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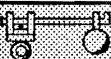
JANUARY 1997

El Máximo Líder

White
Renegade
of
the
Year



The Safety Valve



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

My vote for Majority Renegade of the Year goes to Jack Kemp, if he can win it again. Otherwise I suggest a triumvirate of New York Italian-American pols: Mayor Rudy (Death's Head) Giuliani; Half-Hungarian, half-Italian George (Horse's Face) Pataki; Senator Al (Horse's Ass) D'Amato. Their services to Jewry and against their Aryan constituents have been numerous. That their Italian constituents alone haven't risen up against them in a re-run of the Sicilian Vespers or tossed horse's heads in their beds is a sign of how out of joint these times are.

070

My candidates for Majority Renegade of the Year include the following: Bob Dole, William Bennett and Jack Kemp.

209

I nominate Texaco Chairman Peter Bijur for Majority Renegade of the Year.

087

No one has ever caved in so cravingly and so humiliatingly to Jesse Jackson's blackmail tactics than Texaco President Peter Bijur. If Bijur isn't Majority Renegade of the Year, at the very least he should be runner-up.

677

I hereby nominate Jack Kemp for Majority Renegade of the Year. My second choice is Ralph Reed for selling out Pat Buchanan and sucking up to Jews and Jigs. Governor Christie Whitman would

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qualify for nomination, except for the fact that she's a dingbat.

182

N.Y. Mayor Giuliani boasts of becoming a "national spokesman" for illegal immigrants' rights. Majority Renegade of the Year?

799

My tears for Texaco are sparse because of the company's lavish support of Hispanic racist groups, La Raza, MALDEF and LULAC. Will we ever learn to say no? There is some justice, however. The fink who went public with the tape has been charged with obstruction of justice.

970

It is time for whites to organize SPONGE (Society for the Prevention of Negroes Getting Everything).

190

In a big splurge of advertising Michael Jordan has introduced his new cologne (\$35 for 3.4 ounces). I don't know if it's for men or women, but dis be one mama who ain' gwine find out.

833

The oxymoron of the year: "I'm dreaming of a white Kwanzaa!"

090

What a public spectacle at the UN a few weeks ago. Madeleine Albright, wriggling her blubbery body to the rhythm of the macarena. Reminds me of Yeltsin going into a clownish jig before the Russian elections. Comportment, please.

781

I heard that in Indian and Pakistani culture the house is considered rich when it has plenty of cockroaches. That's why they don't kill those pests. I also heard stories about Indians making gardens in apartments, actually bringing in a few hundred pounds of dirt and spreading it in one of the rooms and watering it. When I first heard this I dismissed it as nonsense and somehow never had the nerve to ask some Asian Indian about it, even though I know a few. But by now I've heard each of those stories from a good half-dozen reliable sources.

Canadian subscriber

Have you ever noticed that the most glib and obnoxious women on TV closely resemble birds of prey? Examples: Elean-

or Clift on McLaughlin's laugh-in; Geraldine Ferraro, expert interrupter on CNN's *Crossfire*; Pat Schroeder, top obstructionist to right-wing reforms; Christine Whitman, liberal Republican governor of New Jersey. They all have one thing in common. They want to boil us all down to one gray, slavish mush of humanity where everyone behaves and thinks the same—a system that led the Russians to utter disaster.

065

The phenomenon of a person wanting to abase and degrade himself is familiar to abnormal psychology, but it is unprecedented for it to infect an entire (white) race!

331

Mexico is considering a new law calling for the expulsion of foreigners who do not respect Mexican customs.

788

When Ike lied about U-2 pilot Gary Powers, it was a scandal. Many if not most people then presumed presidents and governments normally did not lie. Clinton has lowered the standard to the point where truth is accidental.

244

It was interesting to read about the frantic efforts of Jeffrey Maas, New Jersey state director of the Anti-Defamation League, to censor Holocaust revisionists on the Internet. If Shoah story-tellers had real evidence to back up their cause,

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why do they need to resort to censorship in order to silence their opposition? We should be wary of the likes of Maas or we may soon have a speech control law similar to the one in Germany, where the most prurient pornography is given free rein while political speech is severely restricted.

070

I have written the following letter to Peter Bijur, CEO of Texaco:

I have destroyed and am returning the remains of both of my Texaco credit cards because of the total lack of sensitivity your corporation has shown towards whites. Because a Texaco executive said "St. Nicholas" and "jelly beans" and derided Kwanzaa, a celebration dreamed up by a black felon, you have publicly adopted a policy which will cause Texaco's white workers to work for 10% less pay than blacks for the next five years, simply because of the color of their skin. Isn't this the very height of racial discrimination?

087

Al Gore on *Meet the Press* insisted with a straight face that the Clinton administration is the most ethical in history!

803

The article "Monkey Business" (Nov. 1996) reminds me of the zoo in Houston. The local denizens have abused the monkeys with so many razor blades, laxatives, valium and pep pills and miscellaneous poisons that glass walls have been erected to protect the primates from the shoed variety on the outside.

775

As Ted Turner found out, it is virtually impossible to compare Jews or the Holocaust to anything else. However carefully you phrase it, however dire the subject of comparison, you're sure to get in trouble with the Holocaust police.

111

Whites worldwide are no better situated than was the white minority in South Africa. They have no more will to survive and will meet the same fate.

697

Instauration properly speaks of the peril facing whites. White racial champions should act from a sense of urgency. Black and Hispanic numbers are soaring, their power is growing, they are intermarrying with whites at an alarming rate and their crimes stink to heaven. Who besides Instauration speaks for white

America? What will we bemused whites do? Will we save ourselves?

120

Right now Hillary is polishing her crystal ball. Advice from Eleanor on how to remain permanently in the White House may be coming through loud and clear!

700

In the vast lobby of the Upper East Side apartment building where I hold sway as concierge and which the Zoo City Board of Elections has designated as a polling place, the first four voters to arrive on November 5—even before the police—were all Chosenites. One was a rabbi!

113

Hutus vs. Tutsis, Xhosas vs. Zulus. There's hardly an African country where ethnic groups do not delight in butchering each other.

330

Kritarchy is the Greek word for rule by judges. Boy are we ever living in one!

929

The issue facing the U.S. is who in the coming civil conflict will take control of the weapons of mass destruction?

169

If we are to believe the media, the most simian black male is irresistible to blondes. In *Showgirls*, nude dancer Nomi falls for an ugly black parking lot attendant, only to lose him to an even sexier blonde eager to bear his child. A recent Luxottica eye-glass ad describes a black as "a great looking guy," then cuts to an admiring white woman.

910

You ran a branch of the Gulag under Stalin? Hey, these things happen! Count on a sympathetic interview with Larry King. But if as a pre-teen you put up a Hitler poster, even as a dart board, cleaning toilets is too good for you!

511

The blacks' latest "contribution" to high fashion: underpants showing above trousers.

225

General Wilhelm Keitel, the last chief of the WWII Germany Army, is frequently criticized by historians as a "political general" and for not standing up to Hitler. Perhaps. But what about America's current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? General Shilly-Shally will do any-

thing to keep from losing his rank and to prevent the media bloodhounds from reminding the public of his father's connection to the Waffen-SS. He is the perfect Clinton appointee.

113

The N.Y. Post calls the Texaco affair "Corporate America's wake-up call." I say let's make it "white America's wake-up call." Boycott Texaco like the blacks are doing and show those oilmen where the clout really is.

724

St. Petersburg (FL) is the latest city to burn. These savages are angry at the grand jury's failure to indict the white policeman who shot a black felon. The savages commit arson, assault and shoot policemen and their leaders can indulge in extortion, all with impunity. Instead of punishing these sub-humans, we give them make-work jobs, increased monetary grants and promotions in return for "peace." Instead of deploying troops to Africa for pacifying and feeding the savages over there, we should send troops to our inner cities to subdue the home-grown mobs.

324

Majority members who are courageous, mentally alert and loyal to their race must never entertain the thought that their defeat is inevitable. Such thinking will only guarantee their paralysis and defeat.

741

I for one am fed up with hollow slogans such as "Immigrants enrich America" and "Diversity is our strength." Imagine some Haitian waking up and proclaiming, "Hey, mon, I got to go to America and enrich those poor folks. I also question the benefits of diversity. If it is so good, why is it outlawed in Israel?

724

Instauration is now into its 21st year and it's again time to express our appreciation in printed word to all our subscribers who have been so diligent in their support. Please double your efforts to keep those clippings, acerbic missives and informative articles coming in. Those of you who have been able to add a bit extra to your subscription price have also helped to make Instauration thrive. So to one and all, our sincerest thanks.

Up to now *Instauration's* Majority Renegades of the Year have all been Americans. There is no reason why this should continue. In many ways whites in other countries do as much harm to our race as native proditors. Accordingly we welcome our first non-American Renegade of the Year—Fidel Castro.

White Renegade of the Year

Fidel Castro came to power on January 1, 1959, right after dictator Fulgencio Batista fled to Miami with several suitcases stuffed with hated Yankee dollars. One of Fidel's first acts was to rail against the evils of racism. Racial separation, somewhat less rigid than that practiced in the U.S. but real just the same, had been an enduring Spanish colonial custom. This Caribbean rendition of Jim Crow had been strengthened and formalized by those Negrophobic gringos who had called the shots in Cuba for so long. Don Fidel was determined to end it.

Race treason most definitely did not run in Castro's family. His father, Angel Castro, was a Spanish immigrant from Galicia, the poor, misty, god-forsaken province at the northwest tip of Spain. It is a Celtic land, never captured by the Moors. The people are from the same stock as the Scots, Irish and Bretons. They even conserve the bagpipe as their regional musical instrument.

Angel Castro had been a Spanish soldier in the Cuban War of Independence, a war that ended in 1898 with American intervention. Fidel's father later returned from Spain and became a wealthy landowner. He was known in Oriente Province as a hard, crafty, cunning man, not above moving the fence posts on his neighbor's land at midnight. Angel, who never went anywhere without his silver-handled whip, which he used liberally on the Jamaican, Haitian and Cuban blacks who worked his land, married a Cuban woman born of Galician parents from a village near his ancestral home. (Claims that Fidel Castro is a mulatto are made only by people who have never met him. He is a full-blooded northern Spaniard.)

Cubans fought long and hard for their independence. It was American meddling that helped set in motion events that led to the installation of a pestiferous Marxist-Leninist regime in the Pearl of the Antilles. Though primly glossed over, there was more than a tad of black racism in the drive for an independent Cuba. Oriente Province, where most of the fighting started, was a wild, largely unsettled place in the 19th century, the home of descendants of runaway slaves. Genetic selection had concentrated a large number of violent, resentful, intractable Negroes in Oriente's Afro-Cuban population. The type is familiar to students of New World slave revolts.

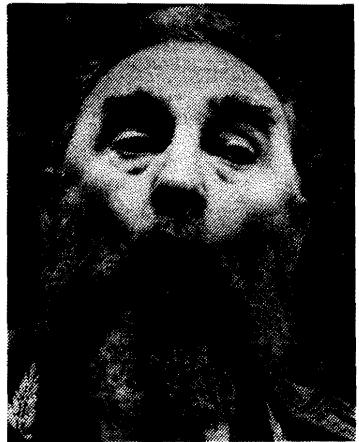
We all know—or should know—what kinds of leaders the Negro race throws up: Jean-Jacques Dessalines, Nat Turner, Papa Doc Duvalier, Idi Amin and Jean-Bedel Bokassa, the late cannibalistic Emperor of the Central African Republic. The Cuban political milieu was heavily sprinkled with such paleos, though few had pretensions to anything more than a brute desire for power and a hatred for whites. These men especially disliked the members of the

elite that had at one time called for the annexation of Cuba to the U.S. and supported close cooperation with the Yankee Colossus. They were well aware that the closer Cuba was tied to the U.S., the stronger would be the position of the white Cuban elite and the weaker would be the position of the browns and blacks, who would be locked forever in the lowly caste of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Coming from Oriente Province, with his head full of tales of derring-do by dusky Cuban warriors, surrounded on his father's farm by black laborers who no doubt soft-soaped him to curry favor with his father (remember that silver-handled whip!), Fidel Castro was predisposed to consider Cuban blacks as friends and allies. Just as the Cuban upper class had in earlier years looked to American Southerners as their natural friends and allies to protect them from their own black slaves.

From the day he seized power Castro lent his authority and prestige to any and all efforts to stimulate race-mixing in Cuban society. There is and was a heavy—and ugly—sexual strain in the Cuban Revolution. Part of the impulse comes from Fidel Castro's desire to wreak revenge on the mostly white Cuban upper class, stripping them of land, wealth, power and, at least in theory, the ability to protect their virginal daughters from the horny-handed grasp of black sugarcane cutters. The antiwhite motive of the Castroites needs no explaining. It is the same motive that drove the Haitian revolutionaries of the late 18th century—a seething hatred of all whites, though in contemporary Cuba the hatred is now given a Marxist fig leaf to disguise the naked racial aspects of Castro's rule. Fidel himself is the perfect example of a white race traitor who saw his best chance for power was to throw in his lot with the black rabble. Such renegades are not rare in history.

Castro preaches a non-racial, Marxist, nationalist crusade, to rid Cuban society of *gusanos*, his term for pro-American Cubans. Castro is not, however, crazy or stupid. He knows perfectly well that a Cuba run by Negroes would soon transform the island into another Haiti. Consequently he keeps all manifestations of a separate Afro-Cuban culture under stern control. Cuban blacks must support Castro for what he, even though a white man, has done for them. If they don't support him, they are ungrateful wretches who need to cut sugarcane on a bread-and-water diet for 20 years.



The case of the Cuban exiles is simple. Ninety percent are Latin whites or near white, though the percentage of the latter has been falling alarmingly. The Cuban elites are all perfectly aware of the racial scoop on the Cuban Revolution, but prefer not to mention it. After all, they arrived in America at the time of the civil rights movement. As refugees from communism, they were welcomed. Had they washed up on the beach screaming that a horde of blacks had seized control of their country, liberaldom would have frozen them out. That some of these refugees have now adopted an anti-Majority stance is really an outrage. After we saved them from death or worse at the hands of their black "fellow Cubans," they have repaid us in many instances by making common political cause with the worst anti-Majority elements.

U.S. relations with Cuba have been based on geopolitical considerations, business factors and national security. We reacted strongly, as we should have, to the seizure of a nearby country by a gang of pseudo-white leftists and radical Negroes. If Cuba was a threat to our security during the Cold War, when for a while it became a sort of Communist plantation of the Kremlin, it is now a worse threat. The collapse of the Castro regime will let loose a veritable flood of black Cubans, now penned up by Castro's security forces. Think about a Haiti, just as poor, but twice as large and 90 miles from Key West.

Cuban blacks have enjoyed every benefit Castro could possibly give them. Racism has been stamped out and "discrimination" is a thing of the past. Castro's proudest boast is his education system. By now, with two generations under his belt, he should have built a nation of black *Übermenschen*. The facts, sad to say, are different.

From the first the blacks have been the foundation of

the Cuban Revolution, but in the entire history of the Castro regime only two people who could reasonably be considered black have reached the highest rank. One, Blas Roca, is an oldline Communist, kept there by Castro as window-dressing. The other is Juan Almeida, a Stepin Fetchit type who accompanied Castro on his initial landing in Cuba in 1956, the celebrated cruise of the *Granma*. Almeida has been regularly trotted out as a token Negro over the past four decades.

As for the others, the majority of the Cuban population, we haven't heard much from them, if you discount baseball players and the mulattas dancing at the Tropicana Club.

Given literally every advantage, Cuban blacks have not been able to make any discernible gains, for obvious reasons. They do not pack the mental gear. Not even a tyrant like Fidel Castro can change that. You want to know why the U.S. is a powder keg? Look no farther than the insane efforts by the liberals and their minority allies to do what Castro failed to do. No amount of coercion, federal, state or local, will bring us to the promised land of equality.

The long rule of Fidel Castro has been a fantastic disaster for Cuba and for America. A relatively prosperous (if obstreperous) Latin country ruled by a mostly white elite with strong ties to the U.S. has been turned into a ruined tropical slum, ruled by a megalomaniac hanging on to power by his blood-stained fingernails. After Fidel will come the deluge. The Cuban economy resembles Hiroshima at Ground Zero minutes after we dropped the Big One. When Fidel goes down the spout, there will be millions of desperate, hungry Negroes just a hop, skip and a jump away across the Florida Straits. We can only place our faith in their genetic aversion to swimming and floating.

N.B. FORREST

Jailhouse Jungle

A friend who works as a deputy sheriff at the Bexar County Jail in San Antonio recently informed me of just what goes on in that human zoo. Built to hold 1,300 inmates, at one time last year it housed 4,300. Some 70% are Hispanic, 25% African, 5% Anglo. The place is truly frightening. The blacks and browns despise each other and never miss the opportunity to bash and slash. In 1993 a miniwar erupted in the cafeteria. Although a dozen or so inmates wound up in the infirmary, the authorities kept the insurrection so quiet it barely made the back pages of the local rag. It was the culmination of a simmering feud between black and Hispanic gangs. As gang members rushed at each other with forks and anything else they could lay hands on, whites scurried for cover. No white was attacked.

Gringo inmates try to remain as inconspicuous as possible and walk a fine line between the Congoids and Mestizoids. About a dozen are Aryan Brotherhood members. Because they're so ferocious in protecting their own kind, they are usually left alone. Since the Afros and Mexicanos know these honkies will form a ring and fight to the death if provoked, a kind of uneasy truce prevails. Young whites are protected by the "old hands" as long as they stand up for themselves and don't take any unnecessary guff. If they show themselves to be gutless or, worse, collaborators—unworthy of being white—they're considered honorary muds and are tossed to the werewolves.

