capital in corporate and government bonds.

The truth is, the Fed is just another greaser of squeaky wheels. Bankers make money by borrowing cheap and lending dear. They care more about the rate spread between loans and deposits than the rates themselves. Their profits are augmented by the Fed's fractional reserve system. What they fear most is that some major political party will stop playing the game. So they alternatively try to keep afloat the government, big business, the consumer, bondholders, foreign trade and everything else.

The real problems of the U.S. (and every other country) are structural, not financial. The financial woes are only the fevers that are symptoms of the underlying disease. Taking an aspirin may cool the fever, but it does nothing to cure the infection. The same is true of a quick shot of cold cash from the Fed.

Nothing can grow forever, not even the U.S. economy. Minerals and other resources scattered now in a million trash heaps and junkyards cannot be restored by any economic theory. The free market does not solve problems; it only distributes them. The Welfare State then redistributes them, after collecting a 25% fee in the form of taxes.

When one tries to create a society and culture for everybody, nobody is satisfied. Crime, drugs and social decay have spread from the slums to the suburbs. Hiring more policemen or calling out the army won't accomplish anything, except to raise the street price of cocaine.

Against this background of crumbling dikes, the Fed tries to play the role of the famous Dutch boy. Whenever it finds

another leak, it plugs it up with a wad of cash. The bankers are just buying time.

Inflation or Deflation?

The debate that rages today is whether the U.S. will have inflation or deflation. Will the next recession collapse into a depression? What the Fed does will affect price levels, even if it cannot do much else.

If foreigners stop buying U.S. government debt, the Fed can step in and print the money needed. Would the Japanese then buy still more hotels and office buildings? If even a fraction of this hot cash went into the gold market, the price would go out of sight.

A 1980 law allows the Fed to purchase other forms of debt, in addition to that owed by the U.S. If it was so minded, the Fed could buy up all the bad loans from Third World and Communist countries, as well as all the junk bonds and other shaky financing floated in recent years.

Those who argue that deflation is inevitable note that the public and the world have been conditioned to anticipate inflation. During the Carter administration, inflation and the price of gold took off for the stratosphere. So the deflationists claim that the Fed will risk a depression rather than precipitate an even more disastrous hyperinflation.

The validity of this argument is quite dubious. Brazil has always had high inflation, except when it has runaway inflation. Banks still loaned Brazil money, but wanted to be paid back in kind rather than in Brazilian banknotes. Now they would be happy to get some repayment in Brazilian or any kind of money. As in the United States, Brazil and other countries are turning over businesses and real estate to foreigners to redeem debt. When will all these properties be "nationalized" back again?

The stock market and the real estate market suggest that both sides of this inflation-deflation debate may be wrong. What really is going on is an accelerating collapse of liquidity. Prices of some things are rising and may rise even faster. Other prices are sinking. Some Communist countries already do a lot of their trade on a barter basis, since they have no gold or foreign exchange. International barter is bound to spread.

Private barter and the underground economy will also expand as governments everywhere have more and more trouble collecting taxes. All forms of debt will lose value and decline in liquidity. Some will become completely worthless, like Tsarist bonds.

Conclusion

The Fed was created to guarantee a uniform national currency with low to moderate inflation. It does not and never did have the capacity or authority to cope with excessive speculation in the private sector or continued overspending by governments. (The Securities and Exchange Commission and the Office of Management and Budget, which do have these roles, have not played them very successfully.) The Fed, however, can pick and choose what unpayable debt it will monetize and what it will let sink. This is a political choice and liable to be somewhat arbitrary and capricious.

The real trouble with all conspiracy theories is that they assume a level of competence on the part of international bankers that simply does not exist.

BANGLADESH -- EARTHLY INFERNO

DURING MY SENIOR YEAR of high school, the name, "Bangladesh," was branded into my mind as signifying an unfathomable degree of human suffering, the term "Holocaust" having not yet been copy-righted. What had formerly been East Pakistan proclaimed its independence in April 1971, and throughout the year the wanton rape and slaughter of civilians at the hands of the Pakistani army continued apace. Ten million refugees fled to neighboring India. In December, Indian forces invaded, Pakistan surrendered and Bangladesh was born. A famine of epic proportions came on the heels of independence, prompting the famous lachrymose George Harrison concert and the subsequent album, with the unhappy little brown starveling on the cover. With all these images swimming in my head, and with Bangladesh's ongoing reputation as an international disaster zone and the world's second poorest country, I just had to go.

This article was written before Bangladesh was practically drowned out last summer. But devastating floods, the work of Nature, are only minor disasters compared to the man-made ones in this famine-ridden, disease-ridden and people-ridden country. All the problems and evils of the Third World are summed up and crystallized in the human pigpen known as Bangladesh.

I managed to sandwich eight days there during a three-month trip to Asia two winters ago. I picked up a visa at the Bangladesh embassy in Rangoon, Burma, the only embassy I ever visited that had a bird's nest in the ceiling. Sparrows flitted in and out the open door as I had my passport stamped. Two days later, after a bumpy flight, I was in the capital, Dacca. Fifteen people disembarked, two of them women. They were probably relief workers. Bangladesh is not on the itinerary of many tourists.

The customs man rifled my laundry and asked me if it was January 19. It was, in fact, January 23. He chalked January 19 on my pack. Outside the airport, I was besieged by drivers of those cute but unsteady little three-wheel scooters known all over Asia by different names; in Bangladesh they're "baby-taxis."

I asked my driver to find me a bedbugless hotel. While he was inside one questionable hostelry inquiring about a room, two women holding babies rushed over and demanded money. I've seen a thousand beggars in my travels, but none as aggressive as these two. They almost pulled my sleeves off. Refusing to reward such behavior, I gave them nothing. My driver emerged from the hotel, which was full, and attempted to shoo them away. As he pulled from the curb, one of them tore viciously at my backpack.

After I had found a room at the friendly Hotel Blue Nile, I walked around town. It was Friday, the Moslem holy day, and the streets were eerily quiet. From hundreds of

Mosques, the muezzins began gasping into their microphones at the appointed hour of prayer, casting a strange pall over the city. They sounded as if they were being strangled!

Racial realities crop up in the darnedest places. I was the star attraction at Lin Chin, one of numerous restaurants in Dacca run by Chinese emigrants but employing Bengali waiters. White visitors attract a lot of attention in Bangladesh since they're so few and far between. A half-dozen idle employees congregated at my table, asking me where I was from, did I like Reagan, why was I in Bangladesh, and so on. One of them, just a shade darker than the milk-chocolate norm, stood off by himself and inquired, "Would you like some more tea?" I said I would. One of the Chinese waiters then broke in, "He's a black man. He is from Africa." Although the man was obviously hurt, the others laughed and laughed. "Maybe I am darker," he told me, "but your blood is red like mine, so we are all brothers under the skin." Well, an opossum's blood is red like mine, too. What else could I answer but, "That's right. Tell that to your critic." He shook his head. "I do not like that man." The Chinese who had commented on the black's coloration and who had been attacking him asked, "What did he say? Did the African man have something to say about me?" "No," I replied a little sarcastically. "He simply stated we're all brothers under the skin." I finished my meal without hearing any further racial backtalk.

After dinner, I decided to have a look at Bangladesh's ritziest hotel, the Hotel Sonargaon. This is where the international fraternity of parasites who style themselves humanitarians like to stay. You should see them! Nowhere is the hypocrisy of do-good liberalism so blatant. Wearing their three-piece suits and fondling their attaché cases, they sit cross-legged on plush couches beneath a magnificent chandelier, sipping exotic five-dollar drinks, while out on the street, not a hundred yards away, families are scabbling through rubbish piles for a couple of calories of food.

Foreign aid is by far the biggest industry in Bangladesh. Some 80 private aid agencies have moved in, along with various official government commissions, most of them connected to the United Nations. That's why the local mendicants are so aggressive; they've seen so much charity thrown around they're convinced the world owes them something. With this mindset, very little ever gets accomplished.

The social planners, who subsist on human misery, are not at all put out by the do-nothing charities. If the misery should disappear, they'd be out of a job. So it's more and more Western money down the rathole, while more and more babies plop out of mothers like falling confetti. Bangladesh, the size of Wisconsin, now has a population of more than 100 million. I could only wince at the billboard displaying the face of an attractive Caucasian woman car-

rying the message: MARVELON -- A NEW GENERATION BIRTH CONTROL PILL IN HARMONY WITH NATURE. It was particularly ludicrous, first, because 80% of the population is illiterate; second, because only a small minority of those who can read are able to savvy English.

I took a bicycle-rickshaw to the train station early Saturday morning. Near my hotel on New Elephant Road was a contingent of riot police armed with canes and shields, waiting for something to happen. Although people wrapped in gunnysacks were still sleeping on the sidewalks, the streets were swarming with humanity. The traffic situation was totally out of control. As legions of underemployed rickshaw drivers and pedestrians elbowed each other, baby-taxis dodging dilapidated buses teetering from the weight of passengers hanging out the door had near misses with overloaded oxcarts. And everywhere, the tinkling of thousands of rickshaw bells, a pretty sound at first, like a jamboree of glockenspielers, but soon it begins to grate harshly on the nerves.



Rickshaw madness in Dacca

Per usual, the rickshaw driver demanded *baksheesh* in addition to the agreed-upon price. I gave in and handed him a few extra coins to get him off my back. What about this nasty gimme, gimme syndrome? Indian rickshaw drivers are just as poor and much more accustomed to tourists, but generally much more polite. I'm not jumping on any hate-Islam bandwagon, but I do believe Mohammed has had something to do with the Bangladeshi and Islamic itch for payola.

At the surprisingly modern train station, I bought a ticket for Chittagong. Soon, I was rolling past miles of tarpaper shacks, cooking fires, naked babies with distended bellies and fields littered with human excrement. I was heading for the second-largest city in the country, not far from where Bangladesh, Burma and India meet. The area is little known and has long been wracked by political violence and tribal slaughters, which have produced masses of refugees from all three countries. Once in Chittagong, I was nervous about going any further and relieved to learn that all the bus companies were on strike. For my evening entertainment, I watched a discontented bunch of Asiatic Reds, flaunting hammer-and-sickle banners, march down the main drag. I wondered how working conditions can be improved in a country where most people don't have the



Chittagong's market is by the tracks

will to do anything beyond pedaling a rickshaw, squeezing oranges or shining shoes.

I returned to Dacca. Surely, there had to be something worth seeing in Bangladesh. On a lark, I hopped a bus to the northern city of Mymensingh, three hours away. What a fiasco! What a waste of time! Just another grubby urban slum, gutted with rickshaws. My handbook suggested Hotel Uttara. The room, costing 70¢, was dark, dank and disgusting. As for food, there was not one restaurant that even remotely fitted the definition, only a few caves so filthy, grungy and redolent of hepatitis and cholera that I wouldn't have allowed my dog to feed there. I bought four tangerines from a street vendor and returned to my dungeon of a hotel room, gritting my teeth as I lay on my pallet under a rotting mosquito net.

Returning to Dacca the next morning, I got stuck in one of those clunkers that stop at every village to pick up and drop off passengers. At most stops a few beggars boarded the bus, begged their way down the aisle and exited in the rear -- blind men led by children, lepers, the mutilated and the deformed. It was the "fascination of the abomination," to borrow Conrad's term. None of the twisted and crippled was any richer when the bus pulled out.

About halfway to Dacca, there was an unscheduled stop. A crowd had gathered around a man in his 20s, who was stretched out in the road. Something had torn a large, bloody hole in his abdomen and his head was tilted to the side, teeth bared and eyes wide open. In any case, he was very dead. I told the story to an educated Daccan at my hotel the next day, mentioning that no one had even attempted to move the corpse off the road. He explained that a Good Samaritan in Bangladesh could be charged with murder if the person he is aiding dies or if the police should see him touch the body.

Crisscrossed by innumerable rivers, Bangladesh has more miles of navigable waterways than roads. A riverboat cruise, I decided, would be a fitting way to round out my brief tour. So after a few more days in Dacca, I boarded the "Rocket" ferry service to Khulna, supposedly a 25-hour journey. The vessel was a tawny, cigar-shaped paddle-wheeler straight out of Mark Twain's Mississippi. I wanted to go first-class -- it was absurdly cheap -- but both it and second class were sold out, leaving only deck class. My

problem was solved when a crewman let me rent a berth for \$3, which gave me the privilege and perks of first class and allowed me to take my meals there as well.

It was a relaxing trip and it salvaged my visit to Bangladesh. I was the only foreigner aboard. The people in first class were warm and friendly. Some spoke English well and were eager to talk. But mostly I enjoyed sitting in my deck chair and watching the ancient rhythm of life on the river, which teemed with boats. I saw primitive, overloaded scows rowed with heartbreaking toil by men whose lean, brown bodies gleamed in the warm sun. I saw fishing families, river Gypsies, who spend their lives on the water, subsisting almost entirely on what they caught on their hooks. I saw smacks with crude, flapping sails that Columbus would have called antiquated. I saw many insanely overcrowded passenger launches, the kind you occasionally read about in the back pages of American newspapers: FERRY SINKS; 281 FEARED DROWNED.

We reached the Bay of Bengal early in the afternoon and steamed to the west for several hours. It here that some of the world's worst cyclones occur. The last major one [till last summer's killer] was in May 1985 and claimed tens of thousands of lives. Finally, we turned north up the Rupsa River, towards Khulna, passing through vast pristine stretches of mangrove forests. This is the last stronghold of the Bengal tiger, which manages to kill and eat several hundred people every year. Unfortunately, tigers do more to solve Bangladesh's population problem than anything accomplished by the freeloading wizards of the UN.

We arrived in Khulna at midnight, six hours late. At first light, I made for the bus station. Once again, the aggressiveness of the begging children was astounding. As I stood in the muddy lot that was the bus depot, one wretched little

girl, who had quite a pretty face, dragged herself along the ground, her spine twisted by meningitis. I had to give her a little change. When her friends saw this, they practically mauled me. I managed to take refuge on the minibus that was slowly filling for the 90-minute ride to the Indian border.

One girl came after me and lay in the aisle, clutching my ankle and moaning, "Baksheesh, Sahib, Baksheesh, Sahib." I tried to push her away, but she remained fastened. At this point, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a postcard of New York City, which I handed out the window to the boy who had secured my backpack on the roof. His friends tried to tip it away, but he ran off with it. Now the other kids in and out of the bus went nuts, screaming and demanding whatever I possessed. The driver eventually came to my rescue and chased them off. As we pulled out, I waved to the lucky boy with the postcard. He was smiling and waving back.

It was a pleasant ride along the tree-shaded road to the border, which had been trampled by the feet of 10 million refugees 16 years earlier. I got a very artistic stamp in my passport at the frontier post and walked into India, trying to remember where I had read, "One always begins to forgive a place as soon as it's left behind."

VISIT BANGLADESH BEFORE THE TOURISTS COME, the poster in the embassy in Rangoon had read. But they never will. Ruled as it is by one dictatorial hatchetman after another, perennially wracked by famine and unrest and, unlike India, completely without charm and historical interest, Bangladesh, I'm afraid, is an economic, cultural, geopolitical and racial dead-end -- a country as short of hope as it is of food.

WHY NOT A BRAVE NEW WORLD?

YE ARE GODS if ye did but know it." The more optimistic perhaps the more presumptuous among us are beginning to agree with Francis Bacon's ponderable quote. We are the gods in the sense that we now have the capability of molding our own future. The ability to manipulate genetic material and, theoretically at least, to manufacture human beings according to a more or less predetermined pattern is the most fearsome and most portentous responsibility mankind has ever faced; at the same time, it is our highest hope. The possibility of creating a new and improved humanity is at last within reach; the door to biological utopia is swinging open.

Think what a world inhabited by a breed of superior men and women would be like! A mankind freed of all or most of the genetic defects that now strike so tragically and unpredictably and that make every act of conception a gamble! Men and women with superior physiques, more attractive facial features, more vigor, greater resistance to disease, augmented intellectual power; a new people endowed with a vastly multiplied capacity for solving problems! Think of it: Superman may be only a few generations away -- not the power-mad and small-brained militarist that political propaganda presents in its distorted way, but the authentic *Übermensch* of Nietzsche's formidable vision.¹

It seems inconceivable that so bright a future for *Homo sapiens* might not be welcomed by all with overflowing enthusiasm. But

as we all know, or should know, resistance to genetic improvement is strident, vociferous and unrelenting. Ironically, those who most resist improvement are precisely those most in need of it.

The first echelon of resistance is the general public. Shopkeepers, car dealers, clerks, repairmen, construction workers, *et al.*, although not understanding the esoteric nature of modern genetics, are vaguely disturbed by its implications. With his ingrained anti-intellectual bias,² the man on the street is mildly contemptuous and instinctively distrustful of the laboratory scientist. While he may show little interest in chromosome splicing and gene recombination so long as these things are confined to plants and animals, he reacts with a vengeance when any attempt is made to control his own breeding habits or his selection of a mate.

As long ago as Plato, and doubtlessly even before, the wise were already lamenting the fact that, while men enter wholeheartedly into the task of breeding improved strains of dogs, horses, goats and swine, they perversely and unaccountably refuse to apply the same methods towards the improvement of their own stock.³ Such refusal, running counter to all the research and experiments in plant and animal breeding, is believed by Garrett Hardin to have its basis in simple envy. No one wishes to be rejected as a progenitor, and no one is willing to concede that other types may contribute superior genetic material.⁴

If this feeling of envy smolders within even the most capable

and the most homogeneous population groups, how much more fiercely must it rage in the ranks of the less capable races. Even though the American Anthropological Association is adhering to its ex-cathedra pronouncement to the effect that "no one race should be excluded from the rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution" and that "all races possess the ability to participate fully in the democratic way of life and in modern technological civilization,"⁵ many people, both scientists and laymen, remain unpersuaded. In his visionary book, *Resettlement*, Arthur Demarest points out that the Constitution says nothing about the relative merit of races. It merely indicates that all races are capable of meeting certain minimum standards and from that premise argues that none should be disbarred from educational opportunities -- which is much the same as saying that since all birds can fly, none should be excluded from the air, while quietly ignoring that some can fly better than others.⁶

The inescapable conclusion is that races generally believed to be inferior, whether or not they can be shown objectively to be so, will by the very fact of that consensus (which can never be hidden from them) be saddled with a severe inferiority complex, a complex composed of resentment, envy and an unrelenting urge to pull down and destroy all those who are presumed to be superior to themselves.

Consequently, any attempt at improvement of the human stock is at once shouted down. However noble one's intentions may be, he is branded for all time with the label, "racist." Jensen, Eysenck and Shockley have been reviled and even physically attacked.⁷ This, then, is the great obstacle in the way of any genetic betterment program: resistance from certain races who fear the disappearance of their own kind, plus individual envy even among those races that are selected or that select themselves as preferred breeding stock.

Similar resistance crops up where least expected, even among the geneticists themselves! Faced with unprecedented responsibilities and agonizingly difficult ethical choices, some researchers have abandoned all attempts to study racial differences and gone into unrelated fields.⁸ Many of the physicists who helped develop the atom bomb ended up regretting their participation and even opted for the destruction of all nuclear explosives. (Compare Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, where all the inventions of the last 100 years were destroyed and mankind reverted to the hoe, the horse plow and the hand loom.) In the same way, panicking geneticists have endeavored to slam shut the door they had inadvertently opened. Their reluctance to proceed because of as yet imperfectly understood mechanisms would certainly be justifiable, but opposition on ideological grounds is, to speak charitably, very odd indeed. To oppose a human betterment program is tantamount to putting the stamp of approval on *Homo sapiens* as he presently exists -- and who in his right mind would do that?

