

illic hou miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 6 NO. 4

MARCH 1981



SOCIAL ARBITER OF THE REAGAN WHITE HOUSE

(See Page 12)

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.

□ Of all the excesses to which the more weird among those on the racist right are prone, the "secret society" phobia is the most stupid. I shudder to think how much good Majority grey matter has been wasted ranting and raving about the Illuminati, international bankers and, of course, Freemasonry. This last named hurts me most of all since I happen to be a Freemason and a member of both the Scottish and York Rites. Ninety-nine percent of all Freemasons in this country are Majority Protestants, most of them conservatives. The Masonic lodge is the only place (except possibly a Klan rally) I can be among fellow Majority members exclusively. It might surprise the conspiriologists to know that the Masonic order remains the only public segregated establishment for whites. Moreover, Masons are in good historic company. Henry Ford, Charles Lindbergh, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Gibbon, Goethe, Mozart, Sam Houston, John Paul Jones, Rudyard Kipling, Lafayette, Paul Revere and Sir Walter Scott were all Masons.

632

□ Last weekend the only public event in my city that was neither black nor Jewish was the dog show.

152

□ It's all very well saying that the Germans should never have had a fleet. I know of thousands of people who think differently. They are the miserable refugees from the East who were saved in one last noble effort by Admiral Dönitz in 1945 -- saved from the most bestial treatment imaginable. The German sailors went against hopeless odds with their eyes wide open.

103

□ Isaac Asimov is just about the most boring sci-fi writer I have ever read. My God, what an ugly monkey!

863

□ The consensus of opinion is that the Israelis had something to do with the air raid on the Tamuz nuclear reactor near Baghdad. Either they attacked the reactor themselves, or they are responsible for the puzzling ability of the Iranians to keep their planes in the air despite the lack of spare parts from the USA.

412

□ The Coast Guard has honored Mr. Henry Morgenthau by christening one of its ships after his name. If the ill-famed Morgenthau Plan had succeeded and had been carried out to its last consequences, a quarter million square miles of Central Europe would now be one gigantic slum.

100

□ I note that Father Machree is not happy about the Sinn Fein running tomorrow's Ireland. He needn't worry. It is not only the Protestants who will stop them but the Catholic middle class as well. After all, it was the latter, supporting the Irish Free State, who put paid to the intransigent IRA in 1922.

998

□ Cholly is terrific in bringing out the psychological truths. I can appreciate that the people of the United States voted for Reagan in desperation. But even grander than Cholly is Dr. Tripodi. German subscriber

998

□ There will be some technological progress in the next 25 years, but economic growth will come to an end. Populations and basic economies will decline drastically because they depend on large amounts of commodities, not the speed and efficiency of computers. The age of Henry Ford is over, since the price of commodities will rise relative to the price of labor.

201

□ It looks like the people who count are not going to support Israel and our local blacks as much as in the past. The Hispanic thing is out of control, which is good, since it is making liberals panic. The whole liberal-minority thing was put together by the Eastern Establishment as a weapon against the white masses, but it can no longer be managed, especially since economic growth is at an end.

921

□ The election looks good. The worst federal abuses will be stopped for a few years. And I heard some TV news guy saying marriages (a middle-class white indulgence) have doubled.

966

□ Ah hah, I see it now! I'm watching ABC's "Good Morning, America," which has Jerry Falwell and a liberal Lutheran minister confronting each other. Every time some derogatory comment is made about the Moral Majority, old Jerry pipes up with some statement about "We Americans have to support Israel more strongly," or some such drivel. It silences the great-hearted clergyman and network mediator. Falwell uses philo-Semitism as a shield.

606

□ I don't think much of your view on nuclear power, which is not economically viable and is not safe. Three Mile Island may yet melt down and it will cost over \$1 billion to clean up if it does not. The only reason the world needs all that energy is to support the excess colored population. Did you ever think of that? I am not sure why you want to save the beautiful Nordics from Jews and Negroes and then cover them with radioactivity.

111

□ Cholly B. is wrong. The U.S. and the West are a madhouse. The Soviet Union has been trying to contain the disease and keep it out of Russia. Of course, Russia has even more technology-mania than the West these days. Stalin and Lenin locked out one Trojan Horse (liberalism and hedonism) but took in another (technology).

555

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□ In November I handed a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority* to a vice-president of a Boston investment banking company -- assets about \$5 billion. I attached a short note to the book: "You, or several of your associates, may be interested in reading Part VII, "The Economic Clash." He returned it three weeks later with his comments: "I read portions of Robertson's book at your suggestion. Some of it is scholarly, but some of his views are pretty close to bigotry." Ninety-five percent of the other men and women running the company would have replied similarly.

021

□ Father Machree is right in regard to the horses' asses in Sinn Fein, but a goldarned nitwit elsewhere.

481

□ As for "humane treatment for the Irish prisoners of war who are in jails and prisons," *Instauration* readers may be unaware that these IRA supporters are or at least were engaged in a "dirty protest," which involves not washing, defecating on the spot and smearing their excrement all over their cells. The resulting stench is vouched for by reporters of every political shade who have been exposed to it. Note that this disgusting state of affairs is entirely self-inflicted. It therefore tells us something about the mentality of its perpetrators. Now let me lead Father Machree gently to consider the prison warders. These are of course only Protestants, and are regarded by Irish Nationalists as lackeys of the British system. But don't they deserve a little consideration too? They have to put up with that revolting stench in order to hold down a job. Is not their case analogous to that of Irish policemen who have to put up with the stench of ghettos in the USA?

British subscriber

□ For the life of me I cannot understand why *Instauration* persists in attacking the Jews. They are a resourceful, intelligent people. But what is most important is the fact that we need every white we can muster to battle the most severe danger we face -- the blacks. If you have any doubt of black intentions, just read the Black Manifesto of the National Council of Churches. Our danger is dire and imminent. Already they have begun to pressure Ronald Reagan and they have admittedly become hysterical for fear they will no longer enjoy the largesse that Carter had so wantonly dispersed until his ignominious end. We must cease to subsidize by government disbursement of taxpayers' money every black illegitimate child born in this welfare state to swell the tide of black aggression. They are robbing us of our decency, our music, our sports, our education, our politics, our culture, our money, and will not be satisfied until they make the nation a sex- and crime-ridden Sodom and Gomorrah. And what is more sickening, they are accomplishing their goal with the sympathy and support of stupid whites who are too dense to foresee their own doom. So why abandon Jews when we so desperately need their help and expertise?

109

□ Is "Cholly Bilderberger" in reality Anthony Haden-Guest? Damn it, if their writing isn't terribly similar in flair, pace, word choice and that superb aristocratic detachment -- a downright, upright snottiness -- that is great to read.

070

□ Cholly is delightful on the Jews. And I agree wholeheartedly that we are the problem, not the minorities. They are just the symptoms. Our disease is called compassion. There is, however, one point I should like to make to Cholly. All life is parasitic (on minerals, on the sun's rays). Is there really any reason why we should cease to succeed in harnessing natural resources or the forces of nature, provided we retain our gene pool unsullied? Is Produce-and-Consume really coming to an end, or are we perhaps facing the even more frightening prospect of standing room only?

212

□ While we all rejoiced in the fall of The Tooth, just what *can* Reagan do, or even attempt to do, against the entrenched liberal bureaucracy and the Jewish money moguls and/or media commandants? For several years I was associated with a competent psychiatrist (there are a few) who frequently pointed out that it's what comes after the but that counts!

871

□ The best piece in the December issue was "The Racial Picture in Greece and Rome." I have never seen it put so succinctly.

101

□ The worse things begin to look now the better for us -- that 2% of the people we need is shifting to the right and that shift is clear and irreversible.

Canadian subscriber

□ On Afghanistan, keep in mind that the British invaded that country twice and fought three wars there and not very successfully. In 1842 they really took it in the knickers. They eventually left in 1919, and we didn't keep our kids from any Olympic games because of the occupation.

077

□ Here's the other side, the good side, let us hope not the dying side of the Japanese. Okakura Kakuzo in *The Awakening of Japan*, written in 1910, states:

The machinery of competition imposes the monotony of fashion rather than the variety of life; the cheap is worshipped in place of the beautiful, while the rush and struggle of modern existence gives no opportunity for the leisure that is required for the crystallisation of ideals.

271

□ The Norwegian traitor Quisling was hanged in 1945. Haddad, the Lebanese Quisling, is alive and well -- shooting Israeli ammunition at Lebanese patriots.

880

□ I cannot interpret *Instauration's* philosophy after reading just one issue. I am fiercely anti-fascist. I voted for Ed Clark, the Libertarian. If that causes you to go into convulsions and swallow your tongue, so much the better. A fascist must believe that the state is greater than the individual. That is more in line with the Roman philosophy than the Northern way. A Nordic fascist is a traitor to his race, and I despise him. I also despise many of their enemies, but that's another point. It is a question of will vs. character. People of strong will but weak character often band together and grope for some common thread to unite them. They are usually masochistic, and end up destroying that which they claim to love. We don't need an enemy from within. Nevertheless it is refreshing to find a publication that espouses our race and culture and is not guilt-ridden about it.

079

□ If we continue to accept immigrants our not too remote descendants will be scratching the hills like baboons in search of roots to eat.

958

□ I don't doubt that the hyperplutocrats do what they can to manipulate events into going their way, but I do doubt that they can do very much. The Rockefeller Conspiracy Theory works only if you regard most of the rest of the world as irrelevant to the equation, and even then you have to assume the conspiracy is being run by idiots or incompetents. A monolithic conspiracy with total control over events and the media ought to be doing better than this one is. Besides, theories of all-powerful conspiracies ignore the human element. Leaked secrets, factional disputes, unexpected setbacks and just the sheer necessary size of the organization itself should have exposed the whole works long ago. When a goodly portion of the adult population of the country has to be in on a conspiracy, as this one would seem to demand, the principle of *omerta* would no longer function the way it would in a relatively small, inbred criminal organization like the Mafia. Now you're talking about the entire administrative, industrial and financial structure of the U.S. Where does an organized conspiracy stop and a de facto establishment start? Thank you, thank you, for the whisper of reason you brought to the subject of the Gebrüder Rockefeller.

901

□ I work with some number of blacks, and a young Aunt Jemima in my office recently had a baby. The name she gave the child was something on the order of Luweena. I asked her where she got the name. "We made it up." That they did. She and her husband spent several days combining and rejecting syllables, then they consulted a numerologist to make sure it was a "lucky" name. I still can't get over the name of another black woman I've heard of, DuRhonda! I wouldn't be surprised to meet one named Rubella.

31

□ Here I am in the Ozarks -- there's an Anne Frank play at the high school.

727

The Safety Valve

□ What do the dumb right-wing Rockefeller haters say to a recent hatchet job in the *New York Times* by Jewish pundit Anthony Lewis? He almost made David out to be a Nazi for telling the Argentine military on a recent trip to Buenos Aires that Reagan "is not going to try to change the world in his own image." Lewis calls the Argentine government "bestial" because it threw out a Zionist newspaper editor, but he never calls the Israeli government "bestial" for killing 100,000 Palestinians in the last 32 years and dispossessing more than a million others. If David could make such enemies, he can't be all bad.

326

□ Allegedly, the Stein twins (*Instauration*, Sept.) were good students. How come they utterly failed in Government and Civics? Didn't they learn what the democratic process really is -- the rule of majority?

221

□ I can understand and sympathize with the right-wingers' position on the draft *only* insofar as their concern is with the uses that our criminal/lunatic regime might put it to. But if they go beyond that and state that their opposition is based on "libertarian" ethics, a concern for "choice" and "individual freedom," then I am obliged to reject their argument immediately. There is nothing wrong, and everything right, with a young person spending time in the military. Indeed, I consider it an *essential* part of education for "the real world." In my *ideal* State of the future, one in which the government *could* be trusted not to betray its own people in foreign adventures, there *is* a place for the draft -- a permanent draft. It is a mark of a healthy society.

974

□ VOL. 6 NO. 1. A damned impressive five-year-long march, and an entirely positive achievement to the extent that it has not kept the editor from his own writing.

015

□ To Zip 480 who assured us that the National Front would see to it that "all scum, whether black, red, Zionist or coffee-colored would be kept out of Ulster": I would be a lot more impressed if the NF had been able to accomplish this worthwhile project in London or Liverpool. I might add that seeing the Royal Family gad about in high style does not fill me with great joy since the limeys have still failed to cough up their World War I debt to the U.S. On second thought, maybe they shouldn't pay us for a while longer. Our bureaucrats would probably give it to the Afros or loan it to the Communists.

665

□ *Instauration* is quite right about the decline in beauty at the beauty contests. But there is another aspect to this. If Nordic women can be persuaded that they are not really beautiful any more, they will be all the easier to exploit.

134

□ Alan seems to be Celtic in origin. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently close to the Biblical Elon, as in Elon College located in Burlington, North Carolina, and to Ilan, as in Israel's Bar Ilan University, and to the Israeli pianist's name, Bar Ilan, to be a nearly transphonic adaptation allowing both a coded tribal meaning and a Western social acceptance, simultaneously.

200

□ *Instauration* (Dec. 1980) reports, "A federal judge in Houston struck down a Texas law of 1975 restricting free public education to citizens and resident aliens. Judge Woodrow Seals . . . based his decision on the Fourteenth Amendment . . . A Circuit Court of Appeals reversed Judge Seals's decision. But then Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell stepped in and reversed the reversal." The Texas law protected "citizens and resident aliens." A federal judge cited the Fourteenth Amendment to gain benefits for noncitizens. The enormity of this is such that it is a reflection on every representative in Congress that he did not immediately move to impeach those two judges, particularly Lewis Powell. The only purpose of the 14th Amendment was to enfranchise the newly freed slaves. A Republican clique in the Senate thought it would help them to get two senators from every one of the Southern states, thus giving them almost total control. Judge Powell's decision might be a blatant disregard for the facts, or an example of adolescent folly. It brings to mind my mathematics professor in college. More than once he would remark to a student, "Fools come on three levels; first plain fools, next damned fools, and then comes you!" Supreme Court Justice Powell has earned the latter label.

199

□ Congratulations on the Rockefeller article. I have never liked the way that Skousen and other rightists malign the Rockefellers while ignoring the Jews.

400

□ The second installment of "Afterthoughts on Afterlife" goes off the rails at the end, when it assumes that consciousness has to be considered as something quite apart from the body if any idea of an afterlife is to be tenable. I would answer that in a very real sense we *are* our ancestors -- or rather those genetic traits which they have passed down to us. Therefore, phenomena such as race memory have a real basis, and we do have the capacity to re-live, at least in part, through our descendants or those who share genes with us from common ancestors. I think that dreams and occult phenomena may have significance in this connection.

600

□ Whatever happened to the law of self-preservation? Pride and guts sinking ever deeper into quagmire of indifference. The brainwashed wear me out. What grotesque architecture in the latest shopping malls . . . call them dungeons, no daylight or sunlight.

038

□ Trudeau is pure poison. It isn't just the Western Canadians who don't want French entrenched in the "patriated" constitution; it is also the French Canadians who don't want English entrenched in Quebec. After all, it was Lougheed, premier of Alberta, who drank openly to the toast, "Vive le Quebec Libre." But the liberals who hate any European Majority would never allow that. In any case, there are more German speakers (and Ukrainian speakers) in Western Canada than there are French speakers. So who's discriminating now? I wish Trudeau the nastiest thing that could happen -- reunion with Mrs. Trudeau.

Canadian subscriber

□ About a year or so ago I remarked that the writing in *The Dispossessed Majority* reminded me, in its organizational power and rhythmic beat, of Gibbon. Today I just decided who Cholly reminds me of: Nietzsche! Perhaps the aphoristic nature of the current selection helped my synapses make that particular linkage. The elements of similarity are striking: the same originality, the same sensitivity to monstrous wrongs, the same courage, the same capacity for nuance, the same limitless scorn.

953

□ I was impressed by the article on the possibility of an afterlife; closely reasoned and well written. Everything the author says about Christianity is true -- *if* we take the doctrines as generally understood and interpreted. But what very, very few people realize (and I've mentioned this several times in previous letters) is that Christianity (in the sense of the true teachings of Christ), far from being a democratic, love-thy-neighbor, egalitarian religion, is uncompromisingly aristocratic -- exclusive and elitist, as all true religions everywhere are. If Valhalla is the exclusive province of heroes, so the great religions of the world are higher regions attained only by spiritual heroes -- not homes for the sniveling and genuflecting rabble.

551

□ This is a tragic age for many of its members. There is no more Christianity to give life a meaning. No more Protestant work ethic. No more togetherness in the suburbs. No more genuine liberalism.

200

□ Just tonight the smell-a-vision news of NBC had a story on protests in Israel concerning the runaway inflation and, sure enough, the size of the crowd of protestors was 6,000. Add to this the "Six Day War," the six million, the innumerable stories of 60 injured, 6 dead, 60,000 prospective U.S. troops, six-mile zones, six miles from such and such a city, six miles inland (raids on Lebanon, for instance), the story of Blumenthal who left China during World War II with "six dollars" in his pocket -- ad sixinium.

863

□ There is no question about the feasibility of a manned Mars orbiting landing mission. I designed one to begin in 1981. It was to be the next major project after Apollo.

902

□ I don't think it is enough for Majority readers to learn that little girls of seven have been raped. I think we should think very carefully about what we would do if such a thing happened to a child of ours. I have made up my mind what I would do -- if I had to wait twenty years.

862

□ We have turned the corner at last! When the stooge Reagan betrays us completely -- as surely he will and the sooner the better -- he will have lit the fuse. For the first time I look forward with elation to the inevitable explosion. The battle then will be gratefully and finally joined. We will win -- now the historical shift has become apparent and inexorable and ours. The enemy is not yet in disarray. But we are now becoming organized on campuses, in churches and the bodies politic. Offices and factories will follow. And our leaders are now rising in their numbers, honing their speaking skills on a growing constituency. Even now the white masses are gradually swinging around to them.

105

□ I recently talked to a member in good standing of the Historical Establishment. Though he tends to deride all the Holocaust revisionists as politically motivated, he believes that there is something to what they are saying. He believes the six million figure is preposterous. He also believes that the "extermination program," if there was one (and he *does* accept that there was one -- of some kind and of some scope) was arrived at very haphazardly and in an ad hoc manner: an expedient solution to the problem "what to do with the Jews" once they had been rounded up and sent to these camps. He is willing to concede the possibility that the "gas chambers" at Birkenau are bogus, and that Auschwitz was not the main place of extermination. Basically, he is leaning in the direction of seeing *Einsatzgruppen* actions as the main cause of Jewish deaths. I think this is *highly* significant, and a real portent, coming from one like him.

974

□ Bauman deserves everything he gets -- *not* because of homosexuality, but because of his lying pussy-footedness when caught, as well as his utter hypocrisy over the past few years as a leader of the "morality" and "family" crusades. It is always to amusing to see these double-faced pansies come up with excuses after getting caught. "Alcohol problems" or "severe fatigue and overwork" or "a nervous breakdown" or "an inexplicable temporary lapse." Why can't they just come out and say they like men?

440

□ Like *Instauration* I have noted various "lapses" in the right-wing attitude -- though I would hesitate (because I haven't done enough observing) to say it separates the Nordics from the pseudo-Nordics. Just the bright minds from the not-*quite-so-bright*. (Or, for "bright": spiritually attuned.) I think it is true that the Nordic Faustian urge allows for only one attitude toward Nuclear Power: to be *for* it. The Nordic wishes to go forward (it is not a wish, but an *imperative*). Not for him are the satisfactions of a "safe" or "rustic" past.

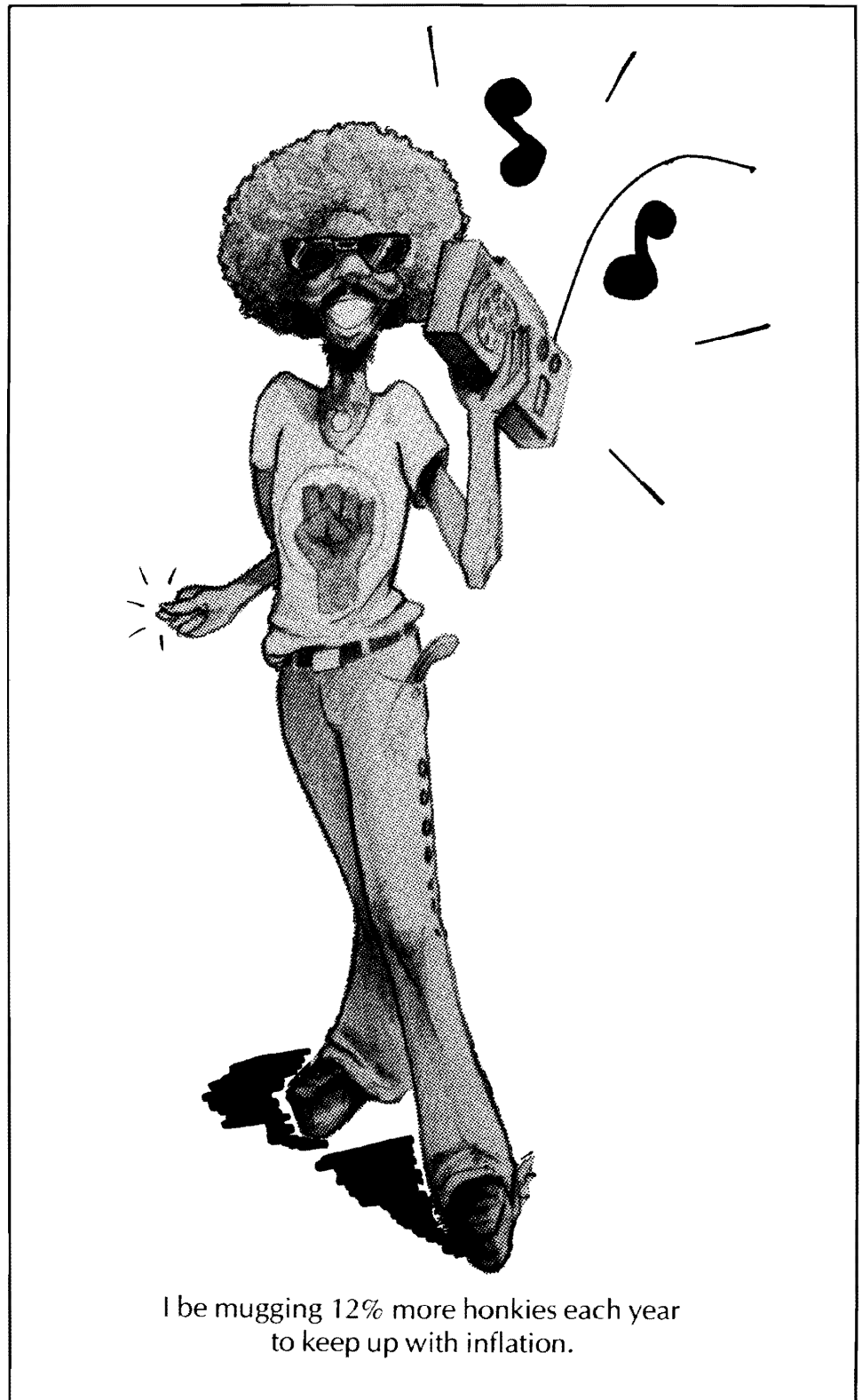
774

□ The article on the Rockefellers was quite interesting. I'm not sure I agree with it, but I'd like to hear more. Personally, I think David's past performance has been horrible, but the rat might have decided to reform out of naked self-interest. I'll be a lot more likely to be convinced when the interest rates return to around 7 or 8 percent.