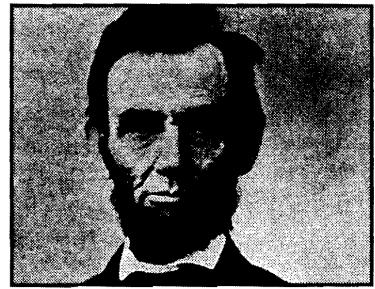
The first week my friend worked at the jail seven Mexicans, a few of whom spoke not a word of English, surrounded

an 18-year-old inmate, a member of a rival Hispanic gang. The Mexicans had no weapons. Four of them held the unfortunate punk's arms, the other three strangled him standing up.

My friend refers to all these subhumans as the "scrapings of the sewage pipe." He admits he is still appalled at the depths of depravity to which humans can sink. "I only wish every white liberal in the world could be forced to spend one week in this place," he says wistfully. "The liberals are the ones who created this mess for us, yet they almost never come face to face with it in all its naked savagery. One week in here—just one—and they'd come out screaming and tearing their hair, foaming at the mouth and demanding a hundred executions a month."

782

Who is this guy?



Some Further Words About Lincoln

The first of these columns ("Deep Politics," August 1996) has aroused anger for allegedly lionizing Lincoln. Or rather, it was the very specter of "Honest Abe" that incensed Zip 224 ("Deep Politics Not So Deep," November 1996). The "American Nation" championed here, based on blood and heritage and independent of any specific American polity, could scarcely be more different than the egalitarian, abolitionist democracy invoked by Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. The introductory "Deep Politics," for all its rolling periods and sesquipedalia, was neither so deep nor so opaque that a reasonably careful reading should have missed its point.

Abraham Lincoln will do this to people, even sentient members of America's shrinking Majority. The prairie politician is undeniably the protagonist of 19th-century America's tragic epic. He saved the Union; he crushed the South; he suffered a becomingly theatrical end. He continues, in all his diverse incarnations, to be immoderately venerated, by the many, and execrated, by a few.

That Lincoln can stand for different things to different persons has only deepened his mythos. Like a heathen deity, Lincoln is invoked in a medley of (sometimes contradictory) manifestations: thus Lincoln the Christian, Lincoln the free-thinker, the hater of war, the master strategist, the pro-capitalist, the social democrat, whatever you like.

Like other cults, that of Lincoln has its pragmatic side. While its keepers do not precisely petition Lincoln for favors, as pagan votaries sacrificed to Neptune for a safe voyage, Lincoln cultists have enlisted the numinous power of the "Great Emancipator" in the furtherance of numerous mundane ends. Politicians, preachers, entertainers, propagandists of every sort have enlisted this or that Lincoln avatar—patron of the Republican Party, pitchman for social and racial equality, salesman for every conceivable product—with results no other American politician can match.

There have long been race-conscious white Americans who have sought, not to blacken Lincoln as the Negroes' partisan, but to exploit his godhead by whitewashing him as above all a racialist who hankered to ship the newly emancipated slaves back to Africa.

Recently, however, Lincoln has been losing favor among American racialists. Among these Majority anti-Lincolnites, there are roughly two tendencies, one which revises Lincoln, the other which diabolizes him.

Which view of Lincoln currently held by Majorityites comes closest to Lincoln as he was, and as his actions affected the interests of whites here and abroad? Which Lincoln—Machiavellian question—better serves the interests

of the American Nation?

This writer is not a Lincoln scholar, nor disposed to offer a reading list or a clutter of citations. Nevertheless the balance of the historical evidence, it seems clear, is that Lincoln was not the Great White Hope. A careful study of his rhetoric on the Negro question reveals that he was not a biological racialist. Analyzing the record of his presidency reveals a steadily rising curve of abolitionist achievement from the arming of more than 100,000 freedmen as Union troops to tentative steps towards black enfranchisement. As for Lincoln's much ballyhooed repatriation, it was only to be voluntary. Hardly anyone wanted to go. Altogether the effort was so feeble that one can wonder whether it was merely a Potemkin program to placate white negrophobes.

Lincoln's Majority critics are right to point out that he was the enemy of secession and thus of any right to self-determination for the South. Believer that the Declaration of Independence encompassed blacks, centralizer of state power, ruthless repressor of dissent, one of the founding fathers of modern total war—Lincoln was all these things, but that he was "the historical and political progenitor of today's . . . white genocide" seems only a heated opinion.

That this last description be true would seem to require several conditions. First, that there were no prior white fratricides or genocides. Next, that previously no white nation had made cause with blacks or other nonwhites against other whites—easily disproved by re-reading certain grievances of the Declaration of Independence or by recalling British conduct in South Africa prior to the Boers' Great Trek. Finally, that the Civil War and the post-Lincoln Reconstruction entrained an unbroken series of antiwhite policies in the U.S. and elsewhere, which even a cursory reading of our history disproves.

Some further questions relevant to a judgment on the degree of Lincoln's noxiousness: Was the South without responsibility in the secession crisis? Would what befell the South's Congoid chattels—minus Reconstruction—have been much different over the following century, had the South won the war? And would the Confederacy have evolved into much more than a North American Brazil, except for a more explicit "color line" (which was of course enforced, with few exceptions, soon after the Southern defeat)?

The calculating, genocidal Lincoln seems ahistorical. Reading Lincoln as the embodiment of ideological hostility to an American Nation based on blood, rather than equality, has much to justify it. Not for nothing was Honest Abe chosen as the counterpoint to the view of America advanced in "Deep Politics."

As for employing either "Back-to-Africa" Abe to drum-beat for racialism to the broader public, or a "Black Republican" Lincoln to proselytize for a new secession, neither seems useful. The first won't play. These days white "racism" is one of the few things that not even "Honest Abe" can peddle. And, while "Evil Abe" may play among a handful of Southern whites, and help further aggrandize the "Glorious Cause" among their number, the species of particularism this serves seems outdated and wrong. Why? Certainly not for moral reasons, but because the antebellum South, or even the pre-1954 South, is not to be resuscitated.

The issue today is how to salvage the, or a, white nation in America. Unless there is compelling evidence for the imminent possibility of a successful secession, devolution or the like, splitting the white population along sec-

tional lines seems counterproductive.

The white race has been a history-minded race. It invented history, and has brought the study of history more closely to perfection than any other race. In the present crisis we will jettison our historical objectivity, whether in exchange for self-absorption in perfervid sentiment or for huckstering out of a specious pragmatism, to our peril.

The American tragedy is in any case diminished if Lincoln was merely the dastard in a melodrama. Certainly the South suffered, and its wounds are evident to this day. But suffering is more profitable if it brings knowledge as well as experience. Lincoln taught the Confederates the difference between a war and a duel. Lincoln can teach today's white Majority the difference between the United States of America and the American Nation.

MORIARTY

The Olympics were a big flopperoo!

Atlanta Has Gone with the Wind

With few exceptions, true Southerners detest Atlanta. "The City Too Busy To Hate" is a city too insecure and nouveau riche to have any pride in its Southern heritage. The city fathers work overtime to erase any trace of the Old South and, God forbid, the Confederacy. A hive of Northerners, deracinated Southerners, Negroes and immigrants, legal and illegal, Atlanta is another urban sinkhole that has fallen into the hands of a black majority government, with drearily predictable results. For most Georgians, the state would have been better off if Atlanta had not been rebuilt after old Billy Sherman sacked and burned it to the ground in 1864.

It must be grudgingly admitted, however, that Atlanta is far and away the most important city in the South. Georgia's capital has become a high-tech lodestone, a major transportation hub and a hot-to-trot educational center. BellSouth and Coca-Cola are just two of the huge companies headquartered there. The economy has remained strong for years and, except for the center city, it is not a bad place to live, as American cities go. What is bad about Atlanta is Atlantans, those at the top and those at the bottom.

At the bottom you have the usual shoddy group. At the top things are more interesting but, if anything, more depressing. The city is governed by a madcap gang of incompetent black pols, with a few Toms at the top shined up and dressed in new suits to keep the FBI away. The rest of the pack could have stepped out of Amos 'n' Andy.

It is in the suburbs, however, that the rancid flavor of Atlanta is to be savored. There the roost is ruled by a typical Southern oligarchic elite. Anyone who went to a Southern university knows the type. The froth of lawyers, busi-

nessmen, doctors and politicians has one goal: not to be considered Southerners by the Northeastern elites they ape. At the same time, they like to pretend to act like cartoon Southerners. They make a big deal out of drinking mint juleps out of silver goblets, hold tailgate parties at college football games and brag about the local cuisine. A daring few even practice their drawls, but on the q.t. Who wants to be seen as a hick or, horrors of horrors, a cracker? Not one of these gentlemen, however, would stand up for traditional Southern values. Should a hulking, 300-lb. black defensive tackle from Georgia State want to date their blonde daughter? Well, times are a-changing!

The true colors of these trucklers were revealed during the runup to the Atlanta Olympics. The Country Club Southerners have a positive terror of being identified in any way with the Lost Cause. It is only one step from that to being called a...racist! That label, it need not be stated, is social, political and economic suicide.

Flag Controversy

The Georgia state flag includes a Confederate battle flag, placed there in the 1950s to counter the growing anti-Southern climate in the country at large and to honor the Confederate dead, who had given their all to defend Georgia against the plundering and destruction by the Union Army.

The blacks and the Country Club set were all a-flutter over the Georgia flag. They thought that it would "send the wrong signal" to the folks coming for the Olympics. In a dastardly, underhanded fashion they tried to sneak through a law changing the flag. They woke a sleeping giant.

Outrage rolled from the Georgia hills to the swamps on the Florida line, from the Alabama border to the Atlantic. Georgians were prepared to tolerate Yankees, foreigners, uppity blacks and even their own homegrown scalawags, but tearing down the flag was a step too far! Governor Zell Miller, whose great-grandfather had fought under the Starry Cross, smelled the coffee and deftly switched sides. The effort to change the flag collapsed, to the despair of the blow-dried Brooks Brothers blowhards on the Atlanta Olympics Committee, who forgot that foreign visitors did not want to come to a homogenized, cookie-cutter strip mall and McDonald's America. They might have been taken aback had they seen darkies in the fields chopping cotton, but they most certainly did want to see some reminders of the Old South. *Gone With The Wind* is not the biggest movie of all time for nothing. The dolts in Atlanta did not understand this. These pitiful poseurs thought they would put on the dog and show these foreigners that they were just as hip and sophisticated as Nigerians and Fiji Islanders.

Majority members don't need to try to be sophisticated or cool. We just need to be ourselves. Had Atlantans relaxed and tried to act like normal people, they would have been ahead of the game. They blew it.

Though not generally known, the Atlanta Olympics very nearly collapsed into total chaos. And that was before the bomb. Having believed their own liberal gobbledegook, Atlantans hired ghetto blacks to carry out an intricate transportation plan and perform a thousand and one other vital support functions. The Country Club boys were left gaping with open-mouthed astonishment when the inevitable happened. Black welfare queens didn't show up

for work, didn't know how to read a map or follow simple instructions. The Olympic bus transport system quickly began to resemble a Three Stooges routine.

Computers crashed, food couldn't be delivered, or if it was, it was practically inedible. The bicycle track was unfavorably compared to those used in now defunct East Germany. Traffic jams were massive and, in the Southern heat, unbearable for Europeans. Crass and tactless American jingoism offended touchy foreigners. The glut and blight of unrestrained Yankee commercialism lay like a clammy, grasping hand over everything. I am sure that even the toilet paper had a "sponsor." The Games were a perfect example of late 20th-century American capitalism, liberalism and trash-culture run wild. The seamy, drug-ridden, sex-obsessed tone of everyday American life was abhorrent to every visitor.

The Atlanta Olympics, as the saying goes, now belong to the ages. The Country Clubbers are muttering and blubbering in their beer, mortified that they flubbed their big chance to become an "international city" filled with "international" people. With a creeping sense of horror they imagine that the Ivy League Yankees and Manhattan Jews they so admire are snickering at them. What they don't understand is that the New York-Hollywood axis always snickered at them and always will. Real Southerners don't trouble themselves to court the favor, admiration or company of their mortal enemies.

As for Atlanta being the city too busy to hate, just wait until the boys recover, get back to their country clubs and start handing out the blame for their Olympic-sized turkey. There will be hate to spare.

N.B. FORREST

JUDSON HAMMOND'S BESTSELLER LIST

The Last Temptation of Weiss—Wall Street Chosenite can't resist the urge to indulge in just one more stock swindle.

Willies of the Field—Heartfelt, heart-warming tale of black field-hands in the Old South.

The Russian Jews Are Coming!—Post-Cold War comedy about immigrant gangsters in Brighton Beach.

Tallis in Wonderland—Devout Jewish businessman opens a topless bar with hilarious results.

Where the Coys Are—Romantic comedy about Jewish boys who sneak away from their summer camp in the Catskills to meet shikses at a restricted country club.

Birth of a Haitian—Inspiring tale of a pregnant Haitian woman and her desperate journey on a raft to make sure her illegitimate baby is born on American soil.

Waiting to Inhale—Grim, nightmarish tale of a white man trapped on a minority-packed bus on a hot summer day when the air conditioning goes on the fritz.

Adam's Yid—Gentile lawyer marries Jewess lawyer and the two wind up at loggerheads on a civil rights case.

Drums Along the Homohawk—60 savages bypass comely pioneer women while raping their husbands and sons.

Honey, I Shrunk the Yids—Gentile scientist comes up with a novel plan to minimize Jewish influence.

The Gropes of Roth—Jewish boss can't resist the urge to make passes at his shiksa employees.

Where Siegels Dare—Nail-biting thriller about blond American Jewish family that volunteers to go under cover in Nazi Germany.

Three Groins in the Fountain—Three homosexual tourists go trolling for Latin lovers in the Eternal City.

The Tex-Mex Chainsaw Massacre—Mexican restaurant owner slaughters Anglo customers, grinds them up and makes them the secret ingredient in his tamales.

African-American Graffiti—Nostalgic coming-of-age comedy about black youths discovering the joy of graffiti when spray-paint cans are first introduced into the marketplace.

Every Which Way But Noose—Laugh-crammed comedy about Judge Lynch and the extracurricular form of justice that bears his name.

The Unsinkable Divine Brown—fatuous comedy about a black hooker who finds herself a household word after a brief tryst with a British movie star.

(to be continued)

The Quest for Historical Accuracy

On a picturesque Sunday afternoon last September, a dozen individuals converged on the Polo India Club, a quaint café in Washington, D.C., to meet British historian David Irving. Since it was a rare opportunity to obtain an autographed copy of what could arguably be Irving's best work to date, *Goebbels: Mastermind of the Third Reich*, I contacted the host of the event and was promptly invited.

The meeting place, a small sunlit banquet room overlooking several boutiques along Connecticut Ave., was an ideal spot to engage Irving in a wide-ranging discussion of his life's work as a maverick historian. Catered with wine and Indian cuisine, this informal get-together generated several candid exchanges with the 58-year-old Brit. Among other topics, Irving discussed: his publishing difficulties with St. Martin's Press, his pending libel suits in Britain (one with Deborah Lipstadt), the unpublished memoirs of Albert Speer and the infamous *Hitler Diaries*.

Irving's status as a first-rate scholar stems in part from his personal demeanor—always remaining above the fray. "You only get one reputation in life," he reflected. "I've spent three-quarters of my life building such a reputation and I plan to spend the remaining quarter using it." Like myself, most of those in attendance seemed to appreciate the chance to spend an afternoon with Irving. Most, but not all.

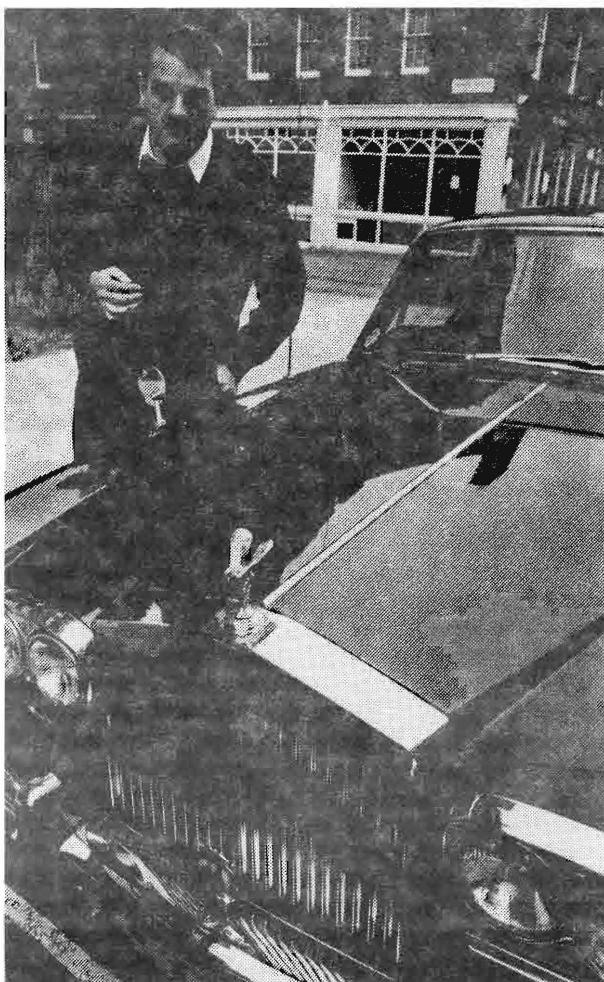
Shortly after arriving, I noticed two younger guests, graduate students in history at Georgetown University, who appeared to be uncomfortable and out of place. Artificial and insincere were the most appropriate words to describe their enthusiasm for Irving's work. Considering their graduate-level education, both seemed to be dim bulbs who shared one thing in common: distinguishing ethnic features of the Talmudic tribe.

Jacob Heilbrunn's scurrilous account of the gathering, which later showed up in the *New Republic*, merely confirmed my initial perception. His motives for excoriating the British historian were fueled by ethnocentric passions. His sole intention for selectively paraphrasing and crudely misquoting Irving and his guests in the *New Republic* article was to portray Irving in the ugliest manner possible. By manipulating innuendo and flagrant exaggerations, Heilbrunn transformed a civilized luncheon into a gathering of fanatic sociopaths.