Deep-rooted sociological and political prejudices can drive social scientists into indefensible positions. Consequently, we hear Amitai Etzioni calling National Socialist Germany's attempt to improve its stock "abhorrent"; we listen in disbelief when he asserts that "the very notion of selective breeding brings to mind Nazi Germany and the Ku Klux Klan," and we read with a mixture of disgust and shame when he confesses (in schoolboy English), "It seemed presumptuous to ignore these statements [proposals for genetic improvement], even though I did feel kind of wicked even thinking about them."⁹

Fortunately, not all scientists and social scientists take so benighted a stance. Julian Huxley, internationally known geneticist and humanist, and first president of UNESCO, has this to say:

There is already a shortage of brains capable of dealing with the complexities of modern administration, technology and planning, and with the inevitable increase of our social and technical com-

plexity, the greater will that shortage become. It is thus clear that for any major advance in national and international efficiency we cannot depend on haphazard tinkering with social or political symptoms or ad hoc patching up of the world's political machinery, or even on imposing general education, but must rely increasingly on raising the genetic level of man's intellectual and practical abilities. As I shall point out later, artificial insemination by selected donors could bring about such a result in practice.¹⁰

Arthur Demarest adds his warning and his counsel:

The human genetic pool is already contaminated to a point that many consider dangerous. The number of children born malformed or incurably diseased is shockingly high. Particularly alarming is the high incidence of congenital idiots: as high in some countries -- including the United States -- as 20 for every 1,000 births. While in primitive societies abnormal infants were allowed to die, the advanced medical technology of today does its best to keep them alive; moreover, many of the incontestably unfit are permitted to reproduce.

The necessity for a careful selection and mating of superior types and a concomitant restraint of inferior types is dangerous. Yet such is human perversity that every government that has courageously begun such a program has been branded as fascist, dictatorial or communistic. Thus while we continue to develop superior breeds of white rats, guinea pigs, hunting dogs and milk cows, we allow *Homo sapiens* to shift for itself . . .

Planned parenthood thus becomes the most important single problem facing mankind today. And planned parenthood means, or should mean, not only the control of numbers but also the elimination of inferior types. Sooner or later -- and rather sooner than later if present trends continue -- mankind must take a stand on those two matters: how to control its numbers and how to upgrade itself.

— The third element of resistance comes from diehard environmentalists, who have had their way from the early 1920s until the recent unstoppable tide of genetic advances. Before the 1920s, the common sense of mankind always favored hereditarians over environmentalists. Witness Prospero's verdict anent Caliban: "Nurture to nature will never stick." Witness Hans Christian Andersen's "Tale of the Ugly Duckling," with its heartening moral, "It matters not to be born in a duckyard if one is hatched from a swan's egg." Witness finally the universal proverb, "Blood will tell."

But in the 1920s, John Broadus Watson appeared on the scene to hypnotize the credulous with his dogmatic pronouncements:

Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select -- doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief, and yes, even beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations and race of his ancestors.¹²

Watson was followed by Franz Boas, Margaret Mead, John Dewey and hundreds of other educators, sociologists and anthropologists, all trying to prove that the duckyard is the all-in-all and the egg negligible. Anthropologist Leslie A. White stated categorically,

There is not one iota of anatomical or psychological evidence to indicate that there are any significant innate, biological or racial differences [between Hottentots and the English] so far as mathematical or any other kind of human behavior is concerned. Had Newton been reared in Hottentot culture, he would have calculated like a Hottentot.¹³

So much for Behaviorism and its preposterous conclusions. But the heresy lingers on. Even though no longer calling themselves

Behaviorists, environmentalists continue to march under the same banner. Stephen Jay Gould, professor of three different disciplines at Harvard, is America's foremost exponent of their viewpoint. Although not yet daring to challenge Darwin head on, he repeatedly and ingeniously attempts to modify Darwinian tenets. The technique is clever: modify first, then abjure. Tirelessly he returns to the charge, chipping away, chipping away. But Darwinism is founded on granite, and Gould's task is not an easy one. His second great mission is the disparagement of white races and the apotheosis of all colored ones. In the pages of *Natural History* (his favorite vehicle), he asserted apodictically that a Hottentot woman, with her wrinkled skin, corn-pepper hair, prognathous jaw, pendulous breasts, misformed limbs and a steatopygia so pronounced that she could not rise unaided from a sitting position, was "far more beautiful and more worthy" than any Nordic female having the misfortune to possess fair skin and blue eyes.

In Russia, the weird environmentalism fathered by the quack Lysenko gave Soviet genetics a 20- to 30-year setback (with Vavilov exiled to Siberia). Will Stephen Jay Gould undo us as Lysenko did the USSR? It is not too difficult to imagine Garrett Hardin, Arthur Jensen, William Shockley and their English counterparts, C.D. Darlington, Peter Medawar and the Huxley sons and grandson, exiled to the Aleutian Islands while Gould and his Harvard compeers rewrite our genetics, sociology and anthropology textbooks.

The fourth sector of resistance is composed of all those who refuse to accept the idea of determinism *per se*, not realizing all the absurdities inherent in that refusal. Far and away the greatest majority of people -- at all intellectual levels, low, medium and high -- are simply unwilling to regard themselves as preset and predetermined mechanisms. They find invincibly repugnant the thought of being a machine, however wonderfully made. Against such a concept the psyche defends itself with all the resources at its command. Here again, and on the most personal possible level, we confront the age-old issue of free will versus preordination, that tattered theological and philosophical dispute which genetics may be in the way of settling for all time, despite our reluctance to face up to the fact.

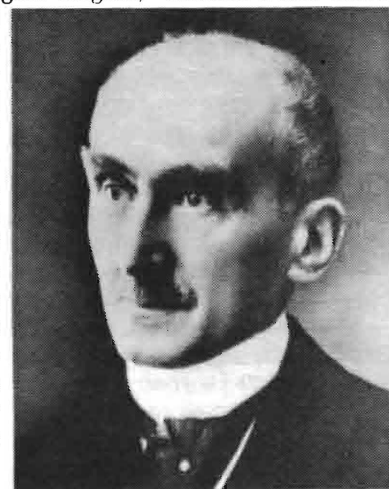
As Aldous Huxley put it, "Knowledge advances in inverse proportion to psychological propinquity" -- which is to say that we know more about distant stars than we do about our intimate selves. While we find no difficulty applying the laws of causality to impersonal objects, we imagine ourselves as somehow exempt from those laws. If a gun is fired, we know the projectile will fall to earth at some point, and we set about calculating the trajectory with relish and precision. We do not dream of attributing free will to a cannonball. We know its path is the result of the forces acting on it: the impulse of the explosion, the bore of the gun, the pull of gravity, and air resistance and wind direction. But we insist that we ourselves are different from a projectile, that we can mark out our own path regardless of the forces acting on us; in short, we conceive ourselves as free agents endowed with the power of choice. Such is the intransigence of that conviction that, in former times, people were burnt at the stake for denying it -- or, in some cases, for affirming it.

It is instructive -- amusing, even, when in the sardonic mood -- to listen to the rhetoric of the environmentalists, who are totally convinced that reconstructing ghettos, building more and better schools, combatting poverty and abolishing the drug traffic will result in an improved level of humanity; amusing because they do not see that taking such a position presupposes a cause-and-effect relationship -- the same cause-and-effect relationship they deny when the geneticist attempts to account for the color of their skin or the extent of their intelligence. Environmental determinism is accepted as unassailable fact; genetic determinism is mostly rejected out of hand.

Causality is like gravity in that no exception to it has ever been found; it is a universal principle, operating at all levels. Every argument that endeavors to refute determinism constitutes by its very nature an additional confirmation of it. The expounder of an argument intends to alter his hearer's belief. His argument is the cause. The change of mind, if it occurs, is the effect. If it does not occur, previous causes have proved sufficiently powerful to prevent any yielding. In either case, the cause-and-effect relationship is corroborated.

Anyone with the courage and strength to dig deep enough will discover that free will is an illusion. All philosophers know this truth in their hearts, although some, like Henri Bergson and William James, struggle eloquently against it. Not only the color of our eyes and the length of our bones, but also our intelligence level, our personality traits, our whole being -- everything is genetically determined. The Predestination of the Calvinists foreshadowed the genetic determinism of today. "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on." And if we change the color of our eyes or the length of our bones by genetic manipulation at some stage of fetal development, that, too, is determinism, as is the whole march of science which has led us to this capability.

Yet such is our condition as conscious (or semi-conscious) beings that we are continually faced with what we perceive as choices. Where the animal acts instinctively, we pause and reflect. It is this constitutional peculiarity that creates the illusion. "If we had no free will," argues Bergson, "reaction would follow stimulus with lubricated ease. Instead we hesitate and often agonize over which of any several paths we should take." This is a prime *non sequitur*. What the French-Jewish philosopher failed to mention is the length of our hesitation, the amount of our agonizing and the course which we finally decide to take are all pre-determined effects -- the resultant of our original genetic makeup and all forces subsequently acting on us.



Bergson got it wrong

The paradox is that, although we have no free will, we must always act as if we had. "As if" are the two significant words in that sentence -- so significant as to constitute the basis for Hans Vaihinger's monumental work, *The Philosophy of As If (Als Ob)*. Our circumstances are so peculiar that we must proceed as if we were fully conscious beings and as if we possessed free will. The alternative is unthinkable. General recognition of the fact that we are not free would lead at once to moral abdication. It would mean a new society ushered into being not with a Declaration of Independence but with a Declaration of Irresponsibility. The result would be chaos. So it is that all political systems *must* presume their constituents to be capable of freedom of choice, and all forms of government fix penalties for failure to choose properly. Take the case of the habitual lawbreaker. No one dares admit that he is a preset mechanism with defective wiring. Society insists that unless he is found insane, he be regarded as a totally free agent, capable of choice. To help him make the right choice, society has invented the billy-club, the revolver, the judge in flowing robes and the jail cell.

Very much to the point is the anecdote which represents the criminal speaking his final apologia as the noose is tightened about his neck: "I am a product of my environment," as the

hangman replies, "And I of mine."

Both are right in that both are projectiles following predictable trajectories. But the criminal should have said, "I am 85% heredity and 15% environment," while the hangman should have answered, "I am 15% heredity and 85% environment, forced by your actions to do what I would have preferred not to do."

Genetic determinism will probably never be received as gospel. The psyche rebels against its rigidity just as it rebelled against the theological doctrine of absolute predestination. In Calvinistic dogma, only the Elect were to be saved. For all the rest there was no slightest ray of hope. Any breeding program designed to improve the human stock starts from the same premise: only the Elect Few are to be saved. Small wonder that the predictions and pronouncements of Garrett Hardin, Julian Huxley and other great minds can never be expected to find general acceptance. Small wonder that the population groups which realize perfectly well that they are *not* the Elect so violently oppose even the faintest beginnings of any such program.



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Comments on 770's Advice to Majority Activists

"Instaurationists Get Constructive" (Aug. 1988) could start an interesting debate.

Zip 770 asks, "Can we afford to permit the major portion of periodicals like *Instauration* be taken up mostly with news about the efforts of world groups hostile to us?"

Aside from the fact that there are no other publications in the world like *Instauration*, the magazine cannot be everything to everyone. It takes a Herculean effort to put out such an informative publication for almost 13 years without missing an issue. Let's not tinker with *Instauration*.

I see the main purpose of the magazine to be educational, to raise the consciousness of Majority members so they will crawl out of Plato's allegorical cave of shadows into the light of truth. If this means devoting a considerable portion of the magazine to our opponents' doings, so be it.

I wonder how deep Zip 770's understanding of our ideas is. Our differences with the establishment are fundamental and based on both reason and faith. The "impact press" tells us about such abhorrent social ills as busing, drugs and gang warfare without ever getting down to the roots of the matter. *Instauration* should continue to satiate its readers with the bad news, but, at the same time, it must always try to explain the causes. The magazine must make its readers mad enough to start thinking seriously about these social diseases and eventually make them mad enough to turn from thinking to doing. We Majority members are sick, sick unto death, and we can only recover by taking stern action against what is killing us.

Zip 770 asks and then answers this all-important question: "Is it really true we are a Majority; the answer is no."

The name and concept of "the Majority" was born with the book, *The Dispossessed Majority*. The problem was how to seek out and address our people. The term "Majority" was ingenious. "Whites," or "Caucasians" would no longer do, not even back in 1972, when the DM was first published. We still are a Majority in genetic terms. We must make ourselves a Majority in spirit.

Zip 770 asks the somewhat loaded question, "Can we afford to eulogize extremists like Adolf Hitler and native lawbreaking groups like *The Order*?"

Who says that *Instauration* eulogizes Hitler? Fair and perceptive treatments of the Third Reich and Majority activists are not equivalent to eulogies. We must establish a forum for truthful history. Making dishonest concessions merely to avoid controversy would simply transform *Instauration* another *National Review*.

Zip 770 inquires, "Is it true that our main problem is the hostility of our enemies?"

Admittedly, our main problem is us. This, I believe, *Instauration* has been making abundantly clear. I go along with Richard McCulloch's proposition that our most grievous fault is our ignorance of what is happening to us and our refusal to recognize that the liberal-minority coalition deliberately tries to keep us in the dark about our origins in order to let us slide noiselessly into oblivion. As *The Dispossessed Majority* has shown, three alien philosophies

have taken root in our social order: Marxism, Freudianism and egalitarianism. The last-named has been openly preached by both competing superpower systems and nearly all the rest of the world. Even the organized churches have fallen in line. The obsession with egalitarianism was not born yesterday. Its promoters have been consciously at it for more than a hundred years, while we were killing each other off in numerous internecine wars.

Our opponents realized long ago that it is sheer folly to attempt to elevate all races to the Caucasian level. Even if Negroes were advancing as fast as whites, they could never hope to catch up unless whites stood still or slowed down. As long as whites are a separate and viable breeding group, egalitarianism remains a pipe dream. Listen carefully to what Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson are saying: "Western civilization may have to be destroyed in order to save the Third World," and, "Ho, ho, ho, Western culture has got to go."

Zip 770 tells us, "We must not over-emphasize our past accomplishments."

We have been led to believe we live in a society that should be shared by one and all. Most of us do not realize that this society was created by and for us. Although most minority members come from failed societies, they immediately claim "our society" as their own and demand all the rights that go with it. The only way we can hold on to our culture is by our understanding that it is ours. This means that, among other things, we must continuously emphasize Majority achievements.

I disagree totally with Zip 770's demands that "we cannot assemble successfully without first working hard to change the image of violence and subversion which our competitors have always used in the past as a reason for denying us the right to hold public meetings. We must state flatly and unequivocally that we disavow violence and racial hatred."

The minorities are organized in opposition to what they consider the common enemy. Most Majority members simply don't understand that Jews and nonwhites hate us not for our vices, but for our virtues. Our enemies are primarily motivated by envy. They have a deathly fear of any expression of our own racial awareness,

which they go out of their way to nip in the bud and condemn in the most hateful terms. They have an overwhelming desire to live among us, while fully aware that we have no reciprocal desire whatsoever to live among them.

No violence is ever preached in *Instauration*, yet the magazine is horribly maligned. I don't even dare leave it on my desk in my office. We have to overcome 50 years of deliberate media falsification about the violence question. If we have a meeting and it is broken up by club-swinging hoodlums, we are accused of provoking the violence. We can condemn violence as much as we want, but the media will always blame it on us. Zip 770 should understand this. A white

student movement that copied verbatim the constitution of a Jewish group and merely substituted the word "Caucasian" for "Jew" would be immediately labeled "fascist."

Perhaps we should consider retaining lawyers willing to defend whites who are the victims of violence and racial discrimination. I, for one, am willing to make a monthly contribution to such a group. It could publish a monthly newsletter describing the court cases handled. Such a legal defense team might gain some nationwide publicity and sympathy. It might even become self-sustaining.

917

Film Reviews

In 1985, *My Beautiful Laundrette*, a low-budget British film, got excellent write-ups. The competition being what it is these days, the movie was worth watching if only to ponder the racial attitudes.

The protagonist, Omar, is a tall, handsome, homosexual Pakistani of about 18 or 20, who hires his blond childhood friend and lover, Johnny, to help refurbish and operate a rundown laundromat owned, together with many other businesses, by Omar's wealthy Uncle Nasser.

Implicit in the film is that Pakistanis are superior to Englishmen, and have every right to be in the Sceptred Isle. In fact, it makes the audience wonder why the white race colonized the dark and not vice versa. If the Pakis are so superior, why they went to England in the first place is an unanswered question.

Prosperous Uncle Nasser is shown making love to his much taller, fair and voluptuous English mistress -- the only important white character in the film apart from Johnny. While Johnny's white gang is berating him for sweeping up the laundromat, he is told, "We brought the Pakis here to sweep up, not you!" Another wealthy Paki, a high-living collector of Indian art and white women, scornfully tells Johnny that sweeping up is all that is left for whites. Initially portrayed as a Marlon Brando type, Johnny is oddly submissive towards the Pakis.

Several times Omar accusingly reminds his junior partner that he marched in fascist anti-immigration demonstrations, to which Johnny's only response is a slack-jawed look of contrition.

Whites are depicted as little better than sex objects. Nasser is so taken with his white mistress that his frumpy Pakistani spouse puts a spell on her, giving her a rash which forces the two to break up. Omar much prefers Johnny to his bosomy cousin, Tania, whom he is more or less scheduled

to marry. Despite a perfunctory proposal, Omar ignores her blatant sexual advances. In revenge, she tries to get Johnny to run off with her, not realizing that he and Omar are lovers.

It seems the norm in films and TV these days that whites, usually women, are the supreme objects of sexual desire, to which the eagle-eyed arbiters of any deviation from racial harmony and conformity are seemingly blind. Perhaps in the black and brown millennium to come, white men will be permitted to exist for the sole purpose of procreating a new generation of sexual toys for the Nassers.

101

* * *

Once upon a time, Jack Lemmon was an entertaining film comic. In recent years, however, he has devoted most of his acting talents to leftist politics, specializing in roles in which he eventually "sees the light." In *Missing* he was the conservative father revolted and revolutionized by the terrible things done to his son in Chile. In *The China Syndrome*, the pro-nuclear power engineer is won over by the liberal fetishism of Jane Fonda. In *The Murder of Mary Phagan*, he was the great-hearted Southern governor who commuted the death sentence of a Jewish rapist-murderer. *Mass Action* presents Lemmon as a conservative priest who, after much foot-dragging, again sees the light of reason and takes a sharp left turn. Until recently, the Catholic Church was thought too high and mighty for direct attack. But, as *Mass Action* shows, tentative attempts are underway, no doubt to gauge reaction before a massive assault.