320

□ I continue to be amused by the connoisseur fits thrown by all the Darktown strutters who are shivering in their zoot suits with fear that the country has just gone "fascist." Reagan will do what he can to pacify them, but he can't win. Any cuts in the welfare watermelon and it's Liberty City all over again in every ghetto.

601



RACE AND RELIGION IN THE 97th CONGRESS

The *Washington Post*, drawing heavily on data supplied by *Christianity Today*, has published a "religious roster" of the new 97th Congress. The *Post* lists six Jewish senators:

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Boschwitz (R-Minn.) | Rudman (R-N.H.) |
| Levin (D-Mich.) | Specter (R-Pa.) |
| Metzenbaum (D-Ohio) | Zorinsky (D-Neb.) |

We think it only just to add two more to the above list: Cohen (R-Me.) and Goldwater (R-Ariz.). We know that neither of these senators had a Jewish mother, which means they are not Jews in the eyes of Orthodox rabbis. But there is enough Jewishness in them to make them more Jewish than Episcopalian, which is how Goldwater describes himself in the list, or Unitarian-Universalist, which is Cohen's designation.

The *Post* lists 26 Jewish representatives:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Bellenson (D-Calif.) | Marks (R-Pa.) |
| Fiedler (R-Calif.) | Ottinger (D-N.Y.) |
| Frank (D-Mass.) | Richmond (D-N.Y.) |
| Frost (D-Tex.) | Scheuer (D-N.Y.) |
| Gejdenson (D-Conn.) | Schumer (D-N.Y.) |
| Gilman (R-N.Y.) | Shamansky (D-Ohio) |
| Glickman (D-Kan.) | Solarz (D-N.Y.) |
| Green (R-N.Y.) | Spellman (D-Md.) |
| Gradison (R-Ohio) | Waxman (D-Calif.) |
| Kramer (R-Colo.) | Weiss (D-N.Y.) |
| Lantos (D-Calif.) | Wolpe (D-Mich.) |
| Lehman (D-Fla.) | Wyden (D-Ore.) |
| Levitas (D-Ga.) | Yates (D-Ill.) |



Senator Barry Goldwater and Representative Benjamin Rosenthal are missing from the official list of Jews in the 97th Congress.

The list of representatives can also stand some amplification and analysis. Benjamin Rosenthal (D-N.Y.) is not mentioned, although he is the son of Joseph and Ceil (Fisher) Rosenthal, though his wife is Lila Moskowitz, and though he is listed as a Jew in *The Almanac of American Politics 1980*. Mickey Edwards (R-Okla.), a convert from Judaism to Episcopalianism, is also missing. Then there is Senator Goldwater's son, Barry (R-Calif.), who like his father is listed as an Episcopalian.

There are 136 Catholics in the 97th Congress, an increase of 7. Next in the religious line-up: 72 Episcopalians, 71 Methodists, 55 Baptists, 55 Presbyterians, 20 Lutherans, 11 Mormons, 5 Eastern Orthodox, 2 Seventh Day Adventists, 2 Quakers, 19 who call themselves Christian or Protestant but would list no specific denomination, and 7 who claim they are unaffiliated with any religion.

Baptists include some of the most conservative and most radical members of Congress -- Helms and Thurmond on the right; Conyers and Crockett, two black representatives, on the left. The Episcopalians include, besides the two Goldwaters, Senators Matsunaga (D-Hi.) and Weicker (R-Conn.). Among the Catholics are Senator Laxalt (R-Nev.) and Representative Lederer (D-Pa.), the re-elected Abscamer.

Howard Baker calls himself a Presbyterian, as do Senators Henry Jackson (D-Israel) and Harrison Williams (D-N.J.). The tax-cutting Representative Kemp (R-N.Y.) and Nipponese

Representative Matsui (D-Calif.) also say they are Presbyterians.

Senator Percy (R-Ill.) is classified as a Christian Scientist, as is Representative Rousselot (R-Calif.), the onetime congressional darling of the Birchers, who has now resigned from that venerable society.

Both senators from Utah, Hatch and Garn, are Mormons. So is Representative Morris Udall (D-Ariz.). Representatives Akaka (D-Hi.), Bingham (D-N.Y.) and Findley (R-Ill.) belong to the United Church of Christ, although Bingham might better be described as a Jewish fellow traveler because of his long record on behalf of Israel and his marriage to June Rossbach, a Jewess.

Senators Bumpers (D-Ark.), Dole (R-Kan.) and Inouye (D-Hi.) are Methodists. Representative Benjamin (D-Ind.) belongs to an Assyrian church, and Representative Pashayan (R-Calif.) to an Armenian.

Among the legislators who claim to have no religious ties are Senator Hayakawa (R-Calif.) and Representative Dymally (D-Calif.), a black. Senators Bradley (D-N.J.), Cranston (D-Calif.), East (R-N.C.), Hart (D-Colo.) and Representative Delums (D-Calif.), a black, won't say to what church they belong beyond admitting or claiming to be "Christian" or "Protestant."

P.S. There are 19 blacks in the 97th Congress.

One Instaurationist is for it -- with a few provisos

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

The white race is the only left-wing race in history -- the only race to free slaves, treat women humanely, press for social reform, and promote racial equality. The reasons for this seem to be threefold: (1) We are not domesticated. Domesticated animals have small brains. We do not. (2) We have a combination of aggressiveness and introspection that makes us push ever on. This is related to our mesomorphic ectomorphy. (3) We lack, compared to other races, the hang-ups and inferiority complexes that inhibit cooperative competition.

Accordingly, I come down three-square for Women's Liberation. Down with weak, passive, vapid women, and up with strong, active, curious women! The masculine and feminine virtues are remarkably similar, but there is something extra about robust femininity that I can't put my finger on. Laughter, a peculiarly feminine laughter, comes most to mind, but the men of our race laugh too. Ours is the laughing race.

We still know very little about sexual differences, especially about the strengths of each sex. We do know, from Carleton Coon's *Origin of Races*, that sexual dimorphism is greatest in the Caucasoids. We know further that women are less varied (smaller standard deviations) on most physical components, such as height, weight, and intelligence (relative brain size). This means women will be underrepresented at the extremes, fewer geniuses and retardates, fewer saints and sinners. There will be fewer women in corporate suites and among the top

rank in science and the arts. Because of this, I am unable to come down four-square for a Women's Lib that claims that women can or should make up 250 of the chief executives of the Fortune 500.

But if not 250, then how many? Who knows? Our old friend, the bellshaped curve, suggests an approach. Take the top one-half percent in terms of corporate ability. Now if women have only nine-tenths the variability of men (in terms of standard deviation from the norm) but the same average ability for business, only one-fifth of 1 percent of women would make the top one-half percent of men. Therefore, there should be 2½ times as many men at the top as women, or 357 men and 143 women in the Fortune 500.

I will hold little truck with this reasoning, for if we adjust the assumptions, we get different ratios. If, for example, we look at the top tenth of 1 percent of ability instead of the top one-half percent, the Fortune 500 should have only 100 female heads instead of 143. If women, phenotypically or genotypically, have less *business* ability on the average, the representation of women at the top will go down. We also know that ability is not precisely normally distributed.

What should a good Majority activist's position on the woman problem be? The honest position would be to own up to one's ignorance in all areas of human biology that have come under the post-Hitler Inquisition and get on with the

more pressing problem of race. But a progressive racist will carry his progressive attitudes, possibilities, and hopes with him. What might these be? Not something so ephemeral, surely, as pressing for legislation that will give aid and comfort only to lawyers. Nor to treat women as "equals," especially in our sexually dimorphic race. Treat them as "persons," a perhaps not altogether silly cliché? Fall in love with a lot of them? Rather, we might try to do something more difficult, what Montaigne thought was impossible -- to have women as friends. The capacity for friendship is another of our great racial traits and we should be ready by now to extend it between the sexes. Such friendship, as distinct from bonding, is unknown among the lower animals.

A reactionary racist -- alas, this holds for most racists, even among those who write about race -- will have no truck with women as friends. He may admire them, have children by them, make speeches about them, but he will not have them as intimates. Usually, he tolerates them and often just barely. Indeed, his racism is very likely to be reactionary too and will have little appeal to other members of the most progressive race. He ought to get out of the way and stop giving the cause of racial betterment a bad name.

Perhaps if whites continue on the path of making friendships between the sexes, the more immediate concerns of Women's Liberation will take care of themselves. But I might hazard some opinions on the more burning issues of the day. I am certainly in favor of abortions and think they should be made compulsory in the interests of racial and eugenic betterment. Abortions should be optional for everyone else, with the proviso that if the birthrate of the better whites starts going down, compulsory abortion for the other will have to be stepped up. Incentives, rather than compulsion, will be more than sufficient to raise the birthrate among the better whites.

A proliferation of adequate child-care institutions for the better whites will have positive eugenic effects and will get women out of the house in hopes of increasing mixed friendships. Since we still live in the environmentalist shadows of Freud and Dr. Spock, we fear that child-care centers will psychologically warp our children, though the rising number of battered children might disagree. There are no good estimates of how much of a child's time should be spent in a nuclear family. Whatever it is, it is certainly not the 100 percent figure affluent fathers, who are coming to regard a leisured mother with her too few children as a status symbol, would have us believe. Of course, there are far too many silly "radical" types running day-care centers (along with too many hide-bound traditionalists), and parents fear the bad effects. But these problems will reform themselves as we break away from the age of equality into the age of biology.

Housework will remain a vexing problem, but the emergence of friendships between husbands and wives will reduce it. The indissoluble biological fact, going back beyond the mammals, has it that the female will (usually) be more concerned about *her* nest than the male. It would be manifestly unfair to impose upon one partner the neatness hang-ups of the other. But the first partner has an incentive to express total unconcern with neatness and let the other do all the work. The

hope is that some friendly compromise can be worked out, lest the coming establishment impose rigid solutions.

Equal pay is an area so open to lawyer abuse that it may have to be fought every inch of the way. My guess is that sexual discrimination by businesses as *such* will be practically ended in another decade. Male bonding is an important thing -- it is also at least mammalian -- and a good many corporate suites may remain male preserves. But the profit potential of mixed friendships in business has only begun to be explored. We do know that efficient companies are run by harmoniously interacting executives and not by autonomous individuals. Just how many executive suites in the Fortune 500 will or should be mixed, I don't know, but I do know it won't be zero and it won't be 500.

Average pay for men and women is most unequal, but much of this inequality factors out when certain elements (unequal hours, unequal jobs, unequal education and skills) are removed, leaving a fairly minimal (if even still measurable) discrimination by businesses themselves. It remains true, however, that secretaries get paid far less than the people they work for, even though the latter's jobs are often much less intellectually demanding. Keeping papers properly filed can be a complex job requiring more brains than shuffling them. Older secretaries may rightly blame their low-paid lot on past sex-role stereotyping, but the younger ones usually have only their lack of college degrees to blame. It is not their fault that we live in an excessively credentialed society (happily on the wane) that stuffs people into degree-role stereotyping, but it can always be asked why the un-degreed secretary didn't buckle down and get the blasted sheepskin.

These are all, to put it mildly, complicated problems, all the more so because of individual differences in our diverse race. For this complexity we should be a little thankful, because it means the professors -- there is already a feminist wing in sociobiology -- will be slow in agreeing on which draconian measures to impose upon the populace. Generally speaking, laws have very little impact, except to drain off the productive energies of lawyers and bureaucrats. This is a rather large drain, but otherwise the impact is minimized as loopholes proliferate along with the laws and alternate paths around roadblocks are found. Thus, economists are unable to find any measurable net effect of the tax system on income redistribution, except to support the mentally submarginal -- and their children -- nor to find any impact of antimonopoly laws on industrial concentration.

Our hope is that the next Establishment -- or maybe the one after that -- will avoid being untowardly wasteful and oppressive by developing self-understanding as well as self-correcting mechanisms. All it really needs to do is set up sound racial and eugenic policies. The happiest prospect is that, together with eugenics, there will be an explosion of knowledge about ourselves, our biology, and our society and that once murky concepts like love and friendship and sex will be understood and put to our service.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON



THE FAMILY RÖDER OF SCHWARZENBORN

How many *Instauration* readers have heard of the Röder family of Schwarzenborn, West Germany? Although Manfred Röder has elected to devote himself to a cause that can only lead to continuous hardship and deprivation, his tribulations have certainly been made lighter by his uncommon wife, Traudel. While the master of the house is incarcerated in a West German jail, she is raising and educating six handsome children, ages five to fifteen, with a fidelity and sense of responsibility that is absent from practically all modern biography.

Traudel was born in 1939 northeast of Berlin. Her father was a noted professor of mathematics, physics and philosophy. He was, as almost all Germans of his time, a National Socialist, and was taken prisoner by the Americans after the Battle of Berlin. Upon his release, his family, more dead than alive, came to him from East Germany and he resumed his academic career. Graduating from high school, Traudel went to a technical school for more than four years and became an industrial efficiency expert. She met Manfred when he came to pay a visit to her father, who had been his professor. They were married in September 1963.

Manfred's father was a member of the German community in Russia. In 1917, after the Bolshevik Revolution, he returned to Germany and settled in Berlin, marrying Manfred's mother in 1924. Later he joined the SS. Manfred was born in 1929. Both his parents are now deceased. At the age of ten Manfred became a member of the Hitler Youth. In 1945 he fought in the Battle of Berlin.

In college Manfred learned about "Moral Rearmament," the worldwide movement with headquarters in a palace overlooking Lake Geneva, near which Traudel's grandmother had a home. Manfred became a member and spent two years at its American headquarters at Mackinac Island in Michigan.

During his years as a law student, Manfred spent much time pouring through court records relating to the Hitler years. He was particularly intrigued by the fact that there had been no legal succession to the last German wartime government, which was set up by Hitler just before he committed suicide and which lasted for a few weeks under the head of Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz. Toward the end of May 1945 the Allies arrested Dönitz at his temporary capital of Flensburg, on the Danish border. In Röder's eyes, the government of the German Reich was illegally removed from office.

Traudel often recounts the story of Manfred's early law cases. In 1945, the Polish, the English and the Americans told SS soldiers they could go home. They went, but one of them, Manfred's client, was arrested 18 years later and put in jail. He was informed he had killed thousands of Jews. In defense of



Manfred Röder

the SS soldier, Manfred said things that were unsayable in postwar Germany. The Pandora's Box he helped to open will not be shut again in our time.

In 1973 the second edition of a booklet, *Die Auschwitz Lüge*, was published by Thies Christophersen with an introduction and a letter by Dr. Manfred Röder, attorney-at-law. It also included a letter written by Simon Wiesenthal, May 10, 1973, to the president of the German Bar Association protesting "that this brochure contains malicious and long disproved statements about the concentration camp at Auschwitz and the sufferings of the Jews," and suggesting an investigation by the Association's ethics committee. Röder's reply to Wiesenthal on May 30, 1973, stated:

We German lawyers do not appreciate Jewish or any other form of censorship and domination. Before you snoop around any further in our affairs, maybe it would be more advisable for you to respond to the accusations made by Polish newspapers claiming that you had been a Gestapo agent

Because of his part in starting a campaign against the flood of pornography and moral degeneration in his country, Manfred was sentenced to jail for six months. He decided not to give himself up. He knew that when he was in prison the West German government would start piling up other charges against him. Unwilling to become another Prisoner of Chillon, another Rudolf Hess, he left Germany in 1977, abhorring the idea of being in the "underground," but knowing he had no other choice. He traveled widely and his itinerary included the

United States. Although the German police periodically searched the family home for bombs and firearms, nothing was found. Manfred was not a terrorist, but a missionary, a cleanser of conscience. As he said, "Germans behave as if they did not want to be deprived of their most precious post-war experience -- their guilt complex."

Röder returned to West Germany surreptitiously last summer. A short time later he was arrested. In a letter to a close friend he relates what happened:

Some Röder Quotes

The West is living under total Zionist-capitalistic slavery. If you think this statement is an exaggeration, then stand up from your reserved table at the local pub and shout: "There was no gassing of millions of Jews! It's all a Zionist swindle to extort millions from the Germans and other peoples!" Once every German can say this out loud, there will exist freedom of expression in Germany. Not before.

The eighties will bring the total collapse of the monstrous lie of modern democracy and of the satanic philosophy of permanent progress and economic growth Our real value is not our bank account, nor our success or achievements, not even the success of our organization, but the soul of our racial heritage

With finite raw material there cannot be produced by magic infinite growth, unless one is called Rumpelstilzchen. Only a con man may promise eternal growth, eternal riches, eternal peace, eternal progress In nature there is only one case of unrestricted growth: cancer! Our modern day society of prosperity and materialism is exactly that

One way to get gas flowing again would be for Arabs to buy up U.S. gasoline stations and issue identification cards to all who would sign a pledge not to support Israel. The signers would then be able to get gasoline for fifty cents per gallon.

I have no intention of acting as a press agent for the Soviet Union. There is much about the system I dislike intensely. But it is increasingly evident that Jewish hegemony in the USSR has been broken, and that the Jews are on their way out, while with every passing day the actions of the West (especially the "good ol' USA") with its masses of stupified cattle are sinking ever more deeply into decadence We are not pro-Russian. We are for Teutonic unity in freedom. But this freedom is impossible under American Jewish domination The Soviets are a danger to our lives in the event of war; the Americans, however, are a clear and present danger to our souls in time of peace -- that's the big difference. History teaches that any nation may rise again out of political or military suppression. But there is no return after racial mongrelization and culture distortion. All we really want is withdrawal of all foreign troops, reunification, a truly German government (not Allied puppets) and neutrality

Naturally, the Russians have a keen interest in détente and armament limitations in Europe, mainly because of the Chinese menace There exists a plan in the Kremlin for the reunification of Germany. For that purpose the two Germanies would withdraw from their respective military blocs and the Russians would withdraw their troops, not only from East Germany but from Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The Bonn government rejected it immediately! After all, such a proposal, were it realized, would spell the end of the Bonn bureaucracy

Oswald Spengler warned us in 1922 that Bolshevism would only

be a transitional period for Russia, that the traditional forces of conservative Russian or Asiatic imperialism would soon regain power and take control of Russian affairs Spengler never warned of aggression from the East. He never wanted to preserve the West and its rottenness. On the contrary, he clearly stated that Bolshevism is a product of the West, the logical progression of Western thought and activity since the French Revolution. It is not at all typically Russian. On the contrary, it is the antithesis of Russian thought, and was forced on the country by Western Jews. Spengler actually described Western civilization as totally Bolshevik! He had not one good word for it. He hated it. To him it was the last stage of decay and death.

Western civilization is liberty (for primitive instincts), equality (for inferior races), fraternity (brotherhood of the scum of the earth), mob rule, race-mixing, welfare for unwanted minorities, the adoration of sex and materialism, and the care and feeding of all the *Untermenschen* of the earth. Western civilization with its obsession with technical progress has destroyed European-Teutonic culture, the culture of a racial elite. Democracy with its mob elections and mob rule leads directly to barbarism.

"He who is not able to hate is no man," wrote Spengler, "and History is made by men. Her decisions are hard and cruel, and he who thinks he is able to elude them with understanding and reconciliation is not created for Politics. Even if he has the noblest sentiments and aims, he only will cast himself and his fatherland into destruction."

By God, how I hate this System, with its hypocrites, who as "antifascists" wanted to liberate us from the alleged Gestapo terror, but themselves have built up a horror system that surpasses the Gestapo's wildest dreams.

Exactly ten years ago we started our public fight It all started with throwing bags of paint and stink bombs against pornographic exhibitions in Frankfurt and other cities . . . it was a very small beginning, but it was a public protest by action, not printing.

Unless you have made the decision to fight only one enemy, not Russia, not communism, not the Jews, not Zionism, but only your own treacherous government, you will never understand the real fight for freedom. Russia, communism, Jews, Zionists, mongrels -- all of these constitute a clear and present danger to us merely because they are encouraged by our own traitors

The truth is never in the middle, but where the rocks are rough and rugged. You will never find truth sitting at your desk or watching TV. Truth is not something you understand with your head; it is an experience. Party politicians will never get near it. They are living with the great lie of "working for the welfare of humanity." Truth will reveal itself only to courageous men, never to cowards or careerists. Let us have the courage to be extreme!

Things are getting tough! On Sept. 1 I was arrested not far from our house in Germany, after having spent some wonderful holidays with my family.