The views that Heilbrunn attributes to Irving are excellent examples of how statements can be grossly distorted when taken out of context. The maligned historian believes the London-based Jewish Board of Deputies was largely responsible for much of his recent troubles. Heilbrunn brings this up without mentioning why Irving be-

lieves there is an orchestrated campaign to derail his work. Irving also claims to have documented evidence of the JBD's role in his deportation from Canada during the Zündel trial. He is equally confident that organized Jewish pressure heavily influenced St. Martin's to cancel the publishing of his Goebbels biography in the U.S. (The *N.Y. Times* reported that the publishing company's staffers received death threats prior to the decision to abandon his book.)

Heilbrunn notes that Irving in personally promoting the English edition of his book in the U.S. was "arranging his books for sale across from a framed self-portrait by Hitler he had brought for the occasion." It's true Irving "lugged" his tome around the country, but only after the American edition had been trashed. The display of Hitler's boyhood sketch was merely one more proof of Irving's knack for acquiring scarce authentic documents.



Irving in more properous times

Irving's Objectivity

In his biography of the Nazi propaganda chief, Irving made several revealing observations about Goebbels that were less than flattering, remarks that Heilbrunn carefully failed to mention. More than once Heilbrunn reveals his own shallow understanding of history. By noting that "scholars are constantly wrangling over every conceivable aspect of Germany [sic] history," the New Republic scribbler argues that Auschwitz, as a "symbol of human evil," stands in the way of revisionists who try to "sweep the shards under the rug and attempt to start with a fresh mold." Heilbrunn also tries to discredit Irving's work by citing the research of other prominent historians in order to distinguish honorable iconoclastic scholars like John Charmley from "disreputable" historians like Irving. Heilbrunn might be surprised to know that among the 42 works that Charmley cites in *Churchill: The End of Glory*, as being the "most useful" in WWII research is *Churchill's War: The Struggle for Power* by David Irving.

Heilbrunn's treatment of Irving's biography of Goebbels leaves one wondering if he actually read it. Goebbels' personal flaws are repeated time and again.

Irving's editor at St. Martin's, who vigorously defended the book, read it seven times, unlike the pusillanimous Thomas McCormack, the publisher who scrubbed it after one evening's perusal. Most reviews in the British press, some by distinguished historians, have been quite favorable. Gordon Craig, an acclaimed expert on WWII and the Hitler era, writes in the New York Review of Books:

Silencing Mr. Irving would be a high price to pay for freedom from the annoyance that he causes us. . . . [H]e knows more about National Socialism than most professional scholars in his field, and students of the years 1933-1945 owe more than they are always willing to admit to his energy as a researcher and to the scope and vigor of his publications. . . . Similarly, his book *Hitler's War* . . . remains the best study of the German side of the Second World War and, as such, indispensable for all students of that conflict.

Craig concludes, "Irving's book adds significantly to our knowledge" of Goebbels' life.

In his 30th book to date, Irving presents a revealing and unvarnished portrait of the Nazi bigwig. As with his other works that span a 35-year career of chronicling the Third Reich, Irving makes full use of archival and primary source material. The discovery of a complete set of Goebbels' diaries in the Russian Army Archives enabled Irving to elaborate upon many uncertain aspects of the Reich Minister's life.

The Battle Against Jewry

As the social conditions in Germany deteriorated in the late 1920s, the "Jewish problem" became more acute. As Irving notes:

In 1930 Jews would be convicted in 42 of 210 known narcotics smuggling cases; in 1932 sixty-nine of the 272 known international dealers were Jewish. Jews were arrested

in over sixty percent of the cases concerning the running of illegal gambling dens; 193 of the 411 pickpockets arrested in 1932 were Jews. In 1932 no fewer than thirty-one thousand cases of fraud, mainly insurance swindles, would be committed by Jews.

The uninviting social climate fueled the attitudes behind the political campaign to drive Jews out of Germany. In line with many Nazi officials, Goebbels considered Jews unwanted "guests." When asked by a young S.A. man what he would do about the social and cultural degradation in the mean streets of Hamburg, Goebbels replied, "We shall sweep them away like the garbage that they are!"

Personal factors preoccupied much of Goebbels' intimate concerns: poor health, a crippling childhood disease that left him with a club foot and a dysfunctional sex life until the age of 30. Irving dwells at great length on Goebbels' acquired swashbuckling. His reckless personal behavior nearly cost him his marriage and family on several occasions. Fame and age helped to catapult him from one extramarital affair to another. Often, as was the case with Magda, his wife, women cozied up to him in order to get closer to the Führer.

The founder of Angriff, a hard-hitting racist publication, Goebbels established himself as a dynamic propagandist, whose oratory skills were second to none. As might be expected, his relations with several prominent Nazi officials were seldom smooth. He customarily referred to Goering as a "frozen mound of crap" and constantly bickered with Rosenberg and Himmler.

Unlike so many other works on the Third Reich, Irving's book offers a wealth of detailed information on one of the most intriguing and powerful individuals in modern European politics. From Goebbels' party identification card number to the number of Jews deported by train to concentration camps in Eastern Europe, Irving overwhelms the reader with an array of fascinating details. Consider what he writes about Goebbels' attitude towards Jews:

A visit to the Jewish ghetto in Lodz left an indelible imprint on his mind. "Those are not human beings any longer," he wrote after leaving his car to inspect it closer. "Those are animals. So our task isn't a humanitarian, but a surgical one. . . . Otherwise one day Europe will succumb to the Jewish pestilence." Back in Berlin he reported his impressions to Hitler. "He thoroughly endorses my description of the Jewish problem," he claimed in his diary. "The Jews are a waste-product. They are more of a clinical than a social issue."

Contrary to Heilbrunn's judgment of the worthlessness of Irving's research, it is Irving who confirms the role that Goebbels played in initiating the Kristallnacht looting of Jewish merchants. Irving also presents diary entries to show how surprised Goebbels and Hitler were by the Reichstag fire. Long believed to be the work of Nazis, the fire was set by a lone arsonist, a muddle-headed Dutch Communist.

In a review of Daniel J. Goldhagen's book *Hitler's*

Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust, Heilbrunn claims Goldhagen's thesis that "ordinary" Germans were either directly or indirectly responsible for the "Holocaust" is based upon scores of original documents and primary sources. Compared to Irving's biography of Goebbels, however, the bulk of Goldhagen's work is essentially the product of second- and third-hand material.

A combination of quality and accuracy distinguishes Irving's research from "scholars" like Goldhagen. This explains why Deborah Lipstadt describes Irving as "one of the most dangerous spokespersons for Holocaust denial." As a thorough historian he refuses to accept claims uncorroborated by authentic documents. He views all the rest

as recycled opinions. Irving isn't trying to "deny" factually supported events. He is mainly interested in confirming what can be properly authenticated.

Heilbrunn concludes his piece by noting that, contrary to Christopher Hitchens, the part-Jewish Vanity Fair columnist: "I heard nothing new about Nazism from David Irving. I did learn that [Goebbels'] hatred of the Jews is bottomless." Considering what he has had to endure, Irving seems quite restrained in any animosity he must have towards the Chosen. What we have learned from articles like Heilbrunn's is just how much the Jews really despise David Irving.

KEN FOLKS

Blasphemous Nomination

I nominate Yahweh (a.k.a. Jehovah, "I am that I am", "The Eternal," etc., etc.) as Instauration's Spiritual Copout of the Millennia.

I give Him credit for designing Nature and her loyal servant, Evolution. I fault Him for time after time defying Nature's laws, as His memoirs attest.

Yahweh's great sin was choosing the Jews. "How odd of God. . . ." runs the old refrain. How weird so few have condemned this whim of His! What huge mischief this major lapse in divine judgment has caused! Later, His Son was quite anti-Semitic—with good reason. Jews had Him publicly executed, though many believe He was up and about 72 hours later.

Granted, Yahweh's 66 books lead the all-time bestsellers' list. But He had difficulty deciding whether He was dictating a work of nonfiction or a novel. He was so taken with compiling the Ten Commandments, He had little time for science, only recently admitting the possibility that the earth might spin around the sun, not the other way around.

Some of the best biblical books,



What Hath Yahweh Wrought?

though supposedly written by His hand-picked Hebrews, have a suspiciously Gentile ring. The 1611 King James translation was a welcome and improved edition. Internal evidence suggests that perhaps Big Bill Shakespeare edited and beefed it up a tad. Of course, Yahweh gets the credit for this too, since He inspired the editors and translators.

Another reason Yahweh deserves to be Instauration's Spiritual Copout of the Millennia is His choice of the Chosen to torment the rest of humanity. I appreciate the bountiful gifts He has showered on us, but not the shower of parasites.

Obviously every race or subrace or tribe cannot be chosen by God. But why did He have to make His special people nomads and sic 'em on us for over four millennia?

Yahweh underwent an abrupt personality change after His 39th book. In his earlier writings He was generally prone to rages and was quite aggressive. But in His last 27 books He remade Himself into a loving, forgiving deity. Perhaps the birth of His first and only (as far as

can be determined) child mellowed Him.

Considering the damage God's elite troops have done to our people, culturally, racially and spiritually, all true-blue Instaurationists should second the nomination of Yahweh for Instauration's Spiritual Copout of the Millennia.

Selah!

420

Notes on Arena Behavior

I live in a part of town that is charitably described as mixed: whites, blacks and Latinos are on the census rolls in roughly equal proportion. To the casual visitor this would appear out of sync. "Where are all the white people?" is the inevitable question, though not always vocalized in public.

The same question must run through the minds of many Americans. Despite the minority invasions of the past few decades, we are still a majority, according to the demographers. So why doesn't it appear that way? Trust me, the white people are here. They're just not as visible. It's not an optical illusion or camouflage. The white people are probably in their homes where you can't see them. The blacks hang out on the street where they're most visible. For purposes of this essay, I am going to lump all such public displays together as human manifestations of "arena behavior."

The term arena behavior in its clinical sense is found in books on ethology. As the name implies, such behavior is public, not private. The arena or *lek* (taken from the Swedish word for "sport" or play") is a designated area for recurring communal sexual display. Males gather to "show off," visually and vocally, to nearby females:

The primary role of communal displaying appears to be enhancement of attractiveness through the increase in volume and reach of the signal. In simplest terms, a group of males is more likely to attract a single female than is a solitary male, and a male is more likely to attract a receptive female when he is in a group [Edward O. Wilson, *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, p. 331].

Scottish ornithologist V.C. Wynne-Edwards believes the purpose of sexual displays is primarily to sort out male social status rather than to attract females. The ensuing female selection of "the best and brightest" is an epilogue to the main event. At any rate, arena behavior, consists of boisterous, colorful—that is, dominant—male behavior. It offers one explanation why males tend to be larger and more colorful than females.

Arena behavior is most frequently exhibited by birds, less so by fish, amphibians and insects. It is relatively rare among mammals. There is one particular subspecies of *Homo sapiens*, however, who seems to revel in arena behavior—the Negro.

When it comes to ostentatious display, the black takes a back seat to no other race. Despite his lower income, the Negro is rarely dressed in rags. If he can remotely handle the monthly payments, he will drive a flashy car, while his dwelling may be a shambles. This dichotomy reflects the difference between public face and private life. Every day, countless people see you and your car. The

way you dress and the car you drive are the faces you present to the world. Relatively few people will see your home. Despite this, the white man persists in gardening, yard work, home repair and home remodeling. He is at home, literally and figuratively, with his big-screen TV and video collection, the private entertainment par excellence. The Negro, on the other hand, has his portable stereo—boombox clenched in paw or securely installed in car—as his preferred electronic entertainment because it is designed for public amusement. No headphones for Shawntell, even if the white folks in the immediate area don't consider it amusing. The white man may have a killer sound system, but it will remain in his living room or den and be for his amusement only.

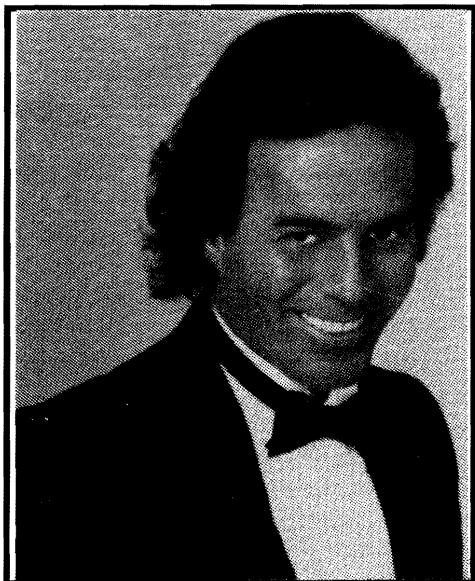
The Negro has a penchant for letting it all hang out in public where whites deem restraint to be a virtue. White and black group behavior is a study in contrasts at church services, funerals and on public transportation, not to mention those rowdy melanoids who populate the studio audiences of the low-IQ TV talk shows. We should also note that the Negro looms large in sports and show business, two realms of American society that exemplify arena behavior

Privacy, by the way, is very much a white thing. You will hear the "right to privacy" bandied about by liberal and conservative alike, both of whom will swear that it's written between the lines in the Constitution, depending on what particular item on their agenda they are trying to promote. The Negro will expend a lot of rhetoric on his rights, real or imaginary, but the right to privacy isn't one of them. The subject never comes up. It may be that races from tropical climes have less of a need for privacy, since they can spend virtually all their time outdoors. Northern Europeans, who evolved in colder climes, were forced to spend most of their winters cooped up with kith and kin. Under such conditions, it's not surprising that the concept of privacy would attain such a vaunted role in the Western conscious. On the other hand, while privacy exalts individualism over collectivism, it may hinder the development of racial or ethnic consciousness.

Even among Europeans the capacity for arena behavior seems to be a function of climate and melanin. The Latin lover is a fixture in our culture. By contrast, the concept of a Nordic loverboy has no currency in our culture. The Northern European is characterized as retiring, reflective and repressed; the Latin outgoing, garrulous and animated.

Since arena behavior in animals is associated with reproduction, it's not surprising that its manifestation among whites is largely among the young. Cars, clothes, noise, rock concerts, partying and street-corner loitering arise during adolescence but usually die out by the late 20s.

The Negro, however, never really "grows up." Long after he should have matured, he prefers demonstrations to debate, rhetoric to reason and sloganizing to cogitation.



Latin

Lover

Julio

Iglesias

Curiously the colorful male and the dowdy female of the bird world are mirrored in the appearance of gay men and lesbians. When we think of colorful, outrageous "plumage," male homosexuals go to the head of the class. Clearly their behavior is not for purposes of mating, though it may have a lot to do with attracting another male. The phenomenon of heterosexual females (fag hags) seeking out and socializing with male homosexuals may be a warped form of arena behavior.

With the Negro excelling at arena behavior during youth, the young white female may find herself attracted to the black footballer or gangsta. Other young females are first attracted to black males when they look for a dance partner. The sight of a black male dancing with a white female is no longer uncommon. A black female dancing with a white male is still quite rare. The homosexual with his penchant for arena behavior is not shy about dancing with anyone.

A young white female in high school may not be drawn to the Jewish boy, whose academic triumphs in school are much less public. But once out of college and established in his profession, he indulges himself in his desire to put on the dog. He withdraws from the arena in his youth so he can enter it triumphantly in later life. There are no more fitting words to describe this phenomenon than those of Thomas Wolfe in his "Promise of America" section of *You Can't Go Home Again*:

Or there again, in the East Side Ghetto of Manhattan, two blocks away from the East River, a block away from the gashouse district and its thuggery, there in the swarming tenement, shut in his sweltering cell, breathing the sun-baked air through opened window at the fire escape, celled there away into a little semblance of privacy and solitude from all the brawling and vociferous life and argu-

ment of his family and the seething hive around him, the Jew boy sits and pores upon his book. In shirtsleeves, bent above his table to meet the hard glare of a naked bulb, he sits with gaunt, starved face converging to his huge beaked nose, the weak eyes squinting painfully through his thick-lens glasses, his greasy hair roached back in oily scrolls above the slanting cage of his painful and constricted brow. And for what? For what this agony of concentration? For what this hell of effort? For what this intense withdrawal from the poverty and squalor of dirty brick and rusty fire escapes, from the raucous cries and violence and never-ending noise? For what? Because, brother, he is burning in the night. He sees the class, the lecture room, the shining apparatus of gigantic laboratories, the open field of scholarship and pure research, certain knowledge, and the world distinction of an Einstein name.

Note that Wolfe says "Einstein name" as opposed to just "Einstein." This implies that it is not enough for the Jew to excel. He must also have name recognition! To achieve that goal, the appearance of excellence is essential. The Jew can fall short of excellence in his chosen field, but he must excel at self-promotion. If you've got it, Hymie, then flaunt it! Once again Thomas Wolfe proves to be both plainspoken and eloquent in his characterization of the Jew as conspicuous consumer:

One of the finest elements in the Jewish character is its sensuous love of richness and abundance: the Jew hates what is savorless and stingy in life, he will not stand for bad food or dreary discomfort, he will not make jokes about them, or feel it a fine thing to cheat the senses. He feels there is something mean and degraded about poor living, he loves warmth and opulence, and he is right. . . .

There was in him [a Jewish businessman] a vast pride of race, a vast pride in the toil and intelligence which had brought him wealth. For this reason, Mr. Rosen had a very princely quality—the princely quality that almost all rich Jews have, and that few rich Christians ever get. Wealth is difficult to attain, but it is good, pleasant, desirable—therefore let those with wealth enjoy it. . . .

There is, of course, no greater fallacy than the one about the stinginess of Jews. They are the most lavish and opulent race on earth [Excerpts from *The Web and the Rock*].