The hero of *Mass* is a sensitive youth studying for the priesthood, who seemingly knows far more about Christianity than

does Lemmon, a self-satisfied, cynical cleric very careful not to antagonize his wealthy parishioners. During a "dialogue mass," the young man badgers Lemmon on the question of women priests. The conservative, natch, is much less articulate than his liberal opponent. Later, the local monsignor, played by chubby Charles Durning, expels two seminarian friends of the hero for homosexual doings. Thereupon, the young priest-to-be takes the offensive, arguing that a passage in the Bible shows Jesus and Apostle John caressing each other. Ergo, they were homosexual lovers. He inevitably confesses that he himself has had lovers of both sexes.

Until the last scene, Lemmon wobbles in his desire to protect this "splendid young man" from the "Gestapo tactics" of Durning, who wishes to expel him. Then, in a "mass action" before his congregation, Lemmon appeals for support against the influential monsignor. Who among his following could long resist his emotional call for female and homosexual priests?

Lemmon in the film drives an expensive Mercedes and lives in luxury. German car and Nazi epithets! Both part of the trappings of the "bad guys." How much longer before legal action is taken against the Catholic Church for discrimination?

680

Unponderable Quote

I spent 18 months sitting in a rice paddy in Korea, praying I'd get back in one piece.

Mike Dukakis

The candidate neglected to mention that he took an educational deferment during the Korean War. He served his time in 1954-55, after the shooting was over.

Dim, Dark Futurology

To understand why the fundamental idea of Western civilization failed, we first have to know more about the idea itself. Only then can we identify the fatal flaw in its logic. This will give us some clues as to future cultural, political and economic developments.

Western civilization began in the 13th century with the vision of Roger Bacon that science and technology could liberate man from disease and poverty. It ended with the delusion that people could be relieved of all responsibility.

The keeper of the Creation Myth and grantor of political legitimacy, the two most important functions of the State Religion, have become Science (capitalized to emphasize science as an institution rather than a methodology). In recent decades, Science has been losing credibility with the masses. Fear of nuclear war and environmental disasters have tarnished its once benevolent image. Fundamentalist Christians have been fighting back and occasionally winning. The New Age movement represents a mishmash of Hindu beliefs and ancient superstitions. Many people, including a few prominent scientists, believe that strange aliens are visiting planet earth in flying saucers.

Gorbachev is putting the axe to the world order by ending the Cold War and turning from communism toward the denatured socialism of Western Europe. The U.S. and USSR needed each other to justify their massive military spending and oppressive internal security systems. (The Soviet KGB watches people and the American IRS watches money, which is what each society respectively deems dangerous.)

Big Government, Big Business, Big Labor and Big Education have had it. Inefficiency has far outstripped the economies of scale and competitive advantages of size. The Welfare States are bleeding their diminishing tax bases to support these institutional dinosaurs. Little or nothing trickles down to the poor. If anything, the poor have suffered as the bureaucracy has reinforced their lack of self-discipline and their other bad habits. The question is not when the Welfare States will go bankrupt, but when they will be liquidated.

Technology no longer promotes concentration and centralization. Minicomputers are bringing capabilities to small firms and individuals that once were available only to governments and giant corporations. Fewer technological monopolies will be enjoyed; increased economic autonomy will promote increased political autonomy.

Airlines and highway systems will join

railroads and marine transport in general decline. Shipping a can of peaches halfway around the world to knock a penny off the cost of production will cease, as governments can no longer pay the nickel for transport subsidies.

Population will eventually decline, as will the overall level of economic activity. The life support systems of the earth cannot maintain current levels of population and economic activity indefinitely. Cancer is being induced by growing pollution. Incurable diseases, especially AIDS, are spreading. Decreasing population is occurring already in most major industrialized countries. The populations of these countries have been debilitated physically and mentally by a number of processes, including huge casualties among the healthiest segment of the male population in mechanized wars.

To some people, the coming decades will be a new Dark Ages. Highly developed cultures will disappear. Ancient religions will be forgotten. Some nations will vanish like the Etruscans, or remain the same in name only, like Egypt. This is unfortunate, but the entire world cannot be preserved as a museum of failed societies. New ideas must be tried until the human species finds a culture that works, or retreats permanently to being hunter-gatherers, or becomes extinct.

Most of our predictions are accomplished facts. What has not changed yet is peoples' habits. Everybody salutes the same old flag and pays his taxes in worthless money to his useless government. Peo-

ple still shuffle off to schools to earn meaningless credentials. And they may drop into a temple or church or whatever to worship their version of the One True God. But they no longer believe.

Cynicism starts in the elites, like most cultural movements, and spreads first to the underclasses. When it finally infects the middle class, the working class and the warrior caste, the society is dead. Nothing much may happen for a long time; then, suddenly, change comes very rapidly. Life becomes chaotic as habit yields to necessity.

The world will not stop completely and then start again from scratch. Changes may seem catastrophic in the compressed time scale of a history book, but the Fall of Rome was only the recognition on paper of what had been reality for a long time. A financial debacle, not a political one, will signal the end of the Modern Era. Liquidation of the global debt system, built up in a vain effort to sustain an unworkable society and culture, will be the trigger.

The above article, which was slightly edited and partially condensed, can be found in its original, unabbreviated form in Critical Factors (Sept. 1988), a frank, uncensored, unearring monthly analysis of financial, economic and political events in America and elsewhere. It specializes in offering constructive alternatives an individual should adopt to survive the negative slide into leftist authoritarianism. Subscription is \$125 a year (12 newsletters plus irregular bulletins). Write Critical Factors, P.O. Box 3639, Gaithersburg, MD 20878-0639.

Ponderable Quote

I contend that a Church of America does exist, that doctors are its high priests and apostles, that the faith it propagates is the conceit and pretense that medical science is the panacea for moral problems.

In our schools, the state can't compel a child to say a prayer or to receive religious instruction. But it can compel him to submit to psychiatric examination, and -- despite his own or his parents' moral-religious feelings -- to receive sex education or drug-abuse information.

In courts and jails, neither defendants nor prisoners can be compelled to accept visits by priests, ministers and rabbis. But they are compelled to submit to psychiatrists -- with consequences far more devastating than visits by clergymen could possibly produce.

Dr. Thomas Szasz.
The Therapeutic State



Nordic Guilt

Some Instauration readers may be hoping that incessant Holocaust propaganda will fade away as the last "survivors" die of old age. That hope has about as much chance as a revisionist being invited to a JDL convention. Tons of thought have been expended on ways of keeping Shoah Business alive and well.

In Minnesota, Rabbi Yonassa Gersham often sees thin, emaciated faces of Nazi victims superimposed on troubled Nordics who consult him about the Holocaust. He even hears Hasidic music sung by Jews as they entered the gas chambers. Gersham theorizes that these light-haired, blue-eyed Nordics actually represent the return of martyred souls.

Professor Ray Hyman of the University of Oregon has dreamed up a kosher hypothesis for this phenomenon; "Fair-haired, non-Jewish people may fantasize they are reincarnated Holocaust victims to relieve the guilt they feel in being identified with the Nazi ideal -- the Aryan Race.

No doubt this contorted mea culpa will eventually be refined into a "Minnesota syndrome." It already has an impregnable premise: All Nordics are guilty simply because of their race. (Never mind if they weren't even born until after the Good War.) Nordics who don't feel guilty should. At least they should be decent enough to feel guilty about not feeling guilty. As an extra nicety, reincarnation fantasy is a psychological experience whose falsehood cannot be proven -- unlike most Holocaust claims.

973

Rightful Claims

One characteristic aspect of the racial invasion of the minorities is their ability to lay claims to our wealth -- welfare and all the rest -- without any quid pro quo. Their lives go on unfettered and fueled with our dollars, while our lives are becoming hostages to the minority juggernaut. Blacks and Latinos bear their babies out of wedlock, abandon their families, drift into drugs, shrug off all responsibility for their actions and then (surprise of surprises!) demand that we live up to our obligations toward them!

Now, with both political parties serving up the quadrennial heaping of new public welfare offerings, perhaps it's time to indulge in some analysis. For one, let's persuade our party leaders to stop calling minority welfare programs "social insurance." Insurance only applies to future events that involve a small likelihood of occurrence. To forestall a catastrophe to one's bank account from a car accident, a

driver gets auto insurance. Accordingly, we thus become "risk-adverse," preferring the certainty of a small outlay (insurance premium) to the small chance of a calamity.

In the case of minority welfare, however, such small likelihoods of the event (child mothers, abandoned families, drug addiction) just don't apply. This is their lifestyle. Their social insurance is nothing more than the transfer of wealth from us, who live normal lives (with only an insignificant chance of social calamity) to those who never make the effort. The consequence of this bastardization of social insurance is that its costs skyrocket whenever alien groups are introduced into the benefit pool.

Conservatives who criticize social insurance fail to make the distinction between programs for statistically homogeneous groups and programs for statistically heterogeneous populations. The solution? Exactly as with some forms of auto insurance. Identify the statistical homogeneity of population and calibrate insurance costs according to incidence of claims made. Minorities, who obviously use social insurance programs far more frequently than we do, should pay a higher premium (i.e., tax burden) than the rest of us. Indeed, this little thought about social insurance and social homogeneity should alert us to what seems America's fatal flaw -- a willingness to mix essentially heterodox societies. Melting pot we may be, but the end result seems to be higher social costs all around.

Economic conservatives claim these enormous social costs are the result of "government interference." Eliminate government programs which do the work of the private sector and we'd see a new flowering in economic and social productivity. The truth is, healthy cultures don't depend all that much on this type of national economy. Both Germanys, after all, are economically dynamic, though each maintains a quite opposite form of economic organization. Socialism and capitalism both work reasonably well -- so long as cultural and racial homogeneity undergird the population and the people are Western or Northern European. Carrying the German model a bit further, even capitalist West Germany offers a formidable package of social insurance programs through its public sector. Cost effectiveness is maintained, however, because a German is a German. To say, "I met an American last week" essentially conveys nothing.

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Unsuitable Connotation

Although the concept has been with us so long that it may be too late to eradicate it

from the people's store of "knowledge," it is disappointing, nevertheless, to see Instauration (Aug. 1988) employ "vandalism" for malicious, mindless destructiveness.

"Vandalism" is one of the less estimable legacies of monkish chroniclers who customarily satanized all heathens -- a legacy that held true not only for the Vandals, an East Germanic tribe, but for Huns, Turks and others.

While the British vilified the "unspeakable Turks" in the 19th and early part of this century (England wanted the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and couldn't get them), and raised their "hate Hun" propaganda to a screaming pitch from 1914 on, it is the "Vandals," and "vandalism" that have penetrated more deeply into European folklore.

Do the Vandals deserve their bad name even less than do the Huns or the Turks? It's hard to say. By the inverse rationale that makes folk heroes of the lowest scoundrels, it is quite possible.

Vandalism in its popular sense apparently was invented by Henri Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, when he used it to describe the destructive fury of the French Revolution in 1789.

Among the misdeeds of which the Vandals long have been accused is the "sack of Rome." In 455, Pope Leo I persuaded Genserich, king of the Vandals, to withdraw from Rome. On July 6, 455, the same Pope offered a *Te Deum* in thanks for the departure of the Vandals, and the preservation of the city from all harm.

Around that time, Bishop Savian of Marseilles wrote,

There is no virtue in which the Romans are superior to the Vandals. We despise them as heathens, yet they are more God-fearing than we. Where Vandals rule, even Romans themselves become chaste . . . God led them over us to punish the degenerate people by their cleansing order.

Further evidence that the Vandals were anything but vandals is Spain's lovely region of Vandalusia, now Andalusia. The inhabitants would hardly have taken, and retained, the name of a murderous mob of wanton hoodlums.

As a moral and cultural imperative, and as a point of intellectual integrity, we should try to prevent -- and certainly not take part in -- the perpetuation of this popular calumny. After all, probably every man and woman of Northern European descent alive today has a drop of Vandal blood.

087



Election Dirge

By the time most of our subscribers read this cliff-hanging piece on the election, it will be over. Instauration's absolute, last-second deadline is the 15th of the month that precedes the issue's cover date. If the polls are right, we already know the outcome.

The early numbers gave Dukakis a large lead; the later polls, the ones with the most weight, put Bush in front. Though it may seem vital to conservatives that Bush should win and critical to liberals that Dukakis should come out on top, election 88 is not that important. If Dukakis loses on November 8, he or a Dukakis clone will win in 1992 or 1996. Majority voters are not breeding; minority voters are proliferating like *E. Coli* -- by the process of child-bearing, by legal and illegal immigration and by influxing refugees. Sooner or later, these voting agglomerates are bound to prevail. Sooner or later, we will have not only a Mediterranean president and a black or Hispanic vice-president, but probably by A.D. 2050, a dark president, perhaps a very dark president, will be ensconced in the Oval Office.

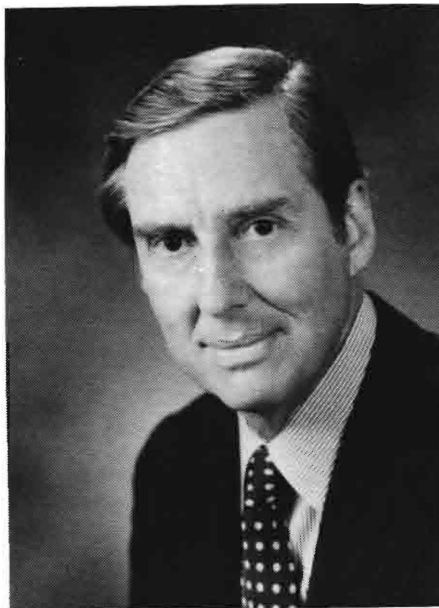
U.S. politics is getting so money-ridden and disreputable that no decent, intelligent person would consider running for high office and would never be nominated as the candidate of a major party, even if he was willing to wade around in the muddy electoral waters for the best part of his life. The system is so set up that only second-rate and third-rate Majority members could possibly win the Republican nomination, and only envy-ridden unassimilables will be the eventual Democratic nominees.

As we said before, this particular race was really between George Bush and Dan Rather, with a minor bush-league contest going on between Dan Quayle and the left, left and leftist establishment, black and brown voting blocs and the big-city double and triple voters.

Never, since the days of Goldwater, have the media lavished so much time and money on trashing a Republican candidate for national office. The blitz began after Bush was nominated; it went critical in the presidential and vice-presidential media grillings which some reporters and anchormen had the gall to call debates. The verbal thunder fell most heavily on Dan Quayle who, with "the help of a prayer" and his good looks, just managed to keep his head above water. In fact, the TV butchery may have produced a sympathetic echo that cancelled out the points won by Dukakis and Bentsen in the sound bites -- just as Bush's rhetorical fumbling won support from voters who couldn't stand Mike the Greek's rat-a-tat robotic spiel. (In the sec-

ond presidential debate, Bush was a non-fumbler.) What none of the pundits commented on, either on the air or in print, was how the gender gap, huge and favoring Dukakis in the beginning of the campaign, practically evaporated after Quayle had entered the fray. The experts seemed to have forgotten that a relatively handsome, relatively young politician speaks to female hearts in a stronger language than politics.

It was almost laughable when the media in the grip of its endemic bias wildly applauded the tired old Bentsen, who put on the world's most expensive breakfasts for his special interest groups. Bentsen, a second-generation Dane, went after Quayle



Bentsen praises a political zero

for comparing himself to John Kennedy in the amount of political experience he had had before he ran for chief executive. Kennedy may be a hero to Bentsen and his crowd, but he's an anti-hero, a genuine political zero, to anyone with a feel for current history. The Bay of Pigs, the first sizable contingent of troops to Vietnam, the assignments in the White House with a Mafia moll, sharing the shopworn Marilyn Monroe with brother Bobby -- these are some of the great accomplishments of JFK. In the age of the politics of failure, the more you fail, the more you win -- at least in the headlines.

Bush looks like a nice guy, but how nice can anyone be who works his way up that oily, soul-killing ladder of government for 20 or 30 years? Quayle hasn't been around the Capitol long enough to be completely corrupted -- not completely, but give him time. Dukakis knows how to push all the right racial buttons, including the marital one, and the New York Times swoons over

his Jewish wife, who left her first husband, was an amphetamine freak for 26 years and then, in one great burst of illumination, discovered her "Jewishness." Somehow, it took Dukakis years and years to find out about his wife's drug habit. But this kind of moral or physical blindness, not exactly the best qualification for the highest office in the land, is easily forgiven when he utters his mantra, "Israel's fate is our fate," and when he makes his pilgrimage to Israel and speaks a little garbled Hebrew.

How does Bentsen explain to his mirror why he wants to devote his latter days to elevating a Turkish-looking Greek with much convex nostrility to the presidency of what used to be the greatest country in the world? If he has any shame left, he says nothing. If he doesn't, which is most often the case with Majority renegades, he smiles wanly.

Anyway, here's to the 41st president of the United States, whoever he may be. We don't envy him next January when he begins to betray his own people (if it's Bush) or boosting the fortunes of his and Kitty's people (if it's Mike). We can even feel sorry for the next president when the country's economy goes bust, as it is sure to do either in his first or, if he is reelected, his second term.

The Big Bust, which will radicalize it out of its political and racial stupor, may be the Majority's last chance. It can't come too soon. One way or another, it will change that aberrational course of American history which began that ill-fated day in April 1917, when President-Professor Woodrow Wilson unloosed a demon in the world, that demon being an interventionist America dedicated to prolonging the world's wars, exacerbating the world's woes and turning a country that had once been an interesting experiment in forward-looking statecraft into a monstrous, multicultural, multiracial blot on the record of human achievement.

The Black Cut

For 30 years, the United Way has been using payroll deductions as a means of raising funds. Apparently, blacks have not been satisfied with their cut. The Black United Fund of Oregon sued the state for equal rights to solicit payroll deductions. Naturally, the Negroes won. But for some reason, Oregon's 45,000 state employees -- mostly white -- are not stampeding to sign up.

BUFO's drive is stalled, but it has a foot in the door. Effective sales pitches can potentially raise both revenues and race consciousness. Now that a black team has run interference for us, Majority members might adopt the same "boffo" tactics to gather funds and disseminate warnings of further dispossession.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

BACK IN THE SPRING of 1969, Kenneth Clark gave a series of lectures on Civilisation for BBC-TV. It was surprisingly popular, and in due course gained him a peerage (which he deserved a great deal more than most life peers). I was impressed with his approach at the time, and this summer, when I read the illustrated book version, entitled *Civilisation* (published by the BBC and John Murray in many impressions), I felt impelled to review his achievement in the light of what has happened since the original TV presentation.

During the 1960s, trendiness was more or less obligatory. Hence, Clark's tribute to "young people" and his assumption that "the members of a music group or an art group at a provincial university would be five times better informed and more alert than what used to be called 'top people' before the wars" (p. 346). To anyone who has read Saki or Henry James, the falsity of this claim is self-evident. And, in fact, Clark's message was the very antithesis of that which characterised the 1960s. Just compare Clark's tribute to eighteenth-century music, characterised by "its melodious flow, its complex symmetry, its decorative invention" (p. 221) with the illiterate lyrics ("Yeah, yeah, yeah") and boringly repetitive rhythms of the Beatles. The contrast could hardly be more extreme.