Now I will be behind bars for all sorts of "crimes," like "unconstitutional propaganda," "defamation of the Republic," "stirring up hatred against minorities." But on top they want to make me responsible for some protest bombings against foreign immigration where two Vietnamese were killed. I am supposed to be the "spiritual leader of a terrorist band." Seven other people were arrested under similar charges. Some of them I don't even know.

For three weeks I have had no contact with anybody. Traudel didn't even know where I was. But the newspapers were full of my arrest. Finally Traudel was able to visit me and look at me through a glass window heavily guarded with three policemen . . . Now she can see me every two weeks for 30 minutes. But I am three hours' drive away from home

Traudel gives her reaction to her husband's plight in a letter to an American friend:

I was enjoying the company of dear friends when, at a late hour, the phone rang and an anonymous caller advised me that Manfred had been arrested. Naturally I was upset. We watched the midnight newscast, then my guests departed. Only a few minutes after their departure, all of a sudden our yard filled up with cars and police officers from the highest authorities. Without a search warrant they searched every nook and cranny of the two houses and the entire premises for four hours. I was told that they were looking for explosives and steel wool, that they assumed that my husband in some way is connected with the recent bomb attacks upon camps for foreign immigrants and that they assumed him to be the "mental sire" of these attacks.

Since I never had anything to do with explosives and the like, they, of course, did not find any on our premises and departed around 4 AM without taking anything. One guest who had remained and who was suspected of having some connection with these bombings, was arrested on the spot and run through endless interrogations. He was released when their suspicions could not be reconciled with the facts.

While Manfred remains trapped in prison -- no bail has been set -- Traudel and the rest of the family grind out the grim routine of life. At five in the morning everyone is up caring for the sheep, goats, twenty chickens and four geese. Each of the six children has his own chores. Meals are nutritious; no sweets or nonessentials. The children are studious and musically inclined. Albrecht has talent in science and languages and practices the piano, specializing in old folk songs and dances, which are forbidden in present-day West German schools. The children wear native dress -- leather pants for the boys and full skirts, vests and embroidered blouses for the girls. Teachers sometimes whisper to them how nice they look. Friends come and stay, and sing and work. Two couples, immigrants from South Africa, help with the farm and garden. One visitor cuts the family's hair, another furnishes the butter. Still others bring food. Every inch of the sixteen acres and the buildings is immaculate.

Tall, thin and vital, Traudel is very well and very Teutonically organized. Her real work begins after the children are in

bed. Mail needs attention. So do the books and accounts. Every item is faithfully recorded before her bedtime, which is always after midnight. An excellent driver, she drives four of the six children to school and back. Now she must add the long drive to and from her husband's prison. Manfred says of Traudel, "She will carry on."

Traudel writes:

They are trying to put Manfred in a box and they cannot do it. All of his writings and statements are accessible. Most of the articles written about him are slanted and unfair journalism. It will take time for them to decide how to sort and sift from their many lies what will fit so they can keep Manfred in jail.

A remarkable woman stands by one more martyr to the modern inquisition.

Manfred Roder lives a lonely life behind bars and appreciates letters. His address: Herrn Manfred Röder, JVA, Simonshoefchenstr. 26, D-56 Wuppertal-Vohwinkel, West Germany.

Frau Röder would also like to hear from any well-wishers. Her address: Haus Richberg, D-3579 Schwarzenborn, West Germany.

Back Issues

All back issues of *Instauration* from Vol. 1, No. 1 (Dec. 1975 to present) are available. Back copies in stock cost \$1.50 each, plus 50¢ postage. Back copies in stock are:

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A choice selection of the contents of the entire first year of *Instauration*, presented exactly as printed, except that a few articles have been reset for easier reading. The original size of the magazine has been retained, which means that the 116 pages represent at least 348 ordinary book pages. *Best of Instauration - 1976* is a virtual encyclopedia of revisionist history, a book that presents the "other side" of the story, the Majority side, the side that has been deliberately omitted from practically every American magazine and newspaper for fear of offending the sensibilities and prejudices of the liberal-minority coalition.

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THE REAGAN PRESIDENCY

Although blacks and minority whites have largely disappeared from the top echelons of the Executive Branch, they still permeate the middle and lower strata of the departments and the agencies. It would take a sandblaster to get rid of all the accumulated bureaucratic detritus and it is doubtful if Reaganites will have the guts or the muscle to wield anything heavier than a whisk broom.

The new cabinet is an obvious improvement on the old Carter gang of Vance, Brown, Klutznick, Goldschmidt, Harris, Andrew Young and other assorted fixers, wheelers and dealers. Any group of people would be better than that group. But all the protestations to the contrary, most of the cabinet posts have been filled by the old Nixon and Ford crowd. Even Reagan's chief of staff, James Baker, is or was a Ford toady.

Defense went to lawyer Caspar Weinberger, once Reagan's bitter opponent in internecine Republican politics in California. Weinberger started life as the editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, from where he went on to host a TV show in San Francisco. He calls himself an Episcopalian because only his father was Jewish. It seems a little strange for a president who has promised to build up America's armed forces to pick a pettifogger with absolutely no experience in the military to run the Defense Department. Moreover, Weinberger's deputy -- the one he insisted on -- is Frank Carlucci, Carter's Deputy Chief of the CIA. Who said the old order changeth, yielding place to the new?

The poor, dumb conservatives. They knock themselves out electing their man, who then looks the other way and hires some of the very people that the conservatives hoped he would shun. It's the old shell game of talking conservative before the election, switching to Eastern Republicans when it comes to appointments and inching to the left when in office to try to keep the media quiet. The Republican right wing has had its brief day in the sun. Now it can be safely disposed of until the next election, when presidential speeches will again start hitting conservative notes.

Well, the country has said goodbye to the Georgia scalawags and their multitudinous minority crew and has said hello to a Hollywood regime with a truckload of Majority trucklers, seasoned here and there with an authentic Democrat like Jeane Kirkpatrick, who replaces the black Democrats at the UN, and Uncle Tom Samuel Pierce, who heads up HUD.

A Hollywood regime bodes better times for the Beverly Hills movie and TV moguls and a bigger welcome mat for the likes of Frank Sinatra and his Mafia pals. Frankie, of course, was quite at home in earlier administrations. One of the most admired knights of the Camelot round table, he later switched to Nixon and then became one of Reagan's firmest boosters. A

foretaste of future White House gatherings was a pre-inaugural bash at Walter Annenberg's huge spread in Palm Springs -- the one with the private 18-hole golf course -- where the Reagans always greet the New Year.

Just to keep Ron on his toes and to see that his new office doesn't go to his head, Los Angeles public relations flack Rupert Allen, supposedly a good friend of the president's, in an interview in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* predicted: Nancy "will make the White House comfortable with good food, cocktails and lunches. All their non-Jewish friends will be there." Rupert, who himself is half-Jewish, must have forgotten about Jerome Zipkin, Nancy's #1 *cavaliere servente*. The 60-year-old millionaire scion of the late Annette Goldstein and David Zipkin is one of those characters who could have lived happily in Assyria in the days of Semiramis, in Rome in the days of Messalina and in New York in the days of Mayor Koch, but never in Israel in the days of Menahem Begin. Jerry squires Nancy to her New York hairdresser, to lunches and dinners at chic eateries, and titillates her ears with gossipy tidbits about society, which in Zipkin's dictionary means the doings of such worthy citizens as Alfred Bloomingdale, Ahmet Erlegun, Glen Birnbaum, Mary Lazarus, et al.

Baby Zip, as Jerry is called by his dearest friends, has a sharp tongue. At a California party he once looked down at a male guest's shoes and expostulated, "Ugh, who wears Gucci buckles any more?" Speaking of footwear, Zipkin when out on the town has often been known to wear velvet evening slippers embroidered with hammers and sickles.

Baby Zip, of course, never had a job. Before the Reagans, one of his best friends was pederast Somerset Maugham in whose Riviera villa he orgied for many a lavender-tinted weekend. When he visits the White House, as he most certainly will, he will probably bring along his 86 pairs of gem-studded cufflinks and his jugs of sandalwood perfume.

Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons, a creature of the Cosa Nostra for many years, will also be an honored White House guest. Reagan was careful to drop in on Fitzsimmons as one of his first official courtesy calls in his post-election visit to Washington. Even the Kennedys didn't go that far. Bobby went after the Teamsters in court, and Jack's only dealing with the Mafia were his White House trysts with the moll of the Chicago gangster Sam Giancana.

* * *

The appointment of Al Haig as secretary of state may just be a warm-up for the inevitable return of Henry Kissinger to center stage. Haig joined Kissinger's National Security Staff in

1969 as a colonel. By 1972 he was a four-star general. Consequently, Haig holds a lot of Haig I.O.U.'s. When Reagan's popularity begins to collapse, we can already see the replacement of Haig by Kissinger or the appointment of Kissinger to some equally high post in order to buy the favor of the media. Nixon tried this, but failed. Reagan will also fail. Nothing, short of making Henry K. president, would appease the CBS wolf pack. Haig's Catholicism -- his mother was named Regina Murphy and his brother is a Jesuit priest -- will offer little protection. His main protection is that he is a 110% supporter of Israel and has appointed Sherwood Goldberg his second-in-command.

Haig, naturally, is a political general. He was so defective in scholarship and achievement he was originally turned down by West Point. Only the influence of an uncle, rumored to be a colonel who was the personal physician of General Pershing, managed to get him in, after he had spent two years at Notre Dame. In spite of all this preparation for West Point's fairly cinchy courses, Haig graduated 214th in a class of 310. Except for a brief stint in Vietnam, the general never commanded any troops in wartime. Practically all his military experience has been behind a desk and well out of gunshot.

* * *

On a pre-election trip to New York, the Reagans attended a dinner party thrown by Gracchite Brooke Astor, the widow of Vincent Astor, an old yachting buddy of FDR. Present were William Paley, Mike Wallace, Tom Brokaw, John Chancellor, Warren Phillips of the *Wall Street Journal*, Abe Rosenthal and Punch Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, William F. Buckley, Jr., David Rockefeller, Paul Volcker, Franklin Thomas (black boss of the Ford Foundation), Vernon Jordan, Douglas Dillon (his Polish grandfather started Dillon Read) and the pièce de resistance, Henry Kissinger.

* * *

The only hope for Reagan -- and for us -- is that eventually he will be driven into such a tight corner he will have to fight back. But the chances are slim. It is simply not in a modern politician's character to fight for anything but votes. His mind is so conditioned by his sordid occupation that the last thing he thinks about is history and his place in history. The day is past when a Gracchite like FDR could die in bed, in the certainty he was a great hero, little knowing that he would go down in history with Woodrow Wilson as a world wrecker instead of a world restorer.

Today events move faster. History caught up to LBJ, who died in bed but not with the same smug satisfaction that ameliorated the death pangs of earlier liberal presidents. LBJ knew he had failed, but he probably never understood why, because he never understood anything except day-to-day politics. The same shoddy end awaits Nixon and Carter. Both are destiny's puppets, perfect minions of the sly, destructive character of the special interest consensus that raises the part above the whole, the vote above the deed, the *New York Times* headline above the history book.

If lack of intelligence and blind opportunism shut off a feeling for history, why can't pride save the situation? No one, not even Carter, wants to be a failure. Wouldn't pride alone have forced these sorry chief executives to be leaders instead of followers, to stop reading the *Washington Post* every day for their daily instructions? The answer is none of them has a shred of pride. If they had, they would have quit after their first taste of political campaigning.

No *man* can run successfully for public office today. Only the scum gets to the top of the political barrel in a society where sediment is the froth.

The Majority cause will continue to sink unless a Majority president takes office and, instead of talking about reconciliation and "representing all the people," the commonplace post-election pose, he uses the power of his office to destroy the liberal-minority coalition once and for all. A real president doesn't hold humiliating conferences with black con men after being elected (blacks voted more than 80% for Carter). He doesn't immediately try to win the approval of Rabbi David Saperstein, who watches (oversees) the government in Washington for various Jewish organizations. A real president holds press conferences with the people who elected him on how to politically immobilize those who did their best to defeat him.

We are now told that Reagan was elected because it was generally felt he could do something positive about the economy. Consequently, the media have decided the economy must take precedence over every other matter and all the social issues must be pigeonholed. It is conveniently forgotten that millions of Majority members voted for Reagan in the hope that he might, just might, put a stop to immigration and clean up the sinkholes of crime and filth known as our "great cities." Crime, out-of-control immigration and reverse discrimination on the grand scale are a much greater menace to the social order than inflation, of which they are prime causes. To restore the economy the conditions for productive work must be restored, and this means restoring civilization. The liberal-minority coalition is still convinced that prosperity can be brought back while the country wallows in barbarism.

INSTAURATION'S FIRST PRICE HIKE

Effective this issue (March 1981) the cost of a regular year's subscription (12 issues) to *Instauration* will be increased to \$15; student subscription, \$10. As before, regular and student subscribers will receive their copies by third-class mail. Add \$7 for first-class mail. Canadian and foreign subscriptions will be \$25. Add \$17 for overseas air. Single copy price, \$1.50 plus 50¢ postage.

Present subscribers will pay the new price only when their current subscriptions expire and they resubscribe.

Instauration has been in business for more than five years. This is the first price increase, and a very modest one compared to the eternally rising newsstand and subscription costs of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *National Review* and other magazines.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK (II)

The Majority public was once the final arbiter of comedy. Today we passively allow media lobbyists to shape our taste and to serve as guides to the amusing. The result, more often than not, is that we find ourselves extending a hopeful, baffled tolerance to minority funnymen -- who, so to speak, are thus encouraged to come out of the closet.

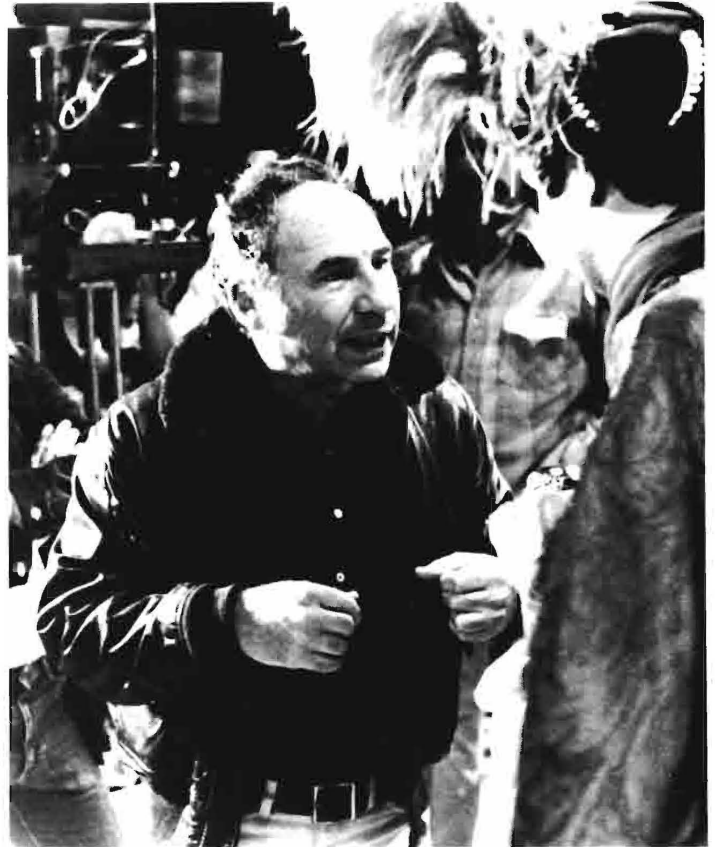
They use their freedom to dwell *ad nauseam* on their own parochial concerns as show-business ethnics, a preoccupation which has given American humor its currently inbred, neurasthenic caste. (These people bring to mind Hemingway's description of "writers in New York": "All angleworms in a bottle, trying to derive knowledge and nourishment from their own contact and from the bottle." Forty-some years after Hemingway writes this, the angleworm exacts his revenge: comic Woody Allen casts one of Hemingway's Valkyrie-like granddaughters as his girl friend in *Manhattan*. Music by Gershwin.)

One symptom of their insularity is their penchant for making movies which are "spoofs" of other movies. Here the "creator" can abstract the rudiments of form and personality from his model, and in the bargain keep himself at a safe remove from the uncongenial mainstream of national life. He can serve up warmed-over stews of old mysteries and Humphrey Bogart films in, respectively, *Murder by Death* and *The Cheap Detective* -- both scripted by the prolific Neil Simon; he can string together parodies of *Jaws* and other "disaster pictures" to make an *Airplane!*; he can use old horror movies -- revamp *Dracula* in *Love At First Bite* or golemize Mary Shelley's monster in *Young Frankenstein*.

For Mel Brooks, the maker of *Young Frankenstein*, writing and directing lampoons of movie genres has proven lucrative. The first of the successes that made him a millionaire was his *Blazing Saddles*, an expletives-added, assault-by-vulgarity-and-anachronism on the western movie (and on Western values) in which the hero is a black sheriff and the villain's henchmen include Klansmen, Arabs, and a small *Wehrmacht* contingent.

High Anxiety, Brooks' most recent effort, was "dedicated" to director Alfred Hitchcock. Brooks himself essayed the lead part of a Nobel laureate psychiatrist who is plunged into threatening situations copied literally from Hitchcock's suspense pictures. The "tribute" misfires. Not only is the short, stumpy, coarse, Ashkenazic Brooks unequal to aping his on-screen betters, the tall, lean, handsome actors who played the heroes of the Hitchcock originals, but the parody movie finds its target elusive. Brooks the director has not a fraction of the instinct for visual style, pacing and wit that have distinguished Hitchcock and all other important film artists.

Even Brooks' ardent admirer, the critic Kenneth Tynan,



Mel Brooks

acknowledges the cinematic shortcomings of his ethnic brother. In his book *Show People* Tynan, best known for the pornographic play *Oh! Calcutta!*, lavishes fulsome praise on Brooks the ad-libbing comic and cites a host of jokes that have mainly to do with Jews, psychoanalysis, and the defects of Gentiles. But Tynan is no fan of Brooks' film work. *Silent Movie*, for one instance, is "a string of sight gags linked by captions (the verbals in many instances being funnier than the visuals) . . . [and] an act of supreme perversity. Here was a master of the improvised word [*sic*] devoting more than a year of his life to something speechless and meticulously planned in advance."

Tynan touches here on a blind spot in Brooks -- and in, we think, Jewish comics in general: they have little real aptitude for visual humor and its form. The fair-minded and impartial reader can test this proposition by comparing the visual comedy of, say, Fields and Lloyd to that of, say, Harpo Marx and Danny Kaye. He can then judge who has the edge in terms of sustained construction, precision, artistic restraint, and the ability to draw sincere, unforced laughter from an audience. (For a comparison of verbal styles see Note 6.)

While no Brooks film is a model of coherence, the first he wrote and directed, *The Producers*, does have a kind of thematic consistency. A great deal of the movie's content is clearly related to Jewish ambivalence. In Brooks' story, a Jewish Broadway producer and his Jewish accountant, facing jail for having swindled their backers, hit on a way out. They will stage a production certain to fail, a musical glorifying Hitler. As things go, however, the opening-night audience finds the play amusing, and the two promoters are in trouble.

The Producers has become a cult picture, thanks to its Hitler references (the man you love to hate) and to visions which have the quality of deranged Jewish nightmares. There is the big musical number "Springtime for Hitler" -- visually unrealized but a striking absurdity nonetheless. There is the play's author, a loony undenazified German who walks New York City in the helmet and uniform of Hitler's army. And there is the point at which the two Jews, to placate their author, put on swastika armbands. Ambivalent humor indeed.

The most renowned of the growing troupe of triple-threat Jewish comedians who write, direct and star in their own movies is Woody Allen. Over the past decade he has made an average of a film a year, and each new release has been greeted with louder acclaim by a clique of critics and award-givers in New York and Hollywood. This enthusiasm seems attributable, in large part, to the fact that Allen's films reflect the tastes, aspirations and vanities of middle-class urban Jews. That is, he cultivates a bloc of ethnic cheerleaders with his flattering, soft-focus exposition of their insular psychology.

Though he is seldom as literal a parodist as Mel Brooks, Allen has often based his movies on the substance of other

movies. *Take the Money and Run* burlesques gangster films; *Sleeper* the science fiction genre. In *Play It Again, Sam*, the trench-coated spirit of Humphrey Bogart counsels the love-lorn Allen character.

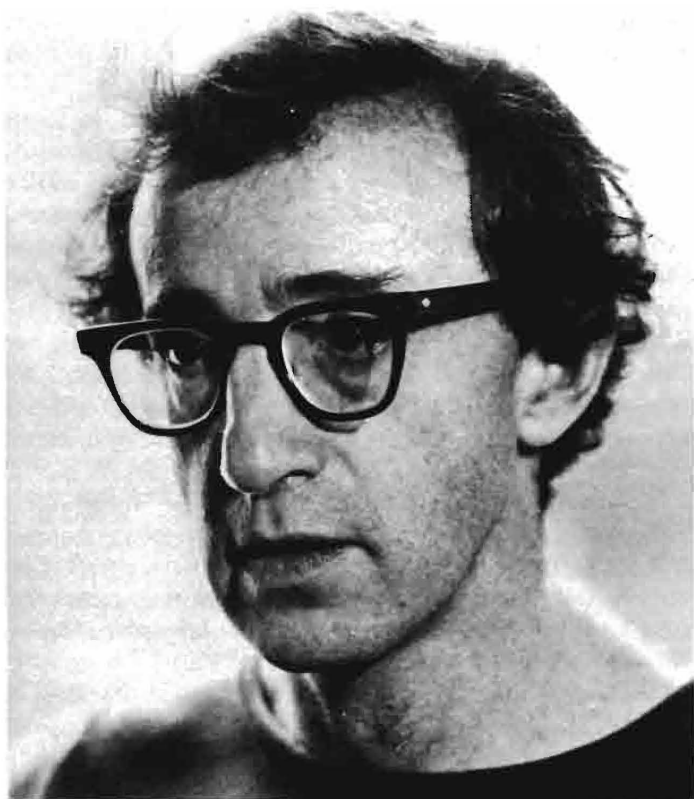
Lately the Brooklyn-born ex-nightclub comic has come to fancy himself as a deeply serious thinker (much as Charlie Chaplin came to view himself as witty and sage on political isms). Elevating his cultural sights, he has turned to the work of important European directors for stylistic models, and two of his recent films are solemn, pretentious homages -- to Ingmar Bergman in the static, funereal *Interiors*, and to Federico Fellini in the arrogant and self-pitying *Stardust Memories*. ("Human suffering," sniffs a New York provincial in *Stardust*, "doesn't sell tickets in Kansas City.")

