

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 5 NO. 11

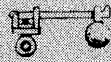
OCTOBER 1980



Self-Portrait of Diego Rivera, painted for Sigmund Firestone

DON DIEGO'S CHOICE CUTS

The Safety Valve



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

You can't imagine, or perhaps you can, the panic aroused by the recent primary victory of Tom Metzger of the three Ks. The liberals and intellectuals are beside themselves trying to come up with explanations. Metzger is the biggest political news in California right now. The guy probably isn't a mental giant, but he is loaded with guts.

924

A letter from a Cuban to the editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* said that the Cuban refugees rioted because they were being held in conditions "like Auschwitz or Dachau." The letter did not say whether any of the refugees had approached the Anti-Defamation League or the Holocaust Commission about the matter.

721

One of the excuses for the Miami riots was that blacks are not getting a fair shake in the courts. In Philadelphia during the 64-day trial of five men and four women belonging to the revolutionary group, MOVE, the defendants spat obscenities at the judge and refused to take any part in the proceedings.

230

It was most gracious of *Instauration* to devote your May cover to Rassinier. He may be the strongest medicine the six million liars will ever have to swallow.

801

"The Sacrifice of the Ideal" is a masterpiece. I read it with keen interest. Though we are forced to read of oppressed people by the daily press, we read nothing about ourselves and what will happen to us when the blacks take over fully.

305

I do not think the upper classes are doing what they are doing on a conscious basis. For one thing, they are too stupid to do anything on a conscious basis. America is a work of art, an expression of a collective soul, not a creation of the intellect. African art is ugly and vulgar, but its scope is tribal. America is ugly and vulgar, but its scope is global.

808

Need I say that behind every problem and exacerbating it exponentially is the sheer, Malthusian volume of humanity, regardless of race, creed and so on. Since *el hombre medio* reproduces himself at a much greater rate than the genetic elite, an increase in the population as a whole means a decrease in the percentage of the gifted. If Ortega was right that no one can rule without public opinion behind him, then how can we ever expect to see civilized leaders dedicated to the furtherance of evolution? In an age when the mass is so preponderant numerically it must by sheer weight overrun and trample any attempts to make of culture something other than a crassly commercial pandering to its baser instincts.

953

Star Wars II was a good piece of diversion. They had to stick in a token black, but at least Luke Skywalker holds up a powerful role model for young Majority kids -- handsome, strong, courageous, super-Nordic. May the Force ever be with the beloved Mark Hamill.

093

"The Sacrifice of the Ideal" (*Instauration*, June 1980) was terrific. A very literate and complete examination of the sickness of race mixing.

211

Why do I have a gut feeling that "conservative" Ronald Reagan will prove to be as "moderate" as President Ike?

601

I urge all Majority members to develop their productive skills to the utmost, own their own businesses and expend the wealth they accumulate on their fellows. Get into broadcasting, publishing and politics in any way possible. Promote our cause. Plug Majority businessmen and professionals. Be a community, not a bunch of isolated, money-grubbing "rugged" individualists. Don't hand the Majority jobseeker the "you must have experience" line. Hire him. Lend to Majority members in need of business capital. Adopt such strategies nationwide, and we'll be back on our feet.

721

As a follow-up to your mention of the Canadian rock group, RUSH, you might be interested in the 1976 Mercury LP entitled, "2112." The lyrics have to do with one young man's revolt against democratic philosophy. Though he eventually dies of a broken spirit, before his death he sees a vision of an "Elder Race of Man" that will eventually return to crush the rotten system.

631

Cholly is right about the "jackhammer speech" of the Cubans. Their Spanish is atrocious. I thank my stars that my first contact with the language was in Mexico, not Cuba. Chicano Spanish is slightly better than Cuban, but only slightly. The irony is that almost everyone connected with our bilingual program speaks à la Chicano. When I visit legal aid clinics and other governmental agencies, I am always amused to find the bulletin boards bristling with spelling and grammatical errors. What is being taught in our schools is not Spanish at all; only Pocho talk. I know a lady from Spain who is forced for economic reasons to teach in one of the programs. She now has to interlard her pure vocabulary with all the hybrid terms. Worse, she is even adopting the Chicano intonation.

905

I enjoyed that article called "The Sacrifice of the Ideal." Hope the author can publish his complete book.

222

Instauration

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

Annual Subscription
\$12 regular (sent third class)
\$6 student (sent third class)
Add \$5.50 for first class mail
\$20 Canada and foreign
Add \$12.50 for overseas air

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

© 1980 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc
All Rights Reserved

CONTENTS

Chipping Away at the Holocaust	5
What Can Be Done?	7
The Coming Political Age of Darwinism	8
Nordic Racism Still Exists	11
Federal Judge Says Intelligence Tests Are Fair.....	14
Don Diego's Choice Cuts	16
Cultural Catacombs	20
Inklings	22
Cholly Bilderberger	24
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	27
Notes from the Auld Sod	28
Primate Watch	28
Elsewhere.....	30
Stirrings	34

□ The Jewish population of Bethel, 500 miles west of Anchorage, is 13. The head of the Jewish community is Carol Shatz, full-time director of Bethel's one radio and TV station. Lawyer Kenneth Goldman, whose son was recently circumcised by a visiting rabbi with the help of a local public health officer, is Bethel's public defender. Things are not much different up here.

995

□ What's sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander. Sol Roth, head of the nation's Orthodox rabbis, demands the exclusion from all Jewish leadership functions of any Jew who marries a non-Jew or any rabbi who officiates at such a marriage. Interreligious and interracial marriage is encouraged and advocated for all other races by Jews. But not by Jews for Jews.

304

□ It is sometimes interesting and revealing to look at books written when minorities did not have such a tight stranglehold on the academic world. *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1945) contains an article on eugenics (Vol. 8, pp. 806-809) by Alexander Morris Carr-Saunders, director of the London School of Economics. He observes: "In the United States of America the surroundings of Negroes are much the same as those of white men and yet they are sharply marked off from one another owing, it is to be inferred, to differences in racial qualities."

452

□ In the June issue of *Instauration*, you mention the word "centimillionaire." I am certain that you had in mind to say hectomillionaire. Centi means 1/100th and a centimillionaire would only be worth \$10,000. A hectomillionaire is worth \$100 million. [Editor's note: All very well but how does a centipede get around on 1/100th of a foot?]

South African micromillionaire

□ The author of "The Sacrifice of the Ideal" mentioned Hollywood films that were horrible examples of his thesis. May I submit the movie *Silver Streak* (1976) as further evidence? The hero is Gene Wilder (who looks like a young version of Larry of the Three Stooges). His buddy is Richard Pryor (who, since surviving his accident, is as tan as ever). The villain is Patrick McGoohan (tall, aristocratic, handsome). I saw it in a theater full of young Majority members who cheered Wilder's heroics, laughed at Pryor's street talk and booed the diabolical McGoohan.

430

□ I cannot help but smirk at the recent rifts developing in *Instauration* between the English and the Irish. My ancestors (Normans) easily conquered both of them.

321

□ My brother who teaches school has been informing his students that the "dark-skinned" people of the Near East first created "civilization." I tried to tell him that new advances in radiocarbon dating prove that European culture predates that of the Near East. He refuses to listen.

991

□ To zip 672 who wrote that his North German grandmother was "the sweetest and gentlest soul who ever lived": That sounds pretty bad. If we are to survive, we will simply have to cease being sweet and gentle souls. We can no longer afford to permit ourselves to be corrupted by nice German grandmothers.

To zip 111 who said that America was not worth saving: You are quite right. But neither is the rest of the world.

To zip 829 who wrote that the Duke of Windsor was "not such a bad chap": The author of the *Instauration* article did not claim that the Duke was a bad chap -- just worthless.

320

□ The Catholic congregations in Brazil can't understand what that whitey Pope was trying to tell them, so they imitate the ritual and simultaneously remain what they always were. They bawl to the Madre de Dios, but go on slicing up chicken necks and disembowelling goats. Meantime, Europeans and Americans send "teams" to convert one and all, only to be conquered from within, so to speak. Hope they had time to take the Pope out to the countryside for a little sprinkling with rooster blood, a few fertility ring-dances and maybe a kabunga-kabunga or two.

101

□ I feel very apologetic towards our young people for the "let's enjoy ourselves and let the other fellow worry" attitude of my generation and for the inertia of so many of our present-day adults.

943

□ The June 1980 issue of *Instauration* is a particularly great effort. Almost all articles are of excellent quality and constitute real food for thought. Two of them aroused special interest: (1) Re "The Sacrifice of the Ideal," widely read magazines like *People* and *Cosmopolitan* constantly show blondes in more or less suggestive scenes with swarthy men. This is poison for the young, impressionable Majority member, without countervailing influences such as family traditions or ethnic church. (2) In "Race and Inflation" cause and effect were brilliantly expounded. This is another topic that should be given repeated coverage in *Instauration*. The German-American Chamber of Commerce in New York periodically issues statistics comparing U.S. and German productivity. In 1979 U.S. productivity declined by 0.7%; German productivity went up by 4%.

941

□ Every race has its defectives. Though zip 401's beautiful blonde (Aug. 1980) may not have been defective physically, she was certainly defective morally and spiritually. I, for one, am not saddened that her genes may go to waste. I'm only saddened she has already dispersed them through her two illegitimate mulatto children.

601

□ Cholly Bilderberger is better than ever. The delicate little touches, the whiffs of decomposition, bring out the full horror of our situation. Satire is much better than editorializing.

British subscriber

□ Why not choose a more positive motto than *illic heu miseri traducimur*? In our present weak position we cannot afford to be too sophisticated and subtle. Let us have something more aggressive, in Latin or otherwise. How about *In Treue fest*?

410

□ Did any Chicago-area Instaurationist mention that the first baby of the 1980s in Cook County was born to a Mexican mother? When the TV news crew went to her hospital room on New Year's Day, her husband had to interpret for her.

609

□ In human affairs trends and events often have unpredictable consequences. Good may come out of evil, as well as the other way around. Consider: (1) The increasing Negrofication of our military may not be the evil it seems. Think how it would be if only whites bore the brunt of foreign battle and blacks stayed home to riot and rampage; (2) The migration of blacks to the cities has resulted in the movement of whites to small towns and rural areas -- a healthy decentralization to balance the unwholesome urban concentration; (3) The automobile, for all its defects, has contributed enormously to this country's economic strength by turning millions of us into part-time mechanics with skills that will be of great service in time of war.

882

□ I don't agree that we should hide out on artificial satellites. This sounds like a rather extreme form of "white flight," a too literal realization of the complaint about "being pushed off the earth."

511

□ While "New Rhetoric for New Times" (Jan. 1980) alleges that Nordic women succumb to *Rassenschände* for purely meretricious reasons, "The Sacrifice of the Ideal" (June 1980) places the blame on a misguided altruism. Both explanations are valid though I am personally inclined to give more credit to avarice, having once known a beautiful "Nordicess" who, although she was politically conservative and outspokenly anti-Negro, contrived within a period of two weeks to meet, "fall in love with," and marry a wealthy, mahogany-colored Hindu. It is regrettable that anyone should suggest that non-Nordics be concerned about a Nordic woman's racial apostasy. The non-Nordic may logically report that the problem is properly the concern of the Nordic man. Apropos these reflections on the "sin against the blood," I noted in the newspaper recently that a group of Klansmen were charged with planning, somewhere in Mississippi, the abduction and horsewhipping of a white woman who had been having an affair with a black man. I see in this a symbolic psychopolitical turning point. Hitherto, such "red-neck" racists have vented their rage against the black man involved in such dalliances.

205

□ Why not get someone to write a song entitled, "Yankee Doodle Dumrgy"?

958

□ It finally seems that the Majority is experiencing some spiritual boosts by way of media and pop culture. *Superman* showed a handsome Nordic hero (Christopher Reeve) with all the best Majority mannerisms (soft-spokenness, politesse, intelligence, idealism). *Urban Cowboy* is also a winner, putting rednecks in a favorable, romantic light with plenty of he-manism. During the 60s Negroes were naively idolized by hippies and liberals from the upper-middle-class, suburban, better-educated mob. The truly ridiculous Negrophilism was probably induced by boredom. It was "slumming," a way of vicariously seeking verve and vitality from the "hip and jive" coloreds. But it didn't take too long for the minority preppies and the flower children to find out that the throat-slashing, lethargic primitivity of their idols was hardly a satisfying lifestyle. Faced with redneck rock (à la Charlie Daniels and Lynyrd Skynyrd), country music and beer-drinkin', pickup-truck-drivin', tobacco-chewin', mindless, lower-middle-class cowboy livin', the jaded upper-middle-class Majority member can now enjoy a healthy, more congenial form of "slumming," one that may give him the guts, courage and raw brains necessary to survive in this tricky dicky world. They say disco is near dead. Probably true. I've always noticed that pop music follows a black-white cycle. For a while white kids listen to white music, then to a Heart of Darkness beat, back to white and so on. The Negroes always listen to their own monkey stuff. It was all Beatles and "English" music in 1963-65, soul music in 1966-67, and white acid rock and psychedelic in 1968-70. Disco took over in the 70s. I'll bet that both country music and redneck rock take a stronger hold in the 80s.

Some whites, of course, are "all right." They never did waste money or time listening to jungle chanting and panting. Smart people like me.

372

□ Some time ago *Instauration* (May 1979) had an article about the beginning of a movement in the South to secede again. In my opinion such an article is bitterly divisive and harmful to the uniting of our people.

902

□ Recently Senator A. Ribicoff of Connecticut introduced bill S. 2737, which furnishes handicapped federal employees with assistants. Now if the concept of this legislation could be extended to what is left of private enterprise in this country and the "handicapped" be categorized to include chronic laziness and native ineptitude, the festering problem of black employment could be solved overnight. To each colored supervisor, shop steward or overseer (they must have grandiloquent names to boost their morale) assign one white to do the work.

329

□ The battle between the Kennedy crowd and the Carter mob was for control of the Democratic party. It was really vicious. No doubt there was a religious issue here. The Boston crew was a formidable adversary.

109

□ I think the author of "The Sacrifice of the Ideal" (June 1980) is typical of a lot of analysts. He puts too much emphasis on guilt and self-hatred and not enough on fear. Those same guilt-ridden and self-hating Nordics would go on letting the muddies humiliate them even if they could be convinced that they have no reason to feel guilt or self-hatred. They just don't have what it takes to fight back.

880

□ The nearly all-male racist organization is a vicarious hunting band seeking to create a white *Volksgemeinschaft*. It is a more or less conscious assault upon advanced industrial civilization -- Spengler's "Megalopolis." On this level, which is most disconcerting to the authorities, racism is an anarchist impulse, a menace to the ruling class's plans for further urban-industrial congealation as well as an attack on liberalism, Christianity, "representative" democracy and Marxism. While this anarchical tendency within racism may not really be significant, it is what the authorities mean when they lament that "racial turmoil is bad for business."

722

□ Debunking myths is never productive; creating them is.

852

□ Despite *Instauration's* obvious familiarity with the more esoteric side of the English vocabulary, it missed a beautiful opportunity when choosing a title for that article on Negro-Jewish feuding. There is a word the Greeks minted as a humorous parody on the *Iliad*: *Batrachomyomachy*, a battle between frogs and mice.

105

□ That was an excellent impressionistic sketch of Buckley on the June cover. It captured the increasingly decadent essence of an aging intellectual exhibitionist and ideological bankrupt.

660

□ The one last chance that civilization can employ is to appeal to the good sense of the white majority in the Soviet Union. We should strive to create the impression that it is *race*, instead of *class*, that is the base of mankind. The confusion gets its impetus when the same people comprise a subclass and a subrace. Together we can impose a solution to a common problem. Apart we will sooner or later destroy each other, reducing mankind to the glories of a fungus.

404

□ It's most unsporting of us to have denied the Negrids their heritage in the last few millennia. Why must they labor so hard to discover in their ancestral line a mere Leroy van Beethoven when only our perverse nature deprives them of bigger game? In all justice, let us let them in on a dreadful secret and admit their relation to Al Einstein. We could also supply them with some other names, such as Frank Boas and Izzy Montagu.

606

□ Whole party appalled by rubbish you have printed about us in July *Instauration*. Insist you print article from us in subsequent issue. We are shocked. Article will follow.

Richard Verrall
National Front

□ The recently concluded peace treaty between Red China and Japan was hardly mentioned in the press, a treaty that deserves special attention. Just what does the new Sino-Japanese rapprochement mean to the world in general and to the white race in particular? Resorting to anti-Sovietism, Peking believes that it can obtain political, military-technical and technological help from rich capitalist countries, mainly from America and Japan, in order to build its economic and military might. Sensing Peking's thinking, Western strategists, forgetting the lessons of history, rush to embrace the heirs of Mao. Brzezinski's wish to see a "strong" China benefits no one in the West but Israel. The Zionist aim is to surround Russia with hostile forces so that Israel could have a free hand in the Mideast, and American liberalism goes along. This is a shortsighted and dangerous gamble. The Sino-Japanese forces, before striking at fortified Russia, would certainly strike first at rich and weakly defended Southeast Asia and Australia. Mao did not mince his words when he said, "We must at all costs secure Southeast Asia, including Vietnam, Thailand, Burma, Malaysia and Singapore." Having achieved this goal the Sino-Japanese alliance would unleash a race war that would force America to seek ties with the Slavic nations. The way the Western world is going now, white survival lies in unity with the Slavs. It should not be forgotten that Russia once stopped the Mongol hordes at the gates of Kiev and, in so doing, saved Western civilization. If Red China can kick out the Russians after all the military and economic aid Moscow gave, if the Chinese can betray the principles of Communist internationalism and switch to great power chauvinism, if Japan can remain almost totally indifferent to America's present economic crisis after all the trading advantages it has received from the U.S., then what guarantee is there that the new Sino-Japanese alliance will not turn against America? The time has come for Americans to ask themselves which of the monsters can be more dangerous to their survival -- the Red Bear or the Red-Yellow Dragon? In 1964, referring to an attack on Pearl Harbor, Mao extolled the greatness of the Japanese and urged them to become China's friends. Now they are friends. This should not be the best of news to whites anywhere, particularly to Australians.

Canadian subscriber

□ Recently, I read a plea by the president of Dow Chemical arguing that the border should be opened so that American industry might make better use of Mexico's raw materials and labor supply.

300

□ I rarely go to the local Irish-American Society even tho I'm a hero there. I got them a Sunday whisky permit a decade ago. I tell them they are political idiots. They don't even protest. Forget the Irish. They are politically emasculated.

Zip withheld

A first-hand report of a convention worthy of the name

CHIPPING AWAY AT THE HOLOCAUST

The second annual convention of the Institute for Historical Review was intellectually stimulating, emotionally satisfying, wholly *gemütlich* and esthetically right. The setting was Pomona College, some fifty miles east of Los Angeles, amid lovely old trees, shady walks and well-kept lawns. Accommodation for the more than one hundred conventioners was excellent -- pleasantly furnished, air-conditioned single rooms in a residence hall only a few yards from the meeting hall. Food was both plentiful and palatable. It was fairly typical academic cafeteria fare, which is to say that if not positively Lucullan, it was nothing that any Vietnam Vet would criticize.

Readers of *Instauration* are already aware of the existence of the Institute for Historical Review and its quarterly publication *The Journal of Historical Review*, the purpose of which is the critical analysis of all the troubling elements of twentieth-century historiography. At the first convention, held last year under less agreeable conditions at Northrop University, the papers dealt almost exclusively with what Revilo P. Oliver has dubbed the "Holohoax." This concentration on one single issue of historical revisionism was understandable in view of the overwhelming importance of arriving at the truth about the so-called "Final Solution." However, it is far from the intention of the Institute to become a one-issue organization, and steps toward gradually broadening the areas of interest were begun at the second convention.