In his first lecture, Clark contrasts the Apollo of Belvedere with an African mask, saying that "most people nowadays" would find the African mask more moving than the statue of Apollo, which is "completely forgotten except by the guides of coach parties, who have become the only surviving transmitters of traditional culture" (p. 2). But, he continues: "I don't think there is any doubt that the Apollo embodies a higher state of civilisation than the mask. They both represent spirits, messengers from another world -- that is to say from a world of our own imagining. To the Negro imagination it is a world of fear and darkness, ready to inflict terrible punishment for the smallest infringement of a taboo. To the Hellenistic imagination it is a world of light and confidence in which the gods are like ourselves, only more beautiful, and descend to earth in order to teach men reason and the laws of harmony" (p. 2). Here "we" and the Negroes are contrasted, and it doesn't take much intelligence to see that "we" are people of European origin. There can be no reasoned denial of such an obviously true argument, only some mindless slogan, such as, "Ho, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go."

It is soon evident that Clark supports the view that our civilisation, far from being "Judeo-Christian," derives from ancient Greece. It is hard to escape from such a conclusion if one agrees with the great twelfth-century Abbot Suger of St. Denis, that the absolute beauty of God is perceived

through precious and beautiful things: "The dull mind rises to truth through that which is material" (p. 50). Hardly surprising, therefore, to find Clark emphasising that twelfth-century Chartres was a centre of both Platonic and Aristotelian studies, and that the statues of kings and queens outside the Cathedral derive their drapery from ancient models, though their "refinement, the look of selfless detachment and the spirituality of these heads is something entirely new in Art. Beside them the gods and heroes of ancient Greece look arrogant, soulless and even slightly brutal" (p. 56).

Clark is firmly on the side of creative aesthetics, opposed by implication to the iconoclastic moralism of the ancient Hebrews. A reverence for the European tradition implies that we derive our mores from reflecting on the past history of our kindred tribes and value the messages conveyed by our supreme works of art. The Second Commandment, on the other hand, expressly forbids *all* likenesses of any living things, whether we worship them or not. To be sure, Clark does not make this last point openly. Indeed, he is very careful on the subject of the Jews, dwelling on their human qualities as portrayed in Rembrandt's paintings and even comparing the face of Einstein to that of Rembrandt in old age. (I see little resemblance, myself.) But the point is clearly implied in Clark's condemnation of those most Hebraised of Protestants, the Calvinists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who smashed the beautiful stained-glass windows in the lady chapel at Ely, knocked the heads off statues representing the Virgin Mary and her companions, destroyed church organs and forbade all music except the psalms intoned through the nose. He quotes Erasmus on one such group of religious extremists: "I have seen them return from hearing a sermon as if inspired by an evil spirit. The faces of all showed a curious wrath and ferocity" (p. 156).

To be sure, Clark pays tribute to Luther's love of music and singing (he had a sweet tenor voice) and also of painting (he was often painted by his friend, Lucas Cranach of Wittenberg). Clark records how the nominally Catholic Savonarola induced the Florentines to make a huge bonfire of all their "vanities," including a picture by Botticelli, which has thus been lost forever.

Clark shows that the early Christians were hardly friendly to literature. St. Gregory the Great, who sent the second St. Augustine to convert England in the year 597, "is credited with having destroyed many volumes of classical literature, even whole libraries, lest they seduced men's minds away from the study of holy writ. What with prejudice and destruction, it's surprising that the literature of pre-Christian antiquity was preserved at all" (p. 17). He might have added that few statues from the ancient world



found before the Renaissance have come down to us intact, the outstanding exception being that of Marcus Aurelius, which was only preserved because it was believed to be that of Constantine. No wonder Gibbon said in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* that he had described "the triumph of barbarism and Christianity."

But what of that other orgy of destruction, during the French Revolution, which Clark records but does not attempt to explain? All he offers us as inspiration for the Revolution are the cult of nature as expounded by Rousseau and the cult of Republican Rome. He feels that the concerted oath-taking gesture of the Horatii brothers, in David's famous painting of that episode from Plutarch's *Lives*, represents a "unified, totalitarian gesture . . . like the kinetic image of a rotating wheel" and "has an almost hypnotic quality" (p. 263). The brothers are, in fact, giving the Roman salute, later popularised again by Mussolini, and "the kinetic image of a rotating wheel" is no doubt a coy reference to the sun-wheel, or swastika, which is not in the picture. But, stern as Plutarch's Romans are, do they really explain the Parisian mobs rampaging through the streets, egged on by the Jacobins? What in Plutarch inspired them to destroy the great gold altar of Abbot Suger at St. Denis, or his gold crosses, one of them twenty-four feet high, inlaid with precious enamels by Godfroid de Claire (p. 49), or the partial destruction and looting of eleventh-century Cluny, the largest complex of buildings in France and probably in Europe (pp. 35, 296-7)? And what about Marat's September massacres of 1792, which began the Terror in earnest, a Terror by no means confined to a few thousand in Paris but resulting in the deaths of about half a million people throughout France?

There is another picture by David, also reproduced by Clark, which could have provided the starting point for a more convincing explanation. It shows the horrible Marat dying in his bath, knifed by the beautiful Norman girl, Charlotte Corday. Was this a case of one revolutionary being mourned by another? Adam Weishaupt, the gray eminence of the Jacobin conspiracy, had enlisted the aid of the Jews a few years before the Revolution, and they had responded with enthusiasm. The systematic, wholesale destruction perpetrated by the mobs can only be explained as a further outbreak of iconoclasm inspired by the fanaticism of the Old Testament and Talmud.

As we approach the bicentenary of the Revolution, Instaurationists should ponder the words of Lord Clark: "When the Bastille fell in 1792 it was found to contain only seven old men who were annoyed at being disturbed" (p. 306). Not that that prevented the mob from massacring the fourteen superannuated members of the Swiss guard who acted as gaolers. It is also high time to re-read the books of Nesta Webster, which have never been confuted, but merely ignored by liberal historians. At the very least, those interested should consult the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which confirms that Weishaupt founded not only the Jacobins but the almost equally sinister Carbonari as well.

Before Weishaupt teamed up with the French Revolutionaries, many of them Jews, in the early 1780s, the American Revolution had already taken place, equally inspired by Plutarch's *Lives* but without the typically Semitic iconoclasm. About Houdon's famous statue of George Washing-

ton, Clark has this to say: "Houdon saw his subject as that favourite Roman republic hero, the decent country gentleman, called away from his farm to defend his neighbours' liberties; and, in moments of optimism, one may feel that, through all the vulgarity and corruption of American politics, some vestige of that first ideal has survived" (p. 266). Far from destroying works of art, the Americans created them. Jefferson's Monticello was inspired by Palladio, as was his design for the University of Virginia, while his design for the capitol at Richmond was based on a model of the *maison carrée* at Nîmes.

It is perhaps unjust to condemn Clark for failing to sketch in an important part of the background to the French Revolution, of which he may have been unaware. He does, after all, say much else that is not in tune with the *Zeitgeist* and is therefore much to be commended. For instance, in his BBC lectures, he states baldly: "All great civilisations, in the early stages, are based on success in war," and again, quoting Ruskin, he makes the following admission: "No great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers."

Clark regards barbarians as "embodiments of will," contrasting this will-power with the superior strength of the imagination as wielded by civilised men. But he does not deny that all civilised men were originally barbarous (even the ancient Greeks in their Mycenaean phase). Nor does he deny that barbarians may have a culture. In fact, he emphasises that the aristocracy lavished upon jewellery and ornaments by the Germanic tribes provided a line of transmission which leads on to the true civilisation of mediaeval Europe. Civilised craftsmen owe much to a long line of barbarian predecessors.

The achievement of the Franks is Clark's prime example of a civilisation based on success in war. He claims that "our whole knowledge of ancient literature is due to the collecting and copying that began under Charlemagne, and almost any classical text that survived until the eighth century has survived till today" (p. 18). I think this judgment ignores the number of texts discovered in the libraries of Italian city states, but there can be no doubt that the Frankish conquerors were much greater friends to literature than the Christian fanatics who preceded them. Yet it was the Franks who destroyed the pagan Saxon culture, driving many Saxon refugees into Scandinavia and thus provoking the Viking onslaught which began at the end of the eighth century. Nevertheless, one cannot help admiring the wonderfully handsome golden head of Charlemagne, which is reproduced in Clark's book. As Clark says elsewhere, "good faces evoke good artists -- and conversely a decline of portraiture usually means a decline of the face, a theory which can now be illustrated by photographs in the daily papers" (p. 56).

Clark's disapproval of the Germans puts him in a quandary, in view of their great contribution to European art in every major field. Thus, on page 220, he argues that "the non-existence of a clear, concrete German prose has been one of the chief disasters of European civilisation." Yet, on page 159, he has stated: "Luther translated the Bible into German -- noble German, too, as far as I can judge . . ." Well, I would agree that it is much more difficult to write clear, concise prose in German than in French, for exam-

ple, but the contradiction here is glaring. He also finds "a vein of hysteria" in German painting and tells us that "the German mind that produced Dürer and the Reformation also produced psychoanalysis" (p. 155). Again, I would agree that German painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reflected the breakdown of mediaeval certainties, but the charge of hysteria, an implied link with Nazism, is ridiculous in view of Clark's own tribute to the greatness, balance and symmetry of eighteenth-century German music and architecture. Also, it is not logical to claim Dürer as a product of the German mind while at the same time describing his father as a "Hungarian" (p. 148). The fact that mediaeval Germans settled in Hungary no more makes Dürer's father a Hungarian than Franz Liszt. I would be the first to agree that the Reformation involved iconoclastic excesses, but much more on the part of the Calvinists than the Lutherans -- and Calvin was a Frenchman. As for psychoanalysis, it was invented by Freud, who was a Jew, not a German Austrian. But one could hardly expect a popular modern opinion-former to mention such a fact except in the most laudatory terms and in the most flattering context. Again, Clark quotes with approval Walter Pater's dictum that "all art aspires to the condition of music," without emphasising (as Houston Stewart Chamberlain did) that the Germans are preeminent in music (see p. 237). Still, he does have the grace to deplore the senseless destruction of so much German art and architecture. Thus, speaking of many eighteenth-century buildings which "were erected simply to give pleasure," he records that "we managed to destroy a good many of them during the war including the Zwinger at Dresden, the palace of Charlottenburg in Berlin and the greater part of the Residenz at Würzburg. As I have said, it may be difficult to define civilisation, but it isn't so difficult to recognise barbarism" (p. 240-241).

There are many insights of value in Clark's *Civilisation*, and any number of illuminating little details which could only have been introduced by a man who really knows the subject. He is particularly good on the subject of women, showing how the cult of the Virgin Mary really took root in the twelfth century, exemplified in the devotion of St. Bernard and in the dedication to her of several major cathedrals. We see how this led to such works as *Vita Nuova*, in which Dante is led into Paradise by Beatrice, or the *Roman de la Rose*, Jean de Meung's long paean to courtly love. Clark reproduces some truly charming works of art, in which women appear to great advantage, such as the statue of St. Modeste on the north porch of Chartres cathedral, Donatello's *Annunciation*, and Bernini's *Ecstasy of St. Teresa*. He also celebrates the achievement of women in creating the salons of eighteenth-century France. I agreed wholeheartedly when he says: "I think it absolutely essential to civilisation that the male and female principles be kept in balance" (p. 251). The closely related subject of good manners also receives its fair share of attention, whether in the high Middle Ages, the court of Urbino or the salons of Louis XV.

Insights on the subject of music include Clark's statement that "the towering polyphony [of Johann Sebastian Bach] has the quality of Gothic architecture," and that the characteristics of baroque music are reflected in baroque

architecture. Of course, in making this last remark he is thinking more of Haydn and Mozart than Bach and Handel. I like the story of Handel in England holding his leading lady out of the window during an operatic rehearsal and threatening to drop her if she did not sing in tune. Some things are even more important than good manners. I also find it interesting that Haydn "wrote for Prince Esterhazy over forty quartets, over one hundred symphonies, and many hundreds of occasional pieces" (p. 238). (A friend of mine once met a member of the Esterhazy family who had become an Australian citizen, and asked him why he had chosen that particular nationality. "But of course," said Janos, "it is just like Hungary -- all those wonderful simple people!")

Clark is particularly good on the late eighteenth-century cult of nature, which grew into the Romantic movement and came into conflict with the horrors of the industrial revolution. In this connexion, I appreciate his bon mot on page 283: "In the eighteenth century a solitary walker was viewed with almost as much suspicion as he is in Los Angeles today."

Finally, there are his judgements on modernity, such as: "It must be conceded that the future of civilisation does not look very bright" (p. 346) and "The moral and intellectual failure of Marxism has left us with no alternative to heroic materialism, and that isn't enough" (p. 347).

Ponderable Quotes

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long series of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government.

Declaration of Independence



The happiest day that might be foreseen for the American taxpayer is that on which his miserable representatives in Government begin to live in physical fear for their lives and persons and give some consideration to the constituency for whom their contempt is commensurate with their availability to looting. An American Congressman fleeing from a mob of taxpayers while his house burned would be the heartening sight of a lifetime. An election every four years isn't as effectual as would be the assassination of a legislator every four minutes, because the enemy isn't only in Moscow. He's much nearer at home.

Lucius Beebe,
San Francisco Chronicle,
July 10, 1961

Instaurationists have a hard time living in a society that, culturally speaking, is about as healthy as someone with an advanced case of AIDS. However, we do have one consolation. When we watch TV, especially TV political reporting, we usually see much more than the ordinary viewer. Our heightened political and social awareness, honed by our monthly magazine's refresher course in clear thinking, permits us to see through all the clichés, all the verbal boilerplate and shrug off the media agit-prop. We view the antics of the anchormen, reporters and mediators diagnostically. We not only watch the tendentious spouting; we delve into it in order to understand what the mediocrats are trying to pull off. The tube presents us with pictures in two dimensions. Sound adds a third dimension. The messages, super- or subliminal, represent a fourth dimension. Instaurationists, accordingly, are television's only 4-D viewers.

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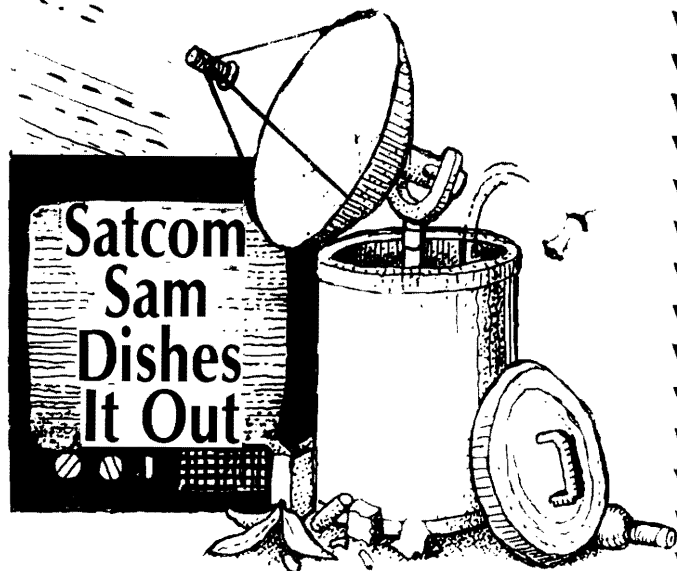
The 1988 presidential election, which will have ended by the time some Instaurationists read these words, was in many ways not a race between Bush and Dukakis but a shouting match between Dan Rather and George Bush. Television-slanted reporting of the contest, particularly at the two conventions, was almost laughable in its non-objectivity. A Gallup Poll indicated that 20% of the TV audience ended up with an unfavorable impression of Dan Rather. By a ratio of three to one, respondents thought he favored the Democrats.

* * *

A year ago, Dan Rather's negatives were only 10%. Owing to his anti-Bush tirades, his new 20% negative ratings are triple those of Tom Brokaw and Peter Jennings. Dan's almost total partisanship obviously had to have the approval of Lorraine Tisch, whose CBS network is the only one of the Big Three controlled top to bottom by Jews. Being a Jewish organization, CBS is very "sensitive" to anti-Semitism, meaning that it looks for the Jewish angle in the news whenever and wherever it can be found or fabricated.

When a scurvy Jewish publication called Washington Jewish Week came out with a story that Bush had some ethnic campaigners who didn't believe the Holocaust story in its entirety, CBS hopped on it with all its electronic might. Injun Dan couldn't contain his rage at Jerome Brentar, a Cleveland ethnic, whose grievous fault was that he believed in the innocence of the railroaded "war criminal" John Demjanjuk. Even worse, he had once attended an IHR Holocaust Conference in California. A few years ago, when the CBS Evening News was all-powerful and Walter Cronkite, the uncriticizable paragon of Majority renegadism, was riding high, the Brentar smear might have cost a Republican presidential candidate a couple of million votes and lured an extra couple of million dollars out of the pockets of Jewish fatcats for his Democratic rival. Today, however, with its pro-Demo bias flying like a red flag, the Rather-CBS bag of dirty tricks hardly made a dent. Even the most brainwashed are beginning to wise up to the routine charges of anti-Semitism by the liberal-minority coalition (media branch) in election campaigns.

One irrefutable proof of network bias, aside from the media overkill of Quayle, was the totally skewed and unbalanced handling of the two conventions. The Demo gabfest was interrupted by only one interview with a high Re-



publican campaign official. At the GOP Convention, however, the networks dragged in such hostile Demo critics as Jesse Jackson, Lloyd Bentsen and Susan Estrich to comment on the proceedings. In the same lopsided treatment, TV reporters and anchors put 47 loaded questions to Demo delegates in Atlanta. Compare this to the 119 loaded questions thrown at Republican delegates in New Orleans. At the Demo Convention, the networks only brought up one Party sore spot -- Dukakis's prison furlough program. At the Republican Convention, Bitburg, Iran-Contra and GOP sleaze were mulled over 32 times, not to mention the 125 comments and interviews that tried to make Dan Quayle out to be some sort of slinky, semi-bigoted, archconservative airhead. On a rating scale of zero to 80 for fairness, the Media Research Center gave CNN 48, NBC 47, ABC 43 and CBS 25.

* * *

As if there were not enough black and brown faces on TV these days, the Federal Communications Commission has promulgated a new two-tier plan to ensure that radio and TV stations hire more minorities. Broadcasters will have to submit an annual employment report to the FCC, stating the number of blacks, Hispanics, Asians, Indians and women on the payroll, together with a second poopsheet detailing what the station has done to guarantee equal opportunity for minority jobseekers. Quotas, quotas, everywhere, but not a slot for whites!

* * *

Blacks scream for the protection of the law whenever they get into trouble. But no one has ever made a greater mockery of the law than the Negro conmen who have been staging and directing the Tawana Brawley affair. This particular media campaign reached comic opera proportions on the Morton Downey Jr. show in August, when the black Roy Innes sailed into the black Rev. Al Sharpton in full view of the audience and a few million boob-tubers. Innes, like practically all sane Americans and a New York grand jury, believes

that Tawana was lying when she said she had been abducted and raped by a gang of whites. When Sharpton called Innes a bigot, he received a shove that sent him reeling out of his chair and onto the floor.

It was a TV ratings triumph for Morton Downey, the son of the famous Irish tenor of the same name. It was also a triumph of vulgarity. Since Mort plays the role of the sock-it-to-'em Reagan Democrat, he occasionally says things that drive liberals up the wall. But he makes up for these lapses by humiliating Majority activists. During the appearance of David Duke on his show, Mort told him to shut up several times and at one point turned to the audience and practically urged blacks to come up and "kick his ass" -- and do the same to any other white supremacist they might chance to meet.