Could there be a better explanation for the Nordic supermodels' preference for well-heeled Jewish men? The proven way to attract a good-looking shiksa trophy wife is having the financial wherewithal and social clout to take her out in public and show her a good time while showing her off.

In some ways, the white female is actually more sensitive to the nuances of arena behavior (think of beauty pageant contestants) than her male counterpart. Her emphasis, however, is more on appearance than on behavior. Being seen in public is at once a cause for anxiety and anticipation. "What should I wear?" and "How do I look?" are the recurring questions. Clearly, the school dance, the office party, the fundraiser and what to wear to them are major concerns. Being seen with a suitable male is also very important. The nubile female without a date to the senior prom may be traumatized for life. The husband

who berates or criticizes his wife in the presence of others will feel the full brunt of female fury when the party's over. In public, every man's wife has to be a queen.

At heart, showing off the body, clothed or otherwise, is a big element of arena behavior. The overwhelming homosexual involvement in Halloween and Mardi Gras can hardly be unnoticed. During Carnival in Rio de Janeiro, the poorest Negroes, gaudily attired and dancing sambas, pour out of the *favelas* for three days of wall-to-wall revelry. By contrast, white productions, such as St. Patrick's Day Parades or the Mummers Parade in Philadelphia, are relatively tame.

In Rio or the U.S., the beach remains an enduring arena. The Negro seeks out the beach for its boardwalk, noisy amusements and party atmosphere. You will rarely if ever see him at the national seashore type of beach, the kind with plenty of surf, sand dunes and sea oats but no arena where he can strut his stuff. Solitude and nature trails are not for him.

Since Asians tend to be "private," we might assume they would not excel at arena behavior. Keeping in mind the testosterone levels of the races, we might even go so far as to say that arena behavior is more likely to occur among races with the most testosterone. The intimidation factor, trash-talking and bragging rights are especially important to the Negro. Shut up and deal is the white man's style; shut up and smile, the yellow man's.

Keeping in mind the importance of saving face in Asian cultures, we might theorize that a sense of shame is less likely to develop among those with a talent for arena behavior. This ranges from the wife-battering Negro athlete to the unrepentant gang-banger to the outrageous male homosexual, to the flamboyant trial lawyer, to the current President of the U.S., a man who loves to speechify, to pose, to grandstand, to pound the lectern, to pontificate, but who is apparently devoid of a sense of shame. If virtue can be defined as doing the right thing even when no one is looking, then clearly arena behavior is not con-

ducive to morality.

Ethologists question the adaptive value of the arena rituals they witness. Does the male's ability to show off provide an accurate indicator of his ability to be a suitable mate? Is he a true alpha male or a faux alpha male? One scientist characterizes such behavior as mere contests between male salesmanship and female sales resistance. Other observers feel that the elaborate displays may have evolved without any clear benefit to either gender. In the animal world, the more ostentatious the male, the more likely he is to be picked off by predators. Here, we cannot help but note that in the human realm, the death rate for young black males is off the chart, while the illegitimacy rate for young black females inevitably complements it. It's almost as if the higher birthrate is intended to make up for the higher death rate that inevitably accompanies arena behavior. Clearly, if the Negro excels at arena behavior, its adaptive value is questionable. In fact, his penchant for arena behavior may be one reason for his higher rate of incarceration in drug-related crimes. The sociologists tell us that Negro drug use is no higher than white drug use. But the white man tends to be more discreet in his drug dealings and, hence, much less likely to be arrested. In retrospect, the Negro's migration from the rural South to Northern cities was bound to create problems, since congested urban living conditions merely provided the Negro with a potential arena on every street corner. A Southern state with, a rural black population of, say, 40-50% would be much more liveable (from a white standpoint) than a large city with the same proportion of blacks.

In closing, we should note that arena behavior in humans, like sexual behavior, knows no season. So when the young male is exhibiting the bluster and braggadocio of arena behavior, it will not be confined to one place or one season.

For those of us who live in cities with a large Negro presence, that is hardly a news flash.

JUDSON HAMMOND

Majority Labor Not Big Labor

Union Blues

For some reason Instauration has not paid much attention to the American labor movement, perhaps because in recent years unions have become distinctly anemic, losing members and, more to the point, losing political clout. The author of this article believes that the time has come for our movement, the Majority movement, to take a hard, close look at organized labor, its present and its future.

The most important and most obvious reason for the

decline of organized labor is the deterioration of the great American industrial belt, the so-called "rust bowl." As steel, shipbuilding and manufacturing in general withered away, so did the unions. No members, no unions.

A second important factor has been the legal and political fight waged against the unions by businesses large and small. The excesses of some labor unions and the all too clear connections between some unions and organized crime tarnished the image of all American labor organizations

and made it easier to pass right-to-work laws and other legislation that diluted union bargaining power. While it may anger some union members to hear it, these attacks on the American labor unions were necessary in order to break their political power, a power that was almost totally at the service of the liberal-minority coalition.

A third critical factor was the rise of the South and the West in terms of population and political power, regions for the most part hostile to organized labor. In the South, union organizing efforts have often been looked upon—correctly—as one more Yankee invasion, a fresh crop of carpetbaggers come to disrupt traditional Southern values and manners. That so many labor organizers sent to the South by national labor unions were Jews did nothing to improve labor's image among the average Southerner.

A fourth reason for the faltering of organized labor is its identification with the Democratic Party at a time when more and more white blue-collar workers turned in desperation to the Republican Party as the lesser of two political evils.

A fifth reason, seldom mentioned by the press, is the labor movement's grotesque and suicidal espousal of an integrationist, multicultural, multiethnic, multiracial worldview that could have been dredged out of some 1950s issue of *Pravda*.

The reality is that the organized labor movement is hopelessly out of touch with the concerns of Majority Americans. People like "rebel" John Sweeney, the newly elected chief of the AFL-CIO, are dinosaurs and completely out of touch with an America that has vanished and will never return. Not that Sweeney is a fool and bereft of perception. On the contrary, his combative stance before major corporations is the politically correct attitude for labor in times like these. Mr. Sweeney's problem is far more basic. He is completely at sea in terms of understanding the racial component of the contemporary American scene. Like almost all white Democrats, he refuses to accept the obvious, that race is a key element in human relations. When he looks at laboring Americans, Sweeney does not see white workers, black workers, Asian workers, and so on. He just sees workers. To him they are all the same. He believes that their basic identification is their economic status, or class, if you will. We know he is wrong. We know the American labor movement is doomed to utter destruction unless and until it heaves over the side fossilized thinkers like Sweeney, along with the antiquated Jewish puppet masters who have ruled American labor for so long. These people belong in old black-and-white movies, wearing chalk-striped suits and fedoras and speaking in nasal Brooklynesque. Their America of smokestack industry and Democratic political machines, allied to urban white ethnic groups, is kaput. This isn't 1956, or even 1986.

America and American workers need a strong labor movement. Our plutocratic rulers and the hungry political and social climbers who serve them have dropped their masks. The ugliness and banality of their limitless greed is

there for all to see. Cosmopolitan, internationalist and devoid of any concern for anything except money, they literally worship Mammon, as they try to justify their crimes against their fellow men by spreading the evil lie that all Americans will eventually benefit from their unbridled avarice. Organized labor could and should be a critical part of a coalition to junk this plutocratic spin.

What America and American workers don't need is a labor movement that is corrupt, liberal, infested with organized crime and controlled by Jews and Democratic Party hacks, a labor movement hypnotized by the multicultural and multiracial nonsense spewed out by its bosses.

What America does need is a labor movement dedicated to answering the needs of Majority workers. The nation needs unions that address the challenges faced by American workers in a sophisticated, hard-nosed, intelligent and, most importantly, racially conscious manner.

It may be impossible to reform existing American labor unions. They are firmly in the grip of the usual suspects. Only a real insurgency, led by tough, racially aware, uncompromising leaders could make a dent in this tightly controlled racket. A better solution might be the creation of a parallel system of new unions, which explicitly rejects the methods, goals and dogma of the AFL-CIO and the rest of Big Labor.

There exists a real opportunity for the creation of such unions because the existing ones have fallen more and more into the trap of seeking new members among minorities and the white lumpen element. Decent white working men are growing more and more restless about having to share "their" unions with such creatures. The only thing Majority workers have in common with them is a time card.

The N.Y. Times Sunday Magazine recently ran an article which perfectly illustrated the current status of American organized labor and its possibilities for the future. The article detailed the efforts of one labor union official to organize a chicken processing plant in rural Mississippi. The target workers were mostly black women. The union official in charge of the campaign was an arrogant young Filipina born, of all places, in Boston.

American workers deserve much more than this. Our motto should be simple and to the point. We should stand 100% behind American Majority workers; 100% against the union bosses and plutocrats.

If we can live up to this motto, the day will come when all of us will be proud to wear the union label!

N.B. FORREST

Unponderable Quote

I hate the idea of being white. . . . I never think of myself as belonging to the "white race." . . . I can think of few things more degrading than being proud to be white.

Columnist Maggie Gallagher

What a world of difference 48 years make

Different Times—Different Pictures

While browsing through the San Antonio library recently, I came upon a collection of bound volumes of *Life* magazine. My eye happened to fall upon the issues for 1949. Since Christmas that year has always held a warm and unique place in my heart, I looked carefully through the holiday issue.

The cover immediately grabbed my attention. It featured a stunningly beautiful little Northern European girl, about five years old. It did not escape my attention that such a cover today would almost certainly feature an "adorable" little mulatress, Latina or Asian child.



Opening the magazine, I was engulfed by a wave of nostalgia. A feature article discussed the public displays of Christmas trees and other Christian symbols in major cities across the U.S. Today, the magazine would probably be crowing about how liberal (read Jewish) organizations were protesting that the public celebration of Christmas was an outrageous violation of the Constitution. Menorahs and Stars of David would abound. Christmas would be reduced to an equal partnership with Hanukkah and Kwanzaa.

One article showcased college basketball with two teams battling it out. Every last man on the court was white. Today every last man would be African, even the hoopsters from Ole Miss and Alabama.

Another article focused on a nationwide contest to pick "the most beautiful 15-year-old girl." Pictures of the dozen or so finalists were prominently displayed. Every contestant was not only white, she was Northern European. In these minority-obsessed times, whites would be lucky to land a single finalist in such a contest. In order to

spot her, we'd have to wade through dozens of photos of blacks, browns, yellows and "high-yallers." The winner would be a foregone conclusion.

Life in 1949 (and for years afterward) was a paean of praise to whiteness and white achievement. No puff pieces about Africans and their "enrichment" of American life. Ditto for Hispanics, Asians and—at least for that issue—Jews. Even the advertisements were a treat. Every ad featured Nordic men, women and children living in a Nordic world.

As I put the volume back on the shelf, 1949 receded into the misty past. Once again I found myself in the ugly and dangerous America of 1996. About me Hispanics chattered in Spanish, blacks grunted their guttural expletives and Asians scurried about on mysterious oriental business, their expressions as inscrutable as ever.

"It's all our own fault" was all I could manage to mutter as I groped my way to the exit. We can blame Jews for leading us into the multiracial miasma, but basically the fault is ours. We allowed our corrupt and venal judges and politicians, our Earl Warrens and LBJs to betray us. Jews led us to the chopping block, but it was our job, the Majority's job, to refuse to march.

As Instaurationists know only too well, Jews did not champion the Negro's intrusion into Majority life out of any altruistic love for jungle humanity. They did it because of their ancient and abiding hatred of us and because they knew exactly how destructive and disruptive that intrusion would be.

We could have stopped the Great Betrayal in 1948 when Truman, pandering to the liberal-minority coalition, integrated the U.S. armed forces—the first really devastating shot in the war against the Majority. After 173 years of keeping blacks in their own ranks, Negroes were suddenly giving orders to whites. (Funny how the Supreme Court has made a lay religion of basing everything upon "precedent," but 173 years count for nothing when minority affairs come into play.) Even Eisenhower, no Caesar where military matters were concerned, had the guts to publicly brand the President's race-mixing action as "un-American."

And what about 1954? When a totally depraved Supreme Court decreed that white children no longer had the age-old right to attend all-white schools, was there a ground swell of rage and hatred against Warren and his henchmen? Hardly a trace. Except for parts of the South, Majority members made scarcely a peep at this federal assault upon white education, even though it brought Negroes onto white educational turf for the first time in our history. Think of the millions of whites who cheered on integration as federal troops went into Little Rock and Oxford at bayonet point. They were cheering the cultural

deaths of their own grandchildren.

In the mid-60s the Supreme Court, again taking a butcher knife to the throat of the Majority, struck down the anti-miscegenation laws which many states had erected to neutralize affirmative action laws that openly discriminated against the Majority. Later mandatory busing was implemented to ensure that white children whose families could not afford private schools were forced to associate with blacks in an artificial, liberal-created environment. Again we stood by and did nothing.

Most disheartening of all, in 1968, when responding to St. Martin's assassination, and in concert with the fulmination of Jewish and black agitators, Congress passed its "fair housing" act which moved blacks and Hispanics permanently into white living space. What did we do? We hunkered down and took it.

My fellow Christian Instaurationists, I have only this to say about our treatment at the hands of our would-be destroyers. Jesus said turn the other cheek. He said nothing about turning it forever. After more than 50 years of such primal slaps, our collective Majority face is as raw as beefsteak. For me, the epitome of such aggression was the local black columnist for the San Antonio Express-News who wrote, "African-American people demand inclusion into every facet of white life." This individual can thank his lucky stars that Northern Europeans don't go in for the type of behavior at which his people are so adept. Otherwise he'd find his "inclusion" in white life in the nearest cemetery.

Outside the library the blistering South Texas sun shone down on a foreign city sitting on U.S. soil—a city occupied by people who are totally alien to the U.S. in an

alien occupation engineered by "our" government.

Barely two muggings away from where I stood, 187 men, almost all of them Northern Europeans, fought and died at the Alamo to free Texas from the grip of a tyrant. Nowadays, Anglos are so deracinated they allow Mexicans to colonize our once proud state, swamp its cities and send as our representatives to Congress the descendants of the very folks who fought to destroy our ancestors. Here in San Antonio, the Feds are allowed to fill most civil service jobs with Hispanics, many of whom are not even citizens and who, a year or two before, were making their first tentative plans for crossing over into Gringoland. It goes without saying that state, county and city jobs are also overwhelmingly Hispanic. The waste, inefficiency and corruption are there for all to see.

We live in a land and age where members of the race which created the U.S. are forbidden to stand up and declare their pride in their race and in its accomplishments. Only intruding, aggressive, pugnacious racial aliens are lauded for doing so. These same minorities are permitted to rewrite U.S. history books to flatter themselves and "prove" that they really did the Herculean task of creating a civilization from a wilderness. All the while we sit huddled before our Big Brother boxes listening to the likes of Dan Rather spew his venomous liberalism and watching Jewish sitcoms, black athletic events and talk shows featuring half-savage Aunt Jemimas screaming insults and curses at whites, as Jewish and African "hosts" nod sagely.

"It's all our fault" continues to drum through my ears like a Revolutionary war muster for battle.

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A sad baseball chronicle

The Glory and Tragedy of Shibe Park

The white man's world is replete with symbols. My most memorial symbol remains, now and perhaps forever, the huge rectangular pile of reinforced concrete, curved wooden seats, and ornate French Renaissance facade known to generations of Philadelphians as Shibe Park. Between 1909 and 1976 this edifice, located in what was then the working-class Irish and Italian district of North Philadelphia, was the domicile of both the Philadelphia Athletics—Connie Mack's mirthful men of the American League—and du Pont heir Bob Carpenter's National League Phillies, known affectionately in the early 1950s as the "Whiz Kids" both for their youth and their fleeting talents. With five or six men destined for the Baseball Hall of Fame performing for the Athletics on any given day, Philadelphians of the 1920s were privileged to enjoy titanic battles with the hated New York Yankees for the American League pennant.

The story of Shibe Park goes back to the early days of baseball itself—to the 1880s—when it was the sport of white gentlemen, played exclusively at private clubs in honor of the Anglo philosophy of noblesse oblige, fairness both in sports and in life, and what might be described as a knowing sense of time and place. By the century's turn, however, baseball had migrated "down-class" and was being played by immigrant kids, industrial teams and leagues of professional clubs that purported to represent cities.

Connie Mack's powerhouse Athletics retained much of the gentlemanly élan that characterized the game's earliest days. From a middle-class "Lace Curtain" Irish background in Massachusetts, Mack never allowed his players to swear on the diamond or act scandalously when in street clothes. Built on an empty parcel of industrial land far into the as yet untouched reaches of North Philadel-

phia, the Park cost its owners some \$310,000 to build in 1909, and another \$80,000 for improvements in 1913. The stadium was the very first of the modern ballparks. Since it was located far outside Philadelphia's "urban orbit," sports reporters speculated it would not attract the legions of baseball fans necessary to show a profit. But come they did, in droves, on the trolley cars which wound their way up from the center city for day games and night, in quest of that ethereal magic that once was baseball.

So too would arrive the humble row houses in which generations of Irish and Italian immigrant families spent their lives. St. Columba's Roman Catholic parish ministered to Irish interests. St. Mary's served the otherworldly needs of the Italians. In addition to these ethnic collectivities were native-born Protestants, mostly German and English, with whom the immigrants shared a less than cordial community life. Their meeting ground was inside not outside Shibe Park. Few colored people lived in and about North Philadelphia before the 1930s. Their floruit would come at the end of WWII when the Jews of nearby Strawberry Mansion sought to accelerate the racial integration of the immigrant neighborhoods in and about Shibe Park.

North Philadelphia was a typical multiethnic enclave, full of fights over turf and status, but with a basic thrust for community betterment. In those years baseball was segregated in the sense that the owners of both the Athletics and the Phillies followed a hiring policy that paralleled the inclinations of the white patrons who followed the teams. Although Philadelphia had a Negro population of more than 300,000, black players were not seen in appreciable numbers in the City of Brotherly Love until the 1960s. (While the tag line for Philadelphia may seem ironic to those who never knew the city, what greater act of "brotherly love" could have been performed by the owners of the two baseball teams than to keep the city's sporting life as white as possible?) In any case, few blacks bothered to attend games at Shibe Park, leaving the coast clear to the millions of white fans who patronized the stadium in its glory years.