I arrived on Friday evening, August 1, just in time for the welcoming addresses. Lewis Brandon introduced the speakers. Dr. Martin Larson, an elderly professor emeritus who writes on economics and was a close personal friend of the late Harry Elmer Barnes, discoursed on Paul Rassinier, the pioneer holocaust revisionist. The convention was, in fact, dedicated to Paul Rassinier. Dr. Larson compared the stories of the privations in German concentration camps with his own experiences as a gung-ho navy recruit in World War I. At the Great Lakes Naval Station in 1918 his head was shorn and he was worked as much as 124 hours in a week. He lost twenty-five pounds in the first fourteen days and a financial snafu swindled him out of his pay. In Buchenwald 20 percent of the inmates died in two years; at the Great Lakes Naval Station 10 percent of the recruits died in two months. Even if the disastrous influenza epidemic is taken into account, the figures are shocking. They do, however, shed some light on the matter of the typhus epidemics of 1943 and 1944 in the camps in Poland when the massive destruction of the German transport system and the enormous strain on medical facilities, as well as the growing food shortages, made coping with epidemics an almost insurmountable problem.

The next speaker was Frau Mabel Narjes who had flown in from Hamburg. She had developed a friendship with Rassinier when he came to Germany in 1960. On that occasion the

French historian was arrested by the police of the Bonn regime at the instigation of Eugene Kogan, the death camp "expert." In 1963 Rassinier attempted to go to Frankfurt to attend the Auschwitz trials, but was intercepted by the police at Saarbrücken.

Final speaker on Friday night was Dr. Robert Faurisson, a true epigone of Rassinier, who has been suspended from his post at the University of Lyon and has been a victim of physical violence for his courage in questioning the Six Million myth. In a brief introduction to his major address on Sunday, Faurisson explained that he first began to entertain serious doubts about the logistics of the gas chambers and crematoria in the early 1960s. He appealed for enlightenment to both sides in the controversy, specifically Rassinier and Leon Poliakov, the Semitic historian of anti-Semitism. Poliakov snubbed him, but Rassinier steered him to many useful sources and aided him in his research. Faurisson made a most favorable impression. Politically a socialist, by no means a Germanophile, he is a scholarly pursuer of the truth wherever it may lead. If Dr. Larson has the genial charm found in American scholars of the old school, Faurisson has the wit, elegance and impeccable good manners of the vintage French professor.

On Saturday morning, the first paper was given by Keith Stimely, a graduate student at the University of Oregon, who is currently at work on a biography of Francis Parker Yockey. Mr. Stimely, a quick-minded, blond young man, spoke on the origins of World War I and on the historical revisionism that arose from that disastrous conflict. He was able to turn a lecture on the bibliography of revisionist books, which could easily have put his audience to sleep, into a fascinating talk.

Dr. James J. Martin followed Stimely on the podium. His subject was the origin of the word (and concept) of genocide and the strange career of Rafael Lemkin, author of *Axis Rule in Occupied Europe*. It was in this book that the word "genocide" first appeared. From internal evidence Dr. Martin concludes that the work was written by a committee with Lemkin's name as a "front." The paper provides an interesting and useful analysis of the manner in which a legend originates and grows. Dr. Martin is an empirically minded interlocutor, yet full of dry humor. He told me that his students had once plastered the campus of his university with a cartoon showing him holding a smoking revolver and asking, "Any more questions?"

The first afternoon paper was read by Ray Merriam, editor and publisher of *The Military Journal*. It was a real change of pace, since Merriam's subject was the Waffen SS. His detailed account of the courage and gallantry of that fighting unit was, I suppose, "revisionist" in drawing attention to the fact that it was overwhelmingly non-German. It had 160,000 volunteers from Western Europe and to this figure should be added some

250,000 recruits from Russia, the Ukraine and the Baltic states, 30,000 East European Germans and 20,000 South Slavs. Even little Denmark provided 15,000 volunteers. There were contingents from Germany's allies -- Hungary and Italy, for example -- although the national armies of these countries were also fighting alongside the *Wehrmacht*. Merriam left the audience with the impression that the Russian front was the scene of a great European crusade against the forces of barbarism.

Douglas Bazata, a retired OSS agent, was the next speaker. He presented a short paper on the friendly cooperation of the Weimar and early National Socialist regimes with Chiang Kai-shek, a friendship abandoned by the later "diplomatic revolution" which aligned Germany with Japan. Bazata's inference was that this was a strategic mistake on the part of Hitler.

On Sunday morning Dr. Faurisson spoke long, seriously and convincingly on the alleged gas chambers and crematoria at Auschwitz. He demonstrated by a critical analysis of the architecture, design and layout of the structures that the alleged atrocities were quite impossible. He then zeroed in on the "confessions" of Dr. Johann Paul Kremer in the Polish court at Cracow in 1947 and in West German courts in 1957 and 1964. Faurisson also concentrated his attention on Auschwitz's notorious "Crematorium Number 2." His point was that if it can once be proved that a specific case is a tissue of lies, then all similar allegations become highly suspect. Mentioned *en passant* were the many postwar "confessions" about extermination camps in Germany, which establishment historians now admit never existed at all (the scene of the atrocities having been conveniently moved eastward to Poland).

The penultimate speaker was a handsome young Swede named Ditlieb Felderer. Though his subject matter was serious enough, his puckish humor kept a tired audience in paroxysms of laughter. In the midst of his "slide show," which augmented and substantiated the arguments of Dr. Faurisson, he told of his interchanges with the Polish curators of the Auschwitz museum and their hilarious contradictions, denials and admissions, especially in regard to the restoration of the "original" buildings. Felderer discovered, for example, that the "ovens" (now surrounded by reverential candles and flowers) were manufactured in 1966 and 1967 and he identified the company which manufactured them. He also discovered that the Polish construction workers had omitted to attach exhaust chimneys to the ovens, an omission that would have made them totally inoperable.

The best presentation of all in terms of clarity and lucidity was the final speech by Mark Weber. A young man who received his M.A. in Central European history from Indiana University, Weber shows great promise. His paper, "The Other Concentration Camps," outlined the horrors and appalling death rate of the Afrikaner women and children in Kitchener's concentration camps during the Boer War, as well as the conditions that faced the Japanese internees in the American Southwest in World War II. But Weber's most shocking material concerned the P.O.W. camps of the Civil War and the incredible depths of vicious propaganda, particularly in Northern newspapers, about "bestial" attempts by the Confederate

government to exterminate Union prisoners. The audience, or at least this member of it, was surprised to hear quoted in almost identical language the same charges that have filled the air and the press since the 1940s. Weber made the additional point that a good deal of the savagery and oppression of Reconstruction emerged from the hysterical hatred whipped up by Northern propaganda against the South.

A final word on the composition of the audience that attended the convention. It will no doubt be portrayed by the media, if it is mentioned at all, as a sinister cabal of unreconstructed Nazis. By no means. There were a number of Libertarian party members, some socialists, some disinterested academics, and various other Americans from all walks of life and all trades and professions. I talked to Dr. Reinhard Buchner, a professor of mathematics and astronomy at California State University at Long Beach, who is on the editorial board of *The Journal of Historical Review*. For assuming this post he has been subjected to harassment and vilification by minority racists in the student body. Dr. Buchner, however, is not a man to be cowed by goons.

Also present was John Bennett, the Australian lawyer who spoke at last year's convention. Mr. Bennett is the secretary for the Victoria (State) Council for Civil Liberties, a public defender and a former member of the Australian Labour party. He is, as one might imagine, no admirer of National Socialism but he became convinced as a result of his studies that the Holocaust was pure fantasy. With great courage and at considerable risk to his livelihood, he has become the most prominent debunker of the myth in Australia.

Conventioneers went their separate ways on Sunday night and Monday morning, having received a valuable briefing in the long uphill fight to liberate the mind of modern man from the incubus of history's biggest lie.

As a postscript, Instauration offers a few cogent comments from another correspondent who attended the Conference.

I can honestly say that I rarely spent a more invigorating three days. There was so much to learn, so much to listen to and -- in my case -- there were also so many questions to ask. After three days I was hoarse.

I estimate that among the people attending the conference, there must have been a couple of spies. One, I am sure from the Jewish ADL, and possibly another one from an American government watchdog agency. For myself and a couple of other people, it was a nice guessing game to discern who they might be. Being the sort of people we are, we do not have that acumen for subterfuge and conspiracy, and therefore we also lack the necessary intuition.

What I missed at the conference were concrete ideas about the future of this nation and -- intimately connected with it -- the future of our Nordic race. Nobody seems to have given much thought to the matter. Yet it must be clear that the very same person who seeks the truth about our historical past ought to search for a better future. I do not believe that we can separate one from the other.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

I am haunted by two waking nightmares about the future of the Majority in this winding-down century. In the first, we continue our slide toward genetic extinction, our doom sealed because too few among us will think about what is happening and still fewer have the fortitude to resist. The dream seems all too prophetic a vision of our destiny, especially when I look into the faces of our people and find confusion, fear, suicidal good will, defeat, or the smugness of the self-styled individualist who is confident he can survive any storm by virtue of his wits. At such times I am tempted to make the dark judgment: "Nothing will be done. Nothing can be done."

But I always draw back from the unappealable finality of "nothing." I remember that, to borrow a phrase, "We're down but not out"; and I remember what King Lear called down on himself by saying, "Nothing will come of nothing." (In a tribute from one poet of *nada* to another, Hemingway said of *Lear*, "Cheers you up if you read that." And indeed, for certain kinds of despair suffered by our intellectuals, the play is a sovereign homeopathic remedy.)

In my second nightmare, we are pushed too far too quickly, so that millions are forced to realize -- as Majority Miamians were jolted into realizing this spring -- that our enemies demand unconditional surrender. Widespread resistance develops. It is the miracle we've always prayed for. But then in short order the resistance evaporates, its armies routed, not because they lack courage but because they lack the ideological weapons, lack the rallying cries and clear positive goals with which the thinkers of the rational right should have provided them. Our collective psyche, unshielded by psychological armor, cracks yet again under a bombardment of equalitarian slogans. Almost as a penitential gesture, we acquiesce in our own final destruction.

The cautionary messages here are obvious. We should not allow ourselves to become hypnotized by what appears to be probable. Never forgetting that history's favorite trick is making the prophet look foolish, we should expand our field of vision to include all possibilities, however remote. Most important, we should create a practical and a theoretical politics so strong that we can awaken some fine morning to find a Majority insurgency in full clamor. On such a day we should be able to offer our people something more formidable than "White Power" T-shirts to counter CBS specials extolling the brotherhood of man.

Those among us who feel overwhelmed by the bleak probabilities might do well to consider the highly improbable triumph of V.I. Lenin. From the beginning of this century, when he was set free by the Czar's police after a Siberian exile, until 1917, Lenin suffered shattering political reverses, despaired occasionally, and as often as not guessed wrong about the likelihood of war or revolution. But ultimately he and his

followers, the *Bolsheviki* -- the "Majorityites" Lenin called them, though in truth they were a numerical minority -- gained effective control of the Russian nation. They succeeded thanks to their ruthless opportunism, chance, and the machinations of the German high command; but their success lay rooted in the fact that Lenin, the inexhaustible thinker and writer, had given his movement direction, cohesion and a persuasive rationale. Even as we despise Lenin's theory and practice, we can learn from the example of his tireless, undaunted mind.

Several years ago, in his *Ventilations*, Wilmot Robertson floated a "Utopian" idea. He proposed that we effect our separation from the minorities by ceding to them portions of the United States. He offered a modified version of the plan in "The National Premise," *Instauration* (April 1976).

To judge by "Safety Valve" reaction at the time, the idea excited little interest and was consigned by the readership to back-number oblivion. Robertson's correspondents seemed much more absorbed by such burning issues as whether or not Mussolini was a clown.

In my view, the Robertson idea is just the sort of bold political thinking which should have set off an intense and ongoing debate. I would say the same of other ideas which have appeared here, and I am glad to note that one recent mind-wrencher -- that we ally ourselves with the Negroes -- has drawn a thoughtful response, in the form of the mind-wrenching counter-proposal that we ally ourselves with the Jews.

Visionary schemes may offend us for one reason or another. But I submit that forward-looking ideas, the modest and the grandiose alike, are a very scarce commodity on the right; that those with any merit whatsoever deserve our serious, sustained and vocal attention; and that in general we need to work harder and more systematically at the question: What can be done -- tactically or strategically, in small measure or large, now or later?

Such thinking, given the dimness of our current prospects, may prove in the end futile, though it seems to me no more futile than hand-wringing or name-calling. All I will argue here is that we are more in accord with our basic nature, *more ourselves*, when we are as preoccupied with what can be done as with what has been done. Something deep in the Majority temperament is inimical to defining itself chiefly in terms of grievance. Compared to other races, we are neither comfortable nor credible in the role of the injured party. We lack the capacity for resentment and the histrionic aptitudes that make others so suited to the part.

I think we are on the firmest psychological ground when we view our dispossession as one section of a triptych, as a panel flanked by two equally vivid panels: the record of our past glories and a hopeful vision of our common future. Some, of

course, are already sketching in this last panel, and all credit to them. But we can do much more. We can add the imaginative, compelling and precise strokes which exemplify our goals and at the same time form the basis of a coherent Majority politics.

As one step in this direction, we can stop lamenting the shortsightedness and cowardice of the Majority member who should be with us, the "Joe Blow" type often chastised in these pages, and try instead to see our position through his eyes. We might discover that Joe is less than clear as to exactly where we want to lead him.

He may wonder about our defense of technology against the onslaughts of no-nukers and Naderites. He understands that experiment and application enrich his world, and he can accept necessary risk. But he is uneasy when our arguments -- but not Cholly's -- fail to condemn the greed and callousness of produce-and-consume technology which, as far as he can tell, are large factors in Majority deracination and in some cases real threats to our genes. He needs reassurance that we are simply defending the constructive use of the tools of technology, not their abuse. I think too, in this connection, that we should explore more of the terrain we share with the ecologically minded, some of whom, I am sure, aren't particularly comfortable having Barry Commoner as their spokesman. If nothing else, we can make clearer to "kosher Faustians" the logical relation of "Save the Whales" and "Save the Whites"

(as suggested in the June piece on "White Survival").

Joe may also wonder what our racial premises imply about questions of class and privilege, and if our Darwinism is not at bottom more social than biological. That is, he may see us as proponents of a changed order in which the streets will be safe, but he himself will still be at the mercy of plutocrats, bureaucrats and patronizing intellectuals. Will his sons, whatever their potential, still be shunted off to Double Negative J.C. while Cholly's Little Lord Fauntleroy's are still routinely mainlined to the Ivy League.

We can hardly respond to Joe until we have given some provisional answers to the questions raised by our premises. What kind of society do we envision for a re-ascendant Majority? We can describe it negatively as being free of minority influence, but how do we describe it in positive terms? What social-political model best serves the end of promoting evolution? To what extent does this mean altering present structures? Do we adapt an old model? Or perhaps a very old one -- the small, self-sufficient, variation-producing communities Robertson speaks of in *Ventilations*? Or perhaps some new synthesis?

It is unrealistic to hope that any answers we give will attract the Joes of America to our ranks in the short term. Still, if we create graphic images of a nation to be made and the road leading there, who is to say the time will never come?

The distance between theory and practice is narrowing

THE COMING POLITICAL AGE OF DARWINISM

The idea of cultural lag was given to the world by the American economist Thorstein Veblen. A staunch Darwinist, and far from seeing an "invisible hand" working to produce harmony and equilibrium, he saw dynamism, evolution, and change, with institutions always lagging behind improvements in ideas and technology. As Veblen quipped in *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (1899), "whatever is, is wrong." The idea of cultural lag stems from this magisterial work, although the term itself was not coined until 1922 by W.F. Ogburn in *Social Change*.

Political lag is no less real. The idea of the nation-state is medieval, but nation-states did not come into existence until political and military conditions were ripe, some centuries later. (See Joseph R. Strayer, *On the Medieval Origins of the Modern State*, Princeton, 1970.) Later, it was Woodrow Wilson's great goal to force the ideology of the Enlightenment, John Locke, and natural rights down the throats of the rest of the world. He didn't succeed in his own lifetime, but today almost every two-by-four nation in Africa and Asia calls itself a republic or a people's something or other. The Union of South Africa leaped into the eighteenth century when it changed its name to the Republic of South Africa in 1961.

The utilitarians -- from Jeremy Bentham to John Stuart Mill -- moved beyond the Enlightenment by downplaying natural

rights and stressing the promotion of aggregate happiness, "the greatest good for the greatest number." While happiness might ordinarily be consistent with liberty, when it was not, liberty might properly be curtailed. Mill pushed this idea to its logical extreme and became a socialist.

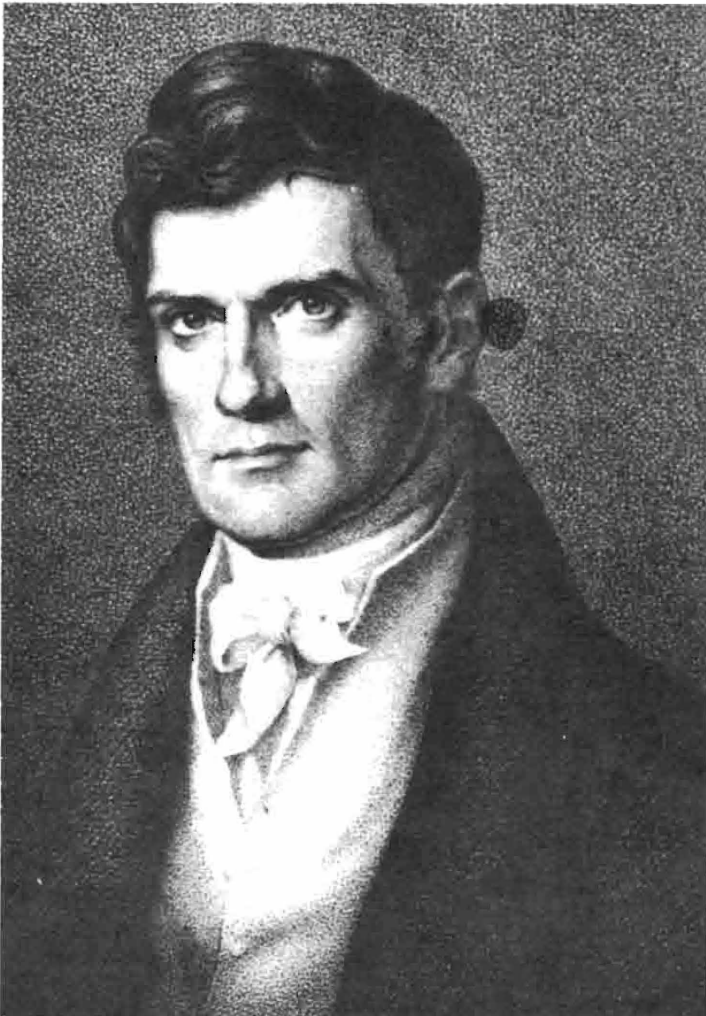
There is always difficulty in putting philosophical ideas into practice. The hypothetical "reasonable man" is only too prone to disagree with another reasonable man over just which natural rights are the true ones. In practice, natural rights doctrine produced a great measure of liberty, with enough disagreement to give birth to the Federalist and Democratic parties, much against George Washington's hopes that wise deliberation about government would produce near unanimous agreement.

Though the Constitution was designed to protect natural rights, it failed as early as the Alien and Sedition Acts, by which the Federalists sought to curtail the arguments of their Jeffersonian critics. In reaction, the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 declared the right of sovereign states to nullify acts of Congress should it overstep its constitutional powers. These Resolutions were recalled in 1832 when a convention called by the legislature of South Carolina (prompted by an anonymous pamphlet written by John C. Calhoun) declared that a manufacturing tariff, the "Tariff of Abominations" of

1828, was "unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, null, void, and no law, nor binding upon this state, its officers, or citizens." Calhoun was attempting to preserve the Union by this compromise between those who wanted to secede over this issue -- recall that New England threatened to secede over the War of 1812 -- and those who wanted to give in to Northern manufacturing interests. "King" Andrew Jackson enacted a force bill to collect the tariff, but Henry Clay succeeded in getting compromise legislation into law, whereupon South Carolina withdrew its nullification proclamation in 1833.