Mort is right-wing enough to earn the title from the left wing, but not right-wing enough to stop catering to minority racism.

Mort says his heroes are Mother Teresa and Billy Martin. He boasts of his dope-taking days, of his AIDS-stricken brother, of his sister's frontal lobotomy and of his third wife (23 years younger than hubby), who was once a heroin addict. He is sad that his daughter, one of three, was raped by two men at age 13 and that his mother, Beatrice, died of alcoholism. All in all, the Morton Downey Jr. show is a daily reminder of the boneheaded philistinism of the average American TV buff. Mort's show may have a certain appeal to the Great Unwashed, but its emetic low IQ format, in a reverse and perverse fashion, may convert more viewers to liberalism than vice versa.

* * *

MISCASTING #1. In the sad-sack serial, *Beauty and the Beast*, the beast is played by Ron Perlman, a Chosenite who is festooned and partially beautified by a blond wig. Beasts were never blond in Western culture, particularly beasts who sulk in megalopolitan sewers. What may we expect if this new trend continues? That all beasts will soon be blond and all whites will soon be beasts?

MISCASTING #2. The Austrian government presented 81-year-old Leon Askin (geboren Leo Askenasi), the unlook-alike Jew who played the bumbling SS general in *Hogan's Heroes*, with a gold medal.

MISCASTING #3. John Randolph, who took the Fifth back in the days when Stalin was still worshipped by leftist psychopaths, will play a "conservative" in a new Mary Tyler Moore series scheduled for this fall. The original John Randolph, a member of one of America's earliest and greatest families, was born in Virginia, not in the Bronx, as was the fellow-traveling Jewish actor who stole his good name.

* * *

It's not only dangerous for WASPs to ride the New York subway; it's dangerous to wait on the platform. This must have dawned on Donald Carswell, NBC's senior vice-president for finance, when he was pushed from the platform of the Times Square station early one evening last August as an IRT train was approaching. Some altruistic New Yorkers, an endangered species, yanked him up from the tracks just in time. Earline Cofield, described as a mentally deranged black woman, was the person who tried to kill Carswell.

* * *

It's been run to death, but it still evokes a wan smile. I'm speaking of that "nuts 'n' honey" commercial, which, complains the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, is not at all funny. Craig Davidson, the queers' executive director, limply ratiocinates, "Our view is that there is a social attitude that affection between men is improper or even disgusting and that violence is an acceptable response." Davidson is whining about the cowboys who pull guns on the cook after asking him what's for breakfast and getting the answer, "nuttin', honey." Fags and dykes apparently believe cowboys are burned up when they're addressed as "honey." They might be madder when told they won't be receiving any grub to get them through a tough morning roundup.

* * *

Black radio firebrand Cathy Hughes (WOL-AM, Washington, DC) was outraged recently over "emerging Japanese racism." What irked her was a new Japanese advertising campaign for "Sambo Sportswear" that featured the celebrated darkie in classic red livery. In response to widespread criticism over the campaign's "insensitivity" to black feelings, one Japanese businessman reportedly commented, "Oh, come off it. It's all in good fun!"

Cathy didn't think so. She went on the air with the command that local blacks make a huge bonfire of Japanese electronic products in front of the Washington Monument. "We ain't gonna buy no mo' Japanese TVs, VCRs and radios, no how!" Probing further into the world of international economics, Cathy expressed outrage that "these foreigners" continue to buy up American property at alarming rates. Stated Hughes, "We jes' can't let de' foreign element get hold of ours resources!"

* * *

Ralph Bakshi, of indeterminate racial origins, was the creator of Fritz the Cat, the first X-rated pornographic cartoon. On the basis of this brilliant feat, he was hired by CBS. His latest achievement was to show *Mighty Mouse*, the character in a Saturday morning children's program, happily snorting cocaine. Unfazed by the backlash, Bakshi promised that the first episode in the new *Mighty Mouse* series this fall will be an attack on those leaders of the religious right who want to hold on to traditional moral values. Good old even-handed CBS!

* * *

From a viewer with 20/20 hearing: On Sept. 13, on the *CBS Morning News*, Kathleen Sullivan interviewed Jesse Jackson about allegedly racist remarks addressed to him by Bush. After he had rambled on for several minutes (Jesse was evidently trying to change his image because he wasn't ranting and shouting, but spoke in a low, even voice), Kathleen said, "I'm sorry, Rev. Jackson, but I've heard nothing racist." He replied by saying Bush had referred to him as a "Chicago hustler" and a "three-headed monster." "But I still hear nothing racist," persisted Kathleen. "Those remarks could have been made about anybody." "Well," allowed JJ, "it's veiled . . . contained other negative and mean suggestions . . . diversionary," and wandered off in a cloud of obfuscation. I'm contemplating writing Kathleen a note congratulating her on her courage in challenging -- not once but twice -- the nation's most powerful black on his irresponsible use of the nation's most inflammatory word.

Talking Numbers

Peter and Edgar Bronfman, who head the Canadian branch of the Bronfman family, own 152 companies, more firms than owned by any other Canadian, franco-phone or anglophone.

#

Washington (DC) Mayor Marion Barry's administration employs 70 homos. That's 30 more pansies than New York Governor Mario Cuomo has on his payroll.

#

1 out of every 49 Americans now lives on a farm. In 1880 farmers comprised two-thirds of the population; today only 2%. Farm wives, 97% of them white, have an average of 2.03 children, compared to the 1.78 average of non-farm women. Missouri (114,000) has the most farms of any state.

#

Blacks have done extremely well in the entertainment and sports worlds. Oprah Winfrey, the show-boating talk show hostess, collected \$8 million last year. In the last two years Bill Cosby pocketed \$84 million; Eddie Murphy, the dirty word specialist, \$50 million; Whitney Houston, the black songbird, \$48 million; Michael Jackson, \$43 million; Prince, \$23 million; Marvelous Marvin Hagler, a not very marvelous fighter, \$16 million; Sugar Ray Leonard, \$14 million; Mike Tyson, the heavyweight gladiator, \$13 million. Bryant Gumbel, the darkest morning talk show host, has a new 3-year \$7-million contract. The average big-league basketball player gets \$515,000 per annum.

#

The murder count in Zoo City in the second weekend of July hit a new high -- 32, plus 6 more who may or may not have died from natural causes.

#

At least 1,000 teachers were assaulted in New York City public schools last year, 200 of them so badly they had to be hospitalized. At Stanford, Western civilization is on the way out. In Zoo City classrooms, it's long gone.

#

The Hebrew Immigration Assistance Society boasts it has expedited the migration of more than 6,000 Iranian Jews to the U.S. in the last 9 years. Before the outbreak of Ayatullah Khomeini's revolution, Iran had 80,000 Jews. Since then as many as 13,000 may have fled to Israel. The question is: How many of the 13,000 were in the U.S.-bound 6,000?

70 books, 150 audio and video cassettes and 270 newspapers, booklets, magazines and pamphlets have been officially banned from entering Canada as of December 3, 1987. On Prime Minister Mulroney's index is *The Jews and Their Lies* by Martin Luther, one of Protestantism's founding fathers. Boston, which used to be the most bigoted city in North America (remember "banned in Boston"?), has now yielded its scissors and blue pencil to Canada.

#

In February, 47% of polled Austrians, largely as the result of the ungentle prodings of liquor mogul Edgar Bronfman, thought their president, Kurt Waldheim, should resign his office. A later poll in June produced the reduced figure of 32%. Bronfman better get his World Jewish Congress back on the witch-hunting circuit.

#

Black organizations are incensed, but frequent fliers are not, at the news that only 200 of the 45,000 pilots in the U.S. airline industry are Negroes.

#

23% of the robberies in Montreal in 1987 and 28% of the 206 robberies in the first 5 months of 1988 were committed by blacks. Of the 99 arrests on drug charges so far this year, 34 involved blacks. Negroes comprise about 4% of Montreal's population.

#

The U.S. syphilis rate is 145 cases per 100,000 black males, 71/100,000 for Hispanic males; 5.7/100,000 for white males. The black rate, some 25 times higher than the white rate, is on the rise, while fewer whites are getting the pre-Columbian disease (pre-Columbian because the latest evidence indicates Columbus and his crew didn't bring it; they brought it back).

#

62% of the welfarites steered to jobs by a taxpayer-funded agency in Chicago either quit or were sacked in the first 6 months of their unaccustomed toil.

#

In 1937, 25,000 books were published in Nazi Germany, nearly 1,000 of them medical tomes. German medical journals published in the 1933-38 period occupy more than 300 feet of shelf space -- a medical output greater than that of any other country in the world during those years. (Robert Proctor, *Racial Hygiene*, Harvard Univ. Press, 1988, pp. 5, 7)

Some 170 hospitals and institutions offer test tube baby services to the barren and childless. In vitro fertilization comes high -- from \$4,000 to \$6,000 per dish. It's also chancy. Only 6% of the 14,000 IVFs in 1987 "took."

#

A random study of 310 Pentagon employees who had security clearances uncovered 39 legal aliens that were born in one of the 29 countries considered hostile to the U.S. One of the non-citizens was a senior engineer working on the advanced design of F-16 fighters

#

The world now holds 12 million refugees who don't dare to or don't care to go home again. Many if not most have their eyes turned toward the U.S. Some of the larger conglomerations: 852,750 Palestinians in Jordan, 3,541,000 Afghans in Pakistan, 293,210 Cambodians in Thailand, 310,000 Angolans in Zaire, 677,000 Ethiopians in the Sudan, 600,000 Mozambiquians in Malawi.

#

Saudi Arabia is going to pour \$25 billion into British coffers on a buying spree of jet fighters, helicopters, minesweepers and various other tools for carnage. The Saudis preferred to make this gigantic purchase in the U.S., but the Israel Lobby said no. Besides giving a welcome financial shot in the arm to the U.S. trade deficit, the Saudi arms deal could have opened up thousands of new or better jobs for American workers.

#

Two million illegal aliens have already signed up for amnesty, 1.5 million under the 1986 Immigration Act, an additional 500,000 under the Seasonal Agricultural Workers Act. The latter amnesty is still ongoing and won't shut down until November 30. When the 2 million become citizens, as they probably will, they will more than probably bring in their multifold kinfolk and the country will end up with at least 10 million more nonwhite superbreeders.

#

Britain now has 106 ethnic newspapers. The black press is weighted down with tearful tales of persecution and harassment. Some of the Asian Indian and Paki papers are rather high-toned.

#

As of June 30, 51 pro-Israel PACS, many with carefully camouflaged names, gave more than \$2 million to congressional candidates for the 1988 election. Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D-IS) got the biggest bankroll, \$147,538.

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 7 11 15 19 23 27 31 35 39 43 47 51 55 59 63 67 71 75 79 83 87 91 95 99

A new verification program in 17 states caught 47,000 illegals who were fraudulently applying for federal welfare benefits. Savings to taxpayers: \$96 million. The other states were scheduled to adopt the program by the end of October.

#

Speaking of illegals, they now occupy 30% of southern California's 500,000 public housing units, while homeless U.S. citizens sleep in the streets of Los Angeles.

#

22% of the delegates to the Democratic Convention were black; 9% were Hispanic. At the Republican Convention 5% (or 3% or 6%, depending on what newspaper you read) of the delegates were black; 3% Hispanic.

#

U.S. median family income in 1987 was \$18,098 for blacks; \$20,306 for Hispanics; \$32,274 for whites. 48% of black families have only 1 live-in parent.

#

40% of the respondents in a Media General-Associated Press Poll said racial equality in the U.S. would not come in their lifetime. 37% averred American society was not racist; 55% averred it was.

West Germany's payoff to victims of Nazi oppression (almost all of them Jewish) now amounts to 78,702,000,000 marks (or \$42,499,080,000 at the present rate of exchange). The astronomical figure is expected to reach 102,653,000,000 marks (\$55,432,620,000) by the year 2000. (Letter from West German Embassy, Washington, DC, May 17, 1988)

#

The Dan Quayle-National Guard issue was mentioned 140 times by the networks during the Republican Convention; the Republican "sleaze factor" 13 times; Jim Wright's "sleaziness" only 3 times; Dukakis's furlough-for-killers policy not at all. Laurence Barrett, Time's National Political Correspondent, whose last name could not have been Barrett for too many generations, claims he invented the word "sleaze."

#

In the media blitz on Quayle, the public was informed he would inherit as much as \$650 million from the estate of the late Eugene Pulliam, his maternal grandfather. In point of fact, Pulliam's will specified that Quayle and other family members of the first and second generation will only receive the interest, not one cent of the principal.

#

Woody Allen splurged \$425,000 on a grand tour of Europe last summer. He, wife Mia Farrow, 8-month-old son Satchel, Mia's 6 other children (some adopted, some by her earlier Jewish husband, André Previn) and an Asian nanny stayed at the best hotels and dined at the best restaurants in Moscow, Milan, Paris, London and sundry expensive spas. Just the round-trip first-class tickets on the Concorde set Woody back \$32,198.

#

Four schools in the Dominican Republic have sold 2,100 fake medical degrees to would-be U.S. doctors, who paid up to \$50,000 each for them. Widespread cheating on license examinations for doctors have been uncovered in 11 states. 1 in 5 present-day American M.D.'s has had his "training" abroad.

#

32,904 Zoo City girls under 20 became pregnant in 1986. 1,171 of these were under 15; 1 was only 10. In 1985, 528 girls between 15 and 17 had a second child. 67 had 3 children; 6 had 4.

Primate Watch



The **COLORADO PERSONNEL BOARD** formally reported that there was no discrimination against white males in state jobs, but did admit there had been some significant "underutilization" of same.

☆ ☆ ☆

Three days before **ROBERT SHRUM**, one of Ted Kennedy's ex-ghostwriters, was married to Marylouise Oates, a society columnist for the L.A. Times, his friends threw a bachelor's party for him at the home of movie mogul **BOB BURKETT**, complete with the typical stripper jumping out of the typical cake. Once she was out and had taken off what was left of her clothes, the guests, who included **WARREN BEATTY**, **LEW WASSERMAN**, **MARVIN DAVIS**, **ABIGAIL VAN BUREN** and **PAMELA HARRIMAN** (what were these last two doing at a bachelor's party?) sprayed her with whipped cream. Then some of the guests got busy licking it off. The one who licked the hardest was **CHARLES MANATT**, the former chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

At long last a seven-member **BLACK-JEWISH GANG** has been indicted for 1983 bombing of the Capitol in Washington. Damages totaled \$265,000. The group also bombed six other installations. The defendants possibly had some links with a black goon and a white-trash female found guilty last May of racketeering charges stemming from the murder of two police officers and a guard in the robbery of an armored truck. When all their jail time is added up, it might be interesting to compare it with the 150-year sentences meted out to some members of The Order.

☆ ☆ ☆

MARC BELZBERG, the crown prince of Canada's billionaire Belzberg family, was convicted in a federal court of making \$2.7 million in illegal profits in an attempt to take over the American-owned Ashland Oil Co. The Belzbergs, like that other pillar of the Jewish establishment, inside trader **IVAN BOESKY**, have lavishly funded the Holocaust huckstering Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles.

It has to be poetic justice. The **WASHINGTON POST**, which has banged the drums for affirmative action louder than almost any newspaper, thereby causing innumerable male Majority members to lose innumerable jobs and promotions, was hit by the Newspaper Guild with a class-action complaint that charged the paper with unfair practices in hiring and promoting the paper's minority employees.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Chicago Jewish Sentinel recently reported that **ENRIQUE MUGICA HERZOG**, Spain's new minister of justice, is the first Jew to serve in the Spanish government since Ferdinand and Isabella kicked out the Chosen in 1492, some months before Columbus set sail for the New World. From a purely religious perspective, the Sentinel may be right. But scores of Marranos or conversos (Jews and the descendants of Jews who converted to Christianity to escape retaliation and expulsion) held high positions in Spain long after their more stiff-necked brethren had lit out for points south, east, north and west. Mugica Herzog, by the way, is only half-Jewish. His father is Basque. In Jewish racial law, it's the mother's genes that are the determining factor.

LARRY H. MINKOFF, the proprietor of 150 adult bookstores (porn pens), is out on \$1,500 bail. In August, Kansas City (MO) authorities charged him with selling a couple of videocassettes starring an underage blonde. When arrested in his Cadillac, the culture enricher was carrying \$1,500 in cash and wearing and flaunting \$85,000 worth of jewelry.

☆ ☆ ☆

TONI GRANT, a so-called radio shrink, has written a bestseller, *Being a Woman*, published by Random House. **AL GOLDSTEIN**, the unspeakable proprietor of a rag called *Screw*, claimed "I lived with her for five months two and a half years ago." Such a testimonial has done little to solidify Toni's newly acquired pose as a serious author.

☆ ☆ ☆

Having won a federal court ruling that she could not be discharged for her lesbianism, **MIRIAM BEN-SHALOM**, 40, is again in court. This time she demands that she be allowed to re-enlist when her tour of duty in the U.S. Army expired in August.

☆ ☆ ☆

Those who know their way around Zoo City politics attest that **MARIO BIAGGI**, despite his conviction on corruption charges in connection with the bankrupt Wedtech Corp., would easily have won reelection in November if he had not resigned his congressional seat.

☆ ☆ ☆

A bigger fish than Biaggi, Majority renegade **JIM WRIGHT** sold 2,000 copies (@ \$6.10) of a 117-page paperback book, printed by the company run by an ex-convict friend of his, to the Teamsters Union, whose members are not known for being bibliophiles. The sale netted Jim Wright \$6,710. Even Nobel Prize winners for literature never get more than 7½% royalties on paperbacks, yet the House Speaker's take was 55% on each book sold.

☆ ☆ ☆

Joan Kennedy has apparently fallen off the wagon again. In July she was arrested for driving into a chain link fence in Barnstable (MA). The man who drove her to drink, ex-husband **TEDDY**, had no comment. He maintained the same diplomatic silence about *Senatorial Privilege*, whose author, Leo Damore, writes that the Massachusetts senator schemed to blame Chappaquiddick on the late Mary Jo Kopechne by swearing that she was the driver of the doomed vehicle. Of all Fat Face's sins -- and they are legion -- perhaps the worst was calling up airline hostess Helga Wagner, a girlfriend, hours after the accident and before he was finally persuaded to go and report the crime to the police.

LYNDON JOHNSON was paranoid, wrote onetime Jewish aide **RICHARD GOODWIN** in a belated confessional entitled *Remembering America* (Little, Brown, 1988). **JOHN F. KENNEDY** (LLOYD BENTSEN'S dear friend) and brother **BOBBY** dallied with **MARILYN MONROE** in a bedroom bugged by gangsters, and she, in turn, dallied with a Stalinist cabal based in Mexico City. So says Arthur Summers in his book, *Goddess* (Macmillan, 1985). **JOHN LENNON** was a miscegenating bisexual heroin addict and wife beater, asserts **ALBERT GOLDMAN**, who received an \$850,000 advance for writing *The Lives of John Lennon* (McGraw Hill, 1988). Funny that none of this came out while these media headliners were alive and kicking.