The genesis of introducing blacks into Philadelphia baseball came from a Jewish promoter, Eddie Gottlieb, who attempted to interest two wealthy Jews, Ike and Leon Levy, to purchase the Phillies from then owner Gerry Nugent. But when the franchise went bankrupt in 1942, it was Bob Carpenter who wound up as the club's buyer. From a patrician background of private schools and leafy suburban estates, Carpenter had no use for blacks on or off the playing field. Not until the 1960s would he consider enduring the substantial social criticism that would arise from Athletics fans for including the black ball player, Dick Allen, in his lineup.

Almost as advanced in his dislike of blacks, Connie Mack was known to have moved heaven and earth to keep "GOCs" ("gentlemen of color") out of his Germantown neighborhood. Between them, Carpenter and Mack refused the services of such black baseball luminaries as Roy Campanella, Larry Doby, Minnie Minoso and Hank

Aaron. By the lights of the city's generally liberal press, by the local NAACP and by the region's powerful Jewish establishment, such apartheid was terribly shortsighted. It amounted to moral turpitude compounded by the sin of franchise-wrecking and denying the city its rightful place in the pennant races.

By the 1950s bigger racial fish were frying just outside the ornate iron doors of Shibe Park. Blacks were streaming into North Philadelphia in huge numbers. With them came primitive Baptist temples housed in converted automobile sales showrooms, endless dens of dope and degeneracy, and the blacks' well-recognized penchant for getting their paychecks at the front end of a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson. In short, the Old South's displaced cotton-pickers were gate-crashing the world of European ethnicity.

In the 1950s the Irish and Italians were leaving the Shibe Park area in a mass migration to more comfortable digs in the suburbs. Most whites were now referring to North Philadelphia simply as "the ghetto," while the police knew this part of town as "the black belt" or, more crassly, "the jungle." Conflicts among blacks and whites escalated into full-scale riots, goaded by militant Jewish integrationists agitating for black housing.

Shibe Park receipts fell off drastically as the A's and Phillies' fans found themselves confronted with Negro toughs offering to "watch" their autos for \$5. Those refusing to pay up often had their tires slashed. By the middle 1960s, the Phillies' Bob Carpenter was himself signing up black baseball talent. Amid the turmoil brewing just outside the Park's doors, Carpenter brought on Dick Allen, whose utterly disruptive behavior on and off the field led to a string of Phillies' managers heading for the hills. As Allen brooded over what he alleged was the "racial insensitivity" of Philadelphia fandom, whites grew impatient and let out leather-lunged bursts of invective at black players. Ultimately, Allen found himself traded away by a bewildered Carpenter, just as whites themselves were moving away from the neighborhood that had nurtured them for generations. From the middle 1960s onward, businesses in the blackened area were collapsing; Catholic parishes were dwindling to a tenth of their former size; black crime was soaring; and gang warfare was spreading. The days of Shibe Park, now renamed Connie Mack Stadium, were numbered. As plans were being drawn up by the city fathers to build a new field down in South Philadelphia in a "white" neighborhood preserved by tough-minded Italian residents, newspapers were referring to Shibe Park as "old," "tired" and "rusting," like the old North Philadelphia neighborhood itself.

On the day of the last game, street thugs stabbed a man buying a ticket. Outside the park, a blind peanut vendor mused about how he would earn his living with the old ballpark gone. Thousands of ethnic families similarly displaced by the ear-blasting parade of minority feet were asking a similar question about their own economic future.

IVAN HILD

Is America going the way of Britain?

The End of Empire

Thinking Americans, among whom I do not include the generation of American "leaders" who clawed their way to power during the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, watched with a mixture of disbelief, horror and squirming embarrassment the dreadful drawn-out agony that marked the end of the British Empire. From 1945 to the 1970s the story of Britain was one to make true Americans blush with shame, as we were forced to view the mightiest white empire that ever existed dissolve into a seedy, exhausted little island, shorn of every pretension to greatness.

How was it possible that the magnificent saga of the rise of the Anglo-Saxon people should end so miserably? Would it not have been better for Britain to have gone down fighting in a final burst of glory, swords flashing? Instead, we were left with a darkening industrial slum and a tourist theme park, flooded with Jamaicans, Pakistanis,



On top of the world with Victoria

Hindus, Nigerians and the likes of Prince Charles. The descendants of the men who conquered a fourth of the world were reduced to the status of third-generation loafers, with neither the chance of dignity nor any apparent desire to attain it.

The military power of the United Kingdom dwindled so rapidly that Washington had to quietly protest the virtual disbanding of the British Army, man for man the best in the world. Britain meekly slid into that bloodless bureaucratic invention, the European Economic Community, to take its place alongside Portugal and Belgium, no doubt thankful it was spared the ignominy of a reduction to co-equal status with its former African colonies. Once the halls of the Mother of Parliaments rang with the impassioned voices of men who decided the fate of nations and held the future of the world in their hands. The men who followed them have their hands full discussing with effem-

inate priggishness the subject of price supports for Dutch cheese and the measures that should be taken to deal with soccer rowdies. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In one sense, however, the United Kingdom is probably in no worse shape than America. The U.S. is as fatally wounded as the UK, for whatever comfort that may bring. The difference is that the U.S. has still not been forced by circumstances to face the reality that Britain faced over the past few decades. We will face it soon enough. The seeds of the death of the American Empire sprouted long ago.

How close is our day of reckoning? Quite close, I would say. An indication of this is the number of Establishment types who are nervously eyeing the gangplank and considering abandoning ship. Benjamin Schwarz, for instance,

Schwarz is a senior fellow at the World Policy Institute in New York, exactly the sort of organization most Instau-



In the pits with the lamentable, jug-eared Charles

rationists would assume it to be. He has written an article entitled, "Why America Thinks It Has To Run The World," in the Atlantic Monthly (June 1996), one of the most interesting journals put out by the intelligent liberal intellectual class. Being intelligent, the Atlantic Monthly crowd is somewhat apprehensive about the present and more so about the future.

The Schwarz article is a must read. It no doubt is alarming to the Money Power to see a renegade—a Jewish renegade at that—letting the cat out of the bag. But before we delve into Schwarz's essay, let's review a little history.

Over the past few months I have come in for some hard knocks for what some see as my excessive Southern nationalist stand. I am convinced that this has been the case because some readers have not tried to understand the ideas I have been trying to put across. I am sure that once they understand my positions and my reasons for

holding them, they will probably agree that I am right, no matter how difficult a mental adjustment this will require on their part.

Simply put, I contend that the Union victory in 1865 was not a victory for America, much less for the American people, North or South. I also contend that the end of the Civil War brought to power in the U.S. an amoral clique of industrial capitalists that had used the patriotism and moral sensibilities of the majority of the people of the North to prosecute an utterly unjust war against the Southern people, who sought only to escape the clutches of that same gang. The Southern people had understood, dimly and imperfectly, the role that this class had mapped out for them in their New American Empire—the role of dependent serfs of the Money Power. Sensing this and over-reacting, perhaps, to a violent decades-long campaign of vilification mounted by certain circles in the North (the Abolitionists and their allies), the South fell into a trap deftly and cynically set by the industrialists. The Southern attempt at secession was skillfully used to rally the North in a crusade against the so-called "Slave Power," which was nothing more than a chimera, the product of the overheated imaginations of crackpot New England Abolitionists. The Money Power, however, was all too real.

The defeat of the South and its effective elimination from the national scene for almost a hundred years set the stage for a total, and for the most part, illegitimate, illegal and frankly unconstitutional seizure of power by what we would now call the Eastern Establishment. Far from being a real "Old Money" crowd in the European sense, the Eastern Establishment had its sordid origins in the orgy of corruption and brutalizing capitalism of the last decades of the 19th century. By the turn of the century the industrialists of the North had, indeed, turned America into a blossoming giant, an incipient world power, waiting with bated breath for the chance to spread its wings. The proud young eagle sought to test its steel against the world. Having forcibly destroyed all internal opposition to the creation of an American Empire by its blood-and-thunder invasion and crushing of the South, the Establishment was now firmly in the saddle and could do as it liked.

It was not long before the decent, hard-working, patriotic people of the North learned that the joke was on them. In the flush of victory after the war, Northerners imagined that they had "saved the Union." Misguided Southerners, humbled and chastened, were herded back to the true path, whether they liked it or not. Now the North would enjoy the fruits of victory. The Money Men, however, had somewhat different plans. The North grew prosperous, but millions of the sturdy farmers who had given the North its victory joined the millions of Southern farmers who had been eating dirt since 1865. The villages of New England remained ghost towns, haunted by embittered spinsters. The boys who had marched off in 1861 to die on the fields of Virginia were lost forever. The cities swelled with strangers, who spoke strange tongues. The Northern people learned, far too late, that in destroying the South,

they had destroyed their own America as well. Whatever was to come later was not what they had fought for.

(We might note here that the almost casual abandonment after 1876 of the erstwhile allies of the North among the Southern population, the blacks, Southern Unionists and Republicans, was proof positive, as if any was needed, that the real reason for the war had nothing to do with the condition of a few million Negro slaves. It is sufficient to note that Northern industrialists made no effort at all to import black labor to Northern cities to fill the ranks of industrial workers. At a time of true economic desperation in the South when hordes of blacks would have jumped at the chance to leave and go north to work, shiploads of Central, Southern and Eastern European laborers clogged Ellis Island.)

Licking its chops, the young empire decided to tap the decrepit dregs of the Spanish Empire in America and the Far East. The acquisition of Puerto Rico, the Philippines and a few other crumbs was small beer. The real reason for the war was to serve notice to the world that America was now in the Great Power game.

The American people had never wanted their country to be an empire. They wanted it to grow to what they thought was its rightful, natural size, which included wresting large chunks of territory from the feckless and pathetic Mexicans, and buying additional chunks from the French and Spanish. The American people never dreamed of running the world. On the contrary, most of them wanted those greasy foreigners kept as far away as possible.

The Money Power, now joined by a sinister flock of Jews who every year increased their clout and influence, had other ideas. Which brings us to the Schwarz article.

Schwarz has written a remarkably accurate account of the growth of the American empire and its likely future. His central point is that the object of the massive projection of power around the world following WWII was only coincidentally to combat the threat posed by the Soviet Union. To be sure, the containment of the Soviets reflected genuine American security concerns and was a legitimate enterprise. The Establishment, however, was playing a much deeper game.

The easiest way to get across the central objective of America in creating its unique empire is contained in the phrase, "To shape a favorable international environment." The crux of all our efforts in the post-1945 period was to prevent disorder in the world that would lead to deleterious international economic and political developments. Obviously we didn't want crazy Reds overrunning the planet, but we also kept a close eye on any other possible contenders to the title of King of the Mountain—Germany and Japan being two charred examples of what happened to people who objected to the medicine prescribed for them by Uncle Sam. In crude terms the Establishment realized that we were surrounded in this world by a variety of potential threats to our own prosperity, trade and power from serious alternate power centers like Germany, Japan, the Soviet Union, China and even India. Worse, we were

plagued by a swarm of bothersome fleas that could themselves do us no real damage but could spark larger confrontations that could spin out of control: The Koreas, Vietnam, Libya, Iran, to name a few.

The Establishment aspired to a worldwide system of free trade and the effortless movement of capital, labor and raw materials on a global basis. This is the only way to create maximum efficiency in a capitalist system. Needless to say, wicked nationalism is the worst possible threat to this system. If nationalism should take root, all sorts of bad things could happen. People might choose to opt out of the game. They might even be successful, as Hitler was starting to be, and that could lead to such "horrors" as the creation of trading blocs that exclude you-know-who. While Jew-bashing excited ugly comments in the 1930s, it was Hitler's imaginative economic ideas in the area of foreign trade that really set off the alarm bells. Huge barter deals between Germany and markets in Latin America and elsewhere threatened to drive Britain out of markets once reserved for British industry. Even more distasteful were the potential effects in the matter of debt. An expansion of Hitler's system could have led to a drastic reduction in the acquisition of international debt by, among others, Latin American nations.

If the world is viewed as essentially a market, with economic growth the be all and end all of human existence, then the Establishment game plan is not all that sinister.

True, the game is rigged to favor the dealer, but that is to be expected. The International Money Power, in the guise of the U.S. government, plays world banker, policeman and social worker, all rolled into one. Wars are eliminated or kept down to a dull roar, and nobody is able to get into a position to pose a real threat to the bubble gum-and-baling-wire house of cards. The world is safe for capitalism, though very unsafe for those who imagine a different world than one in which all things are measured by money.

There is one small problem, as Schwarz so expertly points out. The world is not a static place. It is a swirling cauldron of people, ideas, hopes, dreams, hatreds and desires. It is inhabited by people who, for all the chirping of the "World Is a Village" crowd, are very, very different. World and regional powers wax and wane. Men and nations grow unhappy and dissatisfied with their places in the scheme of things. More importantly, money is not everything to all men. Why should it be? Earlier Americans, those who knew that God ultimately rules this earth, would have understood that.

The International Consolidated Money & Power Establishment is now dancing wildly on the lip of a volcano. Unfortunately for us this crew is headquartered in our country and is acting in our name, which means that we will be roped into their final plunge into the boiling lava.

Bought any gold lately?

N.B. FORREST

The Affluent and the Starving

In his book, *August '39: The Last Four Weeks of Peace* (Mercury House, 1989), author Stephen Howarth, son of renowned British historian, David Howarth, focuses on average British citizens as they went about their daily lives just before Britain's declaration of war on Germany. Howarth goes into great detail telling of the penury of these average folk—the few shillings a week in wages, going on the dole to feed their families, the widespread unemployment, the mounting debt. One Newcastle neighborhood was so poor it could only afford only one copy of a newspaper, which was duly passed around from one hand to another.

Having dealt with the crushing poverty of ordinary people whose ancestors had lived in Britain for a millennium or more, Howarth (p. 40) proceeds to discuss a more recent arrival, one Nicholas Winton (real moniker, Wertheim), the grandson of German-Jewish immigrants. Unlike the half-starving Brits, he never had to worry about where his next cup of tea came from. Nicky, as he was known

to his friends, was a prominent member of the Stock Exchange and consequently in the upper echelon of British financial and social life. As the grandson of the former "British" consul in Moscow, Nicky's life was far more enjoyable and fulfilling than that of most denizens of the Sceptred Isle.

Just before Christmas 1938, Nicky journeyed to Prague to help evacuate Jewish children from Czechoslovakia. Many Gentile children also needed transport to safety in Britain, but Nicky wasn't concerned about them. Author Howarth praises Wertheim/Winton for his selective altruism and notes, "He could have been skiing in Switzerland."

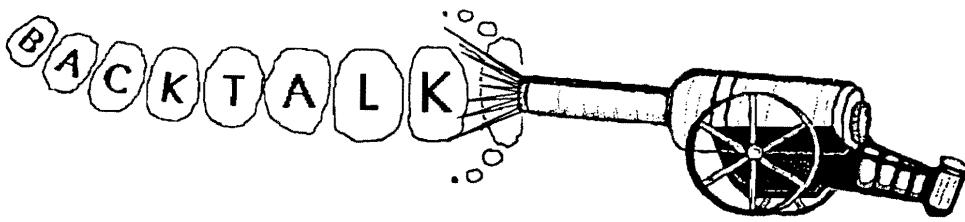
In page after page Howarth describes the soul-destroying poverty of the British working class in the 30s. He then recounts the opulence of richer-than-Croesus Jews who had only been in Britain for a short while and had made their millions from the very poverty-stricken people about whom Howarth was writing. What is hard to stomach are the au-

thor's gratuitous asides: "[The Wertheims/Wintons] were thoroughly British. . . . they were not cowards."

Since the British publishing industry is as Jewish-dominated as the rest of the media—and as rigidly scrutinized—it must be assumed that Howarth knows the rules. He might have added, but didn't,

Jews were not in uniform awaiting the blow of Hitler's war machine. . . . They were making zillions of pounds off the sweat of British brows, especially in the rapidly expanding armaments industry.

Such comments, however, are a waste of time. Any Instaurationist knows very well the whys and wherefores of Wertheim/Winton's *modus operandi*. As for the evacuation of the children, it is obviously commendable. But why are Jews praised for protecting *their* young and we are denounced when we seek to protect *our* offspring from forced association with half-savage blacks?



Ambiguous Mag?

Instauration is a dark corner of the American mind. Seen as an obscene magazine because it exposes too much. It tells lies, falsehoods and untruths, but the lies are true lies. What it says is intolerable because what it describes is intolerable. It is in fact intolerant. It will not tolerate the white man's demise. Narrow, yes. Straight and narrow. It speaks in undertones of undertow and an undertow that is pulling us all under like a vacuum cleaner sucking a lemon. Instauration is a tug at the plug.

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Saved by the Bell

The September issue had an excellent article by 060 re the Andrew Golata/Riddic Bowe fight. I must take exception, however, to his conclusion that the fight should not have been stopped. Another round of Golata's errant blows and Bowe could have suffered brain damage.

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Majority Dropout

I have been away from the "movement," for lack of a better word, for some time now, and I confess I do not miss it. The harassing phone calls, the vandalization of my property, the hounding of apolitical relatives on my account, were all too much for me. The straw that broke this camel's back was when, two years ago, I was forced to leave the best job I ever had when the ADL presented the owner of my company with a "dossier" on my activities (which rarely consisted of anything more than writing letters to my local paper). During the past two years or so, I have slowly severed all my ties with organized prowhite groups. I have stopped engaging in debates on political or social issues. In short, I have grown thoroughly disgusted with my fellow whites and see no reason why I should put my well-being, safety and reputation on the line on their behalf.