Except for his *Interiors*, in which he does not appear, Allen plays in his movies a New York type that is obviously a self-portrait: a talkative, insecure Jew in horn-rimmed glasses who compulsively analyzes all experience using the clichés of cultural fads. Typically, this character's life centers on his misgivings and misadventures in chasing and bedding a Gentile girl. (In a recurrent sight gag, the Allen figure keeps his glasses on during the sex act. This may say more about the alienated perspective of his kind than Allen realizes.) Each sour romance is punctuated throughout by an Allen monologue of rueful, anti-climactic one-liners that expose the inadequacies of everyone involved.

Even as Allen mocks -- gently -- his hero's anxieties, he is always sure to justify them. This little Jew, we are made to understand, is essentially a victim. Not only is he an emotional victim of gross, insensitive Gentiles and their institutions; he is also the potential victim of their anti-Semitism. The hero of *Annie Hall* raises his ethnic consciousness, and our awareness of how awful non-Jews can be, by seeing *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a four-hour Jewish documentary film which indicts the French for worrying too much about themselves and too little about the Jews during the German occupation. In *Bananas*, the little hero himself is, if only temporarily, a victim of fascist persecution. As a reward for his youthful idealism in attempting to spread democratic ideas in a Central American country, he is tried for subversion in court in a police-state America where he is bound and gagged and condemned by a witness as "a New York Jewish intellectual crackpot."

It seems likely that Allen's inspiration for the courtroom scene was the infamous "Chicago Seven" trial. The scene inspires us to suggest that one of our New York operatives put a bug, literally, in Allen's ear. Our man should tell the comic how much the scene is reminiscent of *The Trial*, the novel by Jewish-Bohemian writer Franz Kafka, whose work has long been a staple of morbidly existential chic. Our man should then point out how brilliantly Allen can demonstrate his artistic seriousness and his dedication to dramatizing the plight of the Jewish victim: He can film Kafka's "The Metamorphosis" and take the role of Gregor Samsa, who awakes "one fine morning from an uneasy dream [to find] himself transformed into a gigantic insect." How, we ask, could Allen resist this ultimate expression of ambivalence?

For a definitive rationalization of the animus of the minority comic, it is hard to improve on the one offered by Mel Brooks.



Woody Allen

Of his *Blazing Saddles* screenplay (which he adapted Hollywood-style from someone else's "treatment"), he said: "I wrote berserk, heartfelt stuff about white corruption and racism and Bible-thumping bigotry. We used dirty language on the screen for the first time, and to me the whole thing was like a big psychoanalytic session. I just got everything out of me -- all my furor, my frenzy, my insanity, my love of life and hatred of death."

What riches and fame could a Majority humorist expect to garner were he to write a *Blazing Yarmulkes* screenplay full of berserk, heartfelt stuff about Jewish corruption and racism and Talmud-thumping bigotry? The question is of course academic, for now and in the immediate future. And for that matter, we would hope that when our comic spirit reasserts itself -- as we are certain it shall -- it will devote a minimum of creative energy to shining a satiric light on the hollow interiors of the minority psyche. The real mission of that spirit is to joyously reaffirm the vigorous, expansive and unique identity of our people.

Out-Takes

1. W.C. Fields, in private life as on film a quirky original, died in 1946, leaving a will which stipulated that "only white orphans" share in his estate. In an earlier will, he had left the money to "Negro orphans," explaining to his friend Gene Fowler that "The poor little devils need help; besides, it will drive some people I know off their rockers." After the wartime labor shortage had forced him to employ Negro servants, he changed his mind and his will.

A good part of the sizeable fortune he earned he deposited under assumed names in banks all over the world. His accounts included, he confided to friends in 1940, \$10,000 "in a Berlin bank." When his friends asked him how he expected to see his money again, in view of the inevitable collapse that would ensue under Hitler, Fields replied, "Suppose the little bastard wins?"

2. Readers interested in the psychology of laughter might do worse than begin with minorityite Arthur Koestler's *The Act of Creation* (1964), which offers, along with the author's own theories of humor, samples from the literature of the field by such writers as Spencer, Bergson, Freud and hereditarian Sir Cyril Burt, who contributed the foreword to Koestler's book. Less publicized than Freud's theories but just as striking and, we think, just as illuminating an example of minority reductivism, are the harsh, negative images employed by the French-Jewish anti-rationalist Bergson. To him, the jokester suffers a "momentary anaesthesia of the heart"; for him, the comic formula is "the mechanical encrusted on the living."

3. From time to time magazines such as *Playboy* print "WASP jokes," the jest usually hinging on our reputed lack of demonstrativeness during the act of love. (And to outsiders, it is we who are the people with the truly inscrutable emotions.) These jokes have next to no impact, no doubt because the term WASP is not the emotive trigger that other terms of racial derogation are. There is nothing inherently comic or dramatic in the premise, "Two WASPs were . . ."

4. The various black, brown and yellow comedians who have surfaced in recent years are as a group neither very interesting nor very talented performers. But the volatile Richard Pryor is something of a case-study; at times he seems driven by a suicidal compulsion to infuriate his liberal-minority sponsors.

5. The film student in search of term-paper material might find it in:

(A) The Dickensian and English lineage of American film comedy. W.C. Fields, the Philadelphia-born son of a cockney immigrant, was steeped in Dickens (Mark Twain as well), a virtual Dickens character in his private life, and perfectly suited to his only straight film role, Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield*. Charlie Chaplin, an Englishman with strains of Gypsy and Huguenot, speaks with patently Dickensian accents in the first chapters of *My Autobiography*. (Just as Chaplin's autobiography turns increasingly charmless and pseudo-profound once he has achieved fame and begun hobnobbing with the intelligentsia, so his later films draw less and less upon felt experience and become vehicles for arid tracts condemning capitalism and fascism.)

(B) The parallel concerns and "filmic strategies" of W.C. Field's *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break*, Fellini's *8½*, and Allen's *Stardust Memories*. For a suitably impressive title, we suggest the student use "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly: Three Film Makers Make Films About Film Making."

6. When a character in *Duck Soup* announces, "I wash my hands of all this," Groucho Marx retorts, "Don't forget to wash your neck." This is typical of Marx's much-touted wit, which was almost wholly adversarial. The English language itself was a principal adversary, its limitations to be understood with bad puns and a literal, legalistic reading of metaphors and idiomatic expressions.

In contrast, W.C. Fields saw the language as an infinite source of fresh imagery and tonal variety. He savored, among other linguistic riches, the sonorous hyperbole ("When I was shooting sheep in the Himalayas . . ."); the repetition of an odd name (the "Carl LaFong" scene in *It's a Gift*, Fields' best picture); and variations on the comic metaphor (in the last few minutes of *International House* he addresses his leading lady as "My little Laplander," "My little fuzzy wishwash," "My little fuzzy fuchsia," "My ravishing little pineapple," "My little Mexican jumping bean," "My little titmouse," "My little scanty-panty," "My little cupcake," and "My little nut cake").

7. Many comedians change their names. Shortening his Dukenfield was for W.C. Fields a minor, painless operation. But for comedians of Jewish extraction, the question of personal identity is further complicated when they cross ethnic boundaries to take on common Majority surnames -- Brooks, Bruce, Kaye, Lewis, Woody Allen, et al.

The Marx Brothers, from a German-Jewish background, kept their surname -- though Harpo changed his given name of Adolph to Arthur soon after an Adolf in Germany began to make himself felt.

A scene in the Marxes' *Animal Crackers* (1930) plays on the

tension of the ethnic name-changer -- and perhaps on the animosity between German-Jewish and Russian-Jewish immigrants. Chico and Harpo threaten to expose the true identity of "philanthropist Roscoe W. Chandler," and Chico begins a taunting chant, "Abie the fish man, Abie the fish man."

In late years cultural flacks have made similar revelations, but from far different motives. When Charlie Chaplin and D.W. Griffith are tagged as Jewish; then the *New Yorker's* Pauline Kael writes, "It appears that [Douglas Fairbanks and Cary Grant] were both part Jewish"; when Columbus, Mozart

and Wagner are posthumously converted into Jews -- we are entitled to wonder if these men are all conscripts in a symbolic "Never Again a Holocaust" march.

8. The hard-core right-winger, prone to be glum about the dismal state of practically everything, should heed Nietzsche: "Not by wrath does one kill but by laughter. Come, let us kill the spirit of gravity!" To put it another way, we need always to preserve our capacity for laughter, both for the sake of our sanity and as a means of asserting our values.

Who Owns Christ?

The Moral Minority and the Moral Majority are engaged in a contest to determine who is the more moral. So far all the hair-pulling has proved is that the leaders of the Moral Majority are infinitely more stupid than their opponents, who, being liberals and minorityites, have been able to fuse church and state for years without a peep from the media.

Bailey Smith, the head of the Baptist Church (Jimmy the Tooth's very own denomination) declares God would need a very powerful hearing aid to listen to Jewish prayers. Then as contrite as a holy roller caught with his hands in the collection plate, Smith swears he is more Zionist than the Zionists. A few days later, he makes some remarks about Jewish nostrility in answer to a Jew's comment that he (Smith) had a bald spot and he (the Jew) had a funny nose. Before the screams subside, he runs off to make a pride-busting apology to the ADL, though he couldn't get the name of the organization straight and addressed it as the Anti-Deformation League. Finally, after an audience with Nathan Perlmutter, ADL na-

tional chairman, he is granted a partial pardon. He then earns a few more Brownie points by returning to Dallas and observing the Passover in the house of a Jewish friend. Although Smith has said much worse things about Catholics than Jews -- he once wondered out loud whether the pope was a Christian -- he has never been called upon to apologize to the Vatican.

Jerry Falwell did most of his mea culpaing some years ago when he was hauled on the carpet for making some unfavorable allusions to the Jewish affection for lucre. Since then, his oit-avowed passion for all things Semitic has earned him a medal from Mr. Zion himself, Menahem Begin. But while kissed on the right cheek by the Israeli prime minister, he was slapped on the left by Rabbi Alexander Schindler, the spiritual tycoon. Schindler innuendoes that Falwell and his crowd, if not brought to heel, were about to open a chain of American Auschwitzes. Jerry tried to squirm out of this accusation by rectitudinous references to "the blessedness of the Jews."

Some of the most decent Americans make

up the rank and file of the Moral Majority. Without them the country would probably disintegrate completely in a big bang of pornography, drugs and crime. But the leaders of the Moral Majority are on a par with the leaders of the Moral Minority. They happily support the mass murder, persecution and dispossession of Palestinians. Pretending to be antiracists, they support that most racist of racisms -- Zionism. Like Lucifer, they quote scripture to justify their behavior.

Their present confrontation boils down to who owns Christ. The Moral Minority looks upon Jesus as a social revolutionary -- a Lenin with a halo. The Moral Majority looks upon him as a divinity who is part crusader, part pacifist and part redeemer.

Today the social revolutionary Christ is dominant, the Christ en vogue when the Christians ganged up on the decadent Roman Empire. Until the worldly Christ becomes the unworldly Christ -- a difficult transformation for the worldly Falwells to engineer -- the revolutionary, minority-loving, Majority-hating, Marxist Jesus will continue to put His alter ego in the shade.

Zionist Fun & Games

Dr. Reinhardt Buchner, a German-born American who teaches at California State University, was the target of a gang of 18 Jewish Defense League members who swarmed in front of his Long Beach house threatening himself, his wife and his young son with death. Buchner, who fought Tito's partisans in Yugoslavia, was undismayed at the blood-and-thunder pose of Irv Rubin, the local JDL head, who once offered \$500 to anyone who would kill an American Nazi, an extra \$500 if he would bring in the ears. What made Irv so mad was the appearance of Buchner's name on the editorial advisory committee of the *Journal of Historical Review*.

* * *

Since there had been no takers, the Institute for Historical Research was about to withdraw its offer of \$50,000 to anyone who could prove that the Nazis exterminated Jews in gas chambers during World War II when a certain Mr. Memelstein announced he would try for the prize money. Some very interesting facts or nonfacts about the Holocaust may be brought out in the unfolding of Memelstein's daring project, if he really goes through with it. We will keep Instaurationists informed. Meanwhile, the Institute has made two more offers: \$25,000 for proof that the *Diary of Anne Frank* was

not a forgery; \$25,000 for proof that Germans made bars of soap out of dead Jews in World War II.

* * *

Truth in Press, a Washington group, asked the ADL for a comprehensive rebuttal of Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, but only received a two-page broadside attacking Butz personally. No attempt was made to refute Butz's research. When TIP members asked for data not vitriol, the ADL spokesman snapped, "The ADL has no obligation to you or anyone else to investigate garbage and trash."

Educational Doings

There has been a lot of news about the alleged bias of IQ tests, but now Sandra Scarr, a Yale psychologist, announces that achievement tests are the real villains. In a study of middle-class families with adolescent children, she discovered that social background has little effect on IQ but a large effect on the results of achievement tests. Working-class kids did much more poorly than their more affluent competitors in exams which demand knowledge in specific fields of learning. Yet educators, particularly in New York State, are switching from IQ to achievement tests to classify and place students. According to Scarr, this helps the rich far more than the poor, precisely the opposite of what educationists have in mind. She writes in a recent issue of *Educational Psychologist*: "There are two major findings of this study that we think raise issues for educational policy makers, first, the greater bias in school achievement than IQ tests . . . and second, the substantial role that genetic differences play in the distribution of IQ, aptitude, and achievement test scores." Miss Scarr pointed out, however, that no lower-class blacks or minorities were included in her study.

* * *

Jimmy Carter in a letter to Stanley Collins, Jr., a member of the Georgia legislature, wrote (Sept. 1, 1971): "I have always opposed busing and think Gov. Wallace is right to challenge the administration."

* * *

Although it is specifically against the will

and intention of Congress, the IRS has now sent questionnaires to Mississippi private schools demanding racial information about students. This is obviously the first step in forcing Christian academies to establish quotas for blacks or lose their tax exemption. The IRS now feels confident it can defy Congress because of a District of Columbia court order that applied specifically to Mississippi private schools. The District of Columbia, it might be noted, is the nation's blackest area, yet out of it emanate orders affecting the life and liberty of whites nationwide. So far about 20 Mississippi schools have refused to answer the questionnaire.

* * *

Cheyney College, 85% black, is protesting a Department of Education ukase that it has to increase its white enrollment by 30%. The deadline, which has been ignored, was 1980.

* * *

The first all-Latino institute of higher education in the U.S., St. Augustine Community College, has opened its doors in Chicago.

* * *

In November the University of Tulsa shut down for one day so all students and all student living quarters could be fumigated for head lice.

* * *

Both teachers and police organizations in

Massachusetts have petitioned the courts to overthrow Proposition 2½, a tax reduction referendum that passed in November by a margin of three to two. Teachers actually instructed students to persuade their parents to vote against the referendum and conducted anti-referendum sessions in class in a vain effort to defeat it.

* * *

A note from an Instaurionist teacher: A black student was expelled a year ago from a California boarding school for raping a white coed. The athletic director immediately started bemoaning the fate of this "fine boy," a senior, a promising student, star of the football team, and so on and so on. A faculty member facetiously suggested that he tell his sad story to one of the "radical chic" boarding schools in the East. The coach took up his suggestion and spoke to the admissions director of one of the most prestigious New England preparatory schools. In no time the black rapist was welcomed with open arms and full scholarships. A minority student, a gen-u-ine hardship case, is pure gold dropping into the lap of a school that sends recruiters all the way to Red China to help fill its quota of non-WASP students. It is said the parents of the students paying \$6,500 and up a year for board and tuition are not too happy about the chain of events. Even more unhappy are the parents of many white students who have been rejected by the school admissions board. But there is one consolation. The "fine boy's" new school is not coeducational.

Wrong Nest

It is common enough for minority ex-Communists to admit that they laid their proletarian eggs in the wrong nest. It is more interesting when the admission comes from a lifelong, still true-believing Marxist who insists she had never been inside a synagogue, eschews matzos, has forgotten most of her familial Yiddish and never sported a hexagon except during the war years while "deeply involved in anti-Fascist coalition-building" in Wisconsin, Washington, D.C. and New York. "I could give my son only a

sense of my family's revolutionary heritage, in contrast to my husband, who had his own impressive Communist commitment *plus* his Irish pride," Peggy Dennis, the wife of the late Gene Dennis, onetime chief U.S. Red, confided to *The Nation* (July 12, 1980):

"Like a sleeping lion," her "deeply buried inner core of Jewishness" stirred only when Jews or others were being persecuted because of their ethnic background. "We Communists emerged from the McCarthyite

storm to be thrust immediately into a different crisis . . . buried away in Khrushchev's speech to the Party Congress were references to Stalin-inspired anti-Semitism and accounts of frame-ups, selective persecutions and the murder of Soviet Jews because they were Jews . . . these persecutions had occurred not in my own capitalist country nor Hitler's Germany; they had taken place in the Soviet Union -- the mecca of my life's personal commitment."

During her 1972 trip to Russia, Mrs. Den-

nis found: "Old Stalinist views, once vehemently rejected, had resurfaced. And something totally new had appeared. The personal conversations of these bright, young Party activists were punctuated with casual anti-Semitic remarks and jokes. The very casualness with which they were told indicated these comments had become ordinary. My attempts to provoke Marxist discussion of the horrible significance of what I heard were met with shrugs. Some now became guarded in my presence. Others stayed away. Compulsively, I flaunted my Jewishness . . . I actively sought out other friends of my Soviet past . . . 'accidental Jews,' lifetime internationalist Communists by choice and commitment . . . one re-

counted her seventeen years in a Stalin labor camp and revealed the scars on her back, abdomen and thighs. Others spoke of the reappearance of anti-Semitism in their daily lives. 'Little' incidents -- a verbal insult on the bus, being spat on in the shop queue, a racial slur in the communal kitchen . . .

"Incredulous, I protested: 'There is a law here against anti-Semitism; haven't you filed specific complaints?' 'Officially, anti-Semitism does not exist in our country,' one of my friends explained. 'If you charge it does and that you are a victim of it, you will be threatened with the slander-of-the-Soviet-Union law.'

"On two separate occasions, my friend and I were shoved roughly and shouted at.

When I asked my friend what was wrong, the reply was: 'They say we should go to Israel where we belong.' . . . One evening across the dinner table I heard two heads of research institutes agree they wanted no more of 'that kind' on their staffs. To make the reference more explicit, the remark was accompanied with a gesture of the hand describing the hook-nosed caricature.

"I left Moscow depressed and disturbed. My agitated thoughts were not so much those of a Jew but those of a Communist. All my life, for the sake of the ultimate good, I had, like others, eulogized only the achievements of Soviet society . . . "

Nazis vs. Hollywood Nazis

A clarification from a subscriber:

All too often the National Socialist movement in America has presented itself to the public in such a manner that has only served to perpetuate the myth served up by the mass media that "Nazism" is nothing more than some sort of extreme, aggressive German national chauvinism based on race hatred. Unfortunately, certain segments of the National Socialist movement have repeatedly confused the outward trappings of the German National Socialist movement with the actual substance of the National Socialist world view. That the enemies of the NS movement -- be they Zionist, capitalist or Communist -- deliberately misinterpret what it stands for is understandable. But for those who claim to be "in the movement" to help perpetuate the false, distorted, Hollywood image of National Socialism is inexcusable!

These "Hollywood Nazis" -- as they are so aptly termed -- are simply too intellectually shallow to comprehend the true essence of National Socialism. They think that to advance the cause of National Socialism they must parade around in public in brown shirts and armbands (preferably in front of television cameras), incite hatred against all non-Aryans and get drunk every April 20 to celebrate the birth of Adolf Hitler.

Other would-be National Socialists, while realizing the "Hollywood Nazi" stereotype is false and misleading, believe they can use this distorted image to obtain media publicity that they would not otherwise receive, and they gear up their activities accordingly.

The result of the antics of such self-styled

"Nazis" has been to make the entire NS movement in the U.S. a gross caricature of *real* National Socialism. The kosher media masters are only too glad to lavish extensive air time and column inches on these "Hollywood Nazis."

Note the manner in which the "American Nazi Party" is portrayed by the illusion moguls of filmdom. (The term "American Nazi Party" itself is a generic name used by the media when referring to any National Socialist organization; it is not the actual name of any specific group.) Television shows such as *Lou Grant*, *Hawaii Five-O* and *Medical Center*, among others, have used "American Nazis" as villains on occasion. The remarkable thing about these shows is the *accuracy* with which they depict a certain type of American "National Socialist" outfit. The producers found no reason to distort the image further -- it was just fine the way their researchers found it, thank you. Take the documentary film *California Reich*, which focused on a group of "American Nazis" in San Francisco. The film was nominated for an Academy Award when first released, and was later shown by the Public Broadcasting System over the unusually feeble and ineffective protests of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Virtually all Americans think that the she-nanigans of these high-media-profile "Nazis" is all there is to National Socialism. They are mistaken. There are legitimate, serious National Socialists on this continent. There are not a lot, and we don't get a lot of news media play. But we are here, and we are silently and successfully working towards our goals.

We have not confused the inner substance of National Socialism with its outer form. We recognize that the *National Socialist world view* -- the substance -- is based on the eternal laws of nature and is unchangeable. At the same time we realize the *National Socialist movement* -- the form -- is purely a matter of expediency (in so far as such expediency does not flatly contradict the basic principles of our world view.)