Calhoun was as strict a strict constructionist of the Constitution as has ever been seen in these United States, but he realized that even his own eloquence was ultimately powerless to prevent the numerical majority (the North) from tyrannizing the minority (the South), from grabbing the spoils of office, and generally debasing political life. In his *Disquisition on Government*, published a year after his death in 1850, he advocated rule by what he called the "concurrent majority," whereby a majority of "each interest or portion of the community which may be unequally and injuriously affected by the action of the government" must concur on all legislation.

The division of Calhoun's "portions," the North and South, dates back as far as 1790, according to John Richard Alden,



John C. Calhoun opted for a "concurrent majority"

The First South. But the equally great geographical division between East and West is even older. Since voluntary migration tends to select out the more ambitious, the more Nordic, and probably the more intelligent on the whole, the rugged, west-going pioneers had every reason to think they were as good as their East Coast betters. Indeed, the lack of support for the French and Indian Wars, both by England and New England, fueled western resentment and helped precipitate the events leading to the War of Independence, by which time support for separation from the Crown was remarkably evenly distributed throughout the colonies.

Had Calhoun been as astute a political observer as he was a Constitutional theoretician, he would have seen that the East-West split continued to be major. He would have decried the efforts of slave interests in 1859 to block passage of a homestead bill enabling nonslaveholding Westerners to push still farther west. It is not idle to speculate that had a natural alliance against the anti-expansionist North been maintained, the North would never have gained the Western allies needed to step up its anti-Southern demands.

Since Calhoun's own "portion" lost the Civil War, one of America's greatest political philosophers would be all but forgotten were it not for liberals who roast him from time to time as an apologist for slavery. Among his other talents, Calhoun was an astute prophet of twentieth-century pressure group politics, in which his "interests or portions" have been extended to include every imaginable lobby. Businessmen, laborers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, bankers and Jews are ready and able at the drop of a hat to block legislation that threatens their special interests.

Calhoun would be appalled at the failure of special interest groups to respect either the Constitution or natural rights, but utilitarians might well be pleased. Of course, no one knows just what "the greatest happiness for the greatest number" is, it being difficult if not impossible to weigh one man's gain against another's loss. Confronted with this difficulty, the Italian economist and sociologist Vilfredo Pareto decided all that could be said was that any action was good if it benefited at least one person and harmed no one. If we add the minimal but dubious assumption that each person knows what is good for him, Pareto's rule translates into the rule of unanimity. Strict unanimity is unworkable as a procedure -- there is too much incentive to hold out -- but Calhoun's concurrent majority, if there are enough groups holding the veto power, is an approximation. Pressure group politics, then, is the means to put utilitarian principles into practice.

After over a century of political lag, utilitarian philosophy is now thoroughly accepted and legitimized. What Eisenhower called partnership, Johnson called consensus, and others call pluralism and centrism have been "responsible" politics since World War II. The difference (10¢ according to George Wallace, 2¢ according to Bryan in pre-inflation days) between left and right, Democrat and Republican, *The New Republic* and *National Review* rarely has to do with fundamental principles but with how strong a voice various pressure groups should have. "Irresponsible" is the label attached to anyone so presumptuous as to stake out an absolute claim for his group or ideology.

The spirit of compromise is not wholly a bad thing for a nation as large and diverse as the United States. As a matter of fact the current generation of political scientists owes a large debt to two economists, James M. Buchanan and Gordon Tullock, who attempted to show something very much like an invisible hand at work in pressure group democracy in their *Calculus of Consent* (1962). But just as Keynes argued that the economy could reach equilibrium at a level far below full employment, one might ask whether the operation of the political invisible hand results in an unsatisfactory outcome of some aggregate factor like the employment level.

Indeed it does. We have no sensible foreign policy -- or even a coherent one -- precisely because the interests of domestic pressure groups do not add up to a foreign policy that best serves the nation. Even worse, we lack sound racial and eugenic policies. But there is another grave defect which escapes the static analysis of the invisible handers. From an evolutionary perspective, new pressure groups come into being when new laws are passed. John Dewey's idea of progressive education helped spawn the massive education lobby of today, whose veto power makes it so hard to cut down to size. The upshot is that pressure group liberalism lacks the ability to abandon its failures. In his statistical analysis, *Are Government Organizations Immortal?* (1976), Herbert Kaufman concludes that the longer an agency has been around, the more likely it is to continue.

Disillusionment with the System is widespread, not just among extremists who want to push for their own versions of natural rights (be they libertarians or radical leftists), but among the broad mass of voters who perceive the accumulation of failures. Fortunately, there is a way out and this is given by the next development of ideas beyond 1850, those of the Darwinists. Although Darwinism, or the survival of the best adapted, had a profound impact on the social sciences and on intellectuals generally (see the review of *Darwin in America* in the November *Instauration*), it had little impact on politics. Nineteenth-century businessmen were almost never given to justifying their practices either on Darwinian grounds or utilitarian grounds or even on the grounds of natural rights. Rather, they saw themselves as pillars of the Christian community and stressed their Protestant virtues of frugality, honesty and hard work. It was a different matter with political debate, which well into the late nineteenth century was still largely concerned with natural rights. Presidents through Cleveland usually justified their vetoes on natural rights grounds (that the proposed law was unconstitutional) but seldom on utilitarian grounds (the law was a bad one that would not work to the public good).

The signs are that we are about to catch up with the idea of the survival of the fittest, though the rhetoric of pluralism and centrism will continue. (So does the rhetoric of natural rights. But discussion of "civil rights" has been largely displaced with discussion of the black and Hispanic vote.) Even liberals are now disillusioned by the failure of the old ideas and many have gone on to become "neo-conservatives." *The Public Interest*, the gospel of kosher dissidence, is a funeral dirge for a Great Society that didn't work, nay, can't work. Darwin's ax

falls upon promising and unpromising failures alike.

The ax won't fall on all the Great Society programs so long as the huge set of interests spawned to perpetuate them can hide behind the rhetoric of pluralism. But it is instructive to note that one New Deal agency, the Civil Aeronautics Board, is now going under. Time was when direct economic regulation of business was the main item on the liberal agenda and when regulation for the sake of regulation led a life of its own. Under pressure group politics, however, the airlines were far better able to influence the CAB than the scattered travelers, with the result that the great hopes in 1938 that regulation would bring both stability and competition to the airline industry have crashed.

The CAB is hardly one of the major cancers in the bureaucracy, but the failure of pressure group politics-as-usual in the airways may indicate a turning point. Initial deregulation bills were weak compromises that did little more than make a laughingstock of the word reform. But what finally became law in 1978 was not "reform" but the abandonment of reform and the abolition of the CAB and virtually all its anti-competitive functions. Darwin's ax is starting to come down on such other unfit agencies as the Federal Communications, Interstate Commerce, and Federal Trade Commissions. It is a considerable abandonment of ideology for the *New Republic* to observe failure and urge abolition. While the *National Review* gloats over the vindication of free-market theory, it concentrates on empirical failure and less and less on principles.

More important, Great Society programs and their offspring, especially busing and urban renewal, are coming under sharp attack. Those who *remain* in the New Republic camp (a significant selection process is going on here: only *The Nation* still caters to the shrillest ideologues) are still not too eager to examine the fitness of their most cherished programs. But those who have quit the camp are. Arthur Jensen has moved in less than a decade from a pariah to a frequent guest on talk shows, as long as he doesn't get too "irresponsible" (ahead of 1850) and advocate eugenic policies. Meanwhile, irresponsible (and irrepressible) Dr. Shockley is losing a little, just a little, of his pariah status.

We will have to exercise considerable patience as we wait for the Darwinian ax to swing wider and wider circles, starting with the Civil Aeronautics Board and ending with de facto breeding policies. Perhaps the nonwhites will be phased out gradually via a eugenics program, or perhaps the Darwinian ax will operate more swiftly by a policy of racial deportation. This is very much a question of timing, for political lag will not stop at the Darwinian intellectual era of 1850-1900 but will move on to the age of genetics of 1900-1950.

Tennyson's "nature red in tooth and claw," even more than the subtitle of *The Origin of Species -- The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle of Life* -- best sums up this latter age. The genetical basis for evolution was not realized until the English statistician Edwin Fisher rediscovered Mendel's experiments. This advanced evolutionary theory to the point where life is seen less as a struggle than as the outcome of differential gene reproduction rates. Genetic diversity in a species, rather than exaggerated development along a few

lines, is viewed as the best assurance of survival in a world of unpredictable changes.

This is the post-Darwinian view and politically it translates into separate racial development. As advocated by Raymond B. Cattell in *A New Morality from Science: Beyondism* (1972), each race will find its own optimal heterogeneity and will be able to experiment with its own breeding and environment, always with the prospect of generating new races. Once the colonization of space gets underway, the ranking of races by fitness will not be on a single scale but on a diversity of scales. Who is to gainsay a race's choice to pursue beauty rather than truth, if in defiance of Keats they are not one and the same? Freedom will come to mean not the inalienable rights of individuals or political pressure groups but of entire races.

When we move beyond the golden age of genetics of 1900-1950 into the political expression of molecular biology and computers, we may at last be leaving *Homo sapiens* behind. But meanwhile, we will be dragging our past, our entire primate heritage, along with us. The so-called Christian virtues will still be around, as well as notions about human rights and the utility of compromise. Inevitably, however, these fossil-

ized constructs will fade into the fog of the past. Time was when history books were written from the good guy vs. bad guy point of view. Two generations ago, Charles Beard rewrote the history of the Founding Fathers from an "economic" perspective. Today, the perspective is that of pressure groups, from the admirable Herbert S. Agar's *The Price of Union* (covering the U.S. from 1789 to 1909) to the wretched attempt by Gerald M. Capers, *John C. Calhoun: Opportunist; A Reappraisal* (1960), to turn the Great Nullificationist into a modern day wheeler-dealer. There comes to mind only one book that looks at history as an unfolding series of institutions, Carroll Quigley's, *The Evolution of Civilizations* (1961), back in print for \$4 postpaid from Liberty Press, 7440 N. Shadeland, Indianapolis, IN 46250. But oddly enough -- and a reason to expect the phenomenon of lags to obey the chance laws of evolution and not the certainties of mechanical formulae -- there are already a number of good histories -- albeit none terribly sophisticated in genetical theory -- written from the even grander standpoint of race.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

Dr. Lars Larson upstages Dr. Tripodi

NORDIC RACISM STILL EXISTS, BUT IN A FORM THAT IS DESTROYING NORDICS

Last February, Dr. Constantine Tripodi, the well-known Sicilian historian, infuriated some of the smugger Instaurationists with his candid analysis of "Nordic inferiority." Arguing that "a race which forgets how to love or hate is undone," he rang "the death knell . . . for Northern Europeans the world over -- because they have forgotten how to hate."

Few readers pondered this diagnosis more conscientiously than Dr. Lars Larson, a Swedish psychotherapist who has seen firsthand many examples of the behavior to which Dr. Tripodi alluded. Larson's pale, slender physique and tentative, analytic mind contrast markedly with the mental and physical traits of his effusive, endomorphic counterpart. Agreeing that present-day Nordic behavior is "inferior, in the sense of maladaptive," he nonetheless insists that it is precisely the group's "rampant racism" which lies at the root of Nordic self-destruction. This was so confusing that *Instauration* arranged a special interview with the Swedish doctor in order to clarify matters.

Instauration: Dr. Larson, you can't expect much sympathy from our readers when you assert that Northern Europeans "today, as always, are the most racist people on earth," and suggest that this is half their problem.

Larson: When Dr. Tripodi told your readers they were "inferior," they licked up his words like honey. Perhaps I can ingratiate myself by noting that I agree with him, up to a point.

I: Up to what point?

L: In capsule form, his theory states that to live and flourish all human

groups must feel and express the full range of human emotions. The very existence of love and hate proves them both to be necessary for life. What has happened to Northern Europeans is that their hating has largely become dysfunctional. Nowhere do we find the response comparable to the stimulus.

I: Are you prescribing a healthy dose of good old-fashioned ethnocentrism, administered daily?

L: I wish life were so simple. As I see it, this inappropriate Nordic hate response has its origins in a prior emotion, namely hyperbolic self-love. What Dr. Tripodi and other outsiders-looking-in often fail to see is that the dysfunctional Nordic love of the alien derives from a prior and greater love of the self -- I call it "racism" -- which is no less pernicious.

I: You believe that excessive self-love can be fatal to a group?

L: Many of today's Northern European follies originate in the group's efforts to maintain a sterling moral self-image. The response to the outsider is secondary.

Dr. Tripodi's model goes like this. In any natural, healthy society there is a dual code of morality -- in plain language, a double standard. Expressions of benevolence are concentrated on the self, the family, the race or subrace and the nation. Hostility is largely directed toward those at a distance, whether the distance is physical or psychological. This does not mean that open warfare is the common state of affairs. Far from it. The very prevalence of intergroup hostility is what normally forces people to keep their distance. Mexicans once knew which side of the Rio Grande was theirs. So far I am in complete agreement with Dr. Tripodi.

But his model implies that nature's code has broken down in

contemporary Nordic societies because the Nordic do-gooder has practically accepted the alien as his equal. It suggests that love and hate are expended on the out-group in much the same mixture as on the in-group. There is only one problem with this Tripodian theory. It goes against everything we know about human nature and everything I've seen in my clinic.

What we are actually witnessing in the Nordic is less a breakdown of the dual code than a pervasive immoderation in loving. Take the alien "guest worker." In Sweden, we do not say: "Enter at will, people of the world, and live in our land as Swedish equals." Rather, we *first* observe that there is a lot of garbage that needs picking up, *because* our unprecedented growth of self-esteem now forbids us to collect it, and -- as an afterthought -- we conclude that having a million aliens here is perfectly wonderful. What has taken place is a suspension of critical judgment -- or, to put it plainly, of hatred -- hatred on two fronts, inside toward the self and outside toward the outsider.

We haven't said to ourselves, as we should have, "Dear Swedes, you are *by definition* no better than the society in which you live. If there is garbage still to be collected by human hands, then you must either do it or solve the problem some other way. First, you could live more spiritual, less materialistic lives and generate less refuse. Second, those who prefer materialism can use their ingenuity to devise more automated methods of disposal. Finally, to the extent that dirty work still remains, you can divide the work by government edict in such a way that no Swede spends much time on the task and for the time he does spend on it he is to be well compensated."

For many years we took this latter course. We recognized that people who have developed a hard attitude toward themselves can afford an unusual amount of regimented socialism with minimal loss of real liberty. But somehow, along the way, we lost this hard attitude and were overwhelmed by a sense of our own superiority. And only then did we lose our hardness toward others.

No longer are we good and others bad. Now that we are just great, we can easily afford to let others be good. Our racism is no less intense, just better hidden.

I: Aren't there some contradictions in your analysis? For example, you say that Swedes have a proven capacity for ingenuity, social harmony and the like. But you turn around and attack them for recognizing these superior traits. Similarly, you say that Swedes, and Northern Europeans generally, have lost their traditional hardness. They are now among the most accepting, loving peoples on earth. For them, some may be "great," others merely "good," but none are "bad." Yet elsewhere you have written that an insistence on form, on standards, on quality is a biologically rooted Nordic trait. In both cases, you seem to want to have your cake and eat it.

L: There is a fundamental distinction in nature which ends all confusion on this score -- the one between location and movement, between being and becoming. When one evaluates the Swedes or any people on various social traits, one must distinguish between present expression and the trend of expression. The difference between the two, and consciousness of this difference, is critical in psychodynamic terms.

My feeling is that while Nordic societies still rate very high on various social indicators, they are living on borrowed time and all trends are down. Such a state of affairs should alarm any living organism because nature's way is to kill off that which fails to grow or at least maintain its own level, regardless of quality. Indeed, nature's most refined, most *differentiated* creations are those which can least afford complacency. Without their traditional hardness, the highly unusual Nordic stock could never have survived and flourished for as long as it did. So it is perfectly proper, indeed necessary, for Nordics to appreciate their own fine points, as long as they also recognize the

eternal vigilance which these entail. What we have today is the worst possible combination: a distinguished people wallowing in awareness of their distinction, but oblivious to the accelerating slippage.

Your second apparent paradox is resolved in much the same way. Nordics today can indeed be called "soft in their hardness" or "hard in their softness." The Turk in Sweden, the Mexican in the American Midwest, and other invaders of Nordic societies the world over experience much the same type of psychic pressure. In each case, the form-conscious, controlled Nordics subject the aliens' more haphazard behavior, their looser standards, and especially their less carefully formed bodies to an intense critical scrutiny. As a result, the Turks and the Mexicans rebel in a thousand ways, just as did blacks, Levantines and countless others before them. They regard the high-standard Nordic as harsh, unyielding, repressive, that is, hating -- and in return they hate him in a bottled-up way for this difference.

In this sense, the Nordic remains hard today and always must -- his biotype dictates it. Even so, he was very soft to permit the original entry of the interlopers. Here again, the distinction between location and movement resolves the confusion. Nordics remain demanding people, but they are opting toward softness, dissolution, devolution. In position, they remain nature's first; in tendency, they are dead last.

I: Your distinction recalls some of Dr. Tripodi's rhetorical flights. He has said that today's passive Nordic male is a disgrace to evolution. The message which you two seem to share is that the day when the blonde beauty queen, the space scientist and the "almost perfect" society rest on their laurels, proclaim themselves divine, and allow part of this initially self-directed largesse to spill over onto everyone and everything around them -- that day will be fraught with danger.

L: Selfishness and complacency is my conception of Nordic racism. The racist bases his self-esteem on his position in the social totem pole. He is not concerned about consolidation and movement. It is an idiosyncratic way of looking at things, yet I believe it has opened my eyes to the true nature of a subtle disease which few correctly understand.

Several days later we sent a tape of Dr. Larson's interview to Dr. Tripodi, who quickly wrote this feisty response:

Why can't these "complicated" Swedes keep their convolutions up inside their braincases where they belong? You'd have to be a cryptographer to decode all of those double-reverse meanings.

Do you know why Larson goes to such lengths to brand what he is fighting as the *true* "racism?" It is because his thoroughly angelic body type dictates to him that he forever be on the side of the angels. Still, since it is precisely these stricken Nordic angels whom the rest of us have failed to reach, perhaps he knows best how to reach his own. But don't let him suppose that he's teaching people like me anything new. Want to see me play his game?

Certainly "Nordic racism" is what's killing the Nordics! What else could it be? If, as I say, Northern Europeans are more unequal to life's demands today than ever before, it is largely because they believe that life is unequal to their precious selves. They are inferior to precisely the degree they think themselves superior.

Who are the real racists of the American past? Who are their counterparts today? Here is my view, Tripodi's view, which is Dr. Larson's analysis stripped of jargon:

One serious outbreak of Nordic racism occurred in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, when southern and eastern Europeans were allowed to flood into America and the old colonial stock abandoned to them entire districts of the country and many traditional "Old American" occupations. It is true that the "Know Nothing" attitude survived in certain remote regions, places where even a

golden-haired, gorgeous, million-dollar gal -- as much a "10" as Bo Derek -- could persist in regarding herself as "nothing special," just one more member of the *human* race, cut out by nature for whatever grinding work needed doing -- even, God forbid, bountiful mothering! Maybe that is why the urban cynics called them "Know Nothings." After all, they were prime racial material. But they didn't even know their own value (in terms of wealth, leisure and status) in a racially mixed market.

Of course, in depraved racist hotbeds like New York and Cambridge, Mass., any man or woman with even a lingering trace of the old golden glimmer about their person knew that they were really hot stuff. Hence a steady stream of benighted immigrants was required to guarantee the perpetual upward mobility -- moral no less than economic -- which they and any posterity they might chance to have so clearly deserved.

Do I seem unwilling to give people any credit for their professed sentiments? Liberal New England declared itself to be *antiracist*. But where are the descendants of the Thoreaus and Emersons and all of your kind-hearted Yankees? In never-never land, for the most part. That breed is vanished, killed by its own excessive racism.