I recently became a full-time student again, studying for my Master's degree in English at a small but fairly prestigious college near Philadelphia. It is, as you might surmise, riddled with Jews and affirmative action melanoids of various types. Just last week I was treated to a debate in my class on 19th-century literature. The topic? "Which was a greater tragedy—black slavery or the Holocaust?" When I was an undergraduate, I would have jumped into the fray with guns a-blazing. On this occasion, I kept my mouth shut and quietly left the room about halfway through the class.

I have no intention of rejoining the ranks of prowhite activists. White Americans deserve exactly what they are getting. My long-range plan is to get the hell out of this country and find some way to move to Europe. As you know,

this is nearly impossible for white people, although they're more than willing to accept Africans, Arabs and other flotsam and jetsam. Perhaps as a European I will be more willing to sacrifice and once again take up the banner of white solidarity, but this country is done for, and I for one say good riddance.

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Wrong Word

I read Moriarty's article in the October 1996 Instauration and found it interesting and valuable. Incidentally, he might like to take note that there is no such thing as a healthy "recrudescence." The word means revival of an undesirable condition, an ill-advised idea, a renewed severity of a disease, a sore, a wound.

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WASPs and Flicks

Instauration's obit on E. Digby Baltzell (Nov. 1996) didn't say what he died of, but it could have been a broken heart. Baltzell was long a fixture at the University of Pennsylvania, from which I graduated 25 years ago. I recently received an alumni newspaper listing all the people at the 25th reunion. My class was majority Jewish (55%, as I recall), which I didn't know at the time I enrolled. Predictably, Jews were the ringleaders of the various forms of agitation that characterized that era on college campuses. Hardly the type to develop affectionate ties to the alma mater—or so one would think. Yet judging by the names of the alumni who actually returned to campus for the festivities, I'd wager that 75-80% were Jewish. I can only speculate what Baltzell—though he championed Jewish assimilation—would think about such a phenomenon. Reading between the lines of his famous book, I find a great deal of affection for WASP mores. He seemed to think that the WASP way was so wonderful that we should let others in on the deal. Unfortunately he failed to realize that when WASPs go into decline numerically, so does their way of life.

I join Zip 021 in his salute to the filmmakers who have brought us the recent Jane Austen movies. Not the least of the pleasures of attending such films is that the audiences are all but guaranteed to be white, wholesome and well-behaved—no small consideration at today's urban multiplex. When I first encountered Austen's books on required reading lists in school, my reaction was typical of the adolescent male. Yuck! Now I revel in their celebration of civilized behavior, decency and Nordicism—as well as their believable portrayals of white women. In contemporary movies, there are plenty of women who function as window-dressing, lots of politically correct types (crusading lady

lawyers, for example) and even Amazon warrior knock-offs. But I don't see many who remind me of real women—that is, the mothers, aunts, grandmothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends whose behavior we witness every day of our lives. How odd that one must turn to period pieces for such veracity.

JUDSON HAMMOND

Of This and That

The October issue was truly outstanding. I can't remember when so many hard-hitting articles have appeared in one issue. Céline was an interesting character—a great intellect with a razor-sharp pen. French intellectuals of all types have a love affair with working-class socialism. Mike Hoffman and others of his ilk are basically St. Augustines of the proletariat, forever seeking to purge greed.

I died laughing at Jesse Jackson lecturing Japanese on "sex harassment." Perhaps the good reverend could tell them about Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., who specialized in making love with his girlfriends behind his wife's back.

The Israeli gal who was chastised for wearing a mini-skirt to work got the proper treatment. Not long ago there was a newspaper article about Japanese reaction to female tyranny in the workplace. One sentence read, "It's women who harass men by wearing provocative clothing."

The truth about the Clintons is much worse than your brief review (Oct. 1996) suggests. Jack Kennedy may have slept around, but his White House did not feature lesbians and faggots doing what they do on their desks. I find my admiration for JFK growing. He had a lively libido and a contempt for established morality. He had his faults, but never would have sold out his country to the Chosen as Bill and Hillary are doing. JFK was a genuine student of world affairs. His private papers are filled with at least semi-accurate assessments which are truly remarkable for a young man who fought in WWII and who was indoctrinated in the interventionist mythology of the time. We should never forget that the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Immigration Act came after JFK was assassinated. He was born to great wealth and came from a family with a strong anti-interventionist background. The mentality of Kennedy Sr. may be found among his progeny. Bobby served on the McCarthy committee and Jack was well aware of Zionist power in politics. As I reflect on the early 1960s and what has come since, I believe the assassination of JFK may have been a greater disaster for the U.S. than many of us have yet perceived.

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Finns Are Not Swedes

One of Instauration's subscribers boasted recently of moving to "Nordic" Finland. I know Helsinki well. You could surely do worse, but the Finns were originally Asians from the same Ural Mountains area as their cousins the Hungarians. Finno-Ugric peoples are still scattered across northern Russia from Finland to beyond the Urals.

True Nordics are well aware of the difference between them and their Finnish neighbors.

Instauration also referred to Sweden, another country I know well. The Swedes have a very distinct culture, super-orderly and clean, nearly crime free, feminist, all utterly incompatible with the typical African or Asian immigrant. Like gasoline and an open flame, they cannot coexist. When the immigrants were a few percent of the population, they were a sometimes amusing and tolerable eccentricity. As their numbers grow, it is hard to see how what amounts to civil war can be avoided.

European subscriber

Forrest Admits He Needs to Cool It

Hold on a minute while I wipe the foam off my mouth! Thank God for our readers who throw custard pies in our faces every so often to keep us from taking ourselves too seriously. Zip 021 was correct to take me on for my excessive muttering and imprecation-casting at the end of my articles. Come to think of it, I have yelled "Pogrom Now!" a bit too often of late. Zip 021 was also all too correct in his assessment of Majority Americans. For every one of us sharpening his sword, there are ten slowly dissolving into immense pools of blubber on their recliner chairs, while watching vertically elongated Negroes play basketball. Another ten are divided into homos, navel-contemplators and game-show contestants. Bravehearts are rather thin on the ground in America of 1996. The average American Majority male is closer to Phil Donahue than to Charlemagne.

NBF

No Fish Story



I really liked the item, "Get to Know Your Jewfish" (Sept. 1996). But I didn't know for sure if there really was such a fish until today. Here is the photo from my local paper (Oct. 14, 1996) of a 77-pound Jewfish caught in the Hawkesbury River in Sydney, Australia.

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Top-Heavy With Jews

After winning the 1992 presidential election, Clinton said he wanted his Cabinet to look like America. By the time he pieced it together, however, it looked more like Brooklyn or Harvard Yard. Clinton's second-term Cabinet is even more minorityized. Fact is, it resembles Tel Aviv.

In his first term Clinton appointed two Jews to the Supreme Court, reappointed Alan Greenspan, Federal Reserve head, and further locked up Jewish control of U.S. finances by making Robert Rubin Secretary of the Treasury. After the death of Negro Ron Brown, Clinton chose Mickey Kantor to be Secretary of Commerce. Another Jew, the foreign-born John Deutch, was put in charge of the CIA, much to the delight of Israeli intelligence agents.

The three top government Cabinet posts are State, Defense and Treasury. In his first term Clinton put two Majority members, Warren Christopher and William Perry, in charge of State and Defense. The two are now out and have been replaced by two Jews: foreign-born, super-interventionist Madeleine Albright (State), who comes from a Czech-Jewish family that flirted with communism, and Republican Senator William Cohen (Defense), married to a Negress. Rubin stays on at Treasury. The new National Security Adviser, perhaps the most sensitive job in the government, is Chosenite Sandy Berger. The only ray of Aryan light—a dim ray—that emerged in the Cabinet shuffle is superliberal Anthony Lake, a one-time Kissinger errand boy, who moves to the CIA to replace Deutch, who took off for New York, presumably to replenish his purse with Wall St. millions. Lake may have some trouble getting Senate approval. Albright and Cohen, because of their ethnicity, will be shoo-ins.

What does Clinton think, if he thinks at all, when he loads up his administration with Jews, who, as he well knows, are also in command or second in command of numerous federal agencies? It's obviously a payback for their financial and media support in the election. But why does he have to push the envelope? He knows no one will dare criticize him for his orgy of Jewish appointments. But there must be more to his renegadism. Either he doesn't give a damn about his country and his people or he has deliberately and methodically and treasonably sold out to the Chosen hook, line and

sinker. No doubt he has been thinking of the gold-plated jobs that Jews will offer him as a reward for his manic pro-Semitism when he moves out of the White House, either at the end of his second term or possibly sooner if he or Hillary or both are indicted.

Post Election Mortems

• After Roger Morris, Clinton's disgraced political guru, admitted he had let his \$200-an-hour whore listen into phone calls with the President, after the news came out that Morris had claimed "he ran the country," the President of the U.S. nevertheless called him both before and after the election to thank him for his great services. Talk about the diminution of the presidency!

• Now that Morris has left the White House and pocketed a million-dollar advance for his upcoming opus, he is being replaced with Lanny Davis, another Morris in the making. Shyster Davis, who has been appointed White House Special Counsel in charge of the Whitewater mess, is just the kind of prevaricating Jew that Clinton warms up to. In one of his many bids for Congress, Davis falsely claimed to have graduated cum laude from Yale Law School. He also claimed, again falsely, to have been an aide to the late Senators Muskie and Ribicoff.

• Senate Majority Whip Don Nichols has stated publicly there is a fair chance that Hillary will be indicted for perjury and obstruction of justice sometime during Clinton's second term. As former chief counsel of the House Judiciary Committee at the time of the Nixon impeachment investigations, Jerome Zeifman, who should know whereof he speaks, declared: "It is now probable cause to consider our President and First Lady as felons. . . ."

• There is no depth to which presidents and presidential candidates can sink. The faces of Clinton and Dole appeared in a national ad campaign for the milk industry. Both men sported a milk mustache smeared on their upper lips.

• At the end of the totally off-putting 1996 elections blacks lost one representative, but still have 37 in the House and one, Carol Moseley-Braun, in the Senate. Latinos gained one representative for a total of 18. The voter turnout was less than 50%, the lowest in 72 years. Black Sheila Jackson-Lee of Houston got 79% of the vote in a newly drawn white Majority congressional district. Fifty percent of

white males voted for her. Black J.C. Watts (R-OK) was reelected with 58% of the vote in an 84% white district.

• Al Hunt, Margaret Carlson and Mark Shields all snottily dismissed Helen Chenoweth's (R-ID) chances for reelection. They said the militia-friendly legislator was "toast." Per usual the polls exaggerated voter support for Clinton and in the case of Chenoweth vastly underestimated the number of her populist boosters who put her over the top. The old Demo election ploy didn't work this time. Republicans were not fooled into believing that their candidate would be beaten so badly there would be no reason for them to get off their hindquarters and vote. At any rate Chenoweth won.

Democracy Wrecking Black

Gary A. Franks (R-CT), that rara avis, a black Republican, was defeated in last November's elections. This is how a black member of the House, Missouri Democrat William A. Clay, described Franks: "A Negro Dr. Kervorkian. . . . [A] pariah who gleefully assists in suicidal conduct to destroy his own race. . . . A foot-shuffling, head-scratching, Amos 'n' Andy brand of Uncle Tom-ism."

Democracy, a fragile political weed, can hardly flourish when it is watered by a rain of irresponsible invective. Clay may not know it, but his wild rantings do more to bite the hands that feed him and his people than a hundred militia conspiracies, Communist coups or popular uprisings. Democracy is only possible when politicians act with decorum. Loudmouths like Clay have little feeling for democracy. They belong to a people that has never had the slightest experience with self-government and never will.

Goodbye Mario

Mario Savio died in Sebastopol (CA) at age 53. His 15 minutes or rather three months of fame occurred in 1964 when he was the firebrand of a massive sit-in on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. As happened to so many of his radical colleagues, all his crimes were eventually forgiven and he ended up a "respectable" academic. His last job was teaching math and philosophy at Sonoma State College.

Italo-Americans have often had a hand in violent confrontations with the law. At times Mario reminded his supporters of Sacco and Vanzetti. He followed the same nuptial path as many of his non-Jewish soul brothers in the Soviet Union. His first wife was Suzanne Goldberg, his second, Lynne Hollander.

It's not an exaggeration to say that if you want to get ahead in California, it helps to have been a radical. Angela Davis, who delivered the guns to blacks who murdered a white judge, is now a professor. Tom Hayden, a onetime member of the terroristic Chicago Seven gang, is now a California State Representative.

Do Svidaniya Alger

Anyone with half a brain knows that Alger Hiss was a Majority proditor of the first water. In a long-gone era of pro-Bolshevik good feeling he represented the acme of pro-Soviet respectability. When Hiss was arrested and charged with espionage Jewish and non-Jewish eggheads battened down the hatches and would never admit that "dear Alger" could have been a spy, even after he was convicted of perjury and sent away for four years.



Chambers in his Communist days spy, even after he was convicted of perjury and sent away for four years.

The son of a wholesale grocer who committed suicide (his sister took the same way out), Hiss was described in the sympathetic media as a nice liberal gentleman whose family background was both normal and somewhat upscale.

Hiss's chief accuser was an equally obstreperous type who began his sordid life as a composer of porn poetry. A sloppy, smartish Marxist fanatic, Whittaker Chambers switched his politics in midstream and became a leading anti-Red and Henry Luce toady. His "Pumpkin Papers" was the evidence that finally nailed Hiss. Chambers' family was as uninspiring as his *bête noire's*. A brother died by sticking his head in an oven. Following the usual marital pattern for non-Jewish Reds, Chambers married a Jewess.

Both these mental castoffs dominated the media for years. In a decent, sensible society the world would never have heard of these two men who slipped their moral moorings at an early age. The sooner such *vauriens* are tossed into the ashcan of history the better. When the cement that holds civilization together begins to crumble, creatures like Hiss and Chambers are the first to crawl out of the cracks.

Actually Hiss, in spite of his Nordic looks, was a member of a minority—the queer minority. His first wife sued him for divorce after she caught him in a homosexual tryst with a teenager.

Pander Pander

Bob Dole's instant conversion to "political Judaism" during the presidential campaign may have been in the cards, but it was certainly disappointing to those few Americans who continued to look to the G.O.P. for what small residue of "real Americanism" might be left in our minorityized society. When Dole showed up before the TV cameras surrounded by legions of Zionist advisors (among them James Schlesinger, Richard Perle and Zionist fellow traveler Jeane Kirkpatrick), he darkly warned that Clinton's peace process threatened Israel's security. Even hardcore Zionists couldn't stomach the sight of a presidential contender prostituting himself so fulsomely. More importantly, such street-walking on behalf of a foreign government may actually alert a very dumb American public to the nasty double-dealing going on between dollar-rich Zionists and dollar-hungry U.S. politicos. Said one Jewish flack:

We are shocked that candidate Dole would insult the American Jewish people by pandering to the notion that Jews are of such a single mind on the matter of Israel that his words could be expected to win over their vote.

Jews may be many things, but they are hardly divided over the matter of "their" Israel. The political graveyards of the U.S. are filled with the rotting corpses of the ruined careers of men who dared to challenge the Israel Lobby.

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Despotic Judges

In November one third-rate judge in southern California singlehandedly put a hold on Prop 187, the initiative that denies many welfare handouts and free education to illegal immigrants, despite its approval by 59% of California voters. What judge could possibly throw such a destructive wrench in such a sterling example of direct democracy? It could only have been a minority member, someone harboring an age-old racial grudge. And so he or rather she was—Mariana Pfaelzer, veddy liberal and veddy Jewish.

In December a third-rate judge in San Francisco blocked the enactment of California Prop 209, another initiative duly approved by a majority (54%) of the electorate. Prop 209 mandated the end of affirmative action in public housing, contracting and education. What kind of judge would so brazenly go against the popular will? It could only have been a minorityite. And so it turned out. The judicial autocrat was Thelton Henderson, a fanatic black liberaloid. When working for the Justice Dept., Henderson had to

resign when it was discovered he had loaned a government vehicle to the dreamy Rev. Martin L. King Jr.

How is it that these two all-important cases fell into the hands of two judges who belong to ethnic groups that represent slightly more than 2% (Pfaelzer's ethnos) and 12% (Henderson's) of the American people? It was a foregone conclusion that these two biased judges would do everything they could to trash any law that attempted to reduce minority perks.

Ironically, Mark Rosenbaum (who else?), director of the Southern California ACLU, is backing Henderson to the hilt. The same crowd that specializes in decrying racism is now trying to protect laws that institutionalize racism.

Black Court of Appeals

Three white Pittsburgh cops have been implicated in the suffocation death of a wild-eyed Negro, Jonny Gammage, who went berserk, as many so frequently do, when stopped for a traffic violation. One of the policemen, John Vojtas, who almost had his thumb bitten off in the altercation, was acquitted of involuntary manslaughter by an all-white jury. This precipitated a street demonstration which, after some touchy moments, remained peaceful. A second demonstration of students, unauthorized by the authorities, exuded racist threats and dollops of Afrocentrism, but fortunately did not erupt into a riot.

Earlier the two other cops were put on trial separately, with the jury splitting along racial lines. A new trial is in the offing. If the cops are pronounced not guilty, anything can happen. What Pittsburghers don't want is a repeat of the billion-dollar L.A. riot that followed the acquittal of the cops who beat Rodney King.

Nowadays the guilt or innocence of a defendant in a white-black legal confrontation is only of secondary importance. Of first importance is how the black community, which acts as a sort of unofficial court of appeals, views the verdict. If it doesn't approve, the city can go up in flames. This outcome weighs heavily on the consciences of judges, juries and attorneys. It obviously helps shape the verdict, despite the expected thunderous denials of legal beagles.

A few days after the student demonstration, which amounted to a mass exercise in playing hooky, two black students were arrested for beating a white teacher almost to death with a hammer. It happened in the same Pittsburgh high school that had supplied many of the marchers. No connection was drawn by the media to the antiwhite hysteria whipped up by the Gammage case.