One of our major goals is to turn the National Socialist movement in this country into a movement that can find acceptance and a substantial following among the mainstream of white Americans.

We want to see the NS movement cease to be a curious, misunderstood fringe element on the American political scene, and become a power factor which can exercise a positive influence on the destiny and future of our race. Thus, we oppose all actions and posturings by "Nazi" activist groups which tend to reinforce the hostile, distorted caricature of National Socialism, which is so pleasing to Jews -- and antagonistic to white people. Public agitation of this sort is anti-historical, anti-political and contrary to the principles of organic growth and development.

It is possible for National Socialism to be a successful movement in the U.S. This potential will only be realized, however, to the degree that it is able to truly transcend its narrow national origins and sink its roots deeply among the Aryan population of North America.

Cultural Catacombs

Working Class Hero

The born-again Christian with the Japanese wife shoots and kills a Liverpool Irishman with a Japanese wife. Such was the end of the drug-promoting, jean-and-denim jacket wearing, Chairman Mao-adoring John Lennon, who amassed a fortune of \$235 million, according to United Press International, which cut it down to \$30 million a few days later. In either case, quite a tidy sum for a guitar picker who once recorded an album called "Working Class Hero." All Lennon did to pocket all this loot was to let his hair grow long, soften and smooth the Negro wails of Elvis Presley into something a little more palatable, and, together with three other Liverpoolians, put himself in the hands of Brian Epstein. After

that, it was gold all the way. It got so that Lennon was finally forced to admit that, "We're more popular than Jesus Christ."

At another time John was less charitable. In a play he wrote about a modern Jesus, he described his chief character as

a garlic-eating, stinking, little, yellow, greasy, tascist bastard.

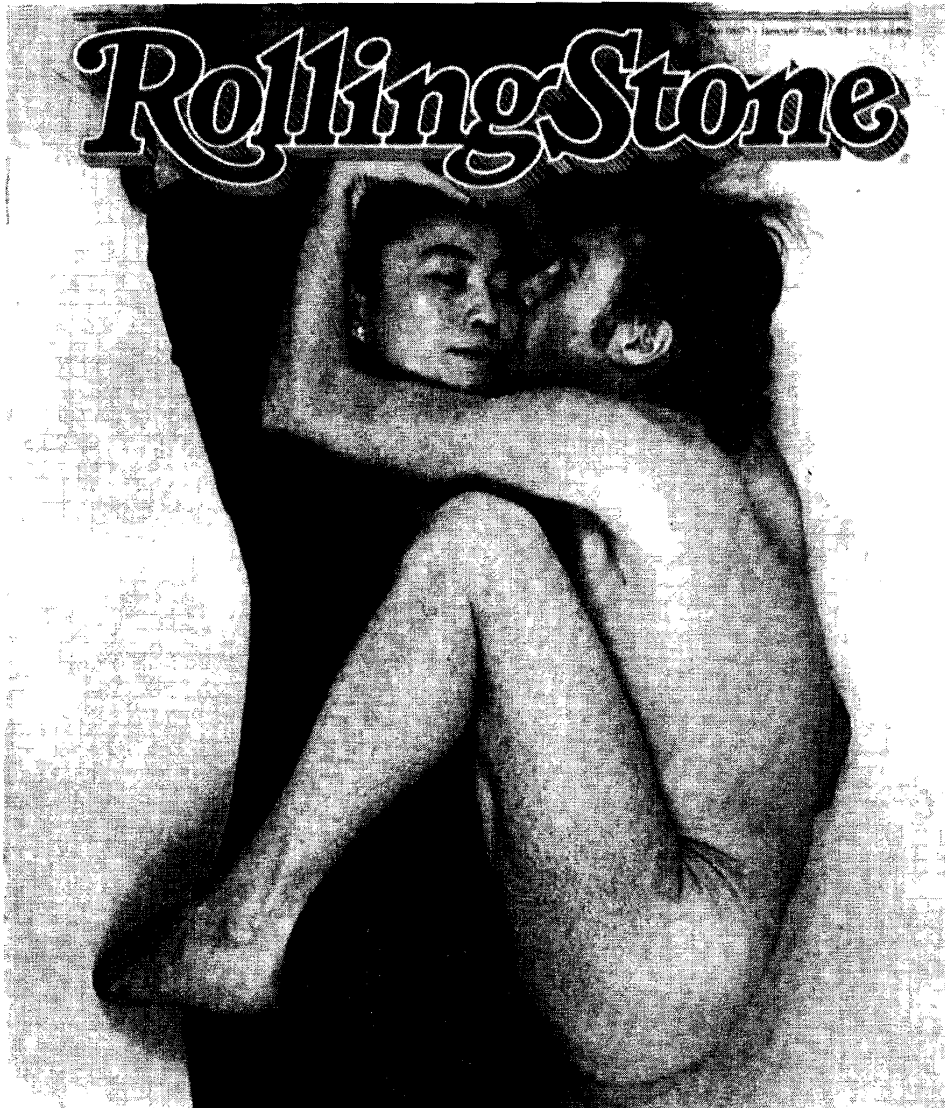
John ended up with a twin-engine plane, a yacht, 250 head of registered Holsteins, dairy farms in Vermont and Virginia, 1,600 acres in the Catskills, a \$450,000 gabled mansion on Long Island, a \$700,000 beach-front home in Palm Beach, two spreads in Japan and five apartments in New York. But asked what he thought about reuniting the Beatles for a concert to raise \$200 million for Peru, Lennon's socialist heart stiffened.

In a *Playboy* interview he explained:

After they've eaten that meal, then what? It lasts for only a day. After \$200 million is gone then what? . . . You can pour money in forever. After Peru, then Harlem, then Britain . . . We would have to dedicate the rest of our lives to one world concert tour.

The Israelis mourned Lennon as much as the lumpen rock-and-rollers in America. But to avoid their bad influence on Zionist youth, Israel's education ministry forbade the Beatles to sing and sway in the Promised Land in the late 1960s, at the very same time Jewish agents and promoters were making fortunes managing the Beatles on their global tours. A late-blooming Jewish friend, George Friedman, even tried to eke some extra money out of Lennon's death. He organized a therapy course at so much a head for fans who were overly grief stricken.

Meanwhile, the lawyers of Lennon's murderer, Mark David Chapman, are trying to get him off the hook by pleading insanity. Chapman, the media asserted, was a compassionate man, a former member of the Peace Corps and more recently an aide and comforter of Indochinese refugees at Fort Chaffee. "He cared for people," his friends said. "He had a real sensitivity for kids." He also had some expensive Norman Rockwell and Salvador Dali prints in his apartment in Honolulu.



John Lennon's Last Public Appearance. Photographer Annie Liebovitz explains, "I promised John that this would be on the cover [of *Rolling Stone*, (Jan. 22, 1981)]. It was taken a few hours before he died. I shot some test Polaroids first, and when I showed them to John and Yoko, John said, 'You've captured our relationship exactly,' I looked him in the eye and we shook on it."

The Celtic South?

A once famous study by genealogist Howard F. Baker and historian Marcus L. Hansen, published in 1931, estimated that in 1790 60% of the U.S. white population was Anglo-Saxon, 17.6% Celtic (Scottish, Welsh and Irish) and the remainder German, Dutch, French and Swedish.

Recently Forrest McDonald and Ellen Shapiro McDonald, historians at the University of Alabama, have challenged these figures. They assert there was a vast undercount of American Celts because so many of them had adopted Anglo-Saxon surnames. The McDonalds believe that in the first years of the Republic less than half the white population south of Pennsylvania was of Anglo-Saxon origin. Baker and Hansen put the Anglo-Saxon percentage of Maryland and North Carolina at 65.5% and 66% respectively. The McDonalds have reduced this to 47.4% and 40.6%. Only in New England are the McDonalds willing to concede an Anglo-Saxon majority (77.6%).

The further inland, say the McDonalds, the more the Celtic component of the 1790 population increases. In North Carolina, Celts accounted for only 40% of the coastal population, but between 63% and 99% of

the whites in the western districts. The Whiskey Rebellion erupted in western Pennsylvania where Celts comprised three-quarters of the population. Presumably the Irish in those parts were as ready for a fight as ever.

If the McDonalds' thesis is pursued to its inevitable conclusion, then the Civil War becomes a conflict between northern WASPs and Dixie Celts.

Long-Distance Conception

After the "scandal" about Robert Graham, the retired California scientist-entrepreneur, innocent readers probably thought that the only sperm bank in use was reserved for Nobel laureate donors. Actually there are seventeen such banks in this country with 100,000 semen samples currently for sale. Moreover, 20,000 babies are being born each year largely by this new-fangled, noncontact method of insemination. It may turn out to be a godsend for millions of American couples of child-bearing age who have one infertile partner.

All a fertile wife with an infertile husband has to do is go to the appropriate "bank" and fill out two forms: (1) a consent form to avoid any future charge of adultery; (2) a donor-selection form specifying such traits as height, weight, hair color, race and religion. Married women most often list traits possessed by their husbands, retouching here and there a few defects, and occasionally adding a few inches to his height.

Donors get \$20 a sample. In one large clinic in Los Angeles most are graduate students in medicine and science. They must have good sperm counts and be free of genetic disease. Jewish donors, for example, are tested for Tay-Sachs. Donors are signed up by the sperm bankers for twice-a-week visits which often continue for as long as four years. By now it is quite possible that some of them have fathered scores of children in the course of their careers. Even homosexuals and lesbians are getting into the act, both giving sperm and bearing babies, as the case may be, and thereby increasing the nation's population of queers. It's even possible with some mechanical or electronic processing of the sperm to specify a manchild. The X sperm (female) and Y sperm (male) can be separated, and the latter will seed a womb with boys with a 75% success rate, according to Dr. Ronald J. Ericsson, the inventor. Since the X sperm is lost in the process, it only works for males.

In the case of infertile married women who want children, substitute mothers can be impregnated with the fertile husband's

semen and then bear the child. The fee ranges from \$5,000 to \$15,000. The idea here is to match the surrogate mother as closely as possible to the infertile wife. So-called test-tube babies, of which only four have been produced so far, are made by mixing the mother's egg with the father's sperm in a dish and replacing the fertile egg in the mother's womb a few days later.

Dr. Patrick Steptoe, who pioneered the world's first test-tube baby, says the time is not far off when fertilized eggs will be kept frozen in embryo banks until ready for implantation.

No test-tube babies have so far seen the light of day in the United States, although an American biologist, Dr. Pierre Soupart, fertilized a human egg in vitro in 1972. His application for a grant to implant fertilized eggs in humans and the necessary approval to engage in such work has been held up for more than five years by the Department of HEW (now HHS). Much of this time the application was lying and rotting on the desk of former HHS Secretary Patricia Roberts Harris, the black feminist lawyer who has a decided antipathy for science. A clinic in Norfolk, Virginia, however, which depends entirely on private money, is now doing a great deal of in vitro fertilization.

Dr. Howard Jones, the head of the clinic, says eggs have already been obtained from twelve women, eight of which have been successfully fertilized and implanted in wombs about thirty-three to thirty-six hours after fertilization. Unfortunately, no pregnancies have resulted. Dr. Jones, however, is not giving up. He is determined that the first American test-tube babies will make their appearance in 1981.

Sokolov Loves Ingeborg, Boyum Loves Roman

The *Wall Street Journal* is growing more and more *New York Times*-ish. Apparently the genetic tilt of Dow Jones boss Warren Phillips is unbalancing the mental equilibrium of the rank-and-file word processors. The Holocaust potboiler *Ghost Waltz* was reviewed under the headline "A Daughter's Elegant Book About a Family's Past." The innocent reader would think the *Journal's* literary critic was writing about a Henry James novel instead of a *roman à cash* by an immigrant female libber, Ingeborg Day, an editor of *Ms.* magazine, who returns to Austria and excoriates her own father, a poor policeman, for taking part "in the unspeakable murder of six million Jews." Critic Raymond Sokolov puts in his left-handed oar by calling the father a "moral monster."

Another issue of the *Journal* carried an inside page headline, "Roman Polanski's Splendid Version of Thomas Hardy." Joy Gould Boyum, reviewing the new film, "Tess" (based on Hardy's great novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.) calls Roman Polanski "Polish-born" and mentions not a word of his brilliant career in Hollywood, which he (temporarily?) ended by drugging and raping a blonde minor. Not a word about the fate of Polanski's Nordic wife, Sharon Tate. The following is a collection of some of the bons mots lavished on Polanski and his work, as if Thomas Hardy had had nothing to do with the finished product -- "finely and intelligently adapted," "rare and amazing," "impressive feat," "faithful," "marvelous," "exquisitely visualized."

High Culture

Sidney Yates, the almost permanent Jewish congressman from Chicago, was reelected and will continue to serve as chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the Department of the Interior. This important post puts Yates in charge of federal funds for the National Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian and the National Endowment for the Humanities, and gives him more cultural clout than almost any other congressman. In Yates's office in Washington hangs an original Roy Lichtenstein, posters by Willem de Kooning and Clifford Nolan, and a Johnny Friedlander print. Yates is also fond of pre-Columbian sculpture, just about the world's ugliest. Western art, of course, is way down on the list of Yates's artistic preferences.

* * *

The Hare Krishnas are unshaven types who shave their heads and float around airports and busy street corners with their yellow Buddhist robes billowing and their collection boxes rattling. They have one strong point. They are not afraid of the Anti-Defamation League, which in its routine inflammatory way accused them of authoritarianism, a code word for fascism and Nazism.

"We regard this as an outrage," said Jayadavaita Swami, the editor of *Krishna* magazine.

Truth is, it's the pot calling the kettle black. The Swami, shorn of his exotic nomenclature, is none other than J. Eliot Israel.

What drives the ADL to despair is that, like the Swami, one-fifth of all Hare Krishnas are Jews. Jews are also 10-20% of the Moonies and 30% of the Divine Light missionaries, whoever they are.

The New Rejects

Will the Reagan administration be of any help to the Majority male trying to inch his way up the economic ladder? No, says George Sape, the vice-president of a worldwide management consulting firm, "There are white males who simply aren't going to get the jobs they thought they were entitled to." Too many "minorities and women are pressing into middle management." Will the Majority heads of the big corporations be of any help to Majority jobseekers? Again, no. Top management will be too afraid of minority walkouts and government lawsuits to give Majority males a decent break. So it looks as if the status quo will remain static. Majority young men will remain the whipping boys of racially attuned personnel managers who continue to insert help wanted ads with the cliché "an equal opportunity employer," the pet phrase that means just the opposite of what it claims.

The worst joke of all is equal opportunity in education. Columnist Jeffrey Hart tells about the scholarship budget of a prestigious private college in New England. The money is allocated 50% to whites, 50% to blacks, with financial assistance to the other minorities taken "out of both buckets." Blacks who get abysmally low SAT scores of 300, almost in the idiot range, are considered qualified for scholarships, while whites with much higher scores and excellent high-school records don't have a chance of a scholarship, no matter how poor their families may be.

American education has now reached the point where brilliant white high-school graduates are rejected by the same colleges and universities that accept black or Hispanic semi-cretins. The unkindest cut of all is that some of the money given to the unqualified minorityites is taken from the pockets of the parents of the rejected Majority students.

Two hundred years ago both the Majority student and his parents would have been up in arms at the faintest sign of such racial discrimination. Today they just turn on the Super Bowl, pour themselves another beer and vote Republican.

British Marital Patterns

In Britain 76% of the men marry women living in the same town or city, and 50% marry women born in the same town or city, according to a recent study by D.A. Coleman, a prominent British physician. A more

recent study of marital patterns in Reading, England, showed 82% of the male city dwellers marry Reading women. Half the couples lived within a radius of three miles before their marriage, and half the spouses were born within thirty miles of the city.

Religion in Britain is by no means as strong a determinant in marriage as geography. Twenty percent of British Jews now marry Gentiles; 47% of Catholics wed non-Catholics. In Ulster, however, only 2% of the marriages are religiously mixed. In southern Ireland the Protestant minority is dying out as 30% of the Protestants there are marrying Catholics and most of the children from such marriages are brought up as Catholics.

Although the number of interracial marriages in Britain is rising, the proportion of such marriages to the total number of minority marriages is falling. Consequently, it has been estimated that 17 generations would be needed to homogenize the present British population, if racial intermarriage continues at its present rate.

Nonsense Boys Make Sense

Although the *American Spectator* refused to accept a bland, holds-barred ad for *The Dispossessed Majority*, we applaud Editor-in-Chief R. Emmett Tyrell Jr.'s summary of the Democratic debacle of November 4 last.

The so-called liberals' obsession with affirmative action, busing, no growth economics, American guilt, unilateral disarmament, and endless regulations is as much at variance with liberalism's historic concern for expanding opportunities, freedom and prosperity as the prayer of an Ayatollah is with saintliness.

Within the ranks of the deluded and defeated none was more out of cadence with reality than the scamp in the White House. He came to Washington believing in nothing but the power of his cunning. When he finally had to latch on to a set of beliefs, it was the poor fish's misfortune to settle on beliefs that had already been refuted, the dogmas of Mc Governism.

We also note an interesting comment by black columnist William Raspberry. Pointing out that the Negro vote was more than three times that of the Jewish (10 million to 3 million), Raspberry wondered as the campaign came to a climax why the two candidates devoted "so little attention to the issues that concerned blacks [compared to] the almost fawning appeals the candidates are making for the Jewish vote."

Jimmy in Bondage

One of Jimmy Carter's last acts in Washington was very much in the Tooth style. Along with 1,000 others, he attended a gala dinner at which AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland, a good ole South Carolina boy whose second wife is one of those Auschwitz gasees, was given Israel's Golda Meir Leadership Award. The host of the affair was the Israel Bonds Organization, which claims to have unloaded some \$5 billion of the practically worthless paper since 1951, a lot of it to corrupt and semi-corrupt labor unions that have paid for it out of dues bilked from union members.

Among the other honored guests were old pols Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Alan Cranston, black and kinky-sexed Bayard Rustin and John DeConcini, president of the American Bakery Confectionary Workers, who proudly announced his union was making its "second million-dollar purchase." Altogether \$13.5 million worth of bonds were peddled during the festivities.

Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the graft-ridden, mob-ridden Teamsters Union, was also on the podium. The Teamsters have bought \$26 million worth of Israel bonds over the years, the largest amount purchased by any American union. Altogether, the American labor movement has contributed \$100 million in bonds to Israel's insatiable treasury. Jackie Presser, the Cleveland Teamsters boss, member of Reagan's transition team and one of the most aggressive Israel Bond salesmen, was also present, showing that the Israelis care little who sells their securities. They care even less about who buys them. One bond drive in 1976 honored Teamster official Joseph Pecora, an underworld associate of Mafia hit man Tony Provenzano.

The Book Is Not Shut

All we Joe Blows were informed by the media that "the book is closed" on the *U.S.S. Liberty*. Some 13 years after the event, Israel finally agreed to pay \$6 million (that number again!) in damages for the 1967 attack that killed 34 Americans and wounded 164. It is uncertain, however, if the book will be closed by history. It is still partly open on the *Maine* and the *Lusitania*. Can the Israelis manipulate history as they manipulated President Johnson and his advisers, chief among them Clark Clifford, who successfully shushed up the whole affair so as not to face the wrath of the politically potent Jewish community?

If there is going to be such a thing as history in a hundred years, the dastardly attack on the *Liberty* will go down as one of the milestones in the decline of a great na-

tion. President Johnson even called back the warplanes sent to drive off the Israeli torpedo boats and bombers. Only when Johnson and Clifford take their rightful places beside Benedict Arnold and the Rosenbergs in the annals of American treason will the history of these incredible times be set straight.

Civiletti's Last Stand

Benjamin Civiletti is about the worst Attorney General to come down the pike since Ramsey Clark. He was caught in a brazen lie in the Billygate affair, but since he was a liberal Democrat and the Carter cabinet's token Italian, the media didn't much care. At the very end of his inglorious term of office, he tried to tamper with the course of justice by ordering the transfer of a case involving international cocaine smuggling from Dallas to Baltimore. In the latter city it's much easier to plea bargain and get crooks off the hook with light sentences.



Benjamin Civiletti

Why all the fuss about a felon caught in a conspiracy to smuggle \$3.5 million worth of cocaine into Texas? Very simple. The accused was a very special felon -- Samuel Joseph Weisgal, whose father, Fred, was an ACLU bigwig in the 1950s and later moved to Israel where he now works for the Ministry of Justice.

First Deputy Assistant Attorney General Irvin Nathan asked Daniel C. Guthrie, Jr., the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the case in Texas, to allow it to be moved to Baltimore. When Guthrie resisted, Ann Hoffman, Civiletti's executive assistant, repeated the request. Then Kenneth Mighell, U.S. attorney for the Northern District of Texas, was practically ordered to transfer

the case. All this was too much for Guthrie, who resigned.

At this point the story blossomed on the front page of a Dallas newspaper. Civiletti, through the usual "spokesperson" denied he had put any pressure on anyone. So instead of taking Weisgal to Baltimore, the Justice Department arranged for him to plea bargain in Dallas. He will probably be given three years on a charge of concealing a felony, instead of the 40 years he could get if he stood trial for drug smuggling, the crime he really committed.

Here Come the Israelis with a Bang, Bang

Jack Anderson, who only invents half of his scoops, ran a few feuilletons in December in which he melodramatically announced that Israel, South Africa and Taiwan are planning to mass produce nuclear-tipped cruise missiles. The technology, he said, was furnished by Israel, which stole it from the U.S. He didn't really say "stole," preferring to describe the theft as "the result of high-level leaks, probably coming from the Air Force." Anderson also stated that Israel already has a stockpile of "200 or more nuclear bombs." The CIA, he continued, has so far not received permission to trace the source of these leaks and probably never will. Since Joseph Churba, an old palsy-walsy friend of Rabbi Kahane, will be moving back into the Washington limelight as a Reagan adviser, the leaks instead of being plugged will almost certainly grow leakier. Churba once lost his security clearance for leaking secrets to Israel.