"Why," the New Englander would say, "I'm no racist. It's just that I *personally* happen to be a very sensitive, very intelligent person who needs the finer things of life. You can tell that just by looking at me -- note the broad, noble brow, the long, tapering fingers, the fine, downy hair, etc., etc. My whole family and most of my friends just *happen* to be built the same way. Lots of it going around in the old stock. Far be it from us to keep any needy folks from landing on our shores, just because they *happen* to be stubby-fingered, coarse-featured, etc., etc. Makes no difference to us what they look like just so they'll dig our ditches. We're all the same under the skin."

Obviously, consistency was never the forte of America's liberal northeastern intelligentsia. Didn't Emerson call the trait a "hobgoblin"? Well, the fictitious Yankee whom I just quoted is right out of Emerson's own schizoid attitudes toward race and immigration.

So much for the aristocracy. As for the common folk, I submit that among the unhappiest people in the world today are those of solid, stable, productive North European stock in the 90-95 IQ range. Let's not forget that there are tens of millions of them. Many have already been forced to flee several times to save their way of life and their very physical identity. Today, we see them all being backed into corners.

An IQ 120 Nordic still has many ways of insulating himself from the rising swirl of color, and the kinds of erratic behavior which always seem to go with it. But the IQ 90 Nordic in urban Britain, France, Germany, in many parts of the U.S., has been reduced to despair. What prospects confront him as his homeland is engulfed? He will be thrown uncaringly into the alien mass -- in housing, schooling, on the job. And if his preferred noise level, his attitudes toward work and cleanliness, and other values, should disagree with the attitude of the non-Nordics, so much the worse for *him*. In a democracy, it is *his* stock which happens to have the world's thinnest skin -- literally.

His brains can't rescue him because he happens to have only a mediocre supply. I would call him a "biological status inconsistent" -- of the most miserable variety. For him, race-mixing is an unmitigated curse. It destroys him and his traditional ways of coping long before it catches up with the protected and therefore self-righteous Nordic aristocrat, the limousine liberal, who is the true racist. It's no wonder that studies show today's poor urban WASP to be the biggest psychosomatic wreck around. Nor does it help to hear himself being called a "redneck racist" by his more sheltered cousins, when all he wants from life is the bare minimum: the chance to work his butt off, have a little fun his own way and perpetuate his own kind.

Why can't he do this? Partly because of intense blasts of high-potency Nordic racism emanating from higher sources -- that is, from

those higher IQ, more successful Nordics who are biologically and socially "consistent" in their status. These people call themselves "liberals," but prolonged contact with the subtle racism pervading their consciousness is deadly to anyone of their kind who is unable to find a toehold on their slippery ivory tower retreats.

Then, too, their brand of Nordic racism is assimilated by the intruding races. In a book called *Sexual Racism*, Charles H. Stember, a liberal sociologist, relates the confessions of innumerable non-Nordic males -- black, Jew, Hispanic, Oriental, you name it -- who are demanding and getting the finer, whiter Nordic women. It's 95% of humanity chasing the other 5%, and every barrier is down. The pretty Nordic lass, she may indeed have an IQ of only 90, but she will be chased by men whose attraction to her is more racial than individual, and hence mingled with contempt, as Stember persuasively shows. Blondie's their potential ticket into white society -- the only real "action" our planet has to offer -- and she will likely be remembered as only one more "dumb blonde" by men who never cared to know her soul.

So here is our average Northern European working stiff, with his pretty daughter hustling off to the big city for a melancholy bout of "gold-digging," while his no more successful son flees for solace into some godforsaken backwater where he can't make money, or influence society, or find the right women, but at least can't be scorned as that ultimate failure: the poor WASP stuck in metropolis. Perhaps he will hide his flight from himself with that ever popular "back to the land" rationalization. It is funny how certain urban ethnic invasions seem to make normal white folks go land crazy.

The brutal fact is that when members of a selfish race sell their birthright -- when they permit their numbers in a given region to fall from 90% to 10%, in part so that the remaining 10% can be "rich" in narrow economic and "moral" terms -- then anyone who is part of that 10% remnant but still poor is a double loser and deserves to be scorned by all. When they see a poor WASP in New York, people think: this guy should either be living it up in a penthouse, crusading for ghetto children or out in Kansas with his own kind. Well, believe it or not, the IQ 90 Nordic in Kansas, who has a TV set, vaguely intuits these things. He sees the approach of the colored tornado. He knows himself to be incapable of achieving personal wealth or Christian-style "virtue." His only wealth lies in his homogeneously Nordic surroundings, which happen to be comparatively *devoid* of racism. So he knows that he had better beat back that tornado or he too will be scorned under the domination of Nordic racism, and doomed by it to oblivion -- right there in Kansas.

Nordic racism is the kind of deceptive and paradoxical natural force which can unravel a nation's entire social fabric while remaining unidentified. It is a phantom yet pervasive force in Western societies today, kind of an invisible tornado -- from which those exotic colored twisters are only offshoots.

Sweden is being devastated by this phantom, as Lars Larson well knows. I have two books describing Swedish society in 1965 and 1980, respectively. What a difference. Sweden in 1965, ultramodern as it was, shared certain essential qualities with the Sweden of 1800. Lest we forget, Sweden in 1800 was *also* quite modern in many respects -- progressive, homogeneous, united. Thus Sweden in 1980, overrun by aliens, is rapidly fragmenting and being swept up into all those weird reactionary and pseudoliberal currents which overtake any alarmed white populace. Perhaps we will even see a rebirth of Christian fervor there. What very few Swedes yet realize is that their so-called "liberals" are really typical destructive Nordic racists -- racist because they can and do flee from approaching realities, racists who only put off the days of reckoning.

Today, Northern Europeans the world over are being spoiled rotten by their alien workers as white racism grows ever more rampant. Last

month, I caught a glimpse of another world, a supposedly raceless world. The film *Swastika*, depicting everyday life in Germany in the early 1930s, was ironically made by anti-Nazis. It showed stunningly beautiful people, crowding inner city streets, laboring in the fields, drilling in the military, raising large, smiling broods on low incomes -- all things which the Western system scarcely permits whites to do today. Never in my life did I see such joy on faces -- all of the faces. The viewer was supposed to be appalled by the homogeneity of the people, their complacency and their lack of individualism. Such a response may have remained possible for many in 1960. But coming in off the urban streets in 1980 -- any urban streets, anywhere -- it is difficult to see other than a vanished paradise. Who needs much individualism when the individuals around you share your hopes and ideals?

Socialism? Capitalism? With compatible neighbors, the distinction becomes vanishingly unimportant. Even in defeat, West Germany is the brightest star in the decadent West; East Germany the beauty spot of the sluggish East.

That film is already backfiring on its naive producers. I heartily

recommend it. It shows something that few young white people today have known -- a natural world. No wonder that Chou En-lai's son -- fighting alongside brave men of nearly every race on Europe's Eastern Front -- eagerly volunteered to defend the ancient but never realized ideal of world racial harmony.

I like to give Larson a hard time -- I know him well -- but here he is so right. Nordic racism destroys! We must root it out! Until the day when even the blondest of the blond have the same basic right to be poor, happy workers with the same big, satisfied families and collective esprit permitted to all other breeds -- until that day, the world is perched on a powderkeg, with every race threatened.

That is, esthetics aside, my main interest in all of this. Speaking as a Sicilian, I tell you that our greatest danger is your messed-up Nordic minds. Act once again like living creatures. Take some lessons in self-assertiveness from the amoeba, or someday the amoeba will rank above you as a living form on this planet. Fill the power vacuum which hovers about you like a specter. End the deadly tension which is stalking humanity.

FEDERAL JUDGE SAYS INTELLIGENCE TESTS ARE FAIR

Last year Judge Robert Peckham of the U.S. District Court in California ruled that intelligence tests were culturally biased, that is, they were worded or organized in such a way that blacks taking them would do less well than whites. As a result, public school educationists were ordered to stop using IQ scores to determine whether students should be placed in special classes for the mentally retarded.

Last July another U.S. District Court, this time in Chicago, came up with a contrary opinion. Judge John F. Grady found that the tests as a whole were *not* culturally biased against blacks and ruled they could continue to be used as one factor in selecting retarded children for special education classes.

The plaintiffs in the Chicago case charged that there are 483,209 children in the city's public school system, of which 299,590 or 62% are black. For the 1978-1979 school year, 13,225 children were placed in EMH (Educable Mentally Handicapped) classes. Of these 10,833 or 82% were black. The plaintiffs, a motley assortment of liberal and black educators and social scientists, acting on behalf of two minority EMH children and aided by the Department of Justice, claimed that the numbers themselves proved some kind of bias was at work. Since IQ scores were partly responsible for assignments to the EMH classes, the intelligence tests themselves must be at fault.

Unlike Judge Peckham, Judge Grady spent a great deal of time going over the intelligence tests -- the Stanford-Binet and two versions of the Wechsler -- question by question. Out of hundreds of questions he found one in the Stanford-Binet and eight in the two Wechslers that might reasonably be defined as biased. On the Wechsler tests, they were:

I. What is the color of rubies? (Many black women are called Ruby. One black child answered, "Well, she's black.")



Judge John F. Grady

2. What does C.O.D. mean? (Blacks are not too familiar with C.O.D. deliveries.)

3. Why is it better to pay bills by check than cash? (Blacks don't use checks as much as whites.)

4. What would you do if you were sent to buy a loaf of bread and the grocer said he did not have any more? (The white answer, the right answer, is to go to another store. A black child might respond he would go home because "my mama told me don't be fooling around on the street.")

5. What does a stomach do? (Whites would be more likely to answer, correctly, that it digests food. Black children are often so hungry that to them a stomach is a bodily organ that growls.)

6. Why is it usually better to give money to a well-known charity than to a street beggar? (Though it may make more sense to give to a charitable organization, black children are more familiar with beggars and believe they are more deserving of help than some faraway group they know nothing about.)

7. What are you supposed to do if you find someone's wallet or pocketbook in a store? (The black child is often afraid to do anything for fear of being accused of stealing it.)

8. What is the thing to do if a boy (girl) much smaller than yourself starts to fight with you? (The white ethic about fighting someone your size is lost on blacks, who are taught to hit back no matter what the size or age of the aggressor.)

The one question on the Stanford-Binet that seemed biased to Judge Grady was a picture comparison which asked who of two persons is "prettier." Probably because the prettier person had fine features, which are generally conceded to be associated with white features, the judge thought the question unfair.

The plaintiffs, of course, had a much longer list of biased questions, some objections to which turned the courtroom into a theater of the absurd. A question about who discovered America, in which such answers as Columbus, Leif Ericson, Vikings and even Amerigo Vespucci were considered correct, was described as insulting to the Indians.

The question, "In what direction does the sun set?" was deemed racially biased because blacks who live on the east side of a high-rise housing project might never see a sunset.

"Where is Chile?" evoked the complaint that black children might answer, as one did, "Well, it's home on the shelf." Such questions as, "What is the capital of Greece?" and "What are hieroglyphics?" were criticized for not being in the "environment" or "culture" of the children being tested.

An expert witness for the plaintiffs suggested that the question "Who is Charles Darwin?" might be more appropriate if it were changed to Malcolm X. Charles Darwin, it was explained, was an Englishman, who had "a very negative theory against black people."

"What is the thing to do if you lose a ball that belongs to one of your friends?" According to the plaintiffs a black child might answer, "Well, I take him to the hospital."

A picture showing a broken table with three legs was objected to on the ground that black children have so much

broken furniture at home they would see nothing wrong.

Testifying for the plaintiffs, as he had done in California, was the twice-born Stalinist and Lysenkoist, Leon Kamin, the itchy-footed Princeton psychology professor. How his extensive Communist background and his neurotic ad hominem attacks against scientists he disapproves of made him a reliable expert witness can only be explained by his sponsors. As is his wont, Kamin denounced the originators of IQ tests as racists and explained that the sole reason for the black children's low scores was the difference in their cultural background.

The real reason for this disparity was carefully concealed by the judge, plaintiffs and defendants, all being very careful to get down on the record that they had no faith in the "discredited" theory of racial differences. Judge Grady solemnly agreed, "there is no evidence to support a hypothesis that blacks have less innate mental capabilities than whites." In spite of the nine biased questions, however, he did rule against the plaintiffs.

The case will be appealed and may be overturned by a higher court. The higher you go in the judicial system, the more likely the judges will favor blacks. As a precedent Judge Grady's 117-page ruling will be offset by the opposite finding of the federal court in California.

Whatever happens, the crusade to remove all standards of comparison in every field of intellectual endeavor will certainly continue. As long as such comparisons are permitted, just so long will blacks come out second best. The best efforts of Judge Grady notwithstanding, we seem to be headed for a testless, comparisonless, measurementless, quota-ized country where the ratio of a person's race to the total population will determine his rewards, not his work or his merits. To get a bigger slice of the pie, people will have to breed more, and there is no doubt who will win that kind of competition.

In the shape of things to come the shadow will count more than the substance. All the important job slots will have double occupancy -- the whites to do the job, the blacks and browns to fill the quotas. This two-for-one society will be unique in the history of civilization.

Ponderable Quotes

"The first rule is that an employer only has to hire the most qualified applicant. If it gets down to five people and they're all equally qualified and they're all from protected classes, then the employer sees which classes are already represented in his work force, and he would not hire an applicant from those classes. He'd hire one from an under-represented class. That's not discrimination. That's just giving one person a job and turning down another one."

Laura Fox
Department of Labor

"John Spekelink was executed because of his race. If he had not been white, the state of Florida almost certainly would have commuted his sentence to life imprisonment."

The Nation
June 16, 1979

DON DIEGO'S CHOICE CUTS

After *Instauration's* article about Aztec cannibalism (March 1980), a subscriber sent us a xerox of two pages from the autobiography of Diego Rivera *My Art, My Life* (Citadel Press, New York, 1960). The material was so incredible, so nauseating, we thought we were being "had." So we checked the book out of a nearby library to see if what had been sent us was in the book. It was. We apologize to our subscriber for our momentary lack of faith. Now more than ever we know that Instaurationists never lie.

Let's cliffhang a moment with a few words about Señor Rivera. Although he couldn't come close to the talent of Orozco, he has been trumpeted as Mexico's greatest artist, one of the world's great fresco painters, a genius of the first water. Politically, he was a mediocrat's dream. He joined the Communist party early on, worshipped Stalin and portrayed him as a benevolent, all-sweetness-and-light twentieth-century Apollo. Then, at least publicly, Diego switched his affections to Trotsky and helped the wandering Jew get a Mexican visa. For this he was expelled from the Party. Later, however, he was suspected of having a hand in the brutal ax murder of Stalin's archenemy, only managing to elude the police in the nick of time with the help of -- of all people -- Miss Paulette Goddard (Marian Levee), a dear, dear friend. The suspicion was partly justified because Diego's current wife had previously invited Stalin's assassin to dinner in her Paris apartment.

Yes, Diego was a media dream come true, the artist as hero, the all-Latin American boy, the would-be assassin of dictator Porfirio Díaz, the forger of three Goyas and one El Greco still in private collections, the New World Picasso who was not as white as Picasso and therefore in some ways better than Picasso. Rivera was both the glorifier of Lenin and the sneering caricaturist of the Rockefellers, whose cash kept him in paint during his tacos and tortillas days.

His press idolators shivered with delight when Diego answered questions about his ancestry. He told of Spanish dons, noble Aztecs and, most important, an obscure Portuguese-Jewish philosopher named Acosta. Even better, the longest lasting of his many wives was a part-Indian, part-Jewish, tawny, pre-Columbian type named Frida Kahlo, whom he married, divorced and remarried. His first mistress, incidentally, was an American schoolmistress who taught at a Protestant school in Mexico City.

But to return to what Rivera wrote in *My Art, My Life*. On pages 45-46 he relates how, while studying anatomy at a medical school in Mexico City, he was deeply impressed by the story of a Parisian furrier who fed his cats, the sole source of his pelts, only the meat from the cats he skinned. The all-feline diet seemed to make his cats grow bigger and their fur finer and glossier. Rivera writes:



Diego's favorite wife, Frida Kahlo

I discussed the experiment with my fellow students in the anatomy class, and we decided to repeat it and see if we got the same results. We did -- and this encouraged us to extend the experiment and see if it involved a general principle for other animals, specifically human beings, by ourselves living on a diet of human meat.

Those of us who undertook the experiment pooled our money to purchase cadavers from the city morgue, choosing the bodies of persons who had died of violence -- who had been freshly killed and were not diseased or senile. We lived on this cannibal diet for two months, and everyone's health improved.

During the time of our experiment, I discovered that I liked to eat the legs and breasts of women, for as in other animals, these parts are delicacies. I also savored young women's breaded ribs. Best of all, however, I relished young women's brains in vinaigrette.

I have never returned to the eating of human flesh, not out of

a squeamishness, but because of the hostility with which society looks upon the practice. Yet is this hostility entirely rational? We know it is not. Cannibalism does not necessarily involve murder. And human flesh is probably the most assimilable food available to man. Psychologically, its consumption might do much to liberate him from deep-rooted complexes -- complexes which can explode with the first accidental spark.

I believe that when man evolves a civilization higher than the mechanized but still primitive one he has now, the eating of

human flesh will be sanctioned. For then man will have thrown off all of his superstitions and irrational taboos.

Thus speaks one of the great ballyhooed artists of our times, who suffered terribly in his latter years from cancer of the penis and died in 1957 after once again rejoining his beloved Communist party. The Aztec gene, as it percolates down the ages, has proved to be, at least in Rivera's case, a very dominant gene.

Campaign Blues

Andrew Young is worried about the possibility of John Anderson getting enough votes to throw the presidential election into the House of Representatives. He sadly recalls the hotly contested 1876 election which Rutherford Hayes won by one electoral vote, after making a deal with Southern congressmen to remove Union troops from occupied Dixieland. Andy seems to be suffering from hallucinations. The day Southern politicians protected the interests of white Southerners is long past. Today, the white "New South" politician combines the qualities of both the carpetbagger and the scalawag. He only makes deals with non-whites or non-Southerners to sell out his people, not defend them.

* * *

Angela Davis, running for vice-president on the Communist party ticket (the renegade Finn, Gus Hall, is the Party's presidential candidate), has mowed down her Afro to expose a dolichocephalic cranium. To those with troubling questions about Afghanistan, she explains the Soviet forces were invited in by the Afghan Revolutionary Council to "put down a counterrevolution by the CIA." No similarity at all to South Vietnam's invitation to the U.S. government to defend it against the North Vietnamese. As for the Ku Klux Klan and Nazis, they must be "eradicated." She really means massacred. But Angela is totally against any repressive measures aimed at her own party.

* * *

John Anderson looked a Jewish reporter squarely in the eye and stated adamantly, "We must keep pre-election theatrics out of Middle East diplomacy." Mr. Independent had just returned from a trip to Israel where he was photographed in a Napoleonic pose beside Israel's high brass as he helped them inspect Fortress Zion's military defenses. He then, always untheatrically, assured the world press that the U.S. Embassy should be moved to Jerusalem "as the final act of the peace process." Back home, Honest John,

after an untheatrical meeting with Senator Fat Face, the other sore loser in the 1980 presidential primary, said he had "respect for the two-party system."

Anderson's bleating antimonies were ignored by the media because, as Patrick Buchanan wrote, he is the candidate of the National Press Corps. Although the apostate Republican lost every primary he entered, he is given more favorable publicity by the media than any other candidate, major or minor.

In the beginning, however, the television networks rooted for Rose's son. A statistical survey by the *Washington Journalism Review* of the evening news air time accorded to the various presidential candidates from July 1979 through March 1980 showed 31:02 minutes for Anderson; 34:50 for Baker, 62:52 for Bush, 47:42 for Connally, 87:30 for Reagan and 306:32 for Kennedy. Carter was not included in the survey because it was hard to separate his "political" from his "presidential" posturing. Altogether the bumbling, unsuccessful Democratic aspirant was given more than three times the TV exposure of successful Republican aspirant Reagan.