Screaming Numbers

Sometimes numbers appear in the news that deserve far more attention than those recorded in Instauration's Talking Numbers dept. This is one of these cases. Time magazine, somehow letting down its guard, reported in its Nov. 25 issue, p. 30, that in regard to the rapes and sexual harassment of female soldiers in army training camps, "80% of the victims are white and 80% of those charged are black."

This is not very good news for army recruiters, especially those trying to recruit white women. What decent white female wants to be thrown into a snake pit at the mercy of black drill sergeants whose every command is supposed to be dutifully obeyed?

Of all the freedom whites have lost in the affirmative actioneering of America, freedom of association is perhaps the greatest loss. More and more white women have to associate with black men in the workplace, which can be the first step to stalking campaigns that have been known to end in murder (see Talking Numbers this issue for one example). In the army this forced association has led to black-on-white rapes and widespread sexual harassment of white female recruits by blacks. What's next in the liberal-minority agenda for the armed forces—compulsory interracial couplings with seven days' confinement to barracks for any white female who dared to object?

Word Play

The Wall St. Journal has come up with a new verb, "Israelize," defined as "to become more security conscious as a result of terrorist attacks." A more accurate meaning of Israelize might be the expulsion of a million or so people from their homeland by staging panic-inducing massacres of women and children.

Easing Standards

It is now possible to graduate from 79% of the nation's colleges and universities without taking a course in the history of Western civilization. 77% of these institutions of higher education will let you go home with a sheepskin without taking a foreign language course. 53% will bestow a diploma on students who have taken zilch courses in the natural or physical sciences.

Harvard Medical School has a 20% quota for minorities. To keep pace with falling student IQs, some difficult courses

were dropped. Next a pass/fail grading system was inaugurated to replace letter grades. Next it was decided that the National Medical Board Exam would be a sufficient test for admission. When a disproportionate number of failures showed up on this test, it was dropped as an entrance requirement. Next time you have an operation you might check to see if your surgeon has a Harvard Medical School diploma.

Dangerous Neighbors

The endless string of black-on-white murders grows ever longer. Because white Loren Traylor, 17, refused the advances of black Lamar Jackson, 16, he strangled her. The two would never have met if the Traylor's Long Island neighborhood had not been integrated. When white mothers oppose black families with randy teenage sons moving next door or on the same street, they are denounced as "racists," not only by blacks but by white liberals who live far, far away. What is happening is that whites, especially attractive white girls, are becoming ducks in a shooting gallery. The rich escape the lethal meat-grinder by running to expensive fortress-like communities guarded by electronically operated gates, leaving the poorer whites to face the prospect of being robbed, raped or murdered.

Chosenite in the Woodpile

The Christian Coalition has been blessed by the presence of a Jewish member, Gary Pollard, a Houston lawyer, who baby-face president Ralph Reed is happy to show off to all and sundry as a prize token. Lawyer Pollard, who also joined the Republican Party, says he did so "to assist the pro-Israeli agenda." He says Jews should become Republicans because "that way, no matter who's in, we have access."

Beauty and Race

People with the most symmetric faces are the most attractive. So affirms Dr. Randy Thornhill of the University of New Mexico, who adds that students with near perfect symmetry had nearly twice or thrice the sexual partners as asymmetric types. Symmetry, Dr. Thornhill emphasizes, is a sign of genetic fitness and works its hereditary magic on plants, insects and animals as well as on humans.

What is the most symmetric race? Blacks with their long bodies and small

heads, Mongoloids with their big heads and short bodies, can hardly be described as symmetric, at least in the aesthetic sense. Rough-hewn features which offer many opportunities for asymmetry are more common in Alpines and what Carleton Coon called coarse Mediterraneans, a large component of the Mediterranean race. This leaves the Nordic race the most symmetric and consequently the most attractive.

Relatively Chauvinistic

Instauration has never been impressed with Bombfather, otherwise known as Albert Einstein, the "man of peace" who encouraged the development and building

of the atom bomb. Instauration's negative impression has been more than justified by the recent discovery of 430 letters from Einstein to his first wife, Mileva, a Serb and a brilliant physicist in her own right, whom he later abandoned for a Jewess. In one missive to Mileva, dated April 1914, Einstein demanded that she serve him three meals a day in his room. "You will expect no affection from me and will not reproach me for this," he commanded her. Strange words from a saint.

Fairy Tales
Counterpunch is an insider newsletter co-edited by Alexander Cockburn, a scion of an old-line British-Communist dynasty. A scandalmonger who generally gets what he writes half-right, Cockburn alleged that three senators not previously known for their queerness—Hatfield, Kohl and Barbara Mikulski—all have had same-sex lovers. Hatfield, when dean of students at Willamette College, had a homosexual relationship with a math student and maintained a 20-year homo liaison with Gary Franks, his Jewish political adviser. Kohl, in his salad days, was known as Klosset Kase Kohl, the "Dairy Queen," who frequented a nightclub that featured nude male dancers, whose feet Kohl could not resist licking. Mikulski still putters around with dykes on a regular basis. One other senator who may have flirted with homosexuality is Larry Pressler (R-SD), otherwise known as the Prairie Fairy. To cover up these past and present divagations from the sexual norm, all the senators listed above, except Hatfield who has retired, voted for the Defense of Marriage Act.



First Mrs. Einstein

The Coming Race War in America, a new bestseller by black racist Carl Rowan, has reviewers cluck-clucking both approval (barrator Johnnie Cochran Jr.) and disapproval (faux aristo William F. Buckley Jr.). What the author doesn't understand is that the race war is not coming. It is here! He calls Farrakhan and Pat Buchanan the two worst warmongers. The only other black in Rowan's ten most bellicose roster is Al Sharpton. Other listees: two Jews (Howard Stern and Richard Cohen), one Italo-American (Bob Grant) and four Majority types (Gingrich, Liddy, Limbaugh and North).

#

Michael Jackson says he wears a mask because his skin is so sensitive it can't stand sunlight. None of his siblings suffers from this defect. If it's hereditary, it may show up in Michael's first kid, right now in the womb of a white woman, Deborah Rowe, who is rumored to have been paid more than \$500,000 to marry him and bear his child. Jackson heatedly denies that the event was accomplished by artificial insemination.

#

George Soros, a Holocaust survivor who came to the U.S. in 1956, amassed a fortune of over \$1 billion in the ignoble practice of currency speculation. \$350 million of this has already gone to prop up democracies in Eastern Europe. Another \$50 million will be allocated to helping immigrant groups get to the U.S. It's a good bet that the immigrants will have more genetic links to Soros than to members of the American Majority.

#

The legal director of the Southern California chapter of the ACLU, which orchestrated a violent demonstration (23 arrests) on the University of California (Berkeley) campus against Proposition 209 is—no surprise—yclept Mark Rosenbaum. To their dismay the agit-proppers lost the vote, but once more the people's will was defeated by a minority judge, one Thelton Henderson, a black.

#

The Smithsonian Institute, now directed by Ira Heyman, a Jewish self-promoter, decided to honor Hispanic Heritage Month. So his minions invited Andres Serrano to lecture on contemporary art. Serrano is the creep who got \$15,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts for his "artistic creation," *Piss Christ*, which features a model of the crucified Jesus dunked in a glass container of urine. A Smithsonian spokesman, David Umansky, another cul-

ture enricher, called Serrano "a most significant Hispanic artist." Painting swastikas on walls is a hate crime. Immersing Christ in urine is art.

#

Arthur Bremer, the left-wing nut who shot George Wallace in 1972, crippling him for life, received a letter from the ex-Alabama governor in 1995 which said in part, "I am a born-again Christian. I love you." No wonder this country is disintegrating.

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The Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania now permits its holy men to bless homosexual and Sapphic couplings, though it clothes such heresy in more sacerdotal terms.

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In response to multiple charges of handing out kickbacks, Calvin Grigsby, onetime black financial whiz, has resigned from Grigsby Brandford, the nation's largest minority-owned bond firm. At last report he has dropped out of sight and the Feds are looking for him. As Grigsby's star sets, another black star is rising. Franklin Delano Raines, the Negro token in Lazard Frères and former head of the Fannie May mortgage giant, is going to take over the Office of Management and Budget. Raines' principal sponsor is Al (tobacco farm) Gore.

#

After the murder of Polly Klaas by a mongrel, the media kept harping on how odd it was that such a horrible crime was committed in a peaceful and civilized setting like Petaluma (CA). Such crocodile tears don't wash. Crime reaches out to every nook and cranny of present-day America. To confound the media surprise at the spread of small-town crime, another 12-year-old girl was raped in Petaluma on November 1. Fortunately she wasn't killed and was able to identify her attacker, 55-year-old Larry Cole (race unrevealed), who was picked up only a few hours after the crime.

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The American Institute of Philanthropy has given Morris Dees's Southern Poverty Law Center an "F" rating for the second year in a row.

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Eighty-year-old ex-con James Cameron, who claimed he was almost lynched in 1930 for taking part in the robbery-murder of a white couple in Marion (IN), has founded in Milwaukee what he calls the first Black Holocaust Museum. Cameron is a revisionist in the sense that he be-

lieves many more blacks than 3,500, the semi-official figure, were lynched from 1880 to the 1960s. In 1865-67 he said 35,000 blacks were strung up.

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He was the shepherd of one of Northern California's leading Jewish congregations, married with four children and exercised an immense amount of spiritual power over his congregation. But Rabbi Kirschner also exuded enough physical power to enable him to cohabit with at least four women in his flock. Now divorced and the head of a Jewish cultural center in Los Angeles, the Rabbi, mouthing lots of *mea culpas*, has begged every woman he harmed for forgiveness.

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Y Philander (an apt name) Rodman, the father of hooper-pervert Dennis Rodman, has 27 children from two wives. In addition to this brood, he claims 100 more offspring who have his name on their birth certificates. Pa insists he has certain similarities with his son. Both were raised by white families and married white women. Both did a stint or two behind bars.

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X G.M., a 17-year-old Puerto Rican in New Britain (CT), has caused so much trouble that he almost managed to shut down his special education class. The school district has already spent \$37,000 on an aide to accompany him to class, someone to wake him up in the morning, a tutor to help him with his homework, a consultant to write a special behavior program for him, and a therapist to work both with him and his grandmother.

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The 54-year-old grandmother, Gayle Isleib, would still be alive today if the workforce in her Manchester (CT) Wal-Mart had not been integrated. Tyrone Montgomery, 25, a black, was her co-worker in the shoe section. Their close association at the workplace apparently emboldened Tyrone to start stalking her at night. Instead of calling the police, she thought she could handle the problem. She couldn't. Tyrone gunned her down in front of her garage one afternoon as she returned from her job. Add one more to the thousands of whites who would never have been murdered if racial integration had not become the law of the land.

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Ex-con, ex-gunslinger, ex-Communist Party vice-presidential candidate Angela Davis, winner of the Lenin Prize, has been appointed by the University of California at Santa Cruz to the prestigious President's Chair, a reward for her work in the "history of consciousness" program.

Talking Numbers

1 .83 71 100.013 .03% -43 31425

Scalia, the Italian, and Thomas, the black with the white wife, are the toughest Supreme Court justices in regard to executions (87% pro in 16 cases). The Court's bleeding hearts, Chosenite Breyer and Majority renegade Stevens, are more prone to saving killers from the hot seat (37.5% pro). Ginsburg is fifty-fifty, but her heart may harden a bit. She was mugged while strolling in Washington on the evening of November 7.

A mail order house is selling autographed copies of Colin Powell's book, *My American Journey*, for \$150. Powell must be cursing his fate these days. If Dole had won, the four-star general might have been Secretary of State. But don't count Powell out. Clinton keeps a beady eye on the fawn-colored Democrat who pretends to be a Republican.

According to Gallup 50% of Americans want "to stop almost all legal immigration for the next 5 years." In modern democracies what people want people don't always get.

Immigrant scientists grabbed 40% of the 720 plush math jobs that opened up in the U.S. in 1995.

8 Northern European countries are among the world's top 10 in number of suicides in 1990-95. Most suicidal is Hungary (38.6/100,000); least is Greece (3.5/100,000). Overall the figures suggest that angst increases with latitude.

Hate crimes reported in 1995: 2,988 antiblack, 1,226 antiwhite, 1,058 anti-Jewish, 735 anti-homo, 355 anti-Asian. Since blacks represent 27% of the known offenders, twice their proportion of the population, they commit more hate crimes per capita than any other minority. What about it, Morris Dees?

A post-mortem of the election shows once again that minority racism and democracy are two principal factors in the slow but steady countrywide tilt against Majority members. If the trend continues—at present there is nothing on the horizon to stop it—the Majority will become an oppressed, then a persecuted and finally a run-for-your-life minority.

The severance packet of Franklyn Jenifer, president of the very black Howard University, amounted to \$676,980. This did not include about half of his \$201,167

salary and various other perks. The payoff was made at the very time that Howard was facing a \$7-million annual deficit. Jenifer had the highest salary of all 479 American private college presidents.

In 1995 an estimated 1,585,400 persons were cooling their heels in U.S. jails. Blacks accounted for 43.5% of the prison population.

In its rush to provide Clinton with 1.3 million new citizens before the election, 2,138 criminals were naturalized. Boasting that 67,000 criminals were deported in fiscal 1995, Doris Meissner, INS chief, didn't explain how the 67,000 managed to get in and stay in the country.

The last V2 rocket that fell on London (March 27, 1945) killed 133 people. A Jewish correspondent to a British newspaper claimed 113 of these dead were Jews. An anti-Semitic rocket?

In the first decade of this century for every 10 immigrants arriving in this country, 4 returned home. Today for every 10 immigrants, only 2 go back whence they came.

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, a camorra of minority blackmailing gangstas, forced the owner of an Akron (OH) supermarket to offer to rehire 19 former black employees, who had never complained of discrimination. The

offer was sweetened with \$1,000 scholarships to study retail sales and marketing. None of the blacks bothered to reply.

The U.S. government spends \$150 million a year sending 16,000 foreign students to American colleges and universities. The money includes tuition, living expenses, full medical coverage, cash allowances and salaries for interpreters. 37 million Americans can't afford health benefits.

A black worker at the Pitney-Bowes plant in L.A. complained that a fellow worker taunted him with the words, "Ooga-booga, jungle-jungle." A jury (racial composition unknown) awarded him \$11 million.

57% of whites said they would feel comfortable in a half-black neighborhood; 72% said they would feel the same in a half-Latino milieu; 80% amid Asians. (Los Angeles Survey of Urban Inequality 1993-1994) Could it be that this survey has a 20-30% plus or minus margin of error?

Cooking fires in the U.S. account on average for 370 deaths and 6,000 injuries annually. Blacks cause more than 60% of these fires.

22% of employed Latinos and 27% of working blacks have government jobs.

The Harvard AIDS Institute predicts that by the turn of the century blacks will comprise more than half of all U.S. AIDS cases. At present two-thirds of all HIV-infected women in this country are black.

Presidential Vote Wrapup

Race/ethnicity	Clinton	Dole	Perot
White	44%	45%	9%
Black	84%	12%	4%
Hispanic ¹	72%	21%	5%
Asian	42%	49%	8%
Other	64%	23%	9%

1 - Hispanics can be of any race

Note: Totals may not be 100% because of rounding.

The above "racial" results of the 1996 election show the power of bloc voting. Except for the Asians, the minorities, or at least the unassimilable minorities, voted with their genes. If whites had done likewise, Dole's address would now be 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. As minority voting power grows, thanks to immigration and high black and Latino birthrates, Majority members have either got to stop splitting their vote or cash in their chips and depart the political scene. The more liberal the polister, the more distant from the actual vote count. The Zogby (an Arab name?) poll was right on the button. The N.Y. Times, the so-called "newspaper of record" but in reality the deadliest anti-Majority propaganda mill in print, didn't even come close. Even the Society of Witches did better than the Times. 370 of the members surveyed by the New York Society for the Strange predicted Clinton's reelection, but said his margin of victory would be much smaller than the polls indicated.

Incidentally minority bloc voting showed up most dramatically and most sinistly in New Jersey, where 91% of blacks and 81% of Jews opted for Clinton.

It may be racist to say so, but blacks do differ from whites—at least in their choice of TV shows. Only *ER*, *Monday Night Football* and NBC's *Monday Night Movie* appear in the top 20 of all households (black, white and otherwise). Blacks favor Fox's *New York Undercover*, which rates a lowly 122nd on the white scale. *ER*, the white favorite, is the 20th choice of blacks. Minorities, it might be noted, are almost everywhere on TV, but only six minority theme shows are in the Big Four networks.

Sam Donaldson and Cokie Roberts (the latter married to Jewish journalist Steve Roberts recently fired from U.S. News & World Report) get as much as \$400 to \$500 a minute for spouting liberal boilerplate at the annual meetings of various associations and corporations. Their prosperity largely depends on the renown they have accumulated as permanent members of the *This Week With David Brinkley* show. Gnome-like David (second wife a Jewess) is finally retiring after an insufferably long electronic career. People tend to forget Brinkley was a TV news anchorman years before the reign of Uncle Walter.

Right from the horse's mouth comes this network news "confession." Dan Rather, according to Tom Brokaw, was fed false stories about the presidential race by Donald Rumsfeld, chairman of Dole's campaign. Rather would then dutifully report them as fact over the air. Rumsfeld was simply trying to get even with the White House flacks who had been leaking phony stories to the press about Republicans. Instauration has always known that Rather is the anchorman least likely to tell the truth. It's reassuring to find our opinion is shared with Injun Dan's own cohorts.