Instauration has ever insisted that Israel may eventually use its nuclear arsenal not only for defensive purposes but for blackmail. What better way to shake down any power, even the superpowers, for money, trade deals and anti-Palestinian alliances? Most important, Israeli nukes could be used to crush anti-Semitic movements wherever they might crop up. Take this scenario! The National Front in Britain in 20 years holds 20% of the seats in Parliament. The British prime minister then receives an ultimatum from Jerusalem saying the entire leadership of the Front must be corralled and flown to Israel in 48 hours or every major city in Britain will be blasted by a salvo of nuclear missiles bearing six-pointed stars. Considering the spinelessness of British leadership, every Front leader would probably soon be sitting in a glass cage in one of those "democratic" Zionist show trials.

Our Learned Judges

Brooklyn Judge Alan Friess released Elisias Fominas, 24, from custody and invited her to spend the night in his three-story townhouse. She gratefully accepted. Mrs. Fominas was charged with murdering her three-year-old daughter and stuffing pieces of her body in separate trash bags, which she put in the deep freeze before dumping them around town. The torso was found floating in the East River. Mrs. Fominas said nothing untoward happened during her stay. "The judge went in and slept with his girlfriend and I slept in another bedroom. The doors were closed. Everything was right."

* * *

Cleveland Judge Frank J. Battisti ordered the citizens of Parma, Ohio, to advertise for minorities in the newspapers and build low- and middle-income housing at the rate of 1.33 units or more each year. The order was "a joy to read," commented Avery S. Friedman, a local housing attorney.

* * *

New York Supreme Court Judge Michael Dontzin threw out the U.S. Labor party's \$26 million lawsuit against the ADL for slander, defamation and invasion of privacy. Dontzin ruled that the ADL "in the light of the Holocaust" had a perfect right to call Lyndon LaRouche and his party, half of whose members are or were Jewish, "anti-Semitic" because of its "highly critical remarks about prominent Jewish figures, foundations and organizations."

* * *

California Supreme Court Judge Louis Welsh, before reaching a verdict in a school desegregation case, had a private meeting with the school board president. The judicial canon bans judges from meeting with litigants in civil rights cases. Needless to say, the ruling turned out to be in favor of the school desegregationists. Last fall Welsh, in the style of King Canute, ordered San Diego teachers to produce a 70% improvement in minority student tests by 1983.

* * *

Los Angeles Judge Bernard Jefferson, a black, described Robert Walters, who took down the license plate of a car driven by three black murder suspects, as a "vigilante" type who would not have noted the numbers if the car had been driven by a white.

John Nobull

Notes From the Sceptred Isle

I wrote the following letter of condolence to a close friend of Sir Oswald Mosley on the occasion of the latter's death last December:

The mean little editorial in The Daily Telegraph implies that a man with so many qualities didn't deserve to succeed. It praises the British people for not accepting him as a leader. I suggest that the people proved unworthy of him rather than he of the people. Think of the number of Italian leaders in recent centuries who were let down by a progressively debased majority. To call Mosley an anachronism is an admission that in earlier periods of English history his drive, his brilliance, his tenacity, his grasp of politics and economics, his great oratory, and his ability to inspire intense devotion would certainly have placed him in the forefront of affairs. He did not just look like Pitt the Elder; he was Pitt the Elder, living in the wrong century.

I am not very good at expressing sympathy, and I don't suppose it will help much if I tell you that Tom always fought the good fight and stood up for the right when most others did not dare. You know that already. But please bear in mind that I regard his friendship as having had more influence on me than any other. I shall always be ready to affirm my intense admiration for him, as openly as necessary.

* * *

Two nights ago, I was at one of the smaller embassies in London and met the first secretary of the Soviet Embassy. We were alone for a few moments at the buffet, and I told him urgently if the Russians ever came out openly against Jewish racism, not just Zionism, they would have millions behind them in the West. I tell you he looked bemused at first, then frightened. I have never had a clearer indication of the way things really are.

* * *

One great advantage of an aristocratic outlook is that it enables people to do what they think is right, irrespective of power considerations or the opinions of hoi polloi. In 1945 units of General Andrei Vlasov's army took refuge in the tiny principality of Liechtenstein. In due course demands were made that these gallant anti-Stalinist Russian troops should be handed over to certain death at the hands of the Communists. To his eternal credit, Prince Franz Josef II, the ruler of the small country, refused, while much larger and more powerful na-

tions hastened to hand over even the Russians who had taken refuge in the West at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution!

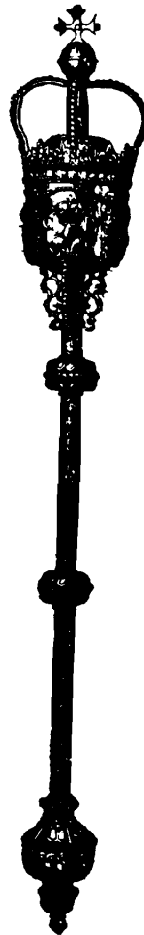
Diana Mosley remembers how only her aristocratic friends (some of whom differed profoundly from her husband) maintained contact with her when she was branded as a traitor and put in prison (though it must be added that her husband's non-aristocratic followers were hardly in a position to maintain contact, as they were all interned on the Isle of Man). In her autobiography, she tells the story of an old French aristocrat of her acquaintance who heard that an indecent skit poking fun at Marie Antoinette was being put on at the Folies-Bergère. He went along and protested openly, saying that his ancestress had known Marie Antoinette well and that she was a saint. The management, which was not of aristocratic origin, offered him money to repeat the performance. The bourgeois don't do things like that. They are too frightened of making themselves ridiculous. Above all, it is aristocrats who are prepared to fight for a hopeless cause, and immortalize it in so doing. The archetype of these is James Graham, Earl of Montrose, who fought with Highlanders against overwhelming odds and went gallantly to his death. He also wrote a poem which ought to be remembered.

*My dear and only love I pray
This little world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.*

* * *

British nationalists tend to regard the City of London as the centre of the evil which threatens their nation and culture -- a sort of cosmopolitan rabbit-warren ruled by Jews. The Jews are there all right -- owning most of the merchant banks, well ensconced among the credit-creators, and with decisive influence over the Bank of England (despite the reassuringly Nordic figure of Sir Gordon Richardson, its governor). I am no stranger to the City, and it may perhaps be of interest if I depict the allegedly rootless traitors who make up its working population.

The fact is that the teeming square mile which constitutes the City is full of men which any Nordicist would (tentatively) approve. They are slim, they are tall, they are dolichocephalic. The few exceptions (at least among the native population) are mostly heavily-built, tall and mesocephalic. They all speak to the point, in a decisive, well-informed way, and they move over the ground. They don't wander flatfootedly along like the



mere numerical majority of their fellow countrymen, sporting slack TV bellies and vacant stares. How often I have seen a couple of City executives leaning like benign vultures over some squat, sallow visitor -- as they run him off his feet from office to restaurant! They give the reassuring impression that they are interested in business. The familiar reek of compassion and guilt is wholly absent.

When left to themselves, City men don't go to restaurants much, at least not at lunchtime. They go to pubs instead. One such is the City Pipe. Last month, I was asked to show it to some Central European businessmen; so I walked them there, and left them breathless at the door as I plunged through the crowd to find a table. (Most foreigners have a horror of standing while they eat or drink.) I waited for a while, and then made my way back through the crowd to the forlorn little group on the pavement. They told me that it seemed very crowded, that everybody seemed to be standing; and they were worried about the sawdust on the floor. One of them had penetrated into those dark caverns, but said it was impossible to find me -- everybody looked exactly the same, tall and dressed in pin-striped suits. I felt like the traditional Chinaman, indistinguishable from the rest of my tribe! So I showed them to a horribly overheated little eatery, and went back to my prawns and half-pint of sherry from the cask.

Ah, I can hear my critics say, we know what kind of people there were in the City Pipe -- public school boys, toadies to the Establishment. Occasional conversational references to the magic names Kleinwort, Benson or Hill, Samuel (well-known merchant banks) would have confirmed them in their opinion. But there was also a sizable minority, *of the same physical type*, whose accents declared them innocent of a public-school connexion. Most of these have risen within their firms. I think that Central London has as high a proportion of Nordics among its native, working population as any metropolis in the world. Take a look at the men down at Smithfield or Billingsgate, where the excellent meat and fish consumed in the City are sold. Those are my countrymen also -- but not the poison dwarfs of Glasgow or the randy runts of South Wales.

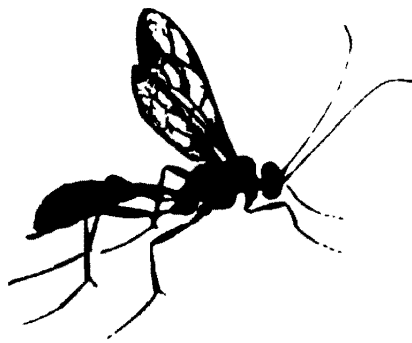
If you visit the insurance market at Lloyd's or the Stock Exchange, you will receive the same general impression, and you will see a few disturbingly efficient and well-groomed females as well. The members of Lloyd's at their recent general meeting in the Albert Hall would quickly have been lost among the Range Rovers and Rolls-Royces at Ascot, and the notices on the board at their exchange give reassuring information about times and dates at Cowes (where so many of them have yachts). To be sure, one sees the occasional Jewish jobber at the Stock Exchange, but few stockbroking firms welcome Jews as partners. They know by experience that this is just the thin end of the wedge. Take one stockbroking firm in particular, which I sometimes visit. The central room is arranged like (an efficient) military command post. The partners are right up there with their subordinates -- not hidden away in offices behind the scenes. The central board has the key prices as they come in, while closed-circuit TV sets at the corners of

the room give the latest stock market quotations and the latest from their subsidiaries in the Arab World and South Africa, from which the key prices are taken. Decisions are being made all the time, involving millions. Our task, surely, is to harness this expertise for the survival of the race.

Little "Sir" Henry Schultz (he has bought the title of Chevalier from some Maltese order, but insists on the English form) has frequently complained in print about the incorrigible arrogance of the English upper classes. He means that they don't take him to their bosoms. What is more, they have the nerve to dissociate themselves from the great leap backwards of the New Britain since the war. Rather than identify with their elected representatives, they cultivate their own gardens, like *Candide*. They have been more or less left alone up to now because they are the geese that lay the golden eggs. Without the profits from invisibles earned by the City of London, Britain would have crushing deficits on its balance of payments year after year. Don't forget that its exchanges are either the biggest of their kind in the world, or at least compare favourably with the others. When the Jews who control the New York Metals Exchange recently became frightened at the number of short-sale contracts their friends were holding, and suddenly changed the rules about silver margin requirements, thus ripping off the Hunt Brothers and Sindona's Arab syndicate for millions of dollars, they ensured that much of their business went to the London Metals Exchange. Here again, Jews are influential, but there are enough Gentiles left to ensure a certain degree of honest dealing.

The type of Englishman who works in the City is the type who helped to build the Empire. He does not whine when asked to work extra hours. In fact, he regards this as a sign that he is trusted and valued. On the other hand, he expects incentives, and gets them. Not even from the lowliest employee do you receive the stock answers of the New Britain: "I don't know, I only work here," or "Perhaps you had better call again this afternoon/next week/after the holidays." Above all, the City executive has a feeling of solidarity with his fellows which precludes dishonesty (though he will avoid tax without a twinge). His secret is the same as his ancestors' in seventeenth-century India, when the Vaisyas complained to the Mogul authorities that the English were gaining unfair advantages in business by practising rigid honesty.

I cannot believe that the people who make the City work will be left alone forever. Already, the Baltic Exchange, where ships and aircraft are chartered throughout the world, has been taken over by Jews and other oddities. The result is an unusually high incidence of dishonesty. Countless Indians and Pakistanis are standing ready to enter the exchanges and take their historic revenge on the old John (East India) Company. Also, the next Labour government is committed to penalising the public schools in every way possible, which will drive out many of the City's recruits. For us, the question is how to make City executives see that they are genuinely threatened, and then canalise their formidable energies into activities which will preserve the race as well as benefit themselves.



Cholly Bilderberger



SCENE: The Racists' Club, that imposing hideaway located in Georgetown, Washington, D.C. From the street, one sees only the bland Georgian facade. But inside is a formidable *pastiche* of famous clubs — London's White's, New York's Century, Paris's Jockey, and others, blended and creamed together, with peculiar overtones and refinements. Great leather chairs loll in immense, paneled, fire-placed, ogee-ed, altogether eighteenth-century rooms. From the astonishingly high ceilings trail pennants of all sorts — yacht club burgees, coats-of-arms, school and college colors — a huge and splendidly mismatched collection, giving an air of St. George's Chapel (Windsor) to the proceedings. Wall niches are filled with busts of the heroes, from the well-known — Darwin, Wagner, Nietzsche, Chamberlain, Seneca, Juvenal, Mosley, Lindbergh — to the recondite — Céline, Stöcker, Lueger, Toussenet *et al.* The waiters are dedicated, the food is more than passable, and members are drawn from the highest ranks of the outraged (but handcuffed) Majority, imposing figures from the worlds of business, finance and government, with a sprinkling from academia and the arts.

Into a deserted ell of the library come Joseph Faringdon, chairman of the board of Arkansas-Alaska, and his nephew, Tom Faringdon, an attorney with Creases Donne. Joseph is exceptionally long and lean, with a certain resemblance to the late C. Aubrey Smith. Tom is also spare, as well as young (in his late twenties), earnest and idealistic.

Joseph: As you may have noticed, the library is a copy — considerably expanded — of the famous one at Saint Gallen in Switzerland.

Tom: It's beautifully done.

Joseph: Rather baroque, but that was the style then. (*Indicating the shelves.*) In this section we have one of the world's finest collections of work on the genetic-hereditary differences between us and Negroes

Tom (softly): Wow.

Joseph (proudly): Not invective and bombast, mind you. This is all scientific stuff, material which has either been published and then suppressed and forgotten, or even deeper and more damning evidence which has never been published at all.

Tom: That's terrific.

Joseph (rather ignoring Tom's breathless enthusiasm): Some day, when sanity has returned to the world, this material can serve as the basis of a new, enlightened racial science.

Tom: What about now?

Joseph: What do you mean?

Tom: Well, isn't there some use for all this now?

Joseph (throwing): It's available to any member who wishes to read it.

Tom: I meant . . . couldn't it be used now? In a more dynamic way?

Joseph (with a touch of sardonic patience): And what do you mean by "a more dynamic way"?

Tom: I'm not sure. Well, you know, to get it out there and start the heads rolling.

Joseph: We are not the Klan, young man. We are civilized men, keeping tradition alive and reinforcing it through this cultural depository. When you become a member you will understand that.

(*Enter Hoskins, an elderly porter.*)

Hoskins (to Joseph): There is a telephone call for you, Sir.

Joseph: Is it important?

Hoskins: It's Mrs. Faringdon.

Joseph: Oh. Well, in that case . . . I'll be right back, Tom. (*Exits.*)

Hoskins (with the ease of a lifetime in service): Is this your first time in the club, Mr. Faringdon?

Tom: Yes. (*Pause*) It's a beautiful place.

Hoskins: It is.

Tom: I look forward to being a member. That is, if I'm not blackballed.

Hoskins (smiling): I doubt that will happen.

Tom: I suppose you've been here a long time . . .

Hoskins: Yes, I have. Incidentally, my name is Hoskins.

Tom: Well, Hoskins, I don't know if I should ask you about this, but I'm going to. The club is beautiful and all that, and I have the most tremendous respect for it, and for my uncle, and I'm sure, for all the other members, but . . . well, where does it all lead to?

Hoskins: It's just like any other club, sir, and leads nowhere except along social lines.

Tom: Yes, but race is so important that it shouldn't be buried in a club. Don't you agree? I'm sorry, I forgot you're not a

member, Hoskins. I shouldn't have asked you that.

Hoskins: That's perfectly all right, sir.

The club bar — much mahogany, leather and brass — before lunch, packed with distinguished members.

Joseph (his hand on the arm of a large man with a remarkably choleric complexion): Harry, this is my nephew, Tom. Tom, Harry Montgomery.

Harry: Tom, we're happy to see you here. I understand you're coming up for membership.

Tom: Yes, sir.

Harry: That's great. We always need new blood. *(To Joseph)* Tom reminds me of Gordon Law — same look around the eyes.

Joseph: Do you think so?

Harry (to Tom, with vehemence): There was a racist! How that man despised minorities! Pure Nordic and a yard wide, and he never had a good word to say about anyone who wasn't. And that included his son-in-law and several of his wife's relatives.

Tom: What did he do?

Harry: He was president of Borough-Manhattan Bank.

Tom: No, I meant about his racial convictions.

Harry: He aired them. In here.

Tom: What about outside here?

Harry: He kept his mouth shut.

Joseph: Just like the rest of us.

Tom: But isn't there any way to take all this wonderful energy and intelligence — and position — outside this club? *(Harry looks blankly at Joseph.)*

Joseph: Of course there is. We all support causes. Discreetly, of course, but we do it.

Harry (relieved): That's right. We do a lot when you think about it.

Joseph: Does that answer your question, young man?

Tom: Well, I suppose so.

Harry (to Joseph): Want to hear a good one? Well, Bordex has a new president, a Jew. The directors insisted because sales were slipping, and Harlow went along with it. *(To Tom)* That's Harlow Farmingdale, board chairman of Bordex, and, I guess, one of the richest men in the country. Mind like a steel trap. Eyes that look right through you. A real brute of a man — yes, he is, Joe. And does he hate Jews! I said to him, "Well, I see you've got one as president now." And he said, "Yes, but I got back at him. I told the board, 'You can have your Jewish president, but he can't have the keys to the executive washroom.'" *(Harry breaks into immoderate laughter, but Joseph shows only a thin smile.)*

Tom: Can they do that? I mean, keep the keys of the executive washroom from the president?

Harry (wiping his eyes): No, of course they can't. But it was so priceless of Harlow to pretend that they could.

Tom: But why do they have a Jewish president at all?

Harry (after staring at him a moment in amazement): Busi-

ness is business, Tom.

(Tom looks at Joseph)

Joseph (a bit uncomfortably): Harry's right, Tom.

The club dining room, slightly smaller than the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, but not much less ornate. Joseph and Tom are lunching with George Lansing, the noted anthropologist.

Lansing: . . . and our research has definitely established the lower intelligence level of blacks.

Joseph (automatically): Splendid.

Lansing: We have now a functions curve contradicting Galton's bell shape, which, as you know, showed nature seeking a mean. We think nature may be after a straight line projection, with a . . . *(He looks around and lowers his voice)* . . . non-finite I.Q.

Joseph (intent on his billi-bi): Wonderful.

Tom: That is exciting, Professor Lansing . . .

Lansing (who resembles John Kenneth Galbraith, with a strong dash of Raymond Duncan): Call me George, please.

Tom: . . . er, George . . . yes, well it is exciting, and I wonder . . .

Lansing (ignoring him): If the I.Q., as we laughingly call it, is non-finite, it settles the blacks' hash once and for all, although in a very paradoxical way. They have to be intellectually non-finite, too, but in a "lower" trajectory, with the separation between the two curves growing greater and faster the farther out they go.

Joseph (watching his wine glass being filled): Wonderful.

Tom: What is the practical application of . . .

Lansing (oblivious): Non-finite intelligence means non-finite everything. The whole shooting match carried out to its point of greatest expansion.

Tom: And then?

Lansing (ignoring him once again, to Joseph): You clever rascal, ordering Gigot Gascogne de Mauléon.

Joseph (complacently): It does look delicious, doesn't it.

Lansing: I . . . we will need about a million and a half for next year.

Joseph: All right. Waiter! *(To Lansing)* It should be sprinkled with pistachios.

The reading room at the club. Members sit comfortably after lunch, glancing through periodicals. Joseph and Tom each read a copy of Instauration. Joseph has a pencil and makes occasional notes in his copy.

Tom (looking up): This is really interesting, much better done than most racial material.

Joseph: Yes *(He makes a note.)* It has certainly filled a need.

Tom: I see you make notes.

Joseph: Not exactly. I grade it.

Tom: Oh?

Joseph: Some of the articles are better written than others. I grade them, and then I have Hoskins write a letter to the editor with my findings.

Tom: Hoskins?

Joseph: Well, I myself can't afford to compromise myself by writing directly. They use zip codes instead of names, and I understand that this Robertson is trustworthy, but I simply can't take the chance of public notoriety. Besides, Hoskins doesn't mind.

Tom: What kind of grades?

Joseph: Well, frankly, according to how I myself like the articles. I feel that my taste is certainly based on a wider experience of life than that of any of the contributors, and they should be grateful to have someone like me grade them. Oh, I don't mean "A's" and "B's". I grade by comment. And I'm quite severe.

Tom: Doesn't Hoskins mind?

Joseph: Not at all. He does it for everyone.

Tom: You mean other members do the same thing?

Joseph: Very nearly all of us.

Tom: And use the same zip code?

Joseph: Oh, no, a different one for each. Hoskins is quite clever about it.

Tom: But Uncle Joseph, what about the articles themselves, their content?

Joseph: We are more interested in form. And style. We all like racial matters to be discussed in a certain way, and

Tom: Uncle Joseph, listen to me! I feel as though I'm being smothered in cotton in this place. Look, I'm a real racist. At least I think I am. I dream of a world in which the minorities aren't in charge. It's real to me, that dream, and I won't be satisfied with anything less than its realization. Call me idealistic, but without idealism nothing can happen. If that dream doesn't come true, I'll be bitterly disappointed — no, that's inadequate, I'll be ruined — so I must try to make it come true. I must do something. I couldn't go on forever reading and talking about the obvious. I must act. In some way, I must act. I thought that here I would find men, older men, who could show me how, who would lead me. Don't you see?

Joseph (rather peevishly): No, I don't see. Action is a delusion, a chimera. What is real is knowing you're right, as we do, no matter what you have to put up with.