* * *

Republican Paul Findley, the only outspoken anti-Zionist in the House of Representatives, has a tough reelection fight on his hands. The boys are flooding his Democratic opponent, David Nuessen, with the green material most useful for buying a seat in Congress. In fact, Nuessen, an ardent Kennedy fan, has been spending a great deal of his time at fund-raising parties on the East Coast, in the South and in California, a long way from his bailiwick in Illinois. Those interested in equalizing the race financially should contact the Findley for Congress Committee, Box 302, Springfield, IL 62705.

* * *

Bill Nelson, the ostrich congressman from Florida, announced he would get his constituents' reaction to the important issues of

the day, so he mailed them a 13-part questionnaire -- about defense, SALT II, energy, air pollution, balancing the budget, national health insurance, minimum wage, abortion, etc. Not one question or part of a question dealt with immigration, affirmative action, forced busing or gun control. Nelson was so afraid of getting some response to real questions, he didn't leave any place in his questionnaire for remarks or comments.

The same mantle of silence fell over "60 Minutes" on the eve of the Democratic Convention. Dan Rather pressed Jimmy the Tooth hard on the easy questions. Neither uttered a syllable about the very gut issues that gutless Congressman Nelson had carefully censored from his questionnaire.

* * *

All the noise to the contrary, the democratic process doesn't work too well for the so-called little fellow, whom it was supposedly designed to serve. Although Tom Metzger won the Democratic primary for the House Seat in California's 43rd Congressional District fair and square, the party's little fish in the local machine disowned him and so did the big fish in Washington. One hundred armed police and a patrolling helicopter had to guard Metzger when he arrived to take his seat on the Democratic Central Committee. He was attired in a bulletproof vest, ever more popular garb for candidates who dare to attack forced busing, skyhigh immigration and minority racism. The bruise on his temple made by a soft-drink can thrown by a demonstrator needed no medical attention. A bedsheet waved in front of the press cameras proclaimed "Death to the Klan." Leader of the 60 demonstrators was Mike Bronstetter of the Committee Against Racism. Barbara Hertz was among those arrested on charges of assault on police with a deadly weapon.

At the meeting, when a liberal Democratic wardheeler sounded off about Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Lincoln and the need for tolerance, Metzger replied: "Nobody reads history any more. Lincoln was a white supremacist, Jefferson a slave owner, and Jack-

son was one of the biggest Indian killers in the country."

Metzger's wife Kathleen gave birth to the couple's fifth child in the midst of his campaign against Republican incumbent Clair Burgener, a Mormon who dabbles profitably in real estate, who is right on the easy

issues and ducks the hard ones and who specializes in helping the handicapped. Since he would need an armored division to protect him if he made a speech in this land of the free, Metzger has had to rely mainly on a campaign leaflet that spells out one, two, three: (1) jobs for U.S. citizens first; (2)

the end of reverse discrimination, foreign aid and forced busing; (3) the restoration of the death penalty. Address of the Metzger for Congress Committee is P.O. Box 65, Fallbrook, CA 92028.

Minority-izing the Future

Science fiction writers and readers like to think of themselves as forward-thinking types, fettered by no preconceptions and free to let their speculations roam up, down and across the x, y and z axes of deep space.

Of all possible futures, however, there is one that is off-limits -- the Instaurationist future of a resurgent American Majority with the Unassimilable Minorities either packed off to their historical homelands or assigned new ones. If a daring sci-fi writer wanted to present such a vision of tomorrow, he would have to make it clear that his sympathies lay with some heroic group of racially integrated rebels, whose mission was to upset or stop it.

As the past has shown, science fiction fans have a history of intellectual curiosity combined with gullibility. In the 1930s, some heard the clarion call of Technocracy and a few even dabbled in communism, the result, perhaps, of reading too many tales about well-oiled, scientifically managed utopias. Today, when a misty liberalism pervades the science fiction community, a perfectly organized, perfectly disciplined brave new world has less appeal than ever. To complicate matters, a strident feminist component stands ready to ostracize any author who doesn't toe the current party line in regard to women, who must be raised to a status of superequality or all space travel will be shut down.

A few older authors seem to have some grasp of the racial problem. One, in private conversation with the writer of this article, expressed a veiled doubt that egalitarian dogmas are valid, a doubt he would have rather cut his tongue out than admit in print. A couple of others, in nonfiction essays considerably toned down by infinite qualifications and apologies, admit that intelligence tests showing average racial differences are probably accurate.

Most authors, however, seem to take the position of the most publicized science fiction writer extant, Isaac Asimov, born in 1920 in Petrovichi, USSR, of Judah and Anna Rachel Asimov. Asimov has written that the "horrors of racism and sexism"



Isaac Asimov

must be eliminated if man is to have any future at all. His essay, "Is There Hope for the Future?", recently reprinted in James Baen's collection, *Galaxy: the Best of My Years* (Ace Books, 1980), in addition to being a hate piece against Shockley, denies that intelligence is even definable, let alone measurable, and reduces racial differences to something as "irrelevant" as "skin color." This is the writing of a man who is supposed to be a scientist.

Science fiction as seen on the big and small screen has been traditionally decades behind the development of science fiction on the printed page. But in the matter of eliminating the horrors of racism and sexism it has been somewhat ahead. The television series, *Star Trek*, besides its painfully and obviously integrated cast, had its ideology codified as the Vulcan Spirit of IDIC (Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations), and several episodes came to grips with the evils of racism, at least metaphorically.

However, someone must have been

asleep at the switch when the 1979 *Star Trek* movie was made. The ending has a handsome blond male with a Germanic name literally becoming the next step in human evolution. The rest of the story is palpably absurd (and the movie is excruciatingly dull), but the final scenes of Nordic Captain Decker transfused with light, with wind blowing through his blond hair, are as magnificent a depiction of the Faustian ideal as can be imagined. How this got by in a movie where Isaac Asimov was one of the advisers is hard to say.

Star Wars (1977), despite being the single most popular movie of all time, came in for criticism because of its lack of black characters. The 1980 sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, responded by casting Billy Dee Williams in an important role. Critic John Simon wrote in *National Review* (June 13, 1980) that "Lando [Williams's character] serves the dual purpose of giving blacks someone to identify with in the great beyond and teaching white kids to love their street-wise black brethren. But I worry about the way Lando ogles Leia; there is no telling what might happen by episode VII or VIII."

Executive producer George Lucas also took something of a back seat for the sequel. Once past the cast, the credits read, "Directed by Irvin Kershner. Produced by Gary Kurtz." The first draft of the screenplay was written by Majority science fiction writer Leigh Brackett, who died with pen in hand. The final version came from the typewriter of Lawrence Kasdan. A major addition to the series's cast of characters is the alien Yoda, a creation of muppeteer Frank Oz, who is only half, compared to Asimov's whole. Yoda's eyes were modeled after Einstein's, according to *People* magazine, because they looked so expressive and wise.

Where is a Majority member, tired of reading about or looking at a minority-loaded future, to go? Probably to see Disney's *The Black Hole* (1979). Despite its confused story line, it does have the saving grace of an all-Majority cast. Given the increasingly tendentious state of science fiction in this bleak age, that alone is refreshing.

The Germans Are Coming

Giants like Volkswagen came in the early 1970s. Now medium and small German corporate fry with annual sales of less than \$10 million are arriving in such numbers that in 1978 German investment in the U.S. easily overtopped American investment in Deutschland.

They are coming to such unlikely places as Spartanburg, S.C., and Charlotte, N.C., where I-85 is now called "the autobahn." There they see "less labor strife and believe that's where the American work ethic is still intact," explains Georgia State's Jewish director of the Institute for International Business. "Once the Germans found out it did not take magic to compete in the U.S., they lost their awe of Americans and became very successful."

German assets over here now include: Houston's highest skyscraper, One Shell Plaza; Houston's largest building, Pennzoil Place; the International House of Pancakes; 47 percent of A&P; and Lums Restaurant Corp. of Miami.

German companies usually put twice as much into research and development as their American counterparts and the gap is rapidly widening. German banks are sated with cash, for the average German saves 12 percent of his income, compared to 4 percent for the average American.

Two of the Wunderkinder who made all this possible: Reinhard Mohn, who spent two years in an American POW camp in Kansas, transformed Bertelsmann Corp.

from a small publisher of religious books to a giant with revenues second only to Time, Inc.; and Friedrich Karl Flick, whose father, incarcerated for three years as a war criminal for using slave labor, rebuilt his empire and accumulated a \$4 billion kitty now being used to buy bits and pieces of Amerika.

Nevertheless the Germans are taking chances. In two world conflicts in the first half of this century German businesses and assets in the U.S. were seized by the Alien Property Custodian -- Bayer Asperin, for example. Too much prosperity attracts itchy fingers. British and American firms were suffering from severe competition from Ger-

man firms before World Wars I and II. The same thing is beginning to happen again. If anything, the scenario is worse now because of the presence of a very envious and all-powerful Russian Bear looking down on West Germany from his armed cave in East Germany.

But businessmen, Germans included, never look too far in the future. They tend to be blinded by the glittering, golden profits of the present.

Meanwhile, it's practically a graduate course in economics -- and race -- to compare some present German and American statistics taken from *Forbes* (July 7, 1980).

	West Germany	U.S.
Population (millions)	61.4	220.6
Area (square miles)	96,000	3,615,000
Gross national product (billions)	\$760.5	\$2,368.5
GNP from exports	22.6%	7.7%
Median household income	\$21,410	\$20,428
Per capita income	\$9,619.20	\$8,722.57
Average hourly wage (manufacturing)	\$6.85	\$6.16
Fringe benefits as percent of salary	65%	35%

Note that the American population is almost four times larger than West Germany's, yet our gross national product is less than three times larger. The natural resources of each country are not listed. If they were, it would make the U.S. look even worse. Also, we must remember that only thirty-five years ago German industry was

mostly in ruins and much of what was left intact was systematically looted by the Russians. The economists, of course, cannot offer any credible reason for the miraculous recovery since racial explanations are not permitted. Consequently, in the realm of public opinion German prosperity must remain a mystery

Ethnic Decomposition

One of the few lobbying organizations that have tried to put some teeth in the nation's toothless immigration policy is FAIR (Federation for American Immigration Reform, 1330 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W., Washington, DC 20036). Yet in an interview published in the *U.S. News & World Report*, Roger Conner, executive director of FAIR, gave this answer to, "Are you concerned about changes in the cultural and ethnical composition of the country?"

No, that is not what prompts my concern. The argument that admitting persons of a different ethnic and racial background is bad for America simply hasn't been proven historically.

All we can say to that is "shame." Doesn't anyone in public life ever say what he thinks? And if Mr. Conner in the recesses of his fearful heart, doesn't realize, doesn't know, that the devastating transformation of America's racial make-up is the fundamental reason to fight for immigration reform then he better hand in his resignation and join the Committee for a Dry Rio Grande.

* * *

June 18 the Senate finally passed a resolution fixing a limit of 100,000 immigrants of all categories (except, of course, for spouses and close relatives of U.S. citizens) for the final quarter of fiscal 1980 (July 1 through Sept. 30). The resolution is not binding on

the President and like all current legislation affecting immigration will probably be honored in the breach. Carter, it should not be forgotten, has nominated Matt Garcia, a Mexican American and a son or grandson of an illegal -- in those days they were called wetbacks -- to take the place of Leonel Castillo at the helm of the demoralized Immigration and Naturalization Service. After one Mexican American has run the Border Patrol into the ground, Carter can think of nothing better than appointing an even less qualified Mexican American to take his place.

Wonder when the Tooth will put an American Arab in charge of his Middle East negotiations?

Diavolo Rex

Moral und Hypermoral, the great and therefore untranslated work of the late great German sociologist, Arnold Gehlen, ends on this note:

It is a devilish act to found a kingdom on lies and force others to live in it. This goes beyond humiliation; it is spiritual defamation. In such a perverse realm, the Antichrist wears the mask of the Savior, as in Signorelli's fresco in Orvieto. The Devil is not the killer. He is *Diavolo*, the slanderer, the god to whom falsehood is not cowardice, as it is to men, but domination. He seals off all knowledge and insight, the last exits of despair. He founds the kingdom of madness, for it is madness to live a lie.

Two prominent citizens of Diavolo's kingdom are Professor Henry Steele Commager and Archibald MacLeish. In the introduction to the book, *Our Day and Generation*, a collection of Teddy Kennedy's speeches, Commager gushes in this vein:

The whole of his senatorial career might rightly be read as an extensive commentary on the preamble of our Constitution, for it has been devoted to realizing a more perfect union, justice, domestic tranquility, the common defense, the general welfare and liberty.

MacLeish, a versatile verse mechanic and former librarian of Congress, manages to outgush Commager. Kennedy, he writes, is "one of the very few modern American senators who can be ranked -- who *must* be ranked -- with the most distinguished of their historical predecessors."

Russian Students' Twenty Commandments

Every student in the Soviet Union is required to obey the following twenty commandments, which are printed on his identity card.

1. To devote himself persistently and unwaveringly to learning and knowledge and thereby become an educated and cultivated citizen in order to be of the greatest possible benefit to the Soviet fatherland.
2. To study diligently, to attend school regularly and not be late for class.
3. To faithfully obey the orders of his principal and teachers.
4. To come to school with the necessary books and writing materials, and to have everything prepared for the lesson before

the arrival of the teacher.

5. To appear in school properly washed, combed and dressed.

6. To keep his desk neat and orderly.

7. To go directly to class when the bell rings and take his seat.

8. To sit up straight during the lesson, not lean on his elbow and sprawl, to pay attention to the teacher and to the answers of students, not to joke and not be concerned with other matters.

9. To stand at his desk and greet the teacher and principal when they enter or leave the class.

10. To stand when addressing the teacher, to hold himself erect, and only sit down with the teacher's permission; to raise his hand when wishing to answer or ask a question.

11. To list all homework correctly in a diary or special notebook and to show this to parents; to finish his homework by himself.

12. To show respect toward teachers and the principal, and to greet them courteously in the street.

13. To be polite toward older people and to behave modestly and decently in and outside school and in public.

14. To use no abusive language and coarse expressions and neither to smoke nor gamble.

15. To take care of and respect school property, his own possessions and the possessions of fellow students.

16. To be courteous and accommodating to old people, small children, the weak and the sick, to give them his seat in a public conveyance and to be helpful in every way.

17. To be helpful and obedient to the elderly and to look after younger brothers and sisters.

18. To keep his room clean and his clothing, shoes and bed in order.

19. To keep the school identity card on his person at all times, to guard it carefully, not to pass it on to others, and to show it when required to the principal and teachers.

20. To value the reputation of his school and class as highly as his own.

Lawrence and the Alans

Although it is supposed to be noncommercial, the Public Broadcasting Service under the aegis of Lawrence Kugelman Grossman, a graduate of CBS and NBC, is becoming one vast commercial -- for minority racism. Amid the interminable public service announcements and pitches for money, the flux of black faces is growing as thick and dark as it is on the major networks. Summer's only passable entertainment on PBS

was a few talk shows and the British offerings and reruns. The only other plus is that once a program gets started, it is not continually interrupted with shots of false teeth, gooey hamburgers and odor-free underarms. Recently it has come out that PBS is asking some affiliates to accept liquor and cigarette ads, which are banned from the Big Three.

Scheduled on PBS in 1982 will be a \$5 million taxpayer-funded, ten-part epic, *The Civilization of the Jews*, hosted by Abba Eban. This will probably offer some strong competition to an NBC series *The Gangster Chronicles*, praising the Mafia. "We think it important to tell the story from their point of view," explains Richard Alan Simmons, the creator of the series. Note that Simmons's middle name is spelled the same as it is in Alan Greenspan, the economist, Alan Schneider, the theater director, Alan King, the stand-up comic, Alan Landsburg, the television producer, Alan Rafkin, the film director, Alan Arkin, the film star, Alan Levitt, the noted drummer, Alan Freed, the late rock-and-rolling disc jockey, Alan Lelchuck, the novel-writing Brandeis professor, and Alan Stang, the Birch Society flack.

Scapegoats and Trappers

As if there were not enough "hate the Klan" propaganda on television, on newsstands and on library shelves, the 1980 convention of the National Education Association, the country's second largest union, with an annual budget of \$71 million, passed this resolution:

Teachers must be prepared to help their students understand the true nature of the Klan and other extremist groups and resist the pressures of these groups.

No finger was pointed at the much better organized and better-heeled Communist party, Communist Revolutionary party, U.S. Labor party, Black Panthers, Black Muslims, Cesar Chavez's labor union or the ADL. Not a word about the Jewish Defense League which loudly boasted of the military training its members were undergoing on the outskirts of Los Angeles, only a few miles from the NEA convention. Total silence about the Jewish "Blue Shirts" who recently tried to break up a meeting at a Washington synagogue to which two deported West Bank Arab mayors had been invited.

* * *

In regard to right-wing violence, a lot of it is triggered by federal agents. The man who egged on the Klansmen and Nazis who kil-

led five left-wing nuts in Greensboro, North Carolina, was Bernard Butkovich, an informant on the payroll of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. When Butkovich, who had worked his way up the North Carolina Nazi hierarchy, was not rounded up by the police, when Nazis told how he had urged them to violence, offered to teach them how to make bombs and advised them to put guns in the trunks of their cars just before the shoot-out, it did not take long to put two and two together. Butkovich won't talk to reporters. The head of the BATF's public relations department said an investigation of his activities had found nothing illegal. District Attorney Michael Schlosser, hardly a racial neutral, has refused to answer any questions about Butkovich.

A more common variety of entrapment recently took place in Columbus, Ohio, where the Gerhardt brothers, leaders of a local white supremacist church, were given six-year sentences for "conspiring" to bomb the home of a school official who supported forced racial busing. The man who turned them in was the infiltrator who planned and got them thinking about the project. He is now off on another assignment. They are in jail. Ask the Gerhardts if talk is cheap.

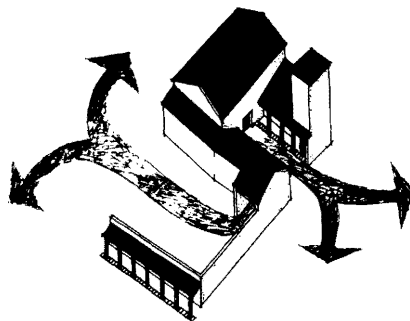
Divide and Multiply

As we all know, HEW is no more. It is now HHS (Department of Health and Human Services). The E has been moved over to the new Department of Education. Patricia Harris, the perfect affirmative action cabinet head, a high yellow female with lightened hair and some strong Jewish connections, will stay on as Secretary of HHS. Secretary of the Department of Education is Shirley Hufstедler, wife of Los Angeles lawyer Seth Hufstедler. Madam Secretary is destined to be the first female member of the Supreme Court if Carter can swing it. Speaking of her chances of sitting on the High Bench, Lloyd Cutler, the president's counsel, pronounced, "She's the best qualified, and I'd say that even if she was a white Anglo-Saxon male."

While our readers mull over that remark, it might be noted that splitting up HEW into HHS and E brought 5,000 employees from the old to the new department. However, E will have 17,350 employees and an annual budget of \$15.1 billion. A president who promises to cut down the bureaucracy and who has already created the Department of Energy (\$7.6 billion annual budget for fiscal 1979) spins off another department from HEW and in the spinoff adds 12,000 new mouths to the government payroll. We may have a new Parkinson's law. In the mathematics of Jimmy the Tooth, division is a form of multiplication.