☆ ☆ ☆

When **GLENN DOUGLAS**, 17, and **SHAWN PHILLIP**, 20, spotted a shiny Nissan Maxima in Queens Village (NY), they stole it, along with the driver, Dwayne Simmons, a young computer programmer from Rochester, who was visiting his parents. The two worked on the premise that "dead men don't report stolen cars" and, instead of letting Simmons go, they pumped nine bullets into him after ordering him to get down on all fours. The executors and the executee were Negroes.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another Negro with the first name of Dwayne, **DWAYNE McMULLEN**, a one-time University of Minnesota football star, was arrested and charged with a particularly vicious rape in St. Paul (MN). He broke into the house of a white woman he had been dating, hit her over the head and choked her, preliminary to performing what is becoming a common black-on-unwilling-white ritual.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was definitely not motherly love. Black Zoo Cityite **TOBY FLOOD**, 24, and her live-in lover, **MAURICE GRAVES**, whipped her four-year-old son with a leather strap and broiled his hands in a toaster oven. They explained, "He wouldn't stop crying because he was so hungry." The toddler was hospitalized for several weeks.

☆ ☆ ☆

Two teachers of Pan-African studies at California State University promised a straight A to every student who sold a \$100 raffle ticket in a fundraiser for a private foundation owned by one of them. **WILLIE J. BELLAMY** and **ELEAZU OBINNUA** also put on a \$25-a-plate chicken dinner for \$150 paying customers, but never bothered to pay for the food. The university's Black Studies department was created in 1968 to appease a gang of Negroes who had taken over the administration building.

Next year, the Bronx may have **ROBERT JOHNSON** for its district attorney. The black lawyer is backed by the Democratic, Republican and Liberal party powermongers. Johnson's qualifications? He was thrown out of the U.S. Navy in 1970 for defiantly sporting an Afro and for going AWOL time and again.

☆ ☆ ☆

That old Communist Party troubadour, **PETE SEEGER**, husband to a Jap, has apparently put Marxism on hold in order to concentrate his talents on boosting black racism and black political racketeering. He was arrested with his roly-poly friend, **Rev. AL SHARPTON**, the erstwhile FBI informer and Tawana Brawley brawler, for disorderly conduct and sent to the jug for 15 days.

☆ ☆ ☆

With the possible exception of **WILLIAM KUNSTLER** and **MELVIN BELLI**, no lawyer is more of a disgrace to his already disgraced profession than **MARVIN MITCHELSON**. The headline-hustling attorney who invented the palimony suit has now been accused by the California State Bar of mishandling clients' funds and charging "unconscionable fees." But, according to Rupert Murdoch's chintzy *Star* (July 12, 1988), he may be in much deeper trouble. At least three Hollywood bimbos are thinking about bringing charges against the Jewish shyster for rape or sexual abuse.

☆ ☆ ☆

On a dark summer evening, **ROBERT BIDDINGS**, a Negro suspected of 60 rapes, probably all on white women in the Columbus (OH) area, was nabbed by the white parents of one of the victims. The wife acted as a decoy at the same bus stop where her daughter had been attacked a year earlier, while the armed father lurked in his car a few yards away. When Biddings grabbed the wife, the husband jumped out, pulled a gun and ordered the bearded black to "freeze." The frustrated rapist managed to get away, but not before the license number of his car was duly noted.

☆ ☆ ☆

One of the most despicable crimes of last summer was the dumping of medical waste in the ocean off New York and New Jersey. Much of this filthy flotsam was washed ashore on beaches crowded with tens of thousands of bathers. The law hasn't yet caught up with the criminals, but the man responsible for dumping an uncounted number of hypodermic syringes, 60 loose needles, 25 urine samples, a scalpel blade, 5 petri dishes, a sperm sample and 15 blood vials (two of them containing the highly infectious Hepatitis B virus) in a Brooklyn trash bin has been arrested. He is Brooklynite **MARVIN NUMEROFF**, head of Universal Diagnostic Labs.



Canada. From a north-of-the-border Instaurationist. Mobilizing under the banner of Citizens for Immigration Reform (CFAR), Canadian Majority activists have launched a spirited counterattack against the multiculturalists' stepped-up attempt to flood Canada with aliens. In recent months, CFAR sponsored two population and immigration conferences in Vancouver and Toronto. The theme in both was "Population Is Destiny." Speakers included CFAR's Paul Fromm, political analyst J. Michael McCutcheon, U.S. author Wayne Lutton, and the irrepressible Doug Collins, North Vancouver journalist and scourge of local Zionists, feminists, fags and minority toadies. Without fear or favor, the speakers spoke the unspeakable -- namely that Canada is a European nation and 80% of its citizens want to keep it that way.

CFAR made the national headlines last summer, when two boatloads of Tamils and Sikhs arrived in Canada. After destroying their passports, the unwanted and uninited Third Worlders waded ashore and claimed refugee status. Screaming with outrage, Canadians bombarded open-line shows, members of Parliament and newspapers with demands that the illegal aliens be deported forthwith.

A corporal's guard of CFAR supporters took to the streets in Vancouver. Bearing petitions and carrying signs, "Send Them Back," the protestors slowed downtown traffic to a crawl as motorists and bus drivers stopped to sign petitions. In the space of several hours 3,000 signatures were gathered.

A few days later, also in British Columbia, a CFAR organizer set up a booth at a country fair with CFAR literature, a few homemade signs and a petition demanding the immediate deportation of all illegal aliens. In three days, he collected 300 signatures. On the last day of the fair, the CFAR member dropped in on a local watering hole -- one frequented by loggers, truck drivers, construction workers and army engineers. He absentmindedly brought along his petition, which he had attached to a clipboard. Within a few minutes, he was engulfed in a sea of baseball caps, moustaches, tattoos and called "bro" innumerable times. Pints of beer were poured into him until it ran out his nose. His clipboard literally flew from table to table, amid cackles and warwhoops which, if heard in Toronto, would make the folks who run Canada's multicultural industry mighty uneasy. In less than an hour, he staggered out with 60 signatures.

I suggest that U.S. Instaurationists take a leaf from CFAR's book. Your situation in regard to illegals is even worse than ours. Form single-issue organization calling for the repatriation of all illegals. Set up peti-

tion drives at local fairs and shopping centers. Seek out your natural ally, the blue-collar worker. Vilified by the media and ignored by politicians, the average American worker has few inhibitions when it comes to expressing his antipathy towards Third World gate crashers. What these guys lack in articulation and formal education, they more than make up for in guts and a solid core of common sense.

Scant wonder that most of us up here prefer the company of bikers to schmoozing around with the local intelligentsia.

* * *

If Canada isn't already the lowest-IQ white nation, it soon will be, as the reading matter available to its citizens continues to shrink. Instauration has already reported on the 150 or so books banned from entering the country, and who can forget that idiotic blue-stocking raid on a university library, when two Royal Canadian Mounties marched in and seized Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and marched out as triumphantly as if they had just discovered a secretly planted Russian suitcase bomb. It was the darkest day for free speech in Canadian history. But there were many other such days -- the arrests and trials of Keegstra, Zündel, Donald C. Andrews and Robert W. Smith, and the persecution of Malcolm Ross (see below). One of the darkest days this summer was the attempt to limit the public's access to a collection of revisionist books in the Edmonton Public Library.

In 1984, after Jews had forced the library to accept some 150 books about the Six Million and related atrocity-mongering by Jewish authors, some local Holocaust skeptics asked the librarian to counter the propaganda juggernaut by purchasing a few volumes that gave a more balanced account of the plight of Jews during WWII.

But balance is a dirty word to Jewish ears. When it found out about the heterodox books, the Jewish Federation of Edmonton demanded that the library quarantine the anti-Holocaust collection in a separate section and label it in such a way as to warn browsers they were approaching books infected with anti-Semitism. As for the catalog, Jews wanted a book like *Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?* listed under the category, "Holocaust, Jewish, errors, inventions." That might not be such a bad idea, if the library would give similar apartheid treatment to the Talmud, which, together with the Old Testament, might be shelved under the rubric, "Jewish racism."

Equally censorious was the ceaseless attack on Malcolm Ross, the New Brunswick teacher who had the temerity to write a book and a couple of booklets that were both very Catholic and very anti-Zionist.

Although he has never whispered a word about his heretical theories in his classes, the Jews have made it their Project 1 to get Ross canned.

Relying on their usual tactics of poison pen letters, threatening employers and publishers, networking with other Jewish organizations and working behind the scenes in such power centers as Toronto and Ottawa, Jews forced New Brunswick's Attorney General David Clark to look into the matter. After a long and expensive investigation, Clark stated that he had no grounds for prosecution because it is not yet a crime in Canada to write a book, though, as Ernst Zündel has found out to his sorrow, it is a crime to publish a book if it contains "false news." It is a very selective crime, however, since the editors of the mass-circulation Canadian newspapers are never arrested for sneaking columns of "false news" in practically every issue.

When Clark refused to go along with their New Age inquisition, Jews started their own "human rights" investigation to ascertain if any readers of news accounts of the Ross affair had been corrupted, not by what he wrote, but by what was written about him. If that ploy works, Canada will become the most mind-locked nation in history. If you can't be jailed for what you write, then you can be jailed for what your enemies write about what you write.

Malcolm Ross teaches math and English at Magnetic High School in Moncton, New Brunswick. Viewing that form of Jewish racism known as Zionism as a deliberate attack on his Catholic faith, he maintains a healthy skepticism in regard to the Holocaust.

As a result of his writings, he has been reprimanded by his school board and chastised by the New Brunswick Department of Education, which, beginning this fall, has made the Holocaust (Jewish version) a required course for eleventh-grade students. On July 30, 50 New Brunswick history teachers attended a five-day seminar, during which they were instructed how to teach the course.

A featured speaker on the Holocaust curriculum was 60-year-old Herman Newman, a survivor who claims he was a graduate of Auschwitz, where 4 million or 6 million or 11 million Jews were supposed to have been gassed, and Dachau, where the gas chambers turned out to be shower stalls. Newman was backed up by one of those blood-curdling, undocumented documentaries, the kind that Jews never make about events on the West Bank and Gaza.

Ross's reprimand from the school board contained the proviso (gag order) that he could be fired if he wrote any more books on his favorite subject. (Where is the Canadian Civil Liberties Union?) But Ross is not wilting. He filed a grievance against the board, and he is getting support from the newly organized New Brunswick Free Speech League, which plans a door-to-

door leafletting campaign on behalf of Canada's latest victim of minority bigotry. The League is particularly interested in getting the school board's gag order rescinded.

Since it's still possible for residents of the U.S. to order books by Canadians which would be banned in Canada if sent from the U.S., Instaurationists who want to take a look at Ross's work should know that three are available at the present time. They may be ordered from Stronghold Publishing Co., Box 2545, Station A, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada E1C 6Z5. The three books are *Spectre of Power* (164 pages), *The Real Holocaust* (49 pages) and *Christianity versus Judeo-Christianity* (31 pages). Cost for all three, plus postage, is \$15.

Britain. As he recounts in his latest book, *Return to Poland* (Bodley Head, 1988), Denis Hills spent some time there before WWII and later served with Polish troops in Italy. After the war, he traveled in Turkey and farmed in Zimbabwe, where he wrote *The Last Days of White Rhodesia*.

He returned to Poland in an old camper, spent some time there, was expelled, went to East Germany, returned to Poland, and was again expelled after a few weeks.

Regarding the embarkation from Port Said to Taranto, Italy, in 1943 of the Polish Corps, which was recruited from Poles released by Russia in 1942, Hills writes,

During embarkation it was discovered that hundreds of Polish Jewish soldiers were missing . . . Their loss was serious. They had been trained in special skills, ordnance and signals, sappers . . . and clerical staff -- and they vanished. Later it was understood they had deserted because for them the enemy had changed. They were under orders from their own leaders to lie low until the time came for them to turn their weapons upon the British who were seen to be the prime enemy now that Hitler was losing the war.

Later, in Warsaw, Hills dined with an English couple in their flat, which had been a Gestapo HQ during the war. He was informed that, at one time, Polish Jews who had been trained and rehearsed in Russia to take over political posts in postwar Poland occupied that block of flats. After the 1968 anti-Jewish scare, most of these Communist politicians fled Poland.

There are some other interesting historical tidbits in *Byzantine Commonwealth* by Dmitri Obolensky, which records the ethnocentrism of the Eastern Orthodox Church, whose clerics declared that only a subject of the Eastern Roman emperor could be a true Christian. The book brings to mind the remarkable passivity of the Slavs, who only moved into what is now East Germany and adjacent areas after the German tribes in the area migrated south to the Roman Empire. In most cases the Slavs accomplished their various folk wanderings as the subjects of other peoples.

For a long time, the Slavs were halted at the Danube, even at the times the main Byzantine army had been moved away to fight in Italy, North Africa and Spain. These Slavs were eventually conquered by a Turkish people, who crossed the Danube and pacified much of the Balkans, which they incorporated in their Moslem imperium. The empire's more numerous Slav subjects multiplied and settled far and wide while their much less numerous Moslem masters faded away.

Later, another Turkic tribe, the Bulgars, conquered the Slavs in what is known today as Bulgaria. In spite of being so near to the capital of the Byzantine Empire, these Moslems twice established their own Bulgarian Empire, and it was their ferocious resistance to the Byzantines which virtually wiped them out. Many present-day Bulgarians are the Slavic-speaking descendants of those bloody times.

Over the centuries, Slavs developed such a "subject mentality" it's not surprising that "Slav" became "slave" in English. The slave traders were usually Jews who had easy access to Islamic countries. Buried memories of Jewish slavers might help account for the almost endemic anti-Semitism of the Slavic peoples.

* * *

From a London subscriber. Hearing Red Ken Livingstone interviewed by Anthony Clark on the Radio 4 BBC program, "On the Psychiatrist's Couch," I was struck by the way the old anti-English Scots exile syndrome came up. Livingstone was most amusing about the House of Commons with its animal like "mutual grooming" and "mutual displays." He mentioned that his father was a Scots seaman who thought he belonged to the (Scots) Chosen race. "But he was very anti-racist." Red Ken added that he himself feels rather the same way and the greatest insult for him is to be called English, though he was born in London of an English mother.

The wife of the uppercrust Claude Cockburn, a notorious Stalinist of the 1930s and 40s, revealed her husband had similar feelings. In her autobiography, she points out that Cockburn was a "passionate Scot," though born outside Scotland. He hated "The Establishment" because it was English. Similar Scots left-wingers, whose socialism "was or is combined with militant Scottishness, are the Haldanes and the Murchisons. In fact, their politics seem to be a surrogate rationalism, though Scots realism or pessimism forbids them to be complete separatists."

Fifty of the 71 Scots MPs belong to the Labour Party. They have been dubbed "the futile fifty" by the Scottish National Party. Robin Cook, a leading Labourite, when in Scotland, always emphasizes the party's commitment to separation, though he never mentions it in England. Lately, he

found himself in hot water for saying it is unlikely the Labourites will ever again get a Parliamentary majority.

Cook and other Scots Labour MPs are beginning to take the line that many well-known Scots historical figures came to grief because they weren't content with a successful career in Scotland, but tried to make a name for themselves in England as well. Their prime examples are Bonnie Prince Charles and Mary, Queen of Scots. If these two royals had renounced their English claims, they probably could have ruled long and successfully in Scotland. The conclusion for Scots Labourites is obvious. It will be interesting to see if they do anything about it.

* * *

Mother Teresa of India made her first visit to London in 1971 and was appalled by what she saw. "There are as many poor in London as there are in the slums of Calcutta," was the unscientific verdict of the Yugoslavian-born soup kitchen expert. It is certainly true that London is full of homeless families, as the private rented sector continues losing up to 100,000 homes a year (Mail on Sunday, May 17, 1987).

So the next time you're asked to "help feed the Indians," remember to say: "Mother Teresa says the London poor are just as bad off as Calcutta's. I'd rather help my own kind first." But don't just say it. Do it.

* * *

X Rabbi Immanuel Lord Jakobovits, Baron of Regent's Park, seems to be the correct way of saying the title of England's new life peer, named by the Queen (but chosen by the Thatcher administration) for the New Year's honors list. Lord Jakobovits, the nation's chief Orthodox rabbi and a "neoconservative," will be the first rabbi ever to sit in the House of Lords, and believes he is the first rabbi ennobled anywhere "since medieval times." There are now 45 Jews (of 1,100) in the House of Lords, and 28 (of 635) in the House of Commons.

The rabbi has been described in the Guardian as "the perfect Thatcherist peer." If so, Maggie has some explaining to do. Jakobovits, who left Germany in the thirties, and never speaks his native tongue in public, had this to say in a March 1987 interview: "I certainly exonerate the German language and it is not a hatred born out of the fact that it was the language used by millions of murderers." Nor, to this day, will he visit Germany and "walk on the soil soaked with the blood of millions of Jews."

If there were "millions of murderers" in Germany, then so must there have been tens of millions in Red Russia and China -- along with many thousands in Israel today. But the identity of these millions has no great interest for the rabbi.

* * *



At the end of 1985, British Cabinet documents for 1955 were released under the 30-year rule. They indicate that Prime Minister Winston Churchill and his Cabinet were "obsessed" at the time with the issue of colored immigration. There were only about 50,000 nonwhite citizens in those days (the deluge began shortly thereafter), yet Churchill, Lord Salisbury, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and others were frantic over the looming danger to the "racial character" of the English people.

That is rather remarkable in light of what one reads in volume one of David Irving's masterful new work, *Churchill's War: The Struggle for Power* (available for \$29.95, postpaid, from the Historical Review Press, P.O. Box 2010, Decatur, GA 30031). Irving describes the correspondence of Hitler with the British mediocrate, Lord Rothermere, in which the latter told the former (April 29, 1935) that 70% of the people writing to his London Daily Mail were entirely sympathetic to Germany's claims. Hitler noted in response that nine-tenths of the blood that had flowed in Europe during the past 300 years had flowed in vain. He (Rothermere) should therefore ignore Churchill, the Parliamentary warmonger. Hitler went on:

[I]f today I urge an Anglo-German entente then this is not just something new since yesterday or the day-before-yesterday; in the last 16 years I have spoken to four or five thousand audiences in Germany, small, large and immense; but in not one speech or line that I have written have I ever uttered the slightest sentiment against an Anglo-German entente . . .

An Anglo-German entente would form in Europe and thus in the world a force for peace and reason of 120 millions of the most superior people. Britain's sea power and unique colonial talent would be united with one of the world's first soldier-races. Were this entente extended to embrace the American nation, then it would, indeed, be hard to see who in the world could disturb the peace without wilfully and consciously neglecting the interests of the White race . . . The Gods love and favour those who seem to demand the impossible!

It was not to be. For, as Irving tells us, "The London correspondent of the Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* reported that whenever Churchill opened his mouth, it was a safe bet that an attack on Germany would emerge. Every major speech bore this out."

Thus, it was all amity on Hitler's side and all enmity on Churchill's. There were countless powerful Englishmen who agreed with Hitler, yet a higher power deemed that the whites must at all costs be kept divided.

Churchill was in fact a white racist, as the

1955 Cabinet documents, and so much else, makes plain. But first and last he was a ruthless egotist who rode the "Hitler threat" to power and thereby forced Hitler to become a threat -- as Irving makes plain.

Northern Ireland. Affirmative action and Kennedy quotas are casting discriminatory shadows overseas. At the behest of Senator Edward Kennedy and nephew Rep. Joseph Kennedy II, a Senate-House Conference Committee ordered a Northern Ireland defense contractor to the Pentagon to hire more Roman Catholics. Fat Face probably wanted, but didn't dare to, include IRA terrorists in his overseas quota.