Tom: But you don't have to put up with it. If we of the Majority banded together, we could take our own destiny into our own hands.

Joseph: No, we couldn't.

Tom: Why not?

Joseph: Because it's too late.

Tom: I can't believe that.

Joseph: You'd better learn to believe it, because it's the truth. We're too far gone, the country is too far gone to change direction. Do you think it's idle talk when we say the minorities are in charge? Well, they are, and it's irreversible.

Tom: No.

Joseph: Who would reverse it? Who would pay the price?

Tom: I would. (Pause) And so would you. (Silence) Wouldn't you?

(Joseph looks at him, but does not speak.)

Tom: You wouldn't?

Joseph: I told you, we're too far gone.

Tom: I'm not.

Joseph (with a smile): Are you sure?

Tom: I think so.

Joseph: Give yourself time, you may come to a different conclusion.

(Enter Hoskins.)

Hoskins: There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Faringdon.

Joseph: Is it important?

Hoskins: It's Miss Hudson.

Joseph: Oh. Well, in that case I'll be right back, Tom. (He exits.)

Tom: Hoskins, when I asked you before if race wasn't so important that it shouldn't be buried in a club, I didn't know you wrote letters for the members.

Hoskins: Mr. Faringdon told you?

Tom: Yes. Was that indiscreet of him?

Hoskins: I don't mind at all. It is interesting, though, that his certainty that he shouldn't correspond directly is based on an intuitive understanding of a natural tendency to indiscretion. He is quite intelligent in his assessment of himself.

Tom: That borders on disrespect, doesn't it?

Hoskins: I don't think so, sir. At least, I am entirely respectful of his intelligent self-assessment, no matter how I feel about his indiscretion.

Tom: Yes, well I can see that you're better at that sort of hair-splitting than I am. Since

Hoskins: Thank you, sir.

Tom: Since we've gone this far, and since you are so involved with the members — and the life — of this club, I should tell you that I just had words with my uncle about his attitude and that of the club in general. Hoskins, I believe in race. I want to do something. I think this club is moribund and self-defeating. But my uncle has planted the seed of doubt. He believes that none of us is capable of taking a position and fighting for it. He has made me doubt myself and my own character.

Hoskins: I'm sorry to hear that, sir.

Tom: But I must know. Am I capable of acting in the cause of right, as I thought I was, or am I just like Uncle Joseph and the rest of the members here?

(There is a silence.)

Hoskins: Do you wish me to answer? I had assumed the question was rhetorical.

Tom: Oh, cut out your little jokes with me. Yes, I want you to answer. It's beginning to dawn on me that you're quite a remarkable man. I'd value your opinion.

Hoskins: Are you sure?

Tom: Yes.

Hoskins: Then I must tell you that it is very doubtful you can avoid turning out like your uncle. Or the others.

Tom (burying his head in his hands): Oh, God!

Hoskins: There, there, my boy. You must face it like a man.

It is the realization which comes to all of us sooner or later.

Tom: All of us?

Hoskins (gentle but inexorable): All of us.

Tom: You, too?

Hoskins: I, too.

Tom: And you have never met an exception?

Hoskins: Not one.

Tom (bewildered, his voice charged with emotion): But why?

Hoskins (shrugging): I don't know. If we believed in God, as we once did, we'd say He was displeased with us. We'd say we had done something awful, and we would try to find and correct it, so we might be restored to His Grace.

Tom (eagerly): Yes, yes, that's what we'd do. That's what we can do. That's what we will do! That's what . . .

Hoskins (more gently, more inexorably): But we don't believe in God any more.

Tom: Then we can find some other motive. We can . . .

Hoskins: That seems theoretically possible, even desirable. After all, who wants Old NoboDaddy around forever? But in practice, it doesn't work. It's God or nothing. He doesn't exist, but without him we're cooked. And because we know He doesn't exist, we can't fake a belief in Him.

Tom: So we're cooked?

Hoskins: There is no way out.

(They sit in silence until Joseph returns.)

Joseph (in excellent spirits): Tom, I find that I had forgotten an important appointment, so I shall have to run along. Before I go, I just have time to show you the athletic facilities. I think you'll be impressed by the squash courts. Peterson designed them and . . .

(They go off, Tom rather glassy-eyed. The other members have drifted out of the reading room, and Hoskins is now alone. He starts picking up glasses and emptying ashtrays.)

Primate Watch



One of the Tooth's last -- and lousiest -- nominations to a cushy post in the federal bureaucracy was that of **JOHN B. SLAUGHTER** to head the National Science Foundation. Slaughter is really not a scientist in spite of his degrees. He is a manager and a writer. But in Carter's book he had the highest of all qualifications. He is not white.

REV. GEORGE CLEMENTS, a black Catholic priest with a congregation of 4,000 in Chicago's South Side, has decided to adopt a son. Clement was the chaplain for the Black Panthers.

The Merit System Protection Board of the federal government found **ANITA SHELTON**, black director of the D.C. Office of Human Rights, guilty of discrimination. She had fired three and demoted three other high-ranking employees as a result of personal animosity. **MAYA HASEGAWA**, a Japanese American who heads Virginia's Equal Employment Opportunity Office, is suing the state for \$275,000 on the grounds she was denied promotion in favor of a less qualified black Negress. **ELEANOR NORTON**, the mulatress head of the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, was sued by her maid, a colored girl from Guyana, for \$18,663.25 back pay plus damages. She claims Norton paid her less than the minimum wage -- \$141 a week for 14-hour days that included Saturdays and Sundays.

In a recent lecture at the University of Pittsburgh, after calling Columbus a "punk," Negro funnyman **DICK GREGORY** revealed he had been bugged by Carter's staff to ride in Air Force One with the President the week before the election. Gregory says he refused.



Hail, hail, the gang's all here! **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, flanked by husband #6, gigolo Senator **JOHN WARNER**, and **SIMON WIESENTHAL**, poses for the birdie before receiving the First Humanitarian Laureate award from Wiesenthal's newest racket, The Center for Holocaust Studies in Los Angeles. At left is **SAMMY DAVIS, JR.**, who, like Taylor, converted to Judaism. At right is **BEN VEREEN**, who "entertained" in blackface for Reagan at the inaugural celebration. Elizabeth, who took the name of Elisheba ("dedicated to Yahweh") when she converted, has just finished work on a new Holocaust epic which she is narrating with the help of wine huckster **ORSON WELLES**.

Primate Watch



MAHMUD GHANEM, IBRAHIM AR-BUSHI, MUTI SHUMAN and six other San Francisco grocers were convicted of buying \$181,000 worth of "hot" food stamps for only \$47,000. They were arrested when they tried to cash them in for their full value.

KATHLEEN SAUTER, sister of Governor Jerry Brown, was one of California's leading busing advocates when a member of the Los Angeles Board of Education. Married a second time to Van Gordon Sauter, president of CBS Sports, she recently moved to New York City, where she entered two of her children, Sascha and Zebediah, in private schools. The third was left behind in Angelenberg with first husband, George Rice III, a lawyer.

Once chairman of the executive committee of the Tucson (Ariz.) NAACP, **ELMER CARRIER**, 68, now runs a topless bar in the same city.

A Chilean named **LEONTINA ALBINA**, 54, claims she is now awaiting the birth of her 45th child. Among her alleged progeny were one set of triplets and five sets of twins. Ranging in age from 36 years to 7 months, 14 children work in Argentina, 10 live in or near Santiago, 2 daughters are married, 10 live with their mother and 8 are dead.

EDWARD BROOKE, for many years the only black member of the now lily-white Senate, has made the final repayment of Medicaid funds illegally given to his Italian-American mother-in-law after she had handed the ex-Senator \$70,000 from a 1977 auto insurance settlement.


Canada has established a Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee. The chairman is **LOUIS APPLEBAUM**.

ORTILLA MEDINA, a welfare mother who lives in Chicago and speaks no English, had her seventh child recently. Four-month-old Raymond has a rare genetic disease, DIC, which interferes with blood clotting and will probably prevent him from walking. Treatment through the years will run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

NATASHA MOSCOWITZ, 27, having torn up 128 parking tickets totaling \$4,915, was given a 50-day jail term by Justice **IRVING TENENBAUM** over the objections of her lawyer, **LEONARD KRIEGER**.

Some street signs in Old Westbury, New York, read "Guinea Woods Road." **JOHN VAREGIO** was so infuriated at these racial slurs, he sprayed the signs with black paint. Oldtimers explained that the road was named for wild guinea hens that had once roamed the area.

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| <p>TO ENTER YOU MUST:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Be 18 years old or older • Weigh between 150 and 400 pounds • Wear 10 oz. gloves, mouthpiece, foot pads and steel cup <p>Call Ft. Laud. 564-4356 ext. 2 For More Information</p> | <p>★ PLUS ★ "TOUGHEST WOMAN COMPETITION" \$500 1ST PRIZE ALL WOMEN WELCOME</p> | <p>SATURDAY OCTOBER 11TH HOLLYWOOD SPORTATORIUM.</p> <p>TICKETS AT ALL BASS LOCATIONS</p> |
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IF YOU LIKE FIGHTS...DON'T MISS THIS ONE!
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Gladiator contests have often been considered a sign of the Roman Empire's decline. But as far as we know, even the Romans didn't have women gladiators.

Ardeshir Zahedi, the late Shah of Iran's ambassador to Washington, disposed of \$50,000 worth of presents to 500 news reporters and news executives. The gifts, which included \$35 bottles of champagne and \$100 tins of caviar, were lavishly dispersed to such paragons of media virtue as **KATHARINE GRAHAM, JOSEPH KRAFT, MORLEY SAFER, MIKE WALLACE, BARBARA WALTERS** (who returned a diamond-studded watch), **WALTER CRONKITE, JAMES RESTON, JOHN CHANCELLOR, DAVID BRINKLEY, DAN RATHER, MARVIN KALB** (the permanent member of TV's "Meet the Press" panel), **ABE ROSENTHAL** and **MURRAY GART**.

☆ ☆ ☆

The following headline introduced a major article in *Ebony* magazine (Sept. 1980): "**TAMPERING WITH GENES: A New Threat to Blacks?**"

☆ ☆ ☆

HARRY MYERS, a Pasadena school board member, had the gall to vote against a Holocaust book for high-school English classes. Myers said the text "would bore a student to tears," that at page 16 he was "yawning and dozing." But Myers has not lost all his marbles. He quickly added he was sure "the gory sections . . . are true."

☆ ☆ ☆

There is such a spate of anti-Nazi films and TV shows that even **WILLIAM SHIRER**, who built his entire literary career on smearing Hitler, is upset. In an article in *Panorama* (Nov. 1980), he attributes the new torrent of propaganda to the fascination of evil and fears the more the Nazis are diabolized, the more they will be sneakingly admired.

Shirer, one of the most unveracious writers of modern times, questions the veracity of some of the anti-Nazi hate shows. He give the nod to such TV features as *Playing for Time*, *The Diary of Anne Frank* ("an un-

forgettable classic" in his words) and *The Wall*. He has reservations about Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich* and the BBC's *Journal of Bridget Hitler*, describing the latter as a hoax. Shirer did not mention *Skokie*, producer Robert "Buzz" Berger's film presentation of the hotly publicized march on a Chicago suburb in which 50,000 liberals and Jews swore they would lay down their lives to stop a demonstration by a dozen clownish American Nazis. The "march" was later shifted to another town and, of course, never really came off. It is doubtful if Berger's film will disclose that the "Nazi" who dreamed up the aborted media event was himself the son of a German Jew named Kohn.

☆ ☆ ☆

A group of 430 California tourists, most of them elderly, some in wheelchairs, were left stranded in Maui, the most paradisiacal Hawaiian island, when the Los Angeles tourist agency of **ALFRED SCHWARTZ** pocketed the money for their hotel accommodations and return air fare.

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1979 **JACOB EPSTEIN's** novel *Wild Oats* was published in Britain and America and well received by critics. Recently it was discovered that the author had filched long sections from a 1973 novel, *The Rachel Papers*, by British author Martin Amis. Epstein feebly apologized, but did not stop the printing of a second U.S. edition which still contained more than fifty plagiarized passages. The copycat author's father is Jason Epstein, vice-president of Random House. His mother is an editor of the *New York Times Review of Books*. In the face of such literary clout, there is little that Martin Amis, son of British writer Kingsley Amis, can do.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jeffrey Gordon was accused by **CLAUDIA COHEN** of rape. When a grand jury refused to indict, Gordon sued Ms. Cohen for \$2.5 million for slander. At the trial, when the self-designated rapee was tearfully recounting how she had tried to resist by pulling her alleged assailant's hair, Gordon dramatically arose and removed his toupee, exposing his bald pate to the startled judge, who thereupon awarded him \$10,000 in damages.

☆ ☆ ☆

CHARLES DIGGS, the former black representative from Michigan now in jail for receiving \$120,000 in kickbacks in 1978, began collecting his \$38,000 a year federal pension.

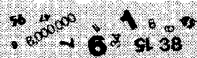
☆ ☆ ☆

A tax-dodging scheme which managed to cheat the U.S. Treasury out of \$500 million and \$20 million out of investors was finally nixed by the Department of Justice. The late Elvis Presley was taken for \$500,000. Other suckers included Negro basketball star Spencer Haywood, rock-and-roller Alice Cooper and model Margaux Hemingway. The scheme was concocted by **GEORGE OSSERMAN**, now believed to be hiding in Africa, **PAUL GARFINKEL, IRWIN MEYER** and **STEPHEN FRIEDMAN**.

☆ ☆ ☆

KEVIN KROWN, a New York promoter, was recently indicted in Tulsa for operating a \$100 million scam based on worthless checks and other paper drawn on a nonexistent bank in the West Indies. The accused says he was one of the first Freedom Riders in the civil rights movement, a speechwriter for Hubert Humphrey and the "discoverer" of troubadour Bob Dylan.

Talking Numbers



Inflation in Chile, 500% in 1973, is now down to 30%.

#

As of June 16, 1980, the U.S. contributed \$90,130,000 to UN refugee resettlement programs for Indochinese refugees. Japan gave \$64,009,808; Britain, \$15,068,988;

West Germany, \$8,848,731. In all, some seventy countries coughed up some money. The Soviet Union didn't give a ruble.

#

As of July 1980, China claims it took in 265,554 Indochinese refugees; the United States, 388,803; Britain, 10,721; Canada,

60,625; Australia, 39,464; Japan, 557. The Soviet Union has not accepted one refugee.

#

A study by the Hebrew University in Tel Aviv, as reported by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency (*B'nai B'rith Messenger*, Dec. 5, 1980, p. 5), states that the world Jewish population is now less than 10 million. The *1981 World Almanac* on the authority of the American Jewish Year Book (1979) states

Talking Numbers



that the world Jewish population is 14,286,-620. Although Jewish demographers cannot come within millions on agreeing on the number of living Jews, they know for certain that 6 million Jews died in the Holocaust.

#

U.S. productivity increased 3.4% a year from 1947 to 1965, then slipped to 2.3% a year in the next decade. In the late 1970s it fell to under 1%. In 1979 it went negative -- minus 0.9%. The average annual productivity rate of Japan is about 7.3%.

In 1979 U.S. consumer prices increased 13.3%; Japan's 3.6%. In the same year Japanese factory workers' hourly output rose more than 8%, their hourly pay less than 7%. In 1979 U.S. factory workers' output actually decreased, while the hourly pay rate rose about 9%, and labor costs shot up 10%.

U.S. steelworkers receive \$11.00 an hour; their Japanese counterparts, \$6.69 an hour. A U.S. steelworker produces one ton of steel in the same time a Japanese steelworker produces a ton and a quarter.

The chairman of a leading Japanese automobile corporation receives about \$150,000 a year. Lee Iacocca, the head of Chrysler, received \$1.3 million in 1979, while his company was going bankrupt.

#

Every day the U.S. population increases by about 5,000. Every day U.S. farmlands decrease by 26 square miles.

#

The Federal Register, which is required by law to publish all new federal regulations, contained 2,411 pages in 1936; 77,498 in 1979.

#

Of the 51,351 Soviet-Jewish refugees who arrived in Vienna in 1979, 17,275

went to Israel, 34,076 went to other countries. Most, of course, came to the United States, along with Khatun Karapetyan, a Soviet Armenian immigrant, whose birth date is listed in her Soviet passport as March 12, 1869.

#

Before the Carter debacle, the last time an incumbent president lost his bid for reelection was in 1932, when Roosevelt the Lesser swept into office. Even with the Great Depression hanging around his neck, Hoover managed to scrape together 59 electoral votes, 10 more than Carter.

#

Two-thirds of the psychiatrists working at one of Pennsylvania's 18 mental hospitals suffer from "severe mental illness" according to the State Welfare Department.

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Population futurologists say the two largest cities in the world at the beginning of the Third Millennium A.D. will be Mexico City with 31 million and Sao Paulo with 28.8 million. Altogether 25 cities will have more than 10 million inhabitants in the year 2000, if these prediction-happy demographers know what they're talking about.

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One kilo (2.2 pounds) of bread costs approximately \$1.40 in New York, \$2.30 in Sweden, \$2.10 in Italy, 35¢ in Israel.

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A large Middle Western gas company wrote off \$2.6 million in unpaid bills in 1974; \$12.2 million in 1978; \$18.5 million (estimated) in 1980. The company, Michigan Consolidated Gas, serves Detroit.

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The 1,220 bombings that occurred in the U.S. in 1979 represent a decline of 40% from the 1975 high of 2,074. But last year's death total of 22 (plus 173 wounded) is an increase of 4 deaths and 35 injured over 1978. Bombing damage in 1979 was estimated at \$9,273,000.

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In 1979, Oklahoma's wheat crop generated cash receipts of \$845 million. The state's second most valuable crop was marijuana, worth \$390 million. Hay came in third at \$220 million.

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Israel's aircraft industry is now among the world's top ten; Israeli tennis champion Shlomo Glickstein ranks among the world's top 100 players; Israel's standard of living is in the world's top 20; Israel's triple-digit inflation, currently at over 130%, is the world's highest.

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Jobs in Cleveland's machine-tool industry are going begging at \$6.50 to \$10.00 an hour. Last June only 268 high-school seniors graduated from the city's special two-year machine trade course (no tuition). There were places for 500 to 600 students.

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The Community Relations Service of the Justice Department "responded" to 1,431 alerts to racial incidents in fiscal 1980. Of these, 249 involved charges of police brutality (53% of the complaints came from blacks, 32% from Hispanics, 4% from Amerindians). 68 "incidents" were related to the Ku Klux Klan and 32 to Indochinese resettlement.

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to the ensuing Marxist terror. The new, tougher, fiercer and more sadistic dictatorship is totally anti-American. Time and Time march on.

Atrocity tales are the standard catalysts of this clockwork political metamorphosis. In El Salvador three American nuns and another American woman are murdered. With no proof whatsoever as to the identity of the killers, the media whisper, insinuate and often come right out and attribute the crimes

Elsewhere



El Salvador. It's the tired old theme. A banana dictatorship sinks into civil war, as the American lib-min coalition shovels out propaganda for the Marxist side of the barricades and drowns out the few carefully moderated counterpuffs that emanate from the inhibited American right. Eventually the

ultraleft, as in Nicaragua, Cuba, Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia and parts north, south, east and west, triumphs to the overt delight of Castro and Brezhnev and to the covert delight of the *Washington Post*, *New York Times* and the CBS Evening News, which all maintain a button-lipped reaction

to right-wing terrorists. A week or so later Herr Walther Krankheit informs us that two American union officials, a Mr. Hammer and a Mr. Perlman, have been killed in El Salvador. They are called "agrarian reformers" by the same newspapers that once applied this description to Chairman Mao and his Gang of Four Million. A week later a reporter from *Hustler* magazine, America's porniest, disappears. Again, it must have been the work of "fascists." Since these killings are grist for the Red Cause worldwide, is it not remotely possible that those who profit most from them are more likely to commit them than those who take the heat for them? Are liberals, leftists, Maoists, Marxists, Castroites, Stalinists, Uncle Ho-ites and Pol-Potites so morally pure that they would never dream of engaging in such cointel?

One further question. What were these nuns, labor agitators and scatological scribes doing in El Salvador in the first place? Is the United States such a perfect country and its domestic affairs in such perfect order that its citizens can afford to worry more about El Salvador than the burned-out South Bronx, the drug-ridden alleys of South Chicago and the crime-infested stucco no-man's lands of Liberty City, Miami? Don't these danger zones offer equally great or greater opportunities for those who are driven to play God to others less fortunate than themselves?

Altruism at home is one thing. Altruism abroad is another. It might even be said that misplaced altruism boils down to egotistic meddling. The plaudits and flattery of foreigners always seem to ring louder in certain ears than praise from home folks. There are some people who will watch their neighbor's house go up in flames without lifting a finger, yet lose a month's sleep over a minor violation of human rights in a remote backwater of the Amazon.

Paris. The bombing of a synagogue monopolized the front pages of French newspapers for days and days last year. Now comes the news that 43 companies in a financial complex headed by a certain Monsieur Rozenblum have gone bankrupt. This means that hundreds, if not thousands, of Frenchmen have again been taken to the cleaners by a Jewish swindler. The news, if mentioned at all, was only found deep inside the newspapers so disturbed by the "wave" of French anti-Semitism. If the French media really want to combat anti-Semitism they might stop covering up for people like the Rozenblums and the Rothchilds, who lend the Rozenblums money to pursue their nefarious financial speculations.

* * *

All hail to the French Communists of Vitry, a suburb of Paris! We are serious. A 50-man work team with the blessing of the Red mayor bulldozed around a small local hotel, ripping out all the heating, gas and electrical installations and thereby making it uninhabitable. The hotel was scheduled to receive 300 blacks from Mali. The Red group announced it did not want "any more immigrants in our community."