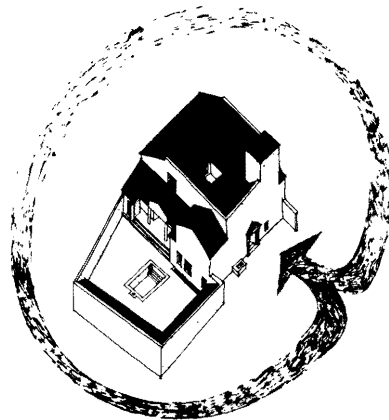
Life and Death of a Roman Farm House

Archaeologists have recently reconstructed the life cycle of an ancient Roman farm house located eight miles east of Italy's capital. Below is a drawing of the dwelling as it existed from 300 to 30 B.C. -- in the great days of republican Rome and Roman expansion. Note the simple design, "the openness," the feeling that the house and its occupants were part of the land. The design almost invited the owners to go out and the neighbors to come in.



300 - 30 BC

Beginning in 30 B.C. the house underwent a radical transformation, as shown by the following drawing. It has become "closed," set off from the land. Now everything points in, not out. The walled-in courtyard and atrium indicates a Near Eastern influence.



30 BC - 200 AD

The transformation of the house is a reflection of the transformation of the Roman state from homogeneous republic to heterogeneous empire. The house was redesigned with security in mind and exhibits a different "Eastern esthetic." Archaeologists have determined that, after being used as a small industrial complex, the house was abandoned circa A.D. 300. Squatters moved in

for a while. Then the weeds took over.

To determine contemporary America's place in a similar architectural life cycle, we might note that the basic manual for federally financed urban buildings is entitled, "Design Guidelines for Defensible Space."

Corny Hairdo

For \$4.95 any woman can now be another Bo Derek, another "ten" by simply ordering *The Braid Book*. Coiffeuse Helen Rosenbaum tells you all you need to know about:

- Cornrows, French braids, top knots, twists, rolls, nape knots, buns, pony tails, chignons, crimping.
- How to wash a cornrow.
- How to handle different hair lengths.
- How to handle different textures and what works best with them -- whether your hair is fine, thin and wispy; layered, fine and curly; or thick and wavy.
- How to use hair accessories such as beads, flowers and feathers.

All the "Beautiful people" are demanding the book, says the blurb from Carol Fass, director of publicity for Pocket Books. Ms. Rosenbaum, who seems to be muscling into black territory, is described as "the author of fourteen books and no stranger to writing about Afro-inspired hair styles."

Who's a Redskin?

Now that the U.S. is officially racist, now that the three branches of government are obsessively and excessively concerned with enacting, interpreting and enforcing laws that deal with people solely on the basis of race, some federal agency is going to have to come up with an acceptable and coherent definition of the various races which have been singled out for so much loving care.

Not much progress has been made so far on the question of who is and who isn't an Indian. At present there are six official and often contradictory definitions.

1. An Indian is anyone who says he is an Indian (Bureau of the Census).
2. An Indian is anyone who is recognized as such by the Indian community (Civil Rights Commission).
3. An Indian is anyone who can prove membership in an Indian tribe.
4. An Indian is anyone who is one-fourth Indian and is a member of a federally recognized tribe.
5. An Indian is anyone who can prove descent from Indians who were recorded members of recognized tribes.
6. An Indian is anyone who lives on an Indian reservation.

The Rusting Shield

Although the FBI has spent an unusual amount of time arresting Majority activists who oppose the liberal-minority coalition's takeover of the country, it has always occupied a sacred niche in the hearts of "patriots." A recent announcement by FBI director William H. Webster should dim some of this patriotic quixotism:

In the last year almost every new agent's class has between 35 and 55 percent minorities and females -- a very high level. All meet the same qualifying standards. We have had assistance from such leaders as Vernon Jordan . . . and Carl Rowan, whose son is now an FBI special agent . . .

As for upholding law and order, Webster indicated the FBI is becoming as hostile to local police as organized crime or Negro rioters:

We run about 10,000 civil rights investigations each year. About a third of these are allegations of police brutality. We put our most mature people on these cases. We try to approach these investigations objectively so that our handling of them will be above reproach. If we learn that somebody got arrested and charged the police with physical abuse, we start a preliminary investigation. We don't wait to be asked.

Looking at the FBI record, a sensible citizen might ask, What has happened to organized crime in the more than half century that the G-men have been fighting it? Well, the Mafia is still as strongly on the prowl as ever. In fact, the FBI is so respectful of Italian (and Jewish) gangsters that it is very careful not to identify them by name, though it is still not unafraid to call criminal mobs of blacks, Hispanics and Orientals -- blacks, Hispanics and Orientals.

No Going Back

Urban sprawl is unsightly, but suburban sprawl is becoming lethal. Every year one million acres of America's prime farmland is being converted to non-agricultural use -- an annual loss of some \$230 million in corn, soybeans, wheat and other edibles. Every twenty-four hours four square miles of our arable land is transformed into a road, a factory, a warehouse, a store, a mall, a gas station, an apartment house or a private home. By the year 2000, if someone doesn't say "stop," Florida, the producer of half the world's grapefruit and one-fourth of the world's oranges, will lose all of its prime

agricultural land, as will New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In twenty years all food grown in the U.S. will be eaten in the U.S., unless our mad altruism causes us to starve our own in order to feed the stranger. Farm prices will rise sharply, and there will be no more huge agricultural exports to protect our declining trade balance.

One way to solve this pressing problem is for people to cut back the suburban sprawl by returning to the cities. This is not very easy because of urban housing shortages and not very safe because of you know what. Some enterprising couples have moved back and renovated decaying brownstones and Victorian row houses. Steve Aylestock and his wife Karen tried it in Washington, D.C., and their home has been robbed twice in the last few months. After the second break-in Aylestock said: "That's it. No more. I'm getting out." His wife agreed. "I really hate it here." But before they leave they have to sell. Few people, black or white, want to own a house in no man's land.

Dan and Paula Zimmerman are renovating a hundred-year-old mansion near the Aylestocks. More opulent than their neighbors, the Zimmermans had already spent \$110,000 when Dan was shot during an attempted robbery half a block from his house. Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman promise to stick it out. (Will some Washington Instaurionist please check a year from now to see if they are still there?)

Barry Manley is another renovator. His home is barred like a fortress and rigged with the most advanced burglar alarms. But he is not too optimistic. "If there's a riot here, we're sitting ducks."

Creeping Genocide

Each month *Instauration* tries to devote some space to crime in order to jog our readers' minds about the unsleeping racial confrontation. This time when looking over the clippings sent in from subscribers around the country, we found the same old story -- fast-food employees held up, robbed and murdered; women in their seventies and eighties robbed and raped; the bodies of murdered and molested females discovered in shallow, roadside graves. It's true there were a few new twists. One old man was knocked off his bicycle and killed because a young primate thought he was humming too loudly. A blonde concert violinist disappeared during an intermission at the Metropolitan Opera House and her nude body was later found at the bottom of a 70-foot elevator shaft. A housewife was kid-

napped in Birmingham, Alabama, in broad daylight and locked in a house of ill repute for three days before she managed to escape by jumping out of a second story window.

It goes on month after month after month. As ever, in almost every case, the victim is white and the criminal is a colored Unassimilable.

It's a sickening chronicle of creeping genocide which every politician knows about and no politician talks about. How do we fight the unmentionable, the indisputable, the indiscussible? Are we perhaps engaged in the beginning of history's first silent war, where it is forbidden to describe the combatants, report the battles, analyze the strategy and tactics, and identify the dead? When there are organized assaults on whites -- assaults with racial connotations so obvious they cannot be ignored -- they are carefully "localized," provided they don't reach the level of a citywide riot. Only the local media discuss them, and the events themselves are half-buried in explanations and rationalizations which blame the crimes on everybody and everything but the perpetrators.

For example, the Black Jesses are on the move again in Fort Wayne, Indiana. A white couple was severely beaten in a park; a young white was hit on the head with a baseball bat; two other men were fiercely battered; policemen's lives were threatened. The assailants were members of a Negro gang that started assaulting whites in 1978, and later mailing letters and tapes to authorities with graphic descriptions of the sufferings of their victims. Police found literature in the home of Black Jesse members which emanated from the Committee Against Racism, whose nationwide operations must depend on large contributions from minority fat cats.

Not every crime against Majority members is committed by blacks. That's why the criminals are categorized as members of Unassimilable colored minorities. In Topeka a Taiwanese kidnapped a Majority mother and her 7-year-old child and kept them prisoners for 7½ weeks. In the same city, after a divorce, Sami Said Amin, an Iraqi, strangled his attractive Majority ex-wife with a dog leash.

And so it goes.

Miami Fallout

The Miami police officers now say the recent riot was by no means a spontaneous blowup. Buildings -- only the white-owned ones, of course -- exploded or were engulfed in flames in minutes. The Justice Building, police cars, white businesses and gas stations were selectively firebombed by professional shoot, loot and scoot teams.

Motor oil poured on the streets spun vehicles out of control. Before the riot started gun shops were broken into and large numbers of M-16 automatic rifles stolen. One reporter was told by blacks in a Liberty City tavern that Vietnam veterans had been training for weeks to take to the streets at a moment's notice. The guerrillas boasted of having "generals, captains and warriors on hand who can turn this damn city into an ashtray anytime they want to."

The next violent confrontation in Miami may be between the 225,000 blacks and the 600,000 Cubans. The blacks feel less animosity to the Miami Beach Jews and the Miami Anglos than they do to the Latins from Castroland who over the years have successfully grabbed many, if not most, of the jobs formerly held by Negroes. Since 1971 black businesses have taken an economic nosedive. At present unemployment is as high as 85% among black youths in some ghetto areas, though this is no proof that many of the jobless would accept or keep a job if offered. One black gripe is that to get work "downtown" the jobseeker must be "bilingual." To ask blacks to learn a second language when they still have a great deal of trouble with English is not only galling (to them) but impractical.

In some ways blacks are very happy about the racial explosion which killed 17 (mostly whites), which did \$100 million worth of damage and which, like Mount St. Helens, is still producing minor eruptions after the big bang. The Carter administration gave Miami \$71 million to rebuild, while the media exculpated the insurrectionists and put the blame on the faltering economy, the Miami police and the criminal justice system. The Department of Justice is cranking up a conspiracy charge against the policemen who were found innocent in the death of Arthur McDuffie, the black motorcyclist, thereby subjecting them to double jeopardy, an age-old totalitarian trick that vanished from Anglo-Saxon law long ago, but is now being revived at the behest of non-Anglo-Saxons and WASP renegades. Ironically, the first indicted was Charles Veverka, Jr., the informer who was granted immunity for appearing as a state witness in the trial.

As for punishing the black killers who ran amuck in the riot, it's going to be difficult. A Miami police officer has refused to identify three witnesses who watched four blacks ax, stomp and shoot a 26-year-old white to death. "There is no doubt in my mind that if I name these witnesses, they will be killed."

In the end, however, the Miami riot may be a Pyrrhic victory for the blacks. Four businesses that were going to move there, including an electronics firm with openings for 1,200 employees, are reconsidering. The convention business is expected to fall off. Dade County, in which Miami is located,

estimates a real loss of \$214.5 million in property damage, missed payrolls and lost sales. Only one section of the economy seems to have been unaffected by the violence -- the gun business. It is booming.

Senate Score: 85 Zionists, 7 Americans

Rumors have been floating about that the Israeli lobby has recently been losing some steam. The rumors were neatly deflated by a recent Senate vote on an amendment offered by Adlai Stevenson III to cut \$150 million off the foreign aid bill for Israel because of Begin's settlements program on the West Bank, which the senator from Illinois characterized as "an obstacle to peace and a cause of continued, if not accelerated, Middle East instability and violence . . ."

Stevenson's amendment was voted down 85 to 7. The Senate, as Senator Fulbright said many years ago, is still owned body and soul by Israel. It might be instructive to list the six senators who, in addition to Stevenson, were courageous enough and decent enough to put their own country's interests above the interests of a foreign nation, to which Americans have been paying a thousand times more tribute than their ancestors ever paid to Barbary Pirates:

(1) Republican Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma, a wheat and cattle farmer, who will be giving up his Senate seat this year.

(2) Democrat Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, Senate Majority Leader, who was once a member of the Klan, yet who could hardly be called a recidivist.

(3) Republican Mark Hatfield of Oregon, a fairly honest liberal, if there is such a thing, who won't be running for reelection until 1984.

(4) Republican Jesse Helms of North Carolina, a fairly honest conservative, if there is such a thing, who was reelected in 1978.

(5) Republican James A. McClure of Idaho, a lawyer who will not have to fight for his seat again until 1984.

(6) Republican Milton R. Young of North Dakota, an 82-year-old wheelhorse who is quitting his seat at the end of the year.

Since Stevenson is also retiring from the Senate, it is obvious that some of the political courage shown above has been carefully timed. Only those senators who intend to stand for reelection can properly be described as courageous.

Monozygosity News

It would seem reasonable that the best way to investigate the age-old unresolved question of heredity vs. environment is to study persons with identical heredity who have been raised in different environments. That is, unless you are afraid of the results. The first research into identical twins reared apart to be funded in this country in forty years is now under way at the University of Minnesota. What the organizer and leader of the team, a psychologist named Thomas Bouchard, has been finding out is the incredible reach of the genes in determining the minutest quirks and idiosyncrasies.

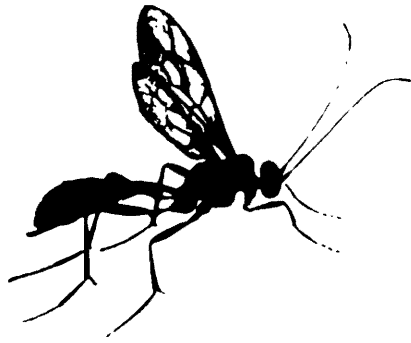
Twin housewives who first met at 39 discovered that each adorns herself with seven rings, two bracelets on one wrist, and a watch and bracelet on the other.

Ohio twins, who wound up working as deputy sheriffs and who unknowingly vacationed within three blocks of each other in Florida, were good at math, bad at spelling, had dogs named Toy, married and divorced women named Linda, and remarried women named Betty. Both chewed their fingernails to the quick.

When a half-Jewish twin raised as a Catholic in the Sudetenland (World War II ended when he was 13) and his brother, raised by and as a Jew in Trinidad and on an Israeli kibbutz, met after 47 years, they were both wearing the same hairstyles, clothes, spectacles and sported the same mustaches. They saved rubber bands by putting them on their wrists, dipped buttered toast in their coffee, read magazines backwards, flushed toilets before using them, and had a taste for hot foods and sweet liqueurs. Both had developed the same practical joke of sneezing loudly in crowds to startle bystanders.

The six-day battery of tests administered by the Bouchard gemellologists demonstrated that the most important similarity between identical twins is their IQs, their scores often being closer than those for one person taking the test twice. The same was found to be true of their brain-wave tracings. The biggest difference was in their smoking habits.

That the startling evidence from Minnesota will be rejected as inconclusive, as "bizarre" coincidences, by the environmentalist establishment and media goes without saying, just as it goes without saying that the evidence showing heavy smokers to have a fifty times greater incidence of lung cancer than nonsmokers is considered inconclusive by the Tobacco Lobby. Truth seems to be identical with self-interest. To quote a behavioral geneticist who is a member of Bouchard's team: "Everyone seems to have made up their minds [*sic*] one way or the other."



Cholly Bilderberger



... **NEW YORK:** Inside, way inside the Carter-Kennedy in-fighting at the Democratic National Convention.

August 11, 4 P.M., Ted Kennedy in his suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by his full retinue.

Kennedy (declaiming): My whole family — which naturally includes my father, The Ambassador, my two brothers, The President and The Senator, and my mother, The Mother, and myself, also The Senator — my whole family, I repeat, joins with Democritus, a wonderful figure from the Greek past, which we may easily claim as our own past, so close are we in spirit to the Greeks, in saying, “By convention there is color, by convention sweetness, by convention bitterness, but in reality there are atoms and space.” Obviously, Democritus was for an open convention — note his emphasis on “space” — and I think we ought to use his quote in our press releases to bolster an already unassailable moral and practical position.

A deep silence, finally broken by Marvin Mandel (out on a pass).

Mandel: Is that the Democritus who was a contemporary of Socrates?

Kennedy: Who?

Mandel: Socrates.

Kennedy: Socrates Who? Onassis?

August 11, 7 P.M., Camp David, Rosalynn Carter sitting alone at her desk, writing a personal note to the Ayatullah.

Jimmy enters, dances lightly across the room, jumps in her lap.

Rosalynn (annoyed): I wish you wouldn't do that.

Jimmy (cuddling up): You love it.

Rosalynn: (recovering, gaily Southern): You're an armful.

Jimmy: I'm cute.

Rosalynn: Yes, I suppose you are.

Jimmy: I'm probably the cutest President there ever was. *(Cuddling up a little closer)* But I can also be very uncute, when I choose.

Rosalynn (with conviction): Yes, you can.

Jimmy (his voice hardening): In fact, I can be the meanest little ---- you ever saw.

Rosalynn (in full agreement): Yes, you can.

Jimmy (dreamily): I feel a real mean coming on.

Rosalynn (with apprehension): A real one?

Jimmy: A real downhome mean, a real carpet-chewer, a

real

Rosalynn: Shall I call Ham and Jody and have them bring the . . . you know?

Jimmy (laughing and jumping out of her lap): I was just kidding.

Rosalynn (still apprehensive): Are you sure?

Jimmy (boyishly): Sure I'm sure. *(Enter Billy)*

Billy: I was just listening to you-all, and I tell you, both of you, that if they find out about Jimmy having a screw loose, there's going to be all hell to pay. Why

Rosalynn (protectively): There's no reason for them to find out.

Jimmy (fervently): No reason at all. It's no worse than . . . a lot of other exceptional people. I'm perfectly all right between seizures.

Billy: Maybe you are and maybe you ain't, but some day you're going to have one right out in front of everyone, and that sure won't be all right.

Jimmy (indifferently): If that happens, it will be God's will. *(Rosalynn and Billy exchange worried looks.)* If God wants to do that to me, let Him, but He'd better be prepared to take the consequences if He does. *(Dreamily)* When I was a little boy, He came to me and told me that He'd take care of me, and I don't think He'd let me down. Think what it would mean to the American people. *(Rosalynn slips unobtrusively out of her chair and pushes a button on the wall.)* When I was a young man I read all about Lear in the works of William Shakespeare, and all about those characters in the works of Dostoyevsky, and all about Nero and Caligula in the works of . . . well, in someone's works, and I felt a very special kinship for all of them, for all the dark souls of this world, because I was one of them. *(His voice rises.)* Dark, but still one with the Lord! Dark, but still the favored of the Lord! *(Enter Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell, with a strait jacket.)* Bound over to evil thoughts, pondering on strange ways, lusting after the wives of other men! *(Specks of foam appear on his lips. Jordan and Powell inch closer.)* Lust! Evil! The way of the Lord! *(They are on him, wrestle him to the floor, truss him up and carry him off. Rosalynn returns to her note.)*

Billy (looking after the departed group meditatively): My own brother. *(To Rosalynn)* I guess it's all right in the bosom of the ----- family, like this. But I still say, what if he does it in front of the ----- public?

Rosalynn (shrugging her shoulders): He never seems to. *(With*

delicate irony) Maybe God is watching over him, like he says.
Billy: God be ----- . What if he does do it in public?
Rosalynn (with exquisite female malice): Who'd notice?
Billy stares at her, taking in the implications.

August 11, 9 P.M., the lavish apartment of Henry Kissinger at River House, on New York's Upper East Side. Present are: Kissinger, Alan Greenspan, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Bob Strauss.

Greenspan: I still say, who's controlling them?
Kissinger (feet on coffee table, shirtless, hirsute, godfatherly): Alan, Alan, how often do I have to tell you, these Democrats don't need a controller. They police themselves.

Greenspan: I still say, you can't be too careful. I
Strauss: Listen, Alan, he's right. You take a wimp like Mondale, he may have needed programming in the beginning, but now he's so self-programmed that there's nothing left to do.

Schlesinger (gratuitously helpful): It's not Camelot, but on the other hand it's better in many ways. I agree with Henry, there's nothing to worry about. Of course, that

Greenspan: I still say, you can't be too careful. I
Strauss (ignoring him): I think our real problem is: Which one?
Kissinger: In what sense, Bob?