Cheryl Crow's latest big hit, *If It Makes You Happy*, has finally been discovered by the Zionist censors. When I first watched the video on VH1, I was captivated by Crow's extremely beautiful blue eyes and flowing straight brown hair. I said to myself, "What a shame this gorgeous woman lets herself be used by the corrupt media to foist race-mixing music on our unsuspecting white youth." But wait, maybe I was wrong! The more I watched the video the more I saw that it was a sarcastic sideswipe at egalitarianism. Throughout the entire video Cheryl is in a cage, just one of a number of animals on the endangered species list. Get it? At the end of the video there she was, in a clearly labeled museum for endangered species. They actually let her get away with that! A talented, beautiful Nordic woman clearly labeled for all to see as a member of an endangered species! About two weeks later I saw the video again. The part that showed Cheryl's cage as an exhibit in an endangered species museum was gone. It had been edited out!

Their vigilance never wavers. They never sleep for long.

From Zip 711. I caught a *Miami Vice* show recently in which two black pimps were disputing control of an elegant angelic blonde. One complained she wasn't worth the \$3,000 he paid to add her to his stable. The blonde defers to both as if they were supermen. Shortly thereafter I saw two newspaper ads for current movies featuring black studs/white women. The opposite combination—white man/black woman—is not unheard of, but is far less common.



From I.H. It was election eve. On *Larry King Live* there appeared the fat-faced countenance of Haley Barbour, the man who had come to rue his fate as chairman of the political party destined to suffer the ignominious fate of losing to Billy Boy. Barbour, already certain that his man would come up multiples of percentage points short, had the beaten and dejected look of a death row inmate. Larry King, the Brooklyn-born Jew, a survivor of multiple failed marriages and one or two personal bankruptcies, looked with obvious satisfaction at the prospect of four more years with the Kid from Little Rock. For Barbour, backed into the political corner, there was only one last card to play. Already the newspapers were filled with stories of foreign currency circulating through the political veins of the churning Democratic cash machine. With the feigned outrage of an old country lawyer fighting to summon up the passion requisite to try one last case, the chairman snorted out, in true Mississippi fashion, "Larry, can you imagine the gall of it all! These Democrats wallowing in foreign money! Don't it just make you sick! Foreigners buying their way around Washington like they're Americcuns!"

As the snake pauses to consider his prey before he uncoils and strikes, Larry King stared at the frustrated Barbour. Taking a large gulp of air, he threw off his black spectacles and sputtered out his fateful question: "Haley, then what are you saying about all the Jews who give to Israel? Is that wrong?"

Seeming not to fully appreciate the gravity of King's question, Barbour trundled on, fulminating about the horrors of foreign money slithering its circuitous way about the halls of Congress and polluting the very innards of American culture. "Can you imagine it, Larry? All that foreign money!"

Not to be outdone in the contest of table-banging, King weighed in once more, this time even more insistently. "But Haley, what are you saying about all the Jews who give money to Israel?"

Suddenly, as the serpent's victim recovers his senses in the first few moments after the venom has been administered, Haley Barbour was alerted to the peril of his inattention. "The Jews! For gosh sakes, Larry, I didn't say nuthin' about the Jews."

Report from the Darkening Tip

Oct. 2: It is becoming clearer by the day that the diversity of languages, races, cultures, societies and classes that constitute South African society make it very difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy the basic needs of each and every member of all the different groups and nations.

Oct. 4: Five senior police officers who do not want their names made known, because their lives are threatened, have applied for amnesty.

Oct. 6: Afrikaners are divided in regard to the creation of a separate nation state.

Oct. 7: Dr. Ferdinand Hartzenberg, leader of the Conservative Party, has stated "the ANC will not give us what we are striving for unless we create a problem."

Oct. 9: The death toll in the latest violence which has plagued the Eastern Cape over the past six weeks has risen to 14.

Black and white Pretoria University students yesterday threw bottles at each other after black students trashed the campus to protest the appointment of Professor Johan van Zyl as rector. Witnesses said the brief clash followed the throwing of two petrol bombs by black students. The blacks were later chased off campus by white students.

Oct. 12: The acquittal in the Durban Supreme Court of former Defence Minister General Magnus Malan and his co-defendant in the case involving the massacre of 13 women and children at Kwa Mkutha in 1987 stirred immediate controversy. Attorney-General Tim McNally said the verdict amounted to a judicial crisis. President Mandela, however, said he "fully accepted" the decision to acquit.

Oct. 13: The Constitutional Assembly has adopted the amended text of the new Constitution, but the Inkatha Freedom Party was not present to represent its constituency of about seven million.

A proposal by the Commission for Higher Education that English be regarded as the only academic language in South Africa has been rejected with "shock" by learned Afrikaners.

Oct. 14: Sacked Deputy Minister Bantu Holamisa has warned that South Africa will slip into chaos unless urgent measures for accountability and open governance are put in place.

Oct. 16: The predominantly Afrikaner town of Potchefstroom is experiencing an influx of Chinese. Taiwanese are establishing a "homeland" in the town of Bronkhorstspruit.

Oct. 17: White South Africans anxious about violent crime are fleeing their country to start new lives overseas. Australia appears to be the most popular destination. Alto-

gether 5,627 white professionals left South Africa in the first six months of 1996.

Oct. 21: The Conservative Party yesterday called on its members to organise self-protection units at schools. White children have been attacked with knives and threatened with handguns.

Oct. 22: The South African rand yesterday fell to its lowest level ever as against the British pound and closed a cent lower against the U.S. dollar.

Oct. 23: A big Chinese industrialist has entered into an agreement with the government of the Northern Province to invest 15 million rands (\$3 million) in the province in the next two years.

Oct. 24: The Human Sciences Research Council reports that South Africans are unhappy about the political and economic situation. In May 1994, 76% of those polled indicated their general satisfaction with political developments, but this very positive response fell steadily to 45% in July 1996—a drop of more than 30%.

Oct. 25: In an attempt to cut its budget deficit, the Gauteng health department plans to close three hospitals, convert seven to health centres, retrench 2,600 employees and transfer another 6,000.

Oct. 31: The South African Parliament has by 210 votes to 87 accepted legislation which now makes abortion on request possible.

Nov. 1: More than 4,000 teachers in Gauteng (Witwatersrand, Pretoria and surrounding areas) have applied for dismissal. They want to quit education because of the worsening situation in the schools.

Nov. 3: The government this week dispatched an emergency task team to bolster the Eastern Cape's administration which is in danger of collapse as a result of corruption, maladministration and massive fraud.

Nov. 7: Some 204,000 aliens from neighboring African states have sought and obtained permanent residence in South Africa.

Nov. 9: A violent clash, the worse to date, erupted in the hostel of the Bloemfontein Technicon between white and black students. Twenty rooms were demolished, television sets were thrown out of windows, books burned and students' clothing destroyed. The next day most black students left the hostel with all their belongings.

Nov. 11: The Commissioner of Police admits a very serious disciplinary situation has developed in Bloemfontein Technicon. The situation is so bad that right-wing leaders are attempting to develop a new strategy for the alignment of all rightist forces.





Canada. After 17 years of legal wrangling James Keegstra, onetime Alberta high school teacher, has finally thrown in the towel. He won't contest the one-year jail sentence—which remains suspended unless he defies the court's admonition not to write or say anything derogatory about Jews. The verdict sounded like it had been written by Simon Wiesenthal. It was one of the most sweeping attacks on free speech ever heard in a Canadian court. Another ex-high school teacher, Malcolm Ross, is not only out of a job, but has been forced into poverty by Jewish organizations that had him fired for making objective remarks about Jews, not in the classroom, but in a few books.

Lest we forget, any Jew can accuse any non-Jew of every crime in the book, but if any non-Jew dares to criticize a Jew, abracadabra, it's off to the unemployment line or the clinker. No wonder Jews do so well in the world. They are protected by an impenetrable propaganda shield.

Britain. Having dumped David Irving's biography of Goebbels as a result of Jewish pressure and threats, the chicken-hearted American publisher, John Wiley & Sons, caved in once again to the book-burners. The firm broke its contract with British psychologist, Dr. Christopher Brand, to publish his book, *The g Factor*.

Neither Irving nor Brand are daunted. Irving is now peddling his British edition in the U.S. and doggedly looking for a gutsy American publisher. Instead of helping its psychology lecturer fight censorship, Edinburgh University has ordered him to modify his style of teaching or else.

What has Brand, a professed "race realist," been writing and teaching? That blacks are less intelligent than whites, that racial differences are real and should be investigated rather than disputed and that political correctness is a blot on human intelligence. The fate of Brand's book proves once again that the heavy hand of Jewish censorship is not confined to the U.S. but reaches everywhere in the Western world.

Two-thirds of Jews employed in Britain have posh jobs in the managerial and professional fields. Some 24% of British Jewish households make more than \$65,000 a year. Only 3% of the population as a whole earn that much. Forty-two percent of Jewish heads of households in France are managers or professionals

(*The Economist*, Nov. 16, 1996). Some argue that Jews are a racial caste. It's unarguable they are an economic caste.

Simon Round, a columnist for the Jewish Chronicle, had some unusually truthful comments to make about his racial cousins, as a subscriber discovered in a year-old clipping (Dec. 15, 1995):

Jews are popping up in places that only a generation ago would have been thought of as off limits. But the line has to be drawn somewhere and, fundamentally, the line is where it had always been—under manual work.

There are few, if any, Jewish lumberjacks, steeplejacks (in fact anything with a jack in it), mechanics or labourers. . . . We like to live in houses, we don't mind developing property and we love dealing in it. But we will not, under any circumstances, build it.

Bleached blonde, light-eyed Sharron Davies, erstwhile Olympic swimmer and married to Derek Redmond, a black sprinter, just paid £3,000 pounds (\$4,620) to have her breasts ballooned. Davies stars in a British TV show, *The Gladiators*, in which she plays the part of an Amazon. To celebrate the completion of her remodeled bosom, Sharron had herself snap-shotted with her husband's black paws covering part of her inflated mammarys.

A Jewish businessman, Cyril Paskin, tried to foist a Yitzhak Rabin memorial obelisk and "peace pond" on Launton, a town described by a local as "an Anglo-Saxon village, the very heart of Middle England [that has] absolutely no Jewish connections at all." When the town council turned down the offer unanimously, Paskin called it "a blatant demonstration of anti-Semitism." Rabin, who won the Nobel Peace Prize, was head of the Israeli armed forces when Jewish fighter planes killed 34 Americans on the *U.S.S. Liberty*.

Homo sapiens as we know him did not materialize in Africa, but in northern climes 100,000 years ago. The loss of body hair was caused by sexual selection. Males apparently were attracted to the females who had the least hair. Dark skin came about when the pale-skinned people first migrated south at the start of the last Ice Age some 70,000 years ago. Since there are four biochemically different forms of dark pigmentation in different populations, this more or less negates the

case that modern man descended from one dark-skinned ancestor (*London Times*, Nov. 10, 1995). The proponent of this theory, which represents another body blow to a black Eve being the mother of mankind, is Dr. Charles Goodhart, an eminent Cambridge don and prestigious anthropologist.

Ever notice how the quality of BBC programs has been consistently falling? Could it possibly have something to do with Alan Yentob's appointment a year ago as BBC's director of all radio and TV programs, a post which gives him creative control over BBC's entire output? Yentob's Jewish father arrived in Britain from Baghdad in the late 1940s. His mother, Flory, is an Iraqi Jew. The family set up a textile manufacturing plant soon after arrival and by now has stashed away millions of pounds. Philippa Walker (a shiksa?) has borne Yentob two children but the couple remain unmarried.

France. In the November election at Dreux, to counter the growing influence of Jean-Marie Le Pen's Front National, all the other political parties united behind one candidate to oppose the FN's Marie-France Stirbois. The omniparty candidate received 60% of the vote, the FN lady 40%. Le Pen is becoming so popular that France's other political parties are afraid to take him on individually.

A mongrel, mostly Arab, immigrant singing group, *Nique ta Mère* (F—Your Mother) came up with a new ditty, *Nique la Police*, with such lyrics as "Shoot the police when they've fallen on the ground." For this contribution to French culture NTM members were given three months in jail, a sentence which horrified Minister of Justice Jacques Toubon. He considered it much too severe and wants the sentence repealed. Meantime the group has come out with still another hit tune, *Piss on the Police*.

President Chirac, while on his trip to the Middle East, bubbled over with kind words for the Palestinians and Syrians, while uttering some very minor criticism of Israelis. This shocked Jews, who described it as a diplomatic *volte-face* of astonishing proportions. Chirac may have been trying to *couper l'herbe sous les pieds* (cut the grass from under the feet) of Le Pen, who is pro-Arab in the Middle East but anti-Arab at home. Chirac's grand tour may also have been an attempt to revive French influence in Lebanon and Syria, which were once French mandates (colonies).



Yet another sordid superscam has been uncovered. Chosenite Jacques Crozemarie was jailed for stealing hundreds of millions of francs from a cancer research institute.

Germany. Gary Lauck, a Third Reich enthusiast, is locked up for four years in Germany for mailing pro-Nazi material written in the U.S. to Germans. A U.S. citizen, Lauck has been promptly forgotten by the media along with such time-honored rights as freedom of the press and freedom of expression.

German Erich Priebke, 83, was found not guilty by an Italian military court in regard to his involvement in a WWII massacre of 335 Italians in response to an Italian massacre of German soldiers. Instead of being freed, Priebke was kept in jail and forced to submit to a second trial. Italian leftists, whipped into a frenzy by Jewish groups, demanded a guilty verdict. Since they didn't get it, they will try again.

Apparently the Italians have taken a leaf from the Simi Valley trial of the Los Angeles police officers who were videoed while trying to restrain animalistic black recidivist Rodney King. The cops were tried, acquitted and promptly retried for violating King's civil rights, double jeopardy notwithstanding. The second time around a racially mixed jury found them guilty. How about a new criminal trial for Simpson on the basis he violated the civil rights of his ex-wife and Ron Goldman?

As said previously, no one worries about Lauck, but the N.Y. Times worries a great deal about Lori Berenson, a 27-year-old New Yorker who went to Peru to help Indian revolutionaries overthrow the government. Lori was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment. No doubt the media and President Clinton will keep moaning and groaning until she is released. She has already become a martyr in the eyes of the Zoo City crowd.

From a subscriber. A half-century after the end of WWII all Germans, minors included, when applying for a U.S. visa are required to answer the following quiz: *Have you ever on the direct or indirect instructions of the National Socialist Government of Germany or the government of any state allied with National Socialism participated in the persecution of individuals on the basis of their race, religion nationality or political orientation and/or ordered, encouraged or supported same. Have you ever participated in genocide?*

Are immigrants arriving in the U.S. from the former Soviet Union and countries formerly under Communist regimes obliged to answer questions about the crimes they may have committed under communism? Are Israelis wishing to visit the U.S. asked if they have participated in crimes against the Palestinian or other Arab peoples?

Russia. On the 50th anniversary of the controversial Nuremberg Trials, Russia's prestigious St. Petersburg State University, has established and already convened the first session of a society of revisionist historians whose task it will be "to shatter the myth of the Holocaust" and to expose "the lie of the Six Million."

Precious little is known by the general public about Russia's number one, behind-the-scenes kingmaker. An extremely prosperous and still prospering Jew, Boris Abramovich Berezovsky, is a man of many parts, a wealthy Yeltsin supporter, the chairman of the Council of Directors of Russian Public Television (ORT) and Deputy Secretary of the Security Council of the Russian Federation. Concerned that the Communist leader, Zyuganov, would defeat Yeltsin in the elections, Berezovsky put his financial resources behind General Lebed, permitting him access to and favorable coverage on Russian TV. As a result, Lebed won 15% of the vote, much of it from Communists. This saved the Yeltsin presidency and as a reward Berezovsky was appointed the President's temporary security adviser. No doubt Yeltsin and Berezovsky benefited in the short term by their use of Lebed, but it is Lebed who may well turn out to be the ultimate beneficiary. Some prominent Russians consider Berezovsky's past business activities, namely, the export of Zhiguli cars and the All-Russia Automobile Alliance financial pyramid, to have been shady operations and are pressing for an investigation. Adding more spice to the story, Haaretz, the Israeli newspaper, has recently reported that Berezovsky was granted Israeli citizenship in 1993, making him a dual Russian-Israeli citizen. On Israeli TV Berezovsky has said that Yeltsin has a moral and material obligation to Jewish business in Russia. Because of Berezovsky's official government position as deputy secretary of the Russian Security Council, many Russkies are worried about his loyalty. As expected, Berezovsky has flat out called the worriers anti-Semites.

Israel. The U.S. Defense Dept. gave Israeli aircraft manufacturers \$1.5 billion to produce Lavis, copies of U.S. F-16 jet fighters. Cost overrun was piled on cost overrun until the Pentagon decided the project had gotten out of hand and canceled it—against the opposition of more than a few double-loyalist congressmen. But this was not the end of the matter. The Israelis have now sold the plans, top-secret technology and drawings of the F-16 to China for an undisclosed sum. We hear very little from Congress about such illegal Israeli acts. Our multibillion-dollar tribute to the Zionist state continues to flow as if nothing had happened.

Israel's Supreme Court has ruled that the use of physical force on arrestees is permissible. Although our "friend" in the Middle East has legalized torture, Washington's interest in human rights is still confined largely to China.

South Africa. Fifteen of the 25 rand lords—European entrepreneurs and speculators who came to South Africa in the late 19th century and eventually made huge fortunes—were Jewish. As they prospered mightily, some converted to Christianity.

Australia. Is it going to take a woman to save Australia? No male in public office has dared to speak as frankly as Pauline Hanson, a newly elected Independent M.P., in her maiden speech to the Australian Parliament. A single mother of four, owner of a fish and chips shop, Hanson laid it all out: the slow swamping of her country by Asian immigrants; the soul-destroying liberalism; the compulsive fear of sticking one's neck out; the orgy of state-sponsored multi-culturalism; the excessive aid to aborigines. Although Hanson unleashed a tornado of criticism



Ms. Hanson goes where males fear to tread

from the Australian establishment, polls following her speech showed 90% or more approval. Her office was flooded with 2,200 letters.

Is a Joan of Arc aborning Down Under?