West Germany. Shlomo Levin, a 67-year-old book publisher and former high-ranking Israeli army officer, was found dead of multiple gunshot wounds, along with his aging non-Jewish German mistress, Frida Poeschke, 57, the widow of a Social Democratic politico. Although there were no clues, the media immediately announced there was an anti-Semite in the woodpile. Abandoning his family, Levin moved from Israel to West Germany in the late 1950s when the Israeli hate campaign against Germans was going critical. Why would any self-respecting Jew want to quit the land of milk and honey and move to Holocaust Heaven? In Levin's case we will probably never know. But what we do know is that when a Jew is murdered anywhere it's a special case with an extra dimension. When ordinary people are murdered, they are murdered, period.

East Germany. Lt. Gen Marcus "Mischa" Wolf, 57, East Germany's superspy, has inflicted about as much damage on the West as any other living mortal. Mischa specializes in snooping on West Germany, which he has saturated with several thousand agents who have infiltrated every nook and cranny of that country's social order. Among Wolf's greatest feats was planting Gunther Guillaume in the post of confidential aide to former Chancellor Willy Brandt. For a proletarian sympathizer, Wolf puts on a very class-conscious pose. He smokes Camels, dresses as snappily as his racial cousins in Georgetown and lives in an art nouveau two-story pad not too far from the most infamous of all walls. Son of a Jewish physician-playwright, Wolf and family fled to Moscow in 1933 where they had no trouble casting off the veneer of German culture and becoming more Slavic than the Slavs. At 22, Wolf followed the looting and raping Shermanesque Red Army into Berlin in 1945 as a non-fighting 1st Lieutenant and gleefully participated in the Stalinist terror against the country of his birth. Today, proving that spying is its own reward and then some, Wolf sports the Order of Lenin, the Soviets Union's highest decoration. Though his admirers don't stress the point, much of Wolf's activity is devoted to pimping. He sends handsome East German male agents to the West to seduce lonely secretaries

destined for spinsterhood, lonely because Hitler bit off more than he could chew and because Wolf's Soviet friends killed off a couple of million German males on the battlefield and in prisoner of war Gulags.

Latvia. A *New York Times* flack has cabled his paper a fascinating, two-hour interview with a "full-blooded Russian" worker. Ivan Ivanovich needed no encouragement to declare it was cowardice that had lost America the Vietnam War and it was cowardice that allowed American hostages to rot in Iran. Then he took a stab at a high foreign policy, suggesting that the U.S. "split the world in two with us." He had little respect -- and no Marxist-inspired affection -- for the Communist Chinese. Surprisingly to the *New York Times*, but not to us, were Ivan's un-Leninist opinions of the Soviet "black millionaires" -- Armenians and Azerbaijanis from the south who make vast profits selling fruit, wine and flowers to luxury-starved northerners like himself.

Interesting that 50 years of Marxist indoctrination seems to have made no permanent imprint on Ivan's mind! Let us hope that Western John Does have the same resistance and immunity to what in many respects has been the same program of cradle-to-grave indoctrination.

P.S. Some additional straight talk from a Russian was heard in Havana. James Higgins wrote in the *New York Times* (Dec. 6, 1980) that in the cabaret of the Havana Libre Hotel (formerly the Havana Hilton), he was approached by a Tass correspondent, who, after some minutes of conversation, asked what the U.S. was going to do about its Negroes. "They are very wild people. Something in the blood. Very primitive. Yes? Different." He looked at the writhing black figures on the dance floor. "They are from another world."

Afghanistan. "The typical [Russian] soldier I saw was about 20 years old, with blond hair and blue eyes." So states a *National Geographic* correspondent who made a recent trip to the Afghanistan capital, around which are now posted some 20,000 Soviet troops. The reporter stayed in the Inter-Continental Kabul Hotel, which was empty of tourists, but where "the silver is perfectly laid on each orange tablecloth. Goblets are in place and napkins folded fan-like before each chair. The maitre d'hotel is immaculate in his dinner jacket. The caviar is excellent. The steak a perfect medium-rare."

Israel. We have heard much from blacks about trade and exchanges of nuclear know-how between Israel and South Africa. But when Owen Horwood, the finance min-



ister of South Africa, visited the Unholy Land a few months ago, screams of anguish were emitted from the Knesset. One member, Amnon Rubinstein, complained that the visitor came from a "detested regime." Another Knesseter said he could not understand why his country wished to make friends with "the family of lepers in the international community." Since Israel has voted solidly against South Africa in the United Nations, since Zionists outside of Israel have been leading the media hue and cry against apartheid, the friendship is a very strange one. That South Africa continues to deal with and help finance the state whose Zionist supporters attack it at every possible moment shows a minimal level of pride.

As expected, the Horwood visit ended in a signal victory for Israel. For the first time South Africa, which has rigid foreign exchange regulations, permitted the sale of Israel bonds. As South Africans will soon discover, buying Israel bonds is a triple z investment that offers less chance of a profitable return than buying a block of stock in Chrysler.

* * *

Israel's population is less than 4 million but 600,000 cars swarm the country's roads, half of them 1977 models or later. Most Israelis buy their cars for cash, paying \$15,000 for a new Volkswagen and \$50,000 for a Pontiac Grand Prix. The cost of parts is out of sight. A side mirror for a Mercedes sets the buyer back \$180. Gasoline goes for \$3.50 a gallon. Where does all the money come from? The best place to go for an answer is the U.S. Treasury.

Africa. Who said slavery is dead? Blacks dare not say it. They have slaves in their own backyard -- Mauritania -- where 100,000 slaves and 300,000 semi-slaves are slaving away at this very moment, according to the British Anti-Slavery Society. On July 5 last, the Mauritanian government officially abolished slavery, as it has done several times in the past. It was merely a public relations gesture, say the British Society's investigators, a bit of image-polishing not to be taken seriously. In retrospect, whites have been much better at ending slavery than blacks. If blacks in Africa had been left to their own devices, if there had been no whites among the races of mankind, the whole continent today might well be a gigantic slave factory.

South Africa. As the government chips away at apartheid, some hardliners are taking to demolishing the softliners. One bomb

hit the house of a white woman who wrote a pro-black, anti-white tract about colored maid servants. Another blew up the residence of a white professor who testified in the defense of nine blacks convicted of treason. A local politician who wanted to open the Port Elizabeth libraries to all races was the recipient of a death threat. Something called the Wit Kommando, which may or may not be a figment of the media's anti-apartheid imagination, claimed responsibility for the counterterrorism -- counterterrorism because blacks in South Africa have been doing much more bombing than whites. Blacks blast police stations and industrial installations. Whites prefer to bomb depraved white intellectuals who are laboring for a black takeover. Professor J. Lombard of the University of Pretoria drew up a plan to open the doors for nonwhites to enter the government of Natal. His office was rocked with an explosive device a few days later. Another egghead wanted to soft-pedal a national holiday -- the Day of the Covenant, which celebrates the victory of Afrikaner settlers over black tribesmen. He was tarred and feathered.

* * *

Soweto, Johannesburg's Harlem, has some 1.5 million inhabitants. One out of four households (a better word than family when discussing black Africans) has been victimized by robbery, assault, rape or theft. Friday is mugging day, because it is payday. Weekends are lost in boozy traumas. Railway thieves on commuter trains have switched from sticking a bicycle spoke in their targets' spines, which filled hospitals with paralysis cases, to knives and guns. For the first eight months of 1980 the count was 595 killings and 700 rapes -- a steep undercount, since only one-third of crime victims go to the police. Intertribal feuds, some of which started 50 years ago in the bush, make things worse. Though Soweto is still probably safer than many parts of Los Angeles or New York, it is little comfort to the Zulus, Pedis and Xhosas who in their generic fashion make life so uncomfortable for themselves and their neighbors.

Hawaii. John Gomez, a restaurant manager who is two parts Portuguese, one part Hawaiian and one part English, swears the 50th state is the "most racist place in the U.S." He was not talking about that usual mainland scapegoat for racism, the wingless and stingless WASP. He was referring to the Japanese. Although there are a few more whites in the Islands than Japanese (25.7%

to 24.8% of the population), Hawaii now boasts a Japanese governor, two Japanese U.S. senators and a Japanese majority in the state legislature. All are loyal cogs in the well-oiled Democratic party machine. Mr. Gomez, however, while accusing others of racism, neglected to talk about his own. Although there are very few pure-blooded Hawaiians left, they and the hybrids like Gomez have formed an Office of Hawaiian Affairs which is dedicated to the restoration of the Island's original Polynesian culture, as if culture can exist without the culture bearers. In the election of the trustees of this federally and locally funded group, the right to vote was restricted to citizens with some Hawaiian ancestry (about 85,000). Only in Hawaii does race still exist as a voting qualification. Because the racial test favors nonwhites, the Department of Justice carefully ignores this violation of the law, which in Mississippi would bring out an army of federal marshals.

Australia. It is estimated that 70,000 illegals are present in the world's only continent-state on any one day. As part of its Regularization of Status Program, which the Australian National Front more accurately interprets as "Ruin Our Society Policy," Malcolm Fraser, the "conservative" prime minister and son of the former Iona Wolfe, member of a prominent "Down Under" Jewish family, has placed full-page ads in the big-circulation dailies and called on the illegals to come forth and identify themselves. Although this could have been the beginning of a long-awaited round-up, it was the start of a ploy to legalize the status of the illegals. It was also a backhanded invitation for more illegals to flock to Australia before the first of the year, since the government practically promised amnesty and permanent residence to all who had arrived before that date.

In general, the immigration situation in Australia is similar to that in other countries where the population is of predominantly Northern European descent. As P.P. McGuinness, a prominent editor, admitted last summer, the media have cooperated with the government in a "conspiracy of silence" against Australians opposed to immigration. The result is that the number of Asian immigrants has increased from a few hundred annually a few years ago, to 21,000 in 1979 -- proportionally twice as high as the influx of colored immigrants into Britain at the height of that country's "open-door" policy. Meanwhile, the Australian government is throwing away huge sums each year on foreign aid -- money which stimulates nonwhites to breed in their native habitats so that in another generation there will be more mobs of Asians knocking at Australia's gates.

Vietnam. So much has been affirmed or denied about the 2,500 Americans still missing in action in America's disgraceful beating in Indochina that fact and fiction are unsortable. Recently, however, a Norwe-

gian construction man named Stein Gud- ding, who once worked in a paper mill near Hanoi, told a radio talk show host on KIRO Seattle that some fellow workers, while out motorcycling 120 miles from the Vietnam-

ese capital, ran into a road gang whose members spoke English with American accents. Police shooed the cyclists away, but not before they heard a few men shout, "Tell the world about us."

Stirrings

A Tale Out of Cholly

Pornocrat Bob Guccione (*Penthouse*) also puts out *Omni*, an expensive, glossy, art-loaded and obviously money-losing futuristic monthly. *The Best of Omni Science Fiction* is an offshoot of this enterprise and contains one story, "Iceback Invasion" by Hayford Peirce, which reads like something out of Cholly Bilderberger. The story line concerns a 21st-century Russian invasion à la *Camp of the Saints* of Alaska by small boats, kayaks, wet suits and what have you. By then the U.S. is so decadent it is host to 100 million illegals from Mexico, 60 million of whom have been made citizens, including two senators and 27 congressmen (several of the latter no speaka da English). The army has been quotaized out of any possibility of fighting anyone or anything and consists of "51% females, 47% males, 1% transsexuals and 1% transvestites . . . 8% black, 26% Hispanic, 1% Amerind, 28% Catholic, 2% Jewish, 1% Muslim, 4% lesbian, 6% gay, 11% bisexual, 14% handicapped and mentally retarded, 7% criminal, 9% pacifist, 21% illiterate, and 100% unionized." When a sufficient number of Russians have settled in Alaska and the Pacific Coast states, Moscow pushes the button for the revolt, which will then pave the way for an official Soviet takeover. But by then the Russians in America are so happy with produce-and-consume they join and resurrect the American Army. Incidents about corrupt Jewish judges, depraved cabinet members and a do-nothing Immigration and Naturalization Service abound. Mr. Peirce should have written this tale for *Instauration*, but he probably wanted to be paid for his work. (*Omni's* address is 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.)

All-Black Third Party

Unfortunately the formation of the National Black Independent Political party is being delayed. On Nov. 23, 1,350 delegates from 27 states met in Philadelphia, but were only able to ratify two of the party charter's 11 articles. All that was agreed upon was the name of the organization and a general statement of purpose. Such proposals as committing the party to a "struggle against demonic capitalism" did not go down well with some delegates. Nor did the statement,

"The African is not, never was, and never can be a citizen of this racist land," although it was greeted with thunderous applause.

Black supporters of an independent third party claim it will have several advantages: allow blacks to choose and elect black candidates without interference from white major party politicians; put pressure on major party candidates to grant black demands; and provide a more effective means of achieving black political power.

Instaurationists wish blacks well in such a political venture. A strictly black party will help to bring racial politics (there is hardly any other kind in a multiracial state) out in the open. If there is a black party, it will be harder for the media and white turncoats to prevent the formation of a white party or prevent the development of one of the major parties into a white party. Since the covert enemy is more difficult to identify than the overt, any political development that helps to separate and compartmentalize racial politics is to be welcomed. Sooner or later American political parties will have to divide among strictly racial lines. The sooner this happy occasion arrives, the better. An all-black party will speed the day.

The Good and Bad Percy

In recent years Charles Percy has proved to be one of the very few senators who have occasionally been willing to buck the all-powerful Zionist lobby in Washington. Percy's zigzagging course in supporting the creation of an independent Palestinian state may derive from the audacity of affluence -- he is one of the richest senators -- or from sudden, uncontrollable fits of honesty and objectivity. Whatever propels him to inject some morality into American foreign policy, as the new chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he will be in a much better position in the next few years to turn his ideas into the kind of advice and consent that makes foreign policymakers sit up and take notice.

If the noise level of Jewish screams of dismay is any indication, Percy started off with a loud bang in his year-end visit to Moscow. In an audience with bushy-browed Brezhnev and other high Soviet muckamucks, the senator was actually quoted as proposing the organization of an

independent Palestine to be headed by none other than PLO chief Yasser Arafat. All this was said in confidence, of course, but Jews or Jewish fellow travelers promptly leaked the contents of secret cables to the State Department from the American Embassy in Moscow, leaks that were picked up, as they were intended to be, by the Zionist scribblers who infect the *New York Times*, which dutifully printed them so the Jewish community could take the proper counteraction. Reagan was asked (ordered?) to disown Percy and, in the words of grandiose Rabbi Alexander Schindler, "dissociate yourself with his [Percy's] views and reassert your opposition to a Palestinian state and your determination never to deal with terrorists."

In mentioning Senator Percy, we only wish to compliment him on his courage in foreign policy. He has none to speak of in domestic policy. In fact, he is one of the Republican senators who in the last days of the 96th Congress attempted to foist a "fair housing" bill on the American Majority, which would have made it possible for an "administrative judge" to fine whites up to \$10,000 on the mere suspicion they had refused to sell their home to undesirable minorityites. The bill was barely defeated by a parliamentary technicality. In his desire to integrate -- and ruin -- middle-class neighborhoods, Percy was joined by such Republican "moderates" (read Liberal Democrats) as Boschwitz, Heinz, Javits, Mathias and Weicker. Republican senators who opposed the bill were Baker (growing more conservative now that he smells which way the wind blows), Dole, Hatch, Hayakawa, Helms, Packwood, Thurmond and Tower. They were joined by some Democrats: Byrd of Virginia, Huddleston, Long, Nunn and Stennis. But the obsessive Democratic old Guard stood firmly by its cherished dream of forcing blacks into white neighborhoods. The panderers to minority racism never give up: Bayh, Chiles, Church, Cranston, Eagleton, Glenn, Hart, Jackson, Kennedy, Levin, McGovern, Metzenbaum, Moynihan, Proxmire, Stevenson, Stone and Abscamer Harrison Williams. Thankfully, many of the above names have vanished from the Senate roster as the 97th Congress takes up its work. But the Bayhs, etc. are standing in the wings waiting to rush on stage once more when Reagan fails to take the draconian measures needed to raise this Lazarus nation from the dead.

Pathological Smears

Tom Metzger, who won the Democratic nomination for a Southern California congressional seat and then lost to a Republican, has collected press clippings of the pathological reaction of editors, politicians and local public figures to his campaign. One paper described his supporters as "fleas drawn to heaps of garbage." A rabbi, a Catholic bishop, the California attorney general, various Negro and Jewish leaders, even President Carter, all indulged in polemics deliberately designed to harm Metzger's electoral chances. The local Democratic committee expelled him, though his primary victory made his membership in the committee mandatory. His Republican "conservative" rival, Clair Burgener, called him an "admirer of Hitler." The B'nai B'rith and its strong-arm subsidiary, the ADL, the NAACP and various other tax-exempt organizations barred by law from playing politics spent a great deal of money and effort to defeat him. Ben Solomon, the head of the NAACP in El Centro, told blacks to be sure to remember, "Metzger equals the Klan," when they went to the polls. Felton Williams, another NAACP official, said Metzger "must be defeated at all costs." The Jewish San Diego police chief jumped into politics by asking everyone to vote against Metzger, a man whom "I intensely dislike."

Summing up the campaign, Metzger thinks it was all worth it:

The victory is that 45,623 people did vote for me in the general election . . . And this is a good solid base to build upon. It was an almost 50% increase of votes over the primary. We spent one-sixth of what our millionaire opponent did. We outpolled every third-party candidate in the country over tremendous odds. Party volunteers from both political parties spent weeks phoning voters proclaiming that if I won I would build concentration camps, I would go to the border and shoot Mexicans, etc. Our campaign volunteers were fantastic. Our white race still has time. With God's help and a lot of hard work, we will win.

Fiat Justice

Fourteen years ago the NAACP stirred up a violence-ridden boycott of white stores in Port Gibson, Mississippi. The aggrieved merchants took the blacks to court and were awarded damages of \$1.2 million. The defendants immediately appealed. Last December, almost a decade and a half after the event, the Mississippi Supreme Court agreed that whites had suffered losses, but not to the extent of \$1.2 million. The case was remanded to a county chancellor

court for a new assessment of damages. Whatever the final decision in regard to the amount of damages, the court's ruling represents a legal milestone. The blacks had backed up their boycott with 21 racial demands. They installed store watchers and insisted that blacks be hired in 24 local firms. Some blacks who continued to trade with the stores were beaten. The NAACP sought to excuse its behavior by saying it was all done for a good cause -- to combat racial discrimination. In its ruling the court remarked:

The agreed use of illegal force, violence and threats against the peace to achieve a goal makes the present state of facts a conspiracy. We know of no instance . . . that free speech guaranteed by the First Amendment includes in its protection the right to commit crime.

Another Voice in the Wilderness

The pen, as we have all come to learn to our sorrow, is mightier than the sword, at least in this age of the printed lie (1933-?). But some pens are mightier than other pens. Who would be so bold as to compare the swaggering, broadstroking pens of the apologists, expounders and rationalizers of Zionism to the fine-lined, heretical plumes of those presumptuous enough to take issue with history's highest-octane racism? That a very few do question the international complot that put Israel on the map and wiped Palestine off the map indicates that the congealing, pooped-out heart of truth still has a couple of beats left. The latest edition to the small, thin, undaunted anti-Zionist library is *American Freedom and Zionist Power* by Pittman Buck, Jr., a Texan whose work in the oil industry has given him the chance to look at America's idiotic and cowardly Middle East policy without blinders. The author makes a very interesting comparison of the press reaction to North Korea's capture of the *Pueblo* and Israel's attack on the *Pueblo's* sister ship, the *Liberty*. Other examples of Jewish thought control, such as the character assassination of the late General Brown, also attract Mr. Buck's notice and luminous commentary. You can't get the book from your local bookstore, of course, but it can be ordered for \$3, postpaid, from the author-publisher at P.O. Box 749, Seabrook, TX 77586. Norman Dacey, one of America's most outspoken anti-Zionists, calls it a "splendid job." Alfred Lilienthal, author of *The Zionist Connection*, says it is "one of the most lucid, explosive exposés of Zionism." The book has only 39 pages and seems a little overpriced. But the least Instaurationists can do is support anti-Zionist

writers wherever and whenever they may appear, whatever they may say and however much they may charge for saying it.

The Lady Fights Back

Politicians are most careful to see that our senior citizens get social security checks, but do little to protect them when they go to the bank to cash them. Since law and order is in its last gasp in the blacker areas of Oakland, California, Mary Fuller, an 85-year-old, 5-ft., 90-lb., blue-eyed Majority lady who lives alone in a crumbling apartment house has to depend on her own resources to survive the constant attacks of inner-city gorillas. They have broken into her home, torn grocery bags out of her hands, relieved her of almost every valuable possession she has dared to carry on her person. Most recently, they robbed her of her \$300 hearing aid, but when they tried to yank off the golden wedding ring, given to her by her husband who died fifty-one years ago, she maced her assailants. She managed to save the ring, but not the hearing aid.

Mary Fuller refuses to stay locked up in her room like millions of other American old folks whose last years on earth have been turned into a hell on earth by rampant minority crime. "If necessary," says Oakland's most mugged citizen, "I'll walk in the middle of the street. A person has to get out once in a while. Get some fresh air sometime."

Meanwhile, the Senate, the House, the New Right, the Old Left, the media and Bonnie Ronnie worry about Poland, inflation, minority rights, taxes -- worry about everything except the most important thing: Mary Fuller's right to live out her days in peace.

Supertrees Yes, Supermen No

The Plus Tree is revolutionizing the forest industry. A new variety of Southern Pine has been developed by grafting the limbs of superior trees (taller, straighter, more wood, fewer knots, more disease resistant) onto the root stock of other superior trees. Pollen is then collected from the first-generation trees and planted in cones of other superior trees to obtain seeds. To prevent fertilization from pollen from ordinary trees during the pollen season, the cones are carefully covered with plastic bags. The result has been a 10% improvement in tree quality. "Down the road," said a tree geneticist, "we're looking for a 50% improvement."

Down the road the same future awaits man, if only we could do with humans what we are doing so successfully with trees. A first step would be to follow the procedure of the foresters -- prevent fertilization by bearers of bad seed.