France. Do 55 million Frenchmen hang on every word and every syllable spoken by Jean-Marie Le Pen? This seems to be the case. Not too long after he -- correctly -- called the Holocaust a "footnote" in the history of WWII (which inspired the media on both sides of the Atlantic to make him out to be a reincarnation of Julius Streicher), M. Le Pen sallied forth with a pun on the name of a political rival, Michel Durafour, France's Minister of Public Services.

After Durafour, who describes himself as a centrist, attacked Le Pen in a bristling speech and asked other centrists to vote against him in next year's municipal elections, the leader of the Front National exercised his right of reply. Among other items he covered, he stated -- again correctly -- that Durafour was willing to ally himself with Communists in order to keep members of the Front National out of political office.

In the course of his speech, Le Pen played on the last syllable of Durafour's name (*four* in French means oven) and called him M. Durafour-crématoire. This could mean that the Minister of Public Services had suffered a burn-out in the performance of his public duties or (shades of Auschwitz!) it could mean that Le Pen was making a joke out of the Holocaust.

The media, naturally, chose the anti-Le Pen alternative and exploded: "Le Pen commits a second offense . . . These are words one does not make jokes about . . . Le Pen is showing what he is at last; a racist and an anti-Semite . . . Le Pen is carried away by his fantasies and does not hesitate to insult the victims of Nazism . . . Le Pen continues to fuel the flames of anti-Semitism in our country." Durafour himself joined the attack, which was as intense and all-encompassing a piece of butchery as the media blitz on Dan Quayle after the Republican Convention. The minister commented, "I can see Le Pen misses the good old Nazi times and wants to see them again." Le Pen's rebuttal was short and

sweet, "Durafour's an imbecile, but a bum (salaud)"

Le Pen's "footnote" remark didn't do him any lasting and serious harm. Seven months after he made it (September 1987), his party got 14% of the vote in the first round of the presidential election. It remains to be seen if his crematorium gaffe will bounce as easily off the electorate's memory. In a desperate effort to keep it on the front burner, the political opposition and Jewish mind-molders may try to prosecute him under France's hate laws.

Italy. A onetime mastermind of the terrorist Red Brigades, Alberto Franceschini, now in jail, has written in a prison publication that before his arrest he was approached by a Mossad agent who offered to reveal the names of stool-pigeons and of two policemen trying to infiltrate the movement. In return, the Israeli agent wanted an assurance that the Red Brigades would continue their armed struggle. Why? Because the Zionist state, Franceschini writes, "wanted to keep Italy permanently destabilized so the U.S. would see Israel as its only sure ally in the Mediterranean."

Russia. Instauration will forgo making any serious comment on what is transpiring on these days behind the shrouded Kremlin walls. Perhaps even Mikhail Gorbachev is slightly in the dark. We remember what happened to Khrushchev when all the world thought he was safely and permanently in the driver's seat. Gorbachev's recent coup (getting himself elected president) and purge (getting rid of some old party wheelhorses) could as easily be interpreted (1) as the desperate last-minute power grab of a frustrated reformer or (2) as a smart preemptive move to consolidate his position as the Soviet man on horseback. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that it's no easy task to throw out a politician who controls his country's media.

Instauration does know one thing, however. It knows that Russia will never become a democracy in the Western definition of the word. Neither will it become a Western-style consumerocracy. Slavs, politically, are a follow-the-leader race. In the past they have supinely bowed to czars and commissars, and their experiments with democracy have been chaotic and short-lived. If one set of leaders topples another set, the Slavs will slavishly go along. As a population, they will endure suffering and privation that would drive other whites up the wall. Their lack of individualism, the basic requirement for a democratic temperament, is unsuitable for market economies and bills of rights, but excellent for war economies and totalitarianism. What saves Russia from total second-ratedness are the flashes of supreme genius emitted by the small Nordic component (10-20%) of its population.

Our wild, uneducated guess is that after Gorbachev fails, as he is bound to fail in the end, the armed forces will step in and present the servile and beaten-down Russians with a Franco or Pinochet solution.

* * *

Gorbachev's loosening up of state controls over most aspects of civilian life has little to do with principle. It's basically a political ploy to win favor with the Russian masses, who have been kicked around so much over the years that even promises of a little more freedom -- and a little more food -- arouse some support for the promiser. Never mind that these same Russians know very well that there is little chance that the promises will ever be fulfilled.

One outcome of the relaxed censorship has been the rehabilitation of a mess of Old Bolshevik villains like Bukharin, Kamenev and Rykov. Only partially rehabilitated so far is the Great Satan himself, Leon Trotsky. Gorbachev even mentioned his name in a speech. A few years ago, anyone who wrote a kind word about Trotsky would have been shot before he had a chance to put down his pen.

Trotsky's works are now "unbanned" as part of a collection of 10,000 previously "restricted" books which have now been moved out of locked areas in public libraries and made available to the public. Only 500 books are still considered so dangerous that they must be kept from the eyes of ordinary Russian readers. They are mainly "of anti-Semitic or Zionist content," explained Vladimir Solodin of the State Library Censorship Commission.

In other words, Russian censorship of books has now ascended or descended to the U.S. level.

Israel. Almost half the Israelis want to expel every last Palestinian from the Gaza Strip and the West Bank, according to a Hebrew Institute poll conducted in August. The Israelis call it a transfer, though Jews employed a different term when the Germans moved Anne Frank from Holland to Poland in WWII.

It won't quite be genocide, a word Jews have used most loosely, but neither will it be a transfer. What it will be is a forced exodus, in which thousands of the 1.5 million will die in transit, just as many if not more than the numbers who died in that more excusable exodus that parted the waters of the Red Sea three millennia earlier. A huge death toll is certain because there will not be nearly enough facilities to receive and shelter the migrants after they have been driven into the Egyptian and Jordanian deserts or into the wasteland of Southern Lebanon.

Jews have milked the West for almost half a century for reparations for their losses during WWII. The U.S. and West Germany have shelled out billions, and are still shel-

ling out. But have the Israelis ever compensated the Palestinians for the lands and property snatched away from them, or for the dog's life that hundreds of thousands of the refugees have lived in Middle Eastern concentration camps, which have all too often been the targets of repeated Israeli bombing attacks?

Palestinians have been the victims of what Instaurion conceives to be one of the great crimes of the 20th century. Although this honest-to-god Holocaust is going on right under the world's eyes, American politicians continue to pander to the criminals and aggressors and treated and rewarded them as if they were some kind of modern crusaders -- as if Menahem Begin were a 20th-century Tancred and Yitzhak Shamir were a born-again Bohemund. If the Arab and Moslem countries ever manage to get hold of a stack of nuclear bombs, they may try to get revenge not only by dropping them on Israel, but also on the U.S. After all, America has become the arsenal, the treasury and the trencherman of Zionism. How idiotic and pathetic it is for a country to endanger the existence of tens of millions of its own citizens by supporting a cruel, anachronistic and neurotic racism that is not even its own!

What will the politicians in Washington do when the Israelis, who have waited for half a century about Hitler's making his Third Reich *Judenrein*, make Gaza and the West Bank Arab-rein? The inveterate pats will probably boost the \$3 billion a year payola to Israel to \$4 billion to compensate for the strain the mass deportation will put on the Israeli economy.

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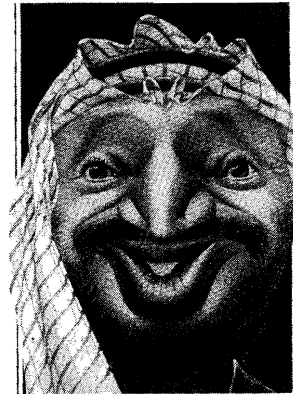
In the Iran-Contra hearings, one of the prime duties of the joint Senate and House Committee was to hush up the Israeli connection. Now Ya'acov Nimrodi, the Zionist hustler, has written an article in the Jerusalem Post (Aug. 27, 1988) that explains in detail that Israel not only launched the operation of selling arms to the Ayatullah, but practically directed the Iran part of the wheeling and dealing from start to finish. In fact, Nimrodi wants to start it all over again. The only item he doesn't cover in his "confession" is how many millions he and other Israeli middlemen made out of the deal.

The Israelis also played an important role in another disreputable U.S. adventure in foreign policy -- the cozying up to Panamanian drug king Manuel Noriega. As the New York Post (July 11, 1988) reported, Mike Harari, the man from Mossad, is the "political confidante, senior adviser and financial protector" as well as the "brains and brawn" of Noriega. Aside from working hand in glove with Noriega in the latter's drug supermarket, Harari skims off 60% of the money from Israeli arms sales to Panama and splits half of this take with his strong-arm partner.

Thanks to Harari, Noriega has two palatial homes in Israel, where he can safely hole up and be protected from extradition, in case the U.S. and other Latin American nations ever screw up enough courage to throw him out of his Panama perch. They might start by throwing out Harari.

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It's not only in the occupied territories that Palestinians are dying. Three of them were burned to death in Or Yehud, a town in Israel proper, in early September when someone (guess who?) bolted the door of the shack in which they were sleeping and set it on fire. In Tel Aviv no one cared. The café set was laughing at a new joke -- that the intifada was a new Mexican dish.



Israelis are applauding a new Dutch postcard that is not very kind to Yasser Arafat.

Africa. From an *Afrikaner* Subscriber. In September, the Pope arrived in Lesotho, to the accompaniment of much ohing and aching from the world media. Earlier, he had taken his life in his hands, or entrusted it to the Lord's hands, by heading for Maseru, the capital of Lesotho, in an Air Zimbabwe Boeing, which never got there. The plane had a white pilot, to be sure, but it flew into a violent storm, bucking and bouncing in a most alarming manner as the pilot gunned the engines to lift it over the Maluti mountains surrounding the little airport. Then he found he couldn't land because the plane's landing-aid instruments were not functioning. Its fuel running out, the papal jet had to fly to Johannesburg, where the Holy Father had said he would not go. On the plane's arrival, a South African maintenance crew found that the plane's navigational instruments were out of order and it had been flying half-blind.

Alighting in South Africa, the Pope did not kiss the soil, as he customarily does the first time he visits every other country. After rest and refreshment he was driven to Maseru with a strong police escort, where another drama had developed. A bus from the Qacha Nek mission with 69 pilgrims, mostly school children and nuns, had been hijacked by four heavily armed men and driven to the gates of the British High Commission, where the hostages were kept for



over a day without food or water or toilet facilities while the hijackers made various insane demands. Since Lesotho's splendidly uniformed generals were quite unable to deal with the situation, a special South African police formation had to be called in. Apparently unseen, they took up appropriate stations, and when the hijackers drove toward the closed gates of the Commission, they started shooting, killing three men and wounding the fourth, who died later. One hostage was killed and 11 were injured by the wild return fire of the hijackers.

One would have thought that the Pope would have been grateful to South Africans for providing a safe landing for his endangered plane and for freeing and saving the lives of Catholic pilgrims. Not at all. He later let it be known that he still firmly supports tough economic sanctions to bring down the white nation of South Africa and turn it over to the blacks.

One wonders, if a South African plane were running out of gas over Rome, whether Saint Peter's triple-crowned heir might not have demanded that Italian air controllers let it crash rather than permit it to land.

India. One way to stop the spread of AIDS is to make it a criminal offense for people infected with the virus to have sex with an uninfected partner. But this logical precaution is well beyond the reach of Western nations, which put individual rights ahead of public health. In India, however, with a paucity of blood testing facilities and where overblown altruism does not exert the same baleful influence it does in London and New York, Dr. Avtar Singh Paintal, director general of the Indian Council for Medical Research, has not gone so far as to propose legal strictures on the sexual activities of AIDSers. But he has endorsed the next best thing -- a government prohibition on intercourse between Indians and foreign visitors, whether or not the latter test positive for the virus. Indians who violate could be given an \$800 fine and three months in prison.

The expected media outcry came from the Indian Express, India's most influential English-language newspaper, which advised Dr. Paintal not to waste time proposing "jurisprudential solutions that offend human dignity and violate individual liberties." To reasonable people (a category which excludes late-20th century liberals), nothing should threaten human dignity and individual liberty more than the spreading AIDS epidemic, unless there is dignity and individual liberty in a slow, fatal and wasting disease contracted by the most disgusting of all types of body contact.

Australia. From a subscriber. The immigration/multicultural issue has burst open

in Australia like a festering boil. The political rancor within and without the parties has been building up for weeks as the hypocrisy and deceit of the last 20 years spills out. It all started with the Fitzgerald immigration inquiry initiated last year by Immigration Minister Mick Young. The report was issued in June 1988. While it can tend to mean all things to all men, it was obviously designed (choice of committee members, terms of reference, etc.) to be a "snow job," endorsing government policy. It didn't work out that way. It recently cost the latest immigration minister, Clyde Holding, his job after only six months in this now lethal portfolio. The new incumbent is Robert Ray, a senator from Victoria. This is the first time, to my recollection, that a minister has been appointed to that job from the Upper House. Maybe it's a tactic to ensure that the minister of immigration cannot in the future be picked off electorally by concerted campaigning within the boundaries of his geographical seat. Parliamentarians know that immigration appointments can spell the end of their parliamentary careers. It either becomes too much for them or they get voted out. Perhaps this sort of scenario can only work in a still fairly homogeneous society like Australia.

Shortly after Instauration received the above communication, John Howard, head of the Liberal Party, the main political opposition to Prime Minister Bob Hawke's ruling Labor Party, broke all the usual political rules and came out publicly for a change in Australia's immigration policy. He called it the One Australia program and wants fewer immigrants, especially fewer of the Asian species.

The media and the Labourites and the minorites set up a howl that could be heard on *Discovery*. There have been few, very few, politicians anywhere in the West who have dared to raise their voices against the immigration flood, which bids fair to be as destructive as Noah's, at least to the white world: Enoch Powell in England and Le Pen in France are two -- but until Howard spoke out, no leader of a major party in an English-speaking country had gone on record as favoring a reduction in the non-white immigrant influx.

Howard's sensational outspokenness set off a debate on immigration among the Liberal Party bigwigs. Some, like the half-Jewish Malcolm Fraser, the former Liberal prime minister, were bitterly opposed to any cut. Others backed Howard all the way. In the end, Howard made it plain he will make immigration and multiculturalism an issue in the next election. Previously, as in the U.S. and Britain, the topic was

deliberately hushed up by the major parties, so the voters who were overwhelmingly against the immigrant influx would have no opportunity to register their opposition. Howard says his legislation will not discriminate, but will give the Australian government, which he hopes to head after the next election, the right to regulate the entry of foreigners in a way that will maintain a "socially, cohesive, harmonious and tolerant society."

Prime Minister Bob Hawke, a pathological advocate of the yellowing and browning of the Australian population, quickly accused Howard of racism. Various economic "experts" hogged the media with dire warnings that a drop in immigration might cost Australia "billions" from the loss of trade and possible boycotts instituted by Asian nations. The same economists carefully omitted to say that these same Asian nations refuse to welcome white immigrants in their countries.

Note: Demographer Charles Price of the Australian Institute of the Census calculates that the present Australian population is 74% Anglo-Celt, 19% Other European, 5% Asian and 2% Other. In 1987-88, according to official government figures, which in the case of immigration are not necessarily to be believed, 32.4% of Australia's immigrants came from Asia.

* * *

Nazi hunting has become a favorite hobby of Australian politicians groveling to the influential and ever vengeful Jewish slice of the continent's population. Ironically, the same people who favor multiculturalism are behind the new War Crimes Amendment Bill, which, if passed, will obviously stir up waves of hatred against citizens of Eastern European descent. As in Canada and the U.S., practically all of the alleged war criminals are dragnetted out of these ethnic groups.

* * *

John Bennett, head of the Australian Civil Liberties Union, continues to fight the good fight for true racial harmony in his country by asking Justice Marcus Einfeld, the Jewish boss of the Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission, to stop playing the sly racist game of sounding off routinely against the Soviet treatment of Jewish refuseniks, but uttering not a word about the atrocities committed by Israelis against Palestinians.

Bennett points out that the Israelis are holding more than 1,000 Palestinians without trial and more than 100 of them (as of June 1) have been killed without any condemnation or criticism from Einfeld. Bennett also charges Einfeld's HRECO has taken no action against the almost daily incitement to racial hatred against Australians of German and Arab descent by vast numbers of tendentious TV shows.

The Ordeal of Giovanni Pinto

The James Keegstra case in Canada is being replayed in the Montville High School in New Jersey. A tenured teacher, Giovanni Pinto, has been raked over the coals and may be fired for interjecting a few cons along with the usual multitude of pros in a classroom discussion of Jewry. David Rand, a hotshot lawyer hired by the school board, grilled students mercilessly in an effort to pin down Pinto's statements. As in the Keegstra case, some of the students defended him.

School gossip had it that Pinto had committed the great no-no; he had denied the Holocaust in his Spanish I class. Moreover, he had allegedly contradicted a student's assertion that her grandfather had been refused an education in Russia because he was Jewish. The Holocaust charge, a 16-year-old recalled, consisted of a suspicious nod of Pinto's head when someone made some controversial remarks about the Six Million. One student said there was nothing to it. "They were just trying to put words in his mouth . . . and he was just trying to get off the subject. He didn't take a contrary view at all."

Pinto did concede, however, Jews may feel discriminated against in the Soviet Union because, "their commercial instincts . . . are frustrated there."

Another charge brought against Pinto was that he had insisted that his pupils, Jews included, compose Christmas cards in Spanish. Not true, he answered. Even though Spain is an overwhelmingly Christian country and non-Christian greetings would be totally out of place there, he said he allowed his Jewish pupils to compose Hanukkah cards.

The trigger for the persecution of Pinto was squeezed by a Jewish mother, as confirmed by one student who was heard to say, "My Mom's going to get a lawyer and get Mr. Pinto fired."

The hounded and harassed teacher was suspended without pay on February 24. Although his suspension was still in effect, his salary was restored in September. His "trial" has not only been financially damaging to him, but to the New Jersey Education Association, which furnished him a lawyer, Nancy Oxfeld, whose relations "perished in the Holocaust" and who will charge \$20,000 for her services. With a Jewish attorney defending him, they have poor Pinto coming and going.

Third Party Problems

The Populist Party scored a few last-minute successes in September and October when it managed to get its presidential candidate, David Duke, on the ballot in Minnesota and New Jersey. In Minnesota, the sorely needed 2,000 signatures were obtained just under the wire of the September 13 deadline. If the party can deliver 5,000 votes for Duke on November 8, it will automatically remain on the ballot in future elections, thereby eliminating the agony of gathering signatures all over again. It will also permit Minnesota's Populist Renaissance Party to run a slate of candidates in forthcoming statewide elections.

In New Jersey, only 800 signatures were required to get Duke on the ballot. Garden State Populists came up with over 1,500, many of them collected at a booth in a Farmer's Fair and at beach resorts.

In all, David Duke will be on the ballot in more than ten states -- the result of a lot of sweat and toil on the part of the Party faithful. Needless to say, if the U.S. was really a democracy, Duke's name would appear on the ballots of all 50 states. But the Republicans and Democrats have the voting process rigged to prevent any substantial competition from a third party.