Strauss: They're both nuts.
Schlesinger: You mean which nut do we want?
Kissinger (patronizingly): That's the general drift. (To Strauss) I guess the one who will cause the least trouble if he breaks down in public.

Strauss (musing): Well, Kennedy's nuttiness could always be passed off as connected to the grief over his brothers. (Looking hard at Kissinger) You know, I think they were nuts, too. The whole family, in fact. (Schlesinger winces at this dismissal, but says nothing) On the other hand, even if Carter cracks up in public, it could always be explained as something born-again Christians do.

They all smile at the grotesqueness of the Christian madness.
Greenspan (eagerly): So which one do you choose?
Kissinger: Alan, Alan, he hasn't made up his mind yet. (Strauss gives him a grateful nod) And we haven't heard from (He looks at the telephone, his voice trailing off, and they all do the same.)

Schlesinger: So we wait.
Kissinger (with finality, closing the discussion): We wait.
Greenspan: I may be naive, but the open convention question will be settled tonight. How can anything be changed after that?
They all smile at him.

Tuesday, 10 A.M., Ted Kennedy in his suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by his full retinue.

Kennedy (declaiming): My whole family — which naturally includes my father, The Ambassador, my two brothers
As he drones on, Tip O'Neill whispers to Art Buchwald.

O'Neill: Doesn't he know yet that we lost the open convention vote last night?
Buchwald: I think so, but it takes time for him to accept it and put it in his own words.

O'Neill (disgustedly): We haven't got that much time. Which one do they want?

Buchwald: Arthur says they don't know yet.
O'Neill: I wish they'd decide.

Kennedy (still going): . . . another Greek, the immortal Pindar, who said, "Convention is the ruler of all." Obviously, he was for an open convention, too, and I think we ought to use that quote in our press releases. I may even use it in my speech. It's unassailable, moral and practical.

A deep silence, finally broken by O'Neill.
O'Neill: Is that the Pindar who was a contemporary of Aeschylus?

Kennedy: Who?
O'Neill: Aeschylus.
Kennedy: Another Onassis?

Tuesday, 4 P.M., Madison Square Garden. The black caucus, 1500 strong, meets in secret, addressed by the Reverend Jesse Jackson:

Jackson: I know you're impatient, but there's no word yet.
Miss Lillian (leaping to her feet): We are underdone!
Jackson (gently): That's "We shall overcome."
The Reverend Ralph Abernathy: It don't sound bad her way.

Tuesday, 8 P.M., Washington, The Oval Office. Rosalynn sits behind the desk, Jimmy in her lap, writing a note to Castro.

Jimmy (cuddling): That was a mean.
Rosalynn (rolling her eyes in mock Southern exaggeration): It sure was.

Jimmy: It was real mean of me to have that mean.
Rosalynn: You can't help it.
The room is darkening swiftly.

Jimmy: I probably could.
Rosalynn (only mildly interested): Could you?
Jimmy: Probably.

Rosalynn (after a pause): Then why don't you?
Jimmy (turning up to her, baring his teeth to the ultimate): Because I don't want to.

The room is almost dark now, and they sit in silence, his face still turned up, his teeth still formidably bared.

Tuesday, 11 P.M., Madison Square Garden. The Gay Rights, Lesbian Rights, ERA, Hispanic, Asian, Southeast Asian, South American, Central American, South Europe, Middle East and South Pacific caucuses — 2000 strong — meet together, and are addressed by Fritz Mondale.

Mondale: Still no word.
Ed Muskie (leaping to his feet): We are undone!
Gloria Steinem (with a superior smile): Speak for yourself, Ed.
The hall rocks with laughter at this display of wit, and no one guffaws louder than Muskie.

Kissinger's apartment at River House. Henry, still shirtless, sits by the silent telephone. With him are Bob Strauss, Alan Greenspan, Mayor Ed Koch and Archibald Cox.

Greenspan: This waiting is killing me.
Strauss: Patience, Alan.

Kissinger: He can't learn.

Koch: What scares me is that they're nuts, not only those two but all of them.

Strauss: Except us.

Koch: Well, that goes without saying.

Greenspan (with feeling): Where would this madhouse of a country be without us? That's what I'd like to know.

Kissinger (at his most godfatherly): It would be nowhere, kaput, but it doesn't do to dwell on it.

They are all silent, struck by his dignified acceptance of the gigantic responsibility.

Cox (pressing Kissinger's knee): Don't think it isn't appreciated by a few of "them."

Kissinger (removing the hand): There are other ways to show your appreciation.

Cox (abashed): I didn't mean . . .

Kissinger: I'm sure you didn't.

Wednesday, 10 A.M., Kennedy in his suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by his full retinue.

Kennedy (declaiming): My whole family — which naturally includes . . .

As he drones on, Schlesinger enters with Buchwald and catches O'Neill's eye. They whisper together.

Schlesinger: The word finally came. It's Jimmy.

Buchwald (helpfully): It was very close.

O'Neill: How are we going to tell him?

Schlesinger: Don't you mean how are you going to tell him?

O'Neill (looking meditatively at Coretta King): He might take it better from a woman.

Wednesday, 11 A.M., Rosalynn alone, somewhere in New York, writing a note to Brezhnev. Enter Bob Strauss.

Strauss: It's Jimmy.

Rosalynn: In one way I'm happy for him. In another, I . . .

Strauss: How is he?

Rosalynn: Doing situps.

Strauss: Situps?

Rosalynn (significantly): They seem to calm him.

Strauss: Oh, that's good.

Rosalynn: Jogging is better.

Strauss: Well, then let's hope he does some of that, too. (*Enter Billy*)

Billy: Hi, Bob.

Strauss: Hi, Billy.

Billy (to Rosalynn): He's stopped doing the situps.

Rosalynn: Then it's time for him to jog. (*Enter Jimmy*)

Jimmy (calm, self-possessed): I've stopped doing situps.

Rosalynn: Then it's time to jog.

Strauss: You will be the nominee. It's settled.

Jimmy (with quiet determination): After I jog.

He leaves, and the three are silent, listening to the patter of his retreating feet.

Wednesday, noon, Ted Kennedy in his suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by his full retinue. Coretta King is speaking to him:

King: . . . and so it's Jimmy.

Kennedy (to her, with great charm): Jack, The President, was very fond of this quote from Samuel Butler, "The more unpopular an opinion is, the more necessary it is that the holder should be somewhat punctilious in his observance of conventions generally." When you tell me it's Jimmy, which I regard as a reaction to my own espousal of an unpopular but unassailable moral position, then all it means to me is that I should be somewhat more punctilious in my observance of conventions generally. (*Leaning forward and extending his arm*) They are only human, and can make mistakes.

King (relieved): Then you're not upset that it's Jimmy?

Kennedy (jovially): How could something like that bother me? Compared to . . . what did you say?

King: It's Jimmy.

Kennedy (leaping up, his face working, the facial arteries throbbing): How can it be Jimmy? (*The retinue surges around him in consternation.*) He's not a contemporary of Butler's, is he?

David Brinkley (coming forward): No, of yours.

Kennedy (sitting down): Oh, well, in that case . . . (*Brightening*) Bobby, The Senator, was always fond of this quote from *The Hunting of the Snark*, "What's the good of Mercators, North Poles and Equators, Tropics, Zones and Meridian Lines? So the Bellman would cry, and the crew would reply, 'They are merely conventional signs!' " (*With great vitality*) Isn't that what we're seeing here? What is Jimmy but a conventional sign? And, as such, meaningless compared to me, because I am . . . well, much, much more than a "sign" — if anything, the real thing, moral and unassailable . . . wouldn't you say? *Deep silence.*

Thursday, 8 P.M., Rosalynn alone, writing a note to Gadafi. Enter Billy.

Billy: I guess he's about ready to make his acceptance speech.

Rosalynn: I guess so.

Billy: I guess I'll be running along.

Rosalynn: All right. (*Enter Amy*)

Amy (going to Rosalynn): What did he mean? What does Daddy do?

Rosalynn, unable to speak, gathers her up. They sit in the gathering dusk.

Thursday, 10 P.M., Ted Kennedy in his suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by his full retinue. The Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., is speaking to him.

King: They're wondering if you'll have any objections to going to the convention and appearing on the podium.

Kennedy: Why should I? I won, didn't I?

Cheers.

Ponderable Quote

"We are experiencing today what might be a truly unique development in all of human history. It has to do with the capture of the wealth-generating machine of society -- what we call the economy today -- by people who want to turn it off."

Dr. H. Peter Metzger, prominent biochemist

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

I've always said that the great thing about travel is that it narrows the mind. Most of the really archetypal Britons I have met have spent most of their lives abroad. So they retain many of the old virtues which have largely died out in the New Britain. The old independent American type is too often found in foreign parts these days. I remember one old missionary from New England who has spent his whole life studying birds in the Himalayas. He is fascinating on the subject and leaves bogus imitation of local customs to the recently arrived hippies. The latter get appalling stomach upsets, I am glad to say, because they give up hygiene at the same time. A strong mind soon realises that racial differences are psychological as well as physical. So he falls back on his own emotional resources when abroad.

Strange how opposites meet. Cholly's reaction against the produce-and-consume ethos was fully shared by Ivan Ilitch, who passed his days preaching that small is beautiful. The trouble with this attitude is that it leads us to ignore things like nuclear power, which will be necessary if we are to survive.

Note how the pseudo-psychologists have created a whole pathology of Rightism. Of course, in a non-homogeneous society all of us are affected to some extent by feelings of alienation. But if we really were pathological, you can bet your bottom shilling that the shrinks would be dribbling with sympathy.

I don't think it is enough to make people see the situation as it is. I suspect most people know already, but are too gutless to act. The problem is how to stiffen their backbones.

In his book *The Selfish Gene* (Instauration, Aug. 1980), Richard Dawkins postulated the existence of cultural replicators which he called "memes" -- analogous to genes in the biological sphere. I am emphasising what he merely implied, namely that the analogy presupposes the compatibility of the memes which survive together. Memes, like genes, can only survive in combination with others which are compatible, and only a few memes can be removed from a particular complex without damaging its ability to survive. In other words, a cultural phenomenon is a complex entity, like a body.

But the implications go far beyond that. They bear on the whole question of tradition as a living thing. They help to explain why the renewal of tradition can only be brought about by the addition of compatible elements, and why only those elements can safely be eliminated which are no longer

relevant under new circumstances. I am thinking here of qualities like kindness or a liking for representative government, when applied in a mixed society. The kindness is taken advantage of in a way which is impossible in a relatively homogeneous society, and representative government likewise. As Belloc put it: in a society made up of different races or religions, the vote is a mere affirmation of discord. Memes are not independent of the minds which they "parasitise."

There is still more to be derived from the idea of necessary compatibility. It explains the drive towards interdependence in every living organism, as the need to eliminate foreign bodies from the system. It also explains the inner logic which directs the evolution of both biological and cultural phenomena. If one can implant enough mutually compatible ideas into a system, they will cooperate to produce circumstances in which their natural (not necessarily respectable) allies will combine with them. Nor need the ideas introduced be compatible with the system, as such. The intention may well be to destroy it. It is not possible, for example, to accept the notion of human equality without being vulnerable to all the other ideas in the liberal credo. Ultimately, one can be forced in the direction of Jonestown. Conversely, it is not possible to study human biological differences without being forced eventually to consider the related question of eugenics -- or at least dysgenics. There is just no way of resisting the inner logic of ideas. It is quite inescapable.

The whole idea of *Instauration* is to provoke the kind of thought which should precede action. Our enemies quote Marx when he says that the problem is not to understand the world but to change it. In other words, for them the process (of disintegration) is all, so they go in for mindless activism, thus creating problems for themselves which they did not foresee.

Did the Russians realise quite how big a problem Communist China would present? No, because they ignored the racial angle in favour of the political. Did the Jews quite realise how much the Arabs would resent their state in the Middle East? Did the liberals, when they expressed compassion for the blacks realise that they were feeding black racism -- and black insurrection? I gather some quick re-thinking is going on now. But don't worry. The radical left won't lay off us. Their feeling of inferiority wouldn't allow them to. They will want us as allies while at the same time keeping up all the old pressures. They will never learn that you can't have it both ways -- at least in the long run.



Father Machree

Notes from the Auld Sod

Regardless of British propaganda, the primary issue in Ireland today is race, followed by nationalism. Religion is a poor third. Many of the leaders in the nationalist movement to unite Ireland are -- and always have been -- Protestants. Unlike many whites in England and America, most of us Irish are damn proud of our white skins, feel no sense of guilt for conditions in black Africa, and have no desire to import any mud people to "enrich" our culture. I would like to urge all of the decent British readers to advise their government to learn this and stop fighting us and withdraw their troops, which are needed to keep order in England.

"Brian Mor," a columnist who answers questions and now gives a monthly quiz for Irish readers in a pro-IRA paper, is certainly up on his Irish history. In a recent column, he asked such questions as:

Who was the Druid that told King Conor of the death of Christ?

How did King Daithi meet his fate at the foot of the Alps?

What was the banner that the Milesians carried in their travels?

The first person to send in correct answers to these and seven other questions of similar importance was promised a free Padraic Pearse T-shirt as a reward.

Now, I think that it's real nice of my Irish brother to dig into Irish history. But in a later column he traded the past for the present and opened his mouth about British troops and our Irish independence fighters, which he tried to put in the same box.

I will pass by what Brian had to say about the British. Both they and we know, in spite of London's reluctance to admit it in public, that England is on the way out and Ireland will most certainly be united sooner or later.

However, I cannot pass by what the jack-ass had to say concerning our Irish oppo-

nents who, despite the fact that we are now at war with them, are still fellow Irishmen.

According to Brian, the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) and the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) are composed of fascists while the Red Hand Commandos, Brian informs us, is a "murder machine which operates when the other hitmen get a night off." To Brian, IRA members and supporters are 100% saints and have all the right answers to old Erin's problems.

The Irishmen we are fighting up north have both a cause and a culture that is not exactly the same as our own. If we try to stamp out their culture and inflict ours on them when we have achieved a united Ireland, we will be starting a new war. Moreover, it will be a war in which some men will change sides while others will find themselves fighting in a total reversal of roles.

We would govern, but we would be fighting some sort of a "free Ulster" or "Ulster Rights" movement that would be using similar tactics to those now being used to free Ireland. Strangely enough, the Ulsterites would be fighting us for some of the very same reasons we are fighting them right now.

Just as it is obvious that we will defeat the British in Ireland, it is equally obvious that we Irishmen who are on different sides will have to sit down and work out a solution that all Irishmen can live with.

The British troops will some day go back to England. To the Irish units Ireland is home and we must come to a just peace with them.

Let us hope that Ireland's leaders of tomorrow will be Lincolns, not Lenins.

As the American Irish Republican Army (AIRA) picks up more support in the U.S., I hear that some of its more recent members from the Southern states are amazed at how very little understanding the organization leadership has of blacks. At this writing, Col. P.G. Duffy (AIRA Chief of Staff) has avoided

the Negro problem as has *The Irish People* and other nationalist publications.

Passing by the absence of blacks and Jews at their anti-British demonstrations, some of the present-day Irish leaders in America still keep blindly trying to get minority support.

The blacks, of course, care less about a united Ireland. In fact, blacks burned out the AIRA office in Indianapolis in 1968 and the AIRA office in Seattle in 1971.

A great new AIRA effort to reach the "freedom-loving" Africans has now been launched in Washington, D.C. Since D.C. went to the Negroes years ago, the AIRA leadership certainly made the right choice of a place to find black support.

Perhaps having never heard of the Mexicans or Puerto Ricans, Major Theodore Thalís passed out some AIRA propaganda in Washington which proclaimed: "If it were not for the blacks, the Irish would be the Niggers."

The blacks did not take to either the word "Nigger" or Major Thalís. Some Negro policemen broke his collar bone, three of his ribs and fractured his skull. The last I heard, Thalís was still suing (or attempting to sue) the black cops. By now, hopefully, the AIRA has finally wised up a little in its reaching out to Afro-Americans.

Some members believe AIRA should stand up for the rights of Irishmen everywhere and that the main problem in America happens to be the blacks and the Jews rather than the British and Nazis.

Sure, AIRA members can all agree that they want the British troops out of Ireland and humane treatment for the Irish prisoners of war who are in jails and in prisons. They also agree on the need for a united Ireland. Still, to many members, especially new ones, forced racial busing, nonwhite immigration and the sad state of the economy occupy their attention far more than such things as Erie Nua, who poisoned Owen Roe, or the latest whimpering speech of some goddamned Dublin politician.

Primate Watch



ALLARD LOWENSTEIN, the minority martyr who was shot and killed by one of his old antiwar buddies, Dennis Sweeney, was not quite so pure in heart as his claque of admirers, among them William F. Buckley, would like us to believe. David Harris, the ex-husband of Joan Baez, claims that Low-

enstein made a "sexual approach" to Sweeney some years ago.

☆ ☆ ☆

The man eating at the Pizza Hut refused to pay a \$2.79 tab. He was arrested, held in jail

for four days after refusing to post bond, and then released on his own recognizance. He was **JAMES MEREDITH**, who swore he was not trying to grab some headlines again:

I had all the fame I need, all the women I need, all the money I need. I have just taken my stand. I ain't never gonna pay another extra price. I feel a thousand times more strongly about this than I did about the intergration of Ole Miss.

After the fracas in 1962, which left two dead and several seriously injured, the first black to cross the color line at the University of Mississippi was again in the limelight when someone shot him during a "Freedom March." Meredith then moved north, but returned to Mississippi in 1970. He now operates two lounges and a motel in Jackson.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rutgers University anthropologist **YEHUDI COHEN** has found a rationale for incest. It is a taboo, he explains, originally devised for economic reasons. It forced family members to get away from each other and trade with neighboring tribes.

☆ ☆ ☆

Why don't the impoverished Haitians do something about the splurging habits of their dictator **JEAN-CLAUDE DUVALIER**? Baby Doc recently spent \$3 million on his marriage to a pretty mulatto divorcée. As for the impoverished Haitians streaming into Miami, some are rumored to be not so impoverished. They allegedly come on a mother ship which stops out of sight of the coast, whereupon they are loaded into leaking tubs. Their well-fed and well-pressed look makes it difficult to believe they have spent long days, even weeks, in hunger and misery battling the cruel sea on their way to freedom.

☆ ☆ ☆

FRANK SHAFFER-CORONA, a member of the District of Columbia school board, misappropriated public funds to pay for his attendance at a World Youth Festival in Havana, during which he called the U.S. a "police state." Later he charged \$300 to the taxpayers for phone calls to Iran. Most recently he tried to stop the Washington police from arresting a burglary suspect and had to be hauled off to jail. Shaffer-Corona could easily be a senator from the District of Columbia if enough state legislatures approve the pending D.C. Voting Rights Amendment.

☆ ☆ ☆

GAY TALESE in his encyclopedic study of American pornography *Thy Neighbor's Wife* (Doubleday, 1980) has revealed the names of the more celebrated habitués of Sandstone, a carnal Los Angeles sinkhole where members of the three sexes cavorted like hogs and sows in a pigpen. The guest list included Alex Comfort, "British" pornologist and author of *The Joy of Sex*, Phyllis and

Eberhard Kronhausen, founders of the Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco, Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine, associate *Playboy* publisher Ned Lehrer, and boy wonders Anthony Russo and Daniel Ellsberg, the purloiners of the Pentagon Papers. Talese writes:

Even after he had made copies of the Pentagon Papers, and might have assumed the FBI would soon follow his whereabouts, Ellsberg made no attempt to conceal his nocturnal carousing, traveling from swing bar to orgy -- and also to Sandstone -- as easily as if he were attending a reunion of Harvard alumni.

How Mrs. Ellsberg reacted to her husband's Schweinerei is unknown. She is the daughter of multimillionaire toy manufacturer Louis Marx who was a good friend of the late FBI director J. Edgar Hoover -- a friendship that may explain why the FBI has been so easy on the spy who comes a close second to the Rosenbergs.