Soviet Russia and China are one-party states. The U.S. and many First World nations are two-party states. Both political systems shut off any effective opposition. In the U.S., for example, the people have no way in the presidential election of voting on the all-important issues of immigration and affirmative action. If it had been allowed to get its candidates on the ballot of every state, and if the media had given these candidates a chance to speak instead of treating them with silence or scorn, the Populist Party would have been in a position to force Bush or Dukakis to respond to the people's wishes or watch a crucial element of their support drain away to the Populists.

No one ever expects a Populist Party or any other third party to win a presidential election, either in this century or far into the next. But this doesn't mean that the Populist or some other third party couldn't grow large enough to become a swing vote in elections.

A swing vote large enough to defeat one presidential nominee and ensure the victory of another, we need not remind our readers, would have a miraculous effect on the major party candidates and actually force them to stop deceiving and start truly representing the people who vote for them.

Belated Award

Dr. Arthur Rudolph, who helped put men on the moon, was awarded the Hermann Oberth Society gold medal in Feucht, West Germany, on June 24.

Although he was the engineering genius who had played a principal role in the development of the Saturn V rocket and had become an honored U.S. citizen, the Jewish vendetta team known as the Office of Special Investigations interrupted his well-deserved retirement in California and threatened him with a war-crimes deportation trial if he didn't leave the U.S. forthwith. Rather than face trumped-up charges and the endemic anti-German racism of the Semitic-saturated U.S. media, Rudolph returned to West Germany, where a thorough government investigation found no charges against him and allowed him to retrieve his German citizenship.

America's treatment of Rudolph, after his major part in putting the American astronauts on the moon was a monumental piece of ingratitude. The shabbiness of the affair was compounded by the refusal of many high-placed government and NASA officials to defend him, although they were quite aware of the gross injustice that had been done.

The U.S. will go down in history as the country that accomplished mankind's greatest feat to date. But, like so many other bright parts of the human record, the moon landing was deflated and debased by the cheap shots and noisome negativism of Jewish racists.

Rudolph, now 94, may at least have the comfort of knowing that after his death his name will be remembered as long as the Faustian spirit drives humans further and further into space, while the names of his persecutors and defamers will be confined to a small, lowly footnote in the book of foul play.

Holocaust Backlash

As Jewish terror boils in occupied Palestine, as Zionist leaders boast about their newly invented plastic bullets, which were designed only to wound, but occasionally kill, any American politician with an ounce of decency and a gram of dedication to human rights should take to the stump and denounce such barbarism. Instead, the pols baby their Jewish constituents by proposing new Holocaust memorials and Holocaust Remembrance Days. The latest state to engage in this sordid practice is New Jersey, whose legislators are now considering Assembly Joint Resolution

54, making the first Sunday in April Holocaust Victims Remembrance Day.

The resolution is almost certain to pass. But this time, perhaps for the first time, there has been some organized opposition to Holocaust memorial steamrolling. A group called the Topical Review Committee has mailed the following letter to all of New Jersey's 42 state senators and 82 assemblymen (we refuse to torture the English language by saying assemblypersons):

We are a group of New Jersey citizens who wish to express in no uncertain terms our opposition to AJR 74. Under no circumstances should New Jersey officially memorialize the alleged victims of "The Holocaust." This would be an affront to the known victims of the numerous other holocausts of this century, e.g., the Chinese (60 million victims), Cambodian (2.5 million), Ukrainian (7 million), Russian Kulak (15 million), Ethiopian (2.5 million), among many other genocidal atrocities.

As you may be aware, the facts of the best known holocaust are under intense re-examination right now. According to some sources it seems that there were more likely 200 thousand Jews among the millions of World War II casualties due to normal wartime attrition; not to a purported campaign of systematic extermination.

The time has come to put the events of recent world history in their proper perspective. Please vote against AJR 74 and focus your attention on matters of genuine urgency, such as our automobile insurance crisis.

Instaurationists who wish to congratulate the Topical Review Committee on its unusual courage, and who might wish to give these good people some financial support, can write them at 650 Somerset St., Room A-11, North Plainfield, NJ 07060.

A Question of Numbers

Although the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act has come under severe criticism, that law has produced some beneficial results. Numerous businesses which have been deliberately employing illegal aliens have been fined, some heavily. It cost Ready-Men Inc., a Chicago temporary service company, \$308,000 for hiring illegals, 88 of whom were arrested in the first four months of 1988. Ghulam Bombaywala, a Pakistani owner of a chain of Mexican restaurants, has been hit with a \$10,000 fine. The INS claimed he was the largest employer of illegals in the Houston (TX) area.

Perhaps the most positive note in immigration control in recent times has been the publication in Science magazine (July 15, 1988) of a brilliant article on the problem by Constance Holden. After warning that half the world's immigrants who want to resettle permanently have their eyes on the U.S., the author states the number who arrived and will still arrive in the 1980s may well top the record 8.8 million who came in in the first decade of this century.

Holden tells us that immigrants are now responsible for one-third of the country's annual population growth. Legals are arriving at the rate of 600,000 a year, refugees at 70,000 and illegals in unknown quantities.

Family reunification is the basis for 90% of admissions -- a sort of "chain migration" because the more people arrive, the more relatives they can send for. Soon, the relatives are bringing in their relatives. Although the legal limit for immigrants is 270,000 a year, the family reunification program more than doubles this number.

With 27 million illiterate adults already inhabiting the country,

it's obvious that the present-day 10% immigration component of skilled workers should be greatly increased and the 90% family reunification component severely cut. Relations of illiterates are not likely to reduce the analphabetism that is lowering the U.S. cultural level to ground zero.

One of the more deleterious effects of the immigrant flood is to slow up the technology and research that could stop U.S. dependence on Mexican fieldhands, the greatest single source of illegal immigration. In recent years, the easy availability of such labor has reduced the number of development projects for mechanical orange pickers from 50 to 1. Furthermore, illegal laborers continue to allow the government to "buy off" poor nonwhite citizens with welfare instead of jogging them into looking for job openings.

Holden lays special emphasis on the prediction of David Simcox and Leon Bouvier of the Center for Immigration Studies that half of Mexico's huge work force will be unemployed by the year 2000 and that the population of Caribbean Basin countries, including Colombia, Venezuela and Guyana, will be 320 million in A.D. 2010.

The question is (a question that Holden adumbrates but doesn't really address) will the American Majority sit back and continue to betray the immense work and sacrifices of its forefathers by allowing this once incomparable and unique creation, the United States of America, to go down the drain in front of their very eyes and become uninhabitable for their children and grandchildren?

Looking at the country's present rush to chaos, it's quite possible that this Majority do-nothingness will continue. But when comes the Great Crunch, when Majority members see that the very existence of their families is at stake, when minority members are running amuck in the big cities and turning California, Florida and much of the Southwest into Third World sinkholes -- at that crucial moment, will Majority members still sit back and twiddle their thumbs?

We shall see. But whatever happens, at least we, our children and our grandchildren will be living in very interesting times -- times of gigantic historic convulsions that will portend either a new life or a disreputable death for Americans of Northern European descent and perhaps for Northern Europeans everywhere.

Prof Won't Lie Down

Dr. Allen Towery, associate professor of English at Georgia Southwestern College, was suspended without pay after a female freshman, in a dispute about grades, had complained he had called her a "black bitch" -- not to her face, mind you, but to himself out loud after class. Normally, such a charge, whether true or not, would be enough to destroy Dr. Towery's career or the career of any other teacher or professor.

It makes no difference, of course, whether Towery did or did not utter these buzziest of buzzwords. In these times of minority ascendancy, the presumption of innocence is long gone. Just the accusation is sufficient to prove guilt.

Unlike most Majority members who fall afoul of minority racism, however, Dr. Towery did not slink away into the night, move to another city and spend the rest of his life pumping gas or flipping hamburgers. He actually had the guts and the hubris to fight back -- in the form of a \$250,000 damage suit against Georgia Southwestern College President William H. Capitan and the Georgia Board of Regents. The basis of his suit, according to Towery's lawyer, is that his client's due process rights were violated, that although the faculty committee recommended Towery be reinstated for the fall quarter, Dr. Capitan unilaterally overrode its decision. Moreover, it is charged, he had kept certain evidence favorable to Towery out of sight and hearing of the faculty committee.

Chicago Law

Suppose you were a black Chicagoan and had applied for a job with the Chicago Miniature Lamp Works between 1970 and 1981. If you were turned down, it may have been the result of racial discrimination and you are due some compensation. So says a court ruling obtained by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. But that's only the half of it. Listen to this. The ruling went on to state that *any black who would have applied for such a job had he known about it* may also receive compensation.

If that isn't crazy enough, here's another news item from Chicago that would have given Adam Smith the jitters. As every realtor knows, when a black family, single- or double-headed, moves into a white neighborhood, the price of homes starts nosediving. Since blacks keep crowding into the big cities and proliferating therein and whites keep fleeing from same and not proliferating therein, Chicago pols decided to make it easier for white homeowners to sell and black home buyers to buy (and speed up the white efflux and the black influx) by passing a law that protected the value of homes in areas undergoing racial change. The city would guarantee the difference between the appraised value and the sales price of homes in the neighborhoods under attack.

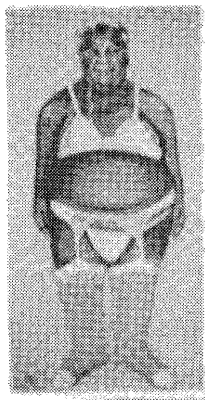
Although blacks would have an easier time of moving into a white neighborhood because whites would be more eager to sell, Eugene Sawyer, Chicago's interim black mayor, vetoed the measure. It was "racist," he asserted, because it gave official recognition to the fact that the arrival of blacks in any white enclave lowered property values.

Black Chicagoans had varying reactions to Sawyer's veto, but they were united in their opposition to a U.S. Dept. of Transportation ruling that lumped female-run businesses into the cherished 10% minority set-asides. Previously, a special 3% set-aside had been put on top of the minority 10% for enterprises owned by women. Since females can be Majority members (even, perish the thought, WASPs!) blacks were up in arms. The comments of Gus Savage, the black Chicago congressman, were relatively restrained compared to what was being said in the smoke-filled rooms in the Chicago City Hall. Said Savage, "I say let white females eat out of their own plates or the plates of white males."

Chicago blacks also stewed over a caricature of the late Mayor Washington. Steve Nelson, an Art Institute graduate student tired of hearing Washington, an income tax dodger, being posthumously deified, drew him in ladies' underwear (the Mayor was rumored to have a penchant for same).



Washington compared to Christ



In skimpy drag

When nine black aldermen found out about it, they stormed into the hall where the picture was hung and carried it away. Instead of protesting, Marshall Field V, the gelatinous president of the Art Institute's Board of Trustees, paid for full-page ads in Chicago papers apologizing for "the distress and concern that the painting caused the community." As a further act of contrition, Field promised that the Art Institute would hire more black administrators and enroll more black students. Field tried to cover over his yellow streak by saying that the aldermen had threatened "attacks on the institute and bombings. . . It was frightening. . . When you introduce that racial element, it takes on a much meaner and ferocious tone."

Rapture Rescinded

The Rapture was scheduled to take place between September 11-13, 1988. That was the timetable devised by a former NASA engineer, Edgar Whisenant, in a book that sold 600,000 copies.

A few God-fearing Americans sold their possessions and waited patiently on the dates specified—and waited and waited. At the last minute Whisenant updated the great day to September 14—without avail.

There were other Whisenant predictions: nuclear war between Russia and the United States would begin at sunrise on October 4 of this year; Judgment Day would roll around in November 1995; and the millennium, the 1,000-year reign of Christ on Earth, would start on December 23, 1995.

Quite a busy calendar of world-shaking events! A truer prediction might be that mankind will die of stupidity by the turn of the century if people like Whisenant are not confined to a loony bin where they can be raptured to their heart's content, but not permitted to peddle their eschatological slop to the public at large.

Judicial Mania

In August the Eighth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Kansas City (MO) upheld a lower court's order nearly doubling the property taxes of some local residents in order to finance the costs of long delayed school desegregation. Whatever happened to "No taxation without representation"? It's obviously become just another of those once revered watchwords that the liberal-minority coalition has managed to erase from the national consciousness.

Freedom of association, though seldom touted as loudly as the other classic freedoms, is just as vital to the national well-being. Thanks to the judiciary (the double entendre is deliberate), it is now on the way out. When Judge Leonard B. Sand, a Jewish jurist who lives securely in an all-white suburban enclave miles away from multiracial Yonkers, couldn't persuade the city fathers to build 1,000 low-cost public housing units in nonblack neighborhoods, he cavalierly started bankrupting the city with fines that began at \$100 a day and doubled each day thereafter. He also fined each of the recalcitrant city councilmen who opposed his ruling \$500 a day and threatened them with jail if they didn't shape up.

An appeals court approved the levies against the councilmen, but put a cap of \$1 million a day on the fines against the city. Meanwhile, New York State's Financial Control Board took over Yonkers' finances and started firing everyone in sight. Under these hammer blows it was impossible for the council to hold out.

Spotting low-cost public housing in a well-kept white neighborhood guarantees that it is only a question of time until the area is turned into a sinkhole of crime and drug trafficking. The value of the whites' homes will fall with a financial thud. One house in the future Yonkers "no-man's land," offered for sale at \$200,000, was quickly reduced to \$125,000 when the owner heard about the council's surrender.

Now that American judges have become so high and mighty they can choose a person's neighbors, how long will it be before they can choose a person's bedmate? But this last and final step in a nation's destruction would probably not give Judge Sand the faintest qualm. His entry in *Who's Who* omits all mention of a wife and family.

In regard to another freedom, freedom of education, 14,000 Yonkers' kids have to spend up to one hour a day being bused to schools outside their own neighborhoods for the purpose of racial balance. At present whites comprise 46% of the student population. Next year it will be less.

Jewish Spies

About 250 Israelis are assigned to their country's military purchasing office in New York City, where they spend their time buying weapons and other war materiel with the \$1.8 billion they get every year free of charge from U.S. taxpayers. Recently the State Dept. has been asked by Yitzhak Shamir's government to grant diplomatic immunity to some 47 members of this mission. In other words, Israel wants to enlarge its spy network, already oversized and already hyperactive, as proved by the Jonathan Pollard case. With diplomatic immunity, a spy can steal secrets, blackmail officials and wiretap to his heart's content, knowing full well that if he gets caught he will escape punishment. The most harm that can come to him is an order to leave the country.

The Justice Dept. and the FBI are vehemently against complying with Israeli demands to augment its espionage network. But the decision is up to the State Dept., which often acts as if it was an Israeli government agency. Time after time the Zionists have violated U.S. export laws in transferring high-tech military equipment and devices to Israel, but little or nothing has been done. One case dates back to July 1986, when eight Israelis were accused of illegally shipping cluster bomb manufacturing tools to the Zionist state. An investigation was undertaken but soon quashed. Another equally serious case, which came to light in November 1987, had to do with smuggling equipment and technology for making chrome-plated cannons. The Connecticut company was fined \$750,000, but the Israeli contrabandists went scot-free.

In May 1985, Richard K. Smyth, an aerospace engineer, was indicted for smuggling 800 krytons, nuclear trigger devices, into Israel. Rather than face trial, Smyth flew the coop, forfeiting \$100,000 bail. Some say he has been murdered by the Mossad because he "knew too much." Others believe that he and his wife, who disappeared with him, are now honored guests of the Israeli government.

Meanwhile, Jonathan Pollard, the one Israeli spy who was nabbed—perhaps because he is a U.S. citizen—is the target of an ever noisier campaign to commute his life sentence and let him go to the land he loves, the land where he is considered a hero. At the same time his wife, Anne Henderson-Pollard, is being written up as a sort of Jewish Joan of Arc. She is in jail for five years for aiding and abetting the renegade work of her husband. If the Rosenbergs, the atom bomb spies, can be rehabilitated by a continuous output of exculpatory books, articles and TV docudramas, why shouldn't the Pollards get the same kind of favorable treatment? Apparently they should. Jewish spies seem to be a special kind of spy, just as Jews seem to be a special kind of people.

Hate Movies

No sooner had *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which portrays Jesus as engaging in animal behavior and having animal thoughts, racked up big box office profits, than the film industry let go another racial blast at whites with *Betrayed*, a hyped-up tale of a gang of brutal Midwestern racists who blithely en-

gage in a "nigger hunt." The story is loosely, most loosely, based on the now extinct Order, some of whose members had been accused of shooting down a viperous Denver talk show host, Alan Berg, a Jew like Larry King and so many other members of this sordid profession.

If this cinematic deluge of minority racism wasn't enough, another celluloid agit-propper, *Running on Empty*, showed up on September silver screens. This one actually had a lot of good things to say about a Marxist couple who blinded a janitor in an attack on a college laboratory at the height of the Vietnam War hoopla.

Kill a Negro and a Jew and its bad medicine. Whites get 150-year sentences for such a crime. Blind a janitor in the course of pushing world revolution and so what. About all you get is 17 years of wandering around the country without even being arrested, though every police officer is supposed to be looking for you. The man responsible for *Betrayed* is the Greek film director, Costa-Gavras, who lives in Paris with his French wife. The producer was Irwin Winkler. The film was distributed by United Artists, whose president is Tony Thomopoulos. Another Greek? The director of the film that glorifies the bombmaker is Sidney Lumet, not another Greek, whose most acclaimed work before *Running on Empty* was *Daniel*, a message movie that tear-jerked for the Rosenbergs, that loving atom spy couple.

Haters of whites and lovers of Jews do face a problem when they go whole hog in making monsters out of Majority members. It's just possible that if they carry their dehumanization too far, they may eventually succeed. And if they succeed, what then? Doesn't a monster make a more deadly and more cruel enemy than a cowed and confused Joe Sixpack?

The real betrayal in *Betrayed* is the betrayal of art by fact twisters like Constantin Costa-Gavras, who calls himself a Sartrean Communist, after the wall-eyed French *philosophe*. Art is subtlety. What Costa-Gavras does in his films is pile propaganda on propaganda. Art heightens and intensifies truth. Costa-Gavras concentrates on the untruth that emerges automatically from hyperbole. Art overcomes man's baser instincts by illuminating them with the brighter flashes of the human spirit. Costa-Gavras relies on the cheap trick of shocking the audience into attention by showing man at his worst—in living color and all-around sound on the giant screen. But evil to the fourth power is only as deep as the screen itself.

Slurs Galore

- Sergeant John Harkins, a Rockville (MD) police officer, while talking to two rookie cops, described local blacks as "niggers" and "coconut heads." These words cost him \$700 in docked pay and 40 hours of indoctrination in "human relations."

- A black tenant complained to the Fairfax County (VA) Human Rights Commission that a white tenant had been yelling racial insults at her and threatening her with her dog. The Commission ordered the owners of the apartment complex to pay \$10,000 to the offended woman for failure to "provide a housing environment free of racist harassment."

- National Geographic (July 1988) ran an article which used "redneck" as an adjective to describe the folks who live in the Georgia city of Smyrna. Erla Zwingle, not a Georgian, but a New Yorker, was the author. When the Smyrna Historical Association asked the National Geographic to apologize, it got nowhere.

- A high Department of Education official, Deputy Undersecretary Bruce Carnes, was asked to resign by black Democratic Congressman Augustus Hawkins after the Wall Street Journal quoted him as saying a crackdown on student loans would hurt black colleges most. "It's possible," Carnes explained, "their student bodies contain a high level of thieves."