☆ ☆ ☆

U.W. CLEMON was sworn in as the first black Federal District Judge in the history of Alabama. Although the American Bar Association had ruled that Clemon was "not qualified" and although he had several run-ins with the IRS about his income taxes, the Senate Judiciary Committee confirmed his nomination. Clement Haynsworth, who was pronounced "qualified" by the ABA and never found guilty of any irregularities, taxwise or otherwise, was rejected as a Supreme Court Justice by the Senate. Racism has now reached the point in the U.S. where an unqualified, unethical black Southerner can be appointed to the federal judiciary and a distinguished and highly qualified white Southerner with an impeccable reputation and years of brilliant performance on the bench can be turned down.

☆ ☆ ☆

PETER DRUCKER is one of those Central European refugees who, after wreaking havoc in their own habitat, rush over to the United States to repeat the performance. As a professor at Bennington College for many years, he had the ill-starred opportunity of trashing the minds of some of our brightest Majority coeds. Now in his later years he is looked upon as a high-IQ guru by the *Wall Street Journal* crowd. In a recent book *Managing in Troubled Times* (pp. 92-93), Drucker gives us another dollop from the overflowing bowl of his great wisdom.

By the year 2000 Hispanic-Americans should account for some 50 million of an

American population of 250 million; they are about 15 million now . . . Economically, the mass migration from Mexico, whatever the labor unions might say, should be beneficial and should in fact endow American manufacturing with competitive strength such as it has not known for quite some time.

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1972 **RAMSEY CLARK**, who aided and abetted North Vietnam when it was engaged in war with the United States, proclaimed, "I don't believe in globetrotting personal diplomacy. I think it's too dangerous." In 1974, running for the Democratic senatorial nomination in New York, Clark called for "invincible armament for Israel." In June, after having been refused entry some months earlier as Carter's special envoy to the Ayatollah in the matter of the hostages, he appeared before a "Crimes of America Conference" in Tehran at which he denounced his country and praised the Iranian revolution as a "miracle for centuries." Clark, who deliberately violated the law on his recent trip to Iran, has not been arrested. The media are much more interested in getting Billy behind bars. For once *Instauration* thoroughly agrees with Tehran radio, which called Clark "the vilest American agent."

☆ ☆ ☆

Elizabeth Taylor married Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher. Marilyn Monroe married Arthur Miller. So why shouldn't **RAQUEL WELCH** marry André Weinfeld? She's part Mexican. He's all Jewish. The marriage, her third and his first, was not made in heaven, but at a luxury hotel on the tip of Baja California. Handsome couple, verdad?



M. et Mme. Weinfeld

Primate Watch



VERNON JORDAN was still too much under the weather to attend the Urban League Conference in New York, to which the leading presidential candidates came and kowtowed. So far nothing much has come out about the attempt on Jordan's life, despite the dozens of FBI agents assigned to the case. A deep probe of Jordan's four times wed and four times divorced blonde date has never appeared in the media, presumably because it would besmirch a man who must remain unsmirched. A few black voices, who understand what makes Vernon run, are not so manageable. Dr. A.H. Graham, founder of San Diego's black newspaper *Voice News and Viewpoint* has put down Jordan as a "Jew-baby . . . a boy

paid to do a job on his own people for his masters. Remember, he is the one who went immediately to Israel to try and discredit Rev. Jesse Jackson's sincere meeting with the Palestine Liberation Organization."

☆ ☆ ☆

CHUCK BARRIS, the most repulsive of the Hollywood TV impresarios, a creature who has made \$10 million out of reptilian vulgaramas like the *Gong Show*, is waxing philosophic:

Lately I've been wondering how history will judge me. If I never did anything else, then my legacy of game shows would

paint a terribly bleak picture of me. So I've got to stop it and hope I can shake the image I have. I only hope I can do something in the time I have left.

Is this a hint we may soon be treated to *Son of Holocaust*?

☆ ☆ ☆

It's now **DR. HUEY P. NEWTON**. The Black Panther leader, a convicted felon who spent some time as a fugitive from justice in Cuba, received a Ph.D. from the University of California at Santa Cruz. The subject of his dissertation was "War Against the Panthers: A Study of Repression in America."

Elsewhere



Britain. A new book *Balfour* by Max Egremont states that the onetime British prime minister, who authored the notorious declaration that had something to do with the outcome of World War I, much more to do with World War II, and may provoke World War III, was obsessed by Zionism, the *idée maitresse* of his life. Yet in a parliamentary speech in 1905 Balfour discoursed on "the undoubted evil that has fallen upon the country [Britain] from an immigration that was largely Jewish."

* * *

It's the same the whole world over -- whenever and wherever blacks arrive to enrich white culture. The recent Bristol riot was a replay of the American variety. Blacks roamed and looted while the police withdrew and kept their powder wet. Afterwards came the obligatory government whitewash and the media demands for bigger and better financial handouts to the rioters. In the past year Britain has also been subjected to a ritualistic investigation of police brutality. After a half-white degenerate from New Zealand named Blair Peach had been killed assaulting police during a National Front demonstration, a blue-ribbon jury was set up to look into the matter. Eighty-four witnesses were called before the police were exonerated. The verdict gave rise to dark threats of violence from the slums. As in Miami, whites must be found guilty, even when innocent, in order to keep the Negroes pacified.

The best solution would probably be a new Magna Carta, this time specifying all-black juries for trials with white defendants and no juries at all for trials of black defendants -- just a black justice on the order of

Thurgood Marshall. After all, white juries can no longer be trusted. They have proved time and again, in Florida, in Britain, and most recently in Chattanooga, that they are much too prone to let justice get in the way of black racism.

France. Yahia Elmeshad, the brilliant nuclear scientist, was a great plus for the Arabs because a thorough knowledge of the Lilliputian world of particle physics is a rarity in the world of Islam, which generally prefers rhetoric to electrons and Allah to protons. We say "was," because unfortunately Yahia is no more. He was discovered by a maid in a Paris hotel room with his skull battered to a pulp by what police said were three massive strokes of an iron bar.

The Israeli radio, the first to announce his death, predicted that the physicist's demise "will set back Iraq's plans to possess the atomic bomb by at least two years." Elmeshad, an Egyptian with an American Ph.D. and a vita that included semesters at the Moscow Energy Institute, had recently been hired by the Iraqi government to head a 600-man force working "somewhere in the Mesopotamian desert" on what may be the first or second Islamic bomb (depending on the success of the Pakistanis, who also have something big, hot and blasting in mind for the Israelis).

No one knows *for sure* who murdered Yahia, and no one knows *for sure* the identity of the seven men who last year blew up the French facility near Toulon where two reactors for Iraq were being built, and no one knows *for sure* who stole the enriched uranium from that company in Apollo, Pennsylvania, and no one knows *for sure* who hijacked that shipload of uranium on the high seas some years ago, and no one

knows *for sure* who chased the German missilemen out of Egypt with letter bombs in the 1950s.

If any other nation's secret service had committed a fraction of these crimes, the world would know *for sure* who did it, and the most minute facts and most detailed circumstances would have been repeated until they were running out of the world's ears.

* * *

Jean-Marie Le Pen is the head of the French National Front. The Parisian press has taken to calling him the French Reagan, though the similarity is somewhat strained -- about like calling Jane Fonda the American Joan of Arc. An ex-paratrooper who won 0.75% of the vote in the 1972 French presidential election, Monsieur Le Pen intends to cut himself a much bigger slice of the electorate in the next year's presidential race. His platform contains such planks as: restoration of public order, shutting down the floodgates of immigration, redressing the demographic deficit of the white race, and a renunciation of *le mondialisme giscardien*, the one-worldism of French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. In his earlier days Le Pen opposed the left, but his new strategy is to attack Giscard's faithful center and right of center in order to take away votes the President needs to defeat radical candidates. This makes him much more dangerous to Giscard and consequently more likely to win some political concessions for backing out of the race at the last moment. If only American, British and German right-wingers were as clever. Fighting the left only strengthens the kosher right, which in many ways is the greater enemy of the Majority.

Another French rightist in the news is Marc Fredriksen, chief of FANE (Federation d'action nationale européenne), who was arrested on a charge of racial incitement for

publishing an anti-Semitic journal called *Notre Europe*. The liberal-minority coalition tried to link him with GRECE, the dynamic think tank of the French New Right. Fredriksen would only admit he was a national socialist and sought a racial union of all Europeans.

Fredriksen, 44, is a bank clerk, who was a royalist in 1952 and did not found FANE until 1966. His troubles piled up when he and ten other right-wing militants were rounded up by the gendarmes for allegedly blowing up the boutique of a Jewish couturier. The FANE offices were raided by the police, but no explosives or weapons were found; only a pile of ideological tracts. After being held in solitary for forty-eight hours, the suspects were freed. The news of their arrest appeared in front-page headlines. The news of their release for lack of evidence was buried in the bottom of the inside pages of some papers and not mentioned at all in others.

* * *

Jewish organizations in France have always had a large enemy list, to whom they have now added William Shakespeare. After French television had videoed *The Merchant of Venice*, LICRA, a French version of the ADL, made a formal complaint to the government, complaining that the production reeked of bigotry and calling particular attention to the hyper-Semitic mannerisms of Shylock. The bureaucrats passed the buck to network officials whose reply was about as cringing and servile as one would expect. It was explained that the Bard was not really defaming Jews, but was one of the few men of his time who understood them. As proof, network bigwigs quoted the famous speech in which the hand-wringing Shylock compares himself (with some difficulty) to other human beings by cataloging his bodily organs. As Jean Dutourd of the Académie Française explained, LICRA was only interested in proving Shakespeare was anti-Semitic, not, as it so happens, anti-French. In the first of the three *Henry VI* dramas, for example, the Maid of Orleans (Bernard Shaw's virgin heroine) is described as a prostitute and a witch. When that play was produced in Paris twelve years ago, nary a French Jew objected.

West Germany. In July, thirty-five years after Germany's surrender in World War II, the seven-nation Western European Union Council formally announced that the Bonn government would not be allowed to build warships of any size, including submarines. Ever since Bismarck brought the German people together, the history of the German navy, though punctuated with some brilliant dramatic exploits, has been a disaster.

Considering the horrible waste of resources and lives, it would have been better for the Germans if they had never had a fleet. The future will tell if the Germans again bite the naval bait.

* * *

The Nazis, the world has always been told, burned books. The successors to the Nazis, the world has not been told, confiscate them. West German authorities recently swooped down on the publisher of the German edition of Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and Richard Harwood's *Did Six Million Really Die?* and seized every copy in stock. No pictures. No headlines in the world press. No protest from human rights organizations. No nothing.

* * *

In his summer pilgrimage to Moscow, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt placed a wreath on the Soviet Union's tomb of the

unknown soldier. A week later the World Jewish Congress summoned Schmidt to Brussels and gave him its annual award for humanitarianism and peace. Schmidt was the first German statesman to be so honored. He in turn rewarded the Elders of Zion by promising he would continue to pass the message of the Holocaust on "to our young people."

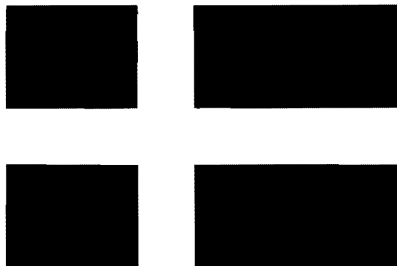
* * *

In a follow-up instant analysis of the Holocaust TV show in Germany last year, panelist Renate Harprecht intimated that several members of her family perished in Nazi gas chambers. An ex-SS officer, who was also participating in the discussion, asked her precisely where and when the gassings had taken place. Frau Harprecht would not answer. Some time later a lawyer for the SS officer demanded that she prove her allegations or his client would sue her for insulting the German people. He spoke too fast. The attorney was slapped with a 1,500-mark fine for "exercising duress."

Sweden. The welfare state of all welfare states is not faring so well. This year Sweden has experienced a ten-day general strike with 700,000 workers out, much of the transportation network shut down, and the balance of trade worsening by the minute. Exports from a nation with the highest industrial pay scale in the world can hardly compete with similar products made by less pampered laborers. Even worse is the immigration situation -- with blacks, Mongoloids and dark whites pouring in to get a crack at the good life before it turns sour. Below are some bumper stickers, labels and other propaganda turned out by a right-wing Swedish group against an immigration policy almost as "open-hearted" as Carter's. The captions serve as translations.

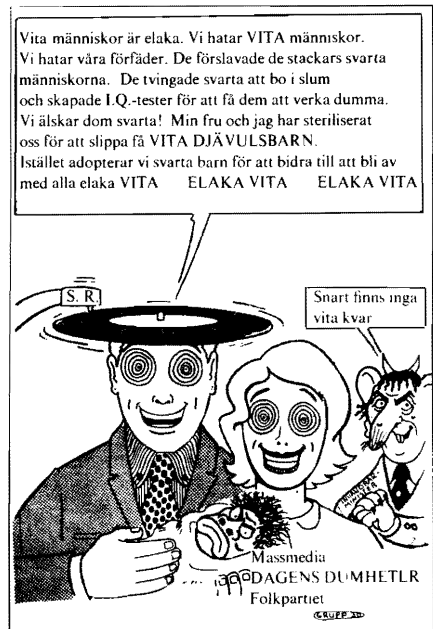
Säkra jobben - STOPPA INVANDRINGEN!

Save our jobs — STOP IMMIGRATION



BEVARA SVERIGE SVENSKT

KEEP SWEDEN SWEDISH



White people are inhuman and evil. We hate WHITE people. They enslaved the poor blacks. They made the blacks live in slums and designed IQ tests to make them appear stupid. We love the blacks! My wife and I have been sterilized so we couldn't have any more WHITE DEVIL KIDS. Instead we adopt black kids in order to get rid of the evil WHITES. EVIL WHITES. EVIL WHITES.
Says the Minister of Immigration (at right). Soon there will be no more Whites left.



Italy. In a deal made fifty years ago Benito Mussolini enacted a law that required Jews, in addition to their municipal and federal taxes, to pay taxes to Jewish communities. Recently some Jews have refused to pay up and the litigation has now reached the Italian Supreme Court. Jewish leaders are obviously fighting to keep this source of income, a holdover from medieval times when Jewish apartheid was encouraged. A few months ago Italian officials seized some furniture belonging to a Jew in Rome and sold it to pay taxes due the Jewish community. It was he who blew the whistle.

Israel. We can't prove it, but we suspect that per capita the racial paradise of Israel is the world's number one debtor nation. The figures show that Israel's foreign debt now stands at \$15 billion, four-fifths of it to the U.S. and most of it long-term. What is the best type of economy for a person in debt up to his ears? An inflationary economy. You borrow good money and years later, if you ever bother to repay at all, you repay in bad money. A dollar was still a dollar in 1948 when Israel was born and began its wild borrowing spree. A dollar is chicken feed in 1980. The American investor and the American government are now getting back dollars that will buy only a third of what they bought when they lent them to Israel. That is why Israel is not at all unhappy about inflation. Much of the country's economy is indexed, but not its dollar debt. Incidentally, Israel's annual inflation rate for the 12-month period (July 1979-June 1980) was 136%.

* * *

This summer, when Israel formally annexed East Jerusalem *de jure* (it was grabbed *de facto* in the 1967 war), there were a few screams from the United Nations, a few shrieks from the sheiks, and a few noises from Majority Old Believers. The papacy, which used to organize crusades to liberate Jerusalem from non-Christians, was rather silent, as were the Protestant churches. No knights girded on their armor and rushed off to rescue the Holy Places from the Infidel. Times change, and time changes.

* * *

Suppose some government anywhere in the world suddenly ordered 7,000 Jews off their homes and lands. The boob tube would explode into the light of ten thousand suns. In July, when the Israeli parliament formally voted to send 7,000 Bedouins packing from their tribal lands (20,000

acres) in Beersheba, soon to be a new Israeli air base, the media hardly blinked an eye. Who cares about Bedouins? Why shouldn't they give up their homes and land to the master race? But when the Jews were in the role of Bedouins and there were other master races, caring was mandatory.

* * *

The black-Jewish rift has spread to Zion. Charlie Bitton, the Communist Black Panther delegate, accused another Knesset member, Samuel Flatto-Sharon, the Bernie Cornfeld of the Promised Land, of "bringing in all kinds of gangsters to join you here in Israel." The fistfight didn't last long. Mr. Bitton probably had in mind Meyer Lansky, the financial brains of the Mafia, who was recently handed a visa to visit the land of his ancestors.

* * *

Moshe Ben-Arye and Arye Leibowitz, two Israeli soldiers, are collectors. On the roof of a Jerusalem yeshiva, they collected 264 pounds of high explosives, 15 hand grenades, 14 rocket grenades, an undetermined number of detonators and 160 yards of fuse. They were planning to blow up mosques and Christian missionary institutions.

* * *

The International Conference of Gay and Lesbian Jews scheduled its Fourth Annual Conference in Israel. When the 150 delegates arrived in late July, they found they had no place to stay and no place to meet. The Orthodox rabbinate had forced a kibbutz and later a hotel to reconsider plans to put them up. Homos and lesbians can be imprisoned for up to ten years in Israel, but so far the law has not been enforced.

Black Africa. As Rhodesia's head rests on the block, waiting for the black ax to fall -- tomorrow or in ten years? -- famine stalks the Negro states to the north -- Mozambique, Uganda, Zambia, Tanzania, Kenya, Somalia and part of Ethiopia. The problem is largely manmade, which means the problem is entirely black. Marauding troops in Uganda sweep down on villages, steal all the food and often kill every man, woman, and child they can find. The U.S. and other countries donate grain, but there is no place for it to be stored, so it has to be re-exported. Under colonial rule most of these countries either exported food or were agriculturally self-sufficient. Today, for those woolly-

headed blacks who would rather starve than accept white rule, their wish is coming true, though the Emperor Joneses responsible for the starvation will be the last to go hungry.

An object lesson in the utter incapacity of black Africans to keep a modern state going, let alone develop one, can be found in the ruins of Angola, once the pride of Portuguese colonialism. The capital, Luanda, with its skyscrapers, luxury highrises, beautiful beach homes, air conditioning, sidewalks paved with mosaic tile, tree-lined streets, parks everywhere ablaze with flowers, shops overflowing with goods, was once the most splendid city in Southern Africa. Angola, nearly self-sufficient in food, was the world's fourth largest coffee producer and rich in oil, diamonds and iron. The country had 17 radio stations, 16 newspapers and 15 magazines. Then came the black Marxist putsch in 1975. Most of the 750,000 Portuguese fled. What is Luanda like in 1980? Little more than a ruin. The shops have been looted, the mosaic sidewalks are cracked, the streets are littered with garbage, illiterate squatters have taken over the luxury apartments, the hallways and elevator shafts reek with urine, and the wooden floors are torn up to make fires. The restaurants are empty, the parks overgrown, and carcasses of automobiles rust in the streets. The coffee, what is left of it, is given to Cuba, the fish to Russia. Sixty cents of every dollar goes to the military, with its contingent of 20,000 Cuban soldiers, and to repay huge debts to Moscow. Now there are only two newspapers and one radio station, all of them government controlled.

The process, by no means confined to Angola, is known as rejangification.

South Africa. Bophuthatswana is one of the tribal homelands created by the South African government for blacks. It was dispraised by all the world because it separates blacks and whites -- an idea whose time has not come. But if Bophuthatswana, as our liberal thought-controllers have assured us, is not good for blacks, it has definitely been good for a non-black. He is Sol Kerzner, the multimillionaire operator of Sun City, a combination porno den and gambling casino just two hours' drive from Johannesburg. While the one-armed bandits clank and the dice rattle and the topless black and white go-go dancers bump and grind, Kerzner rakes in \$120 million gross a year.

Meanwhile, a Johannesburg engineer, Willem van Heerden, is pushing Project Orange, an attempt to establish a white homeland in South Africa, where blacks will not be allowed to live or work. The Openheimer press, up in arms against the very notion, is already calling Project Orange "Kwabaasskap" or "Honkystan."