

## A Majority worker speaks up

Somehow, some way, somewhere during the last half century we lost our nobility. By we I mean the worker, the foot soldier, the ditchdigger, the seaman, the drudge on the assembly line. At one time the white working man's unpolished frame had room for such commodities as charity and self-sacrifice. Then these virtues vanished, to be replaced by the "take-care-of-number-one-first" syndrome so typical of today's American upper-middle class. We Joe Blows became materialistic and self-seeking, even when it was to our disadvantage. We emulated the new "Upper Americans" as described in the Census Bureau's recent in-house book *Reflections of America*. Pre-eminent in the media and universities, Upper Americans view the bluecollar with contempt and fear, and force and foist their value systems upon him, simultaneously destroying his roots and his humanity. The late Nelson Rockefeller summed up this perversion of Western values when he confidently drawled on television, "Making money, isn't that what America's all about?"

What America is really about, or should be about, is race and culture, kin and countrymen, and the kind of altruism and familial love miners show when they go down and dig coal to feed their kids and wives, knowing that what they are doing is shortening their lives and damaging their health. It's the kind of sacrifice made by the defeated at the Alamo, who preferred to fight and die even after they had been offered honorable terms of surrender and safe passage for their families. They knew their white brothers needed time to build an army. By putting something else ahead of "number one," they created Texas and ensured Mexico's defeat by handing Santa Anna a Pyrrhic victory.

To illustrate the extent of the rot infecting the working class, compare the men at the Alamo to our troops in Korea. On the march to prisoner-of-war camps, our betrayed G.I.s (betrayed by the media, the minorities and Upper Americans) stole food from the sick and dying, ripped the clothes off the ill and injured, and rolled them to the side of the road to die in the wind chill. These American war prisoners informed on each other, brown-nosed their captors and showed no more fortitude than a herd of bleating sheep.

Our remote Caucasian cousins, the proud Turks, acted differently. (Like it or not the Turks, as well as Professor Tripodi's Sicilians, remain our cousins. They behaved with greater manhood and dignity than did our lily-livered proper-bred WASPs and

## Vanished Virtues

their soul mates of the Old Testament.) The Turks gave their rations and clothing to the sick and wounded, and Turkish losses in captivity were minuscule, though most were gravely wounded at the time of capture. Only a small number of our men were wounded when taken prisoner, yet over one-third failed to survive captivity.

We can also learn from the Germans.

My travels, as opposed to the Upper Americans' gilded paths, were over five of the seven seas, my companions crazy first mates, barking bos'ns, and workers whose chins are still out, even in this time of their dispossession. My seafaring often led to hospitals, an occupational hazard of the sailor's trade. In one hospital worked a Polish doctor with a tattooed number acquired in a World War II concentration camp. One day a German merchant marine officer with a broken wrist was brought ashore from his ship. The Polish doctor proceeded to examine and set the bone. Apparently he wished to settle old scores because he used no anesthetic. The doctor and officer impassively stared into each other's eyes, each breaking into sweat, while the nurses looked on in amazement. When the doctor and nurses had left, the officer asked an Italian in the next bed for a cigarette. He lit it and then wobbled unsteadily to his feet, his forehead beaded with unmopped perspiration. Staggering from bed to bed, he scanned the faces and nameplates of the occupants. He finally stopped at the bed of a young American with a German name and asked him in English, "Are there any other Germans off any of the ships here?" The German American nodded. "Would you take me to them?" Again the American nodded and together they made the rounds. Only when the German mate was satisfied that each countryman on the floor had been found, spoken to, pep-talked, and that whatever he could do had been done, did he flop into his bed and sleep for sixteen hours.

Later, in another German hospital, this time in a surgical ward, a lone fair-haired man, while ridding himself of the last effects of anesthesia, began to walk off the remaining pain. He spoke English like a native, yet a few oaths in German were heard from time to time. All nurses observe patients and gossip among themselves, and these nurses were no exception. That afternoon a strange nurse came into the room and asked the loner (in German) where he came from. He replied that he had been born in Germany, but could only speak a little of the language. They continued talking in a low voice, as

she did her best to cheer him up. Two days later, back on his feet and in good spirits, and still without visitors, he asked the regular nurse to relay a message to the strange nurse. The latter came promptly. He smiled shyly and whispered to her the first words of an old tune about a mountain wildflower called "Erika," only substituting the first name of the nurse for "Erika." The nurse's eyes dampened. Mother-like, she caressed his cheek and left silently, not to return.

This deep sense of kinship is what we Americans have lost. We have lost our sense of brotherhood, of being our brother's and sister's keeper, of aiding and abetting one of our own, because he is our own.

But perhaps this is an exaggeration. Perhaps the oldfangled togetherness is not completely lost. Perhaps there is still a tad of it among the mountain folk of Appalachia, among the workers who have not yet caved in to physical and mental integration, and among the inmates of jails, as Gordon Liddy discovered.

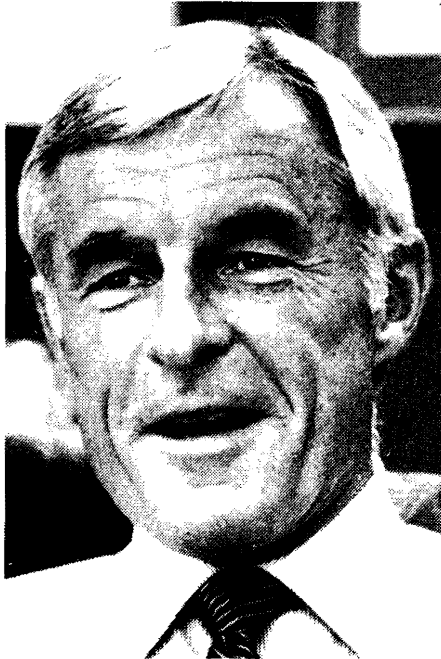
We better rekindle the warming flames of *Landsmannschaft*, as the old (not the new) Germans practiced it, or we are done for.

Billy Bluecollar



### A Meeting of Genes

To hear most television executives tell it, Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell is part Neanderthal, part Babbitt -- and then there's his bad side. One very basic thing -- race -- separates the incoming NBC chairman Grant Tinker from most TV executives, so it is no coincidence that he sees Lynchburg, Virginia's prime preacher in an altogether different light. "Maybe it's my Pollyanna nature," he says, "but I see in Falwell a kind of mild-mannered, friendly guy. Obviously, he has some goals that I don't exactly agree with. I see him as being kind of reasonable."



Grant Tinker

What about Falwell's cleansing crusade? "There may be some rocky moments, but I think that all this really is healthy. It is a good time for self-examination for the industry." Tinker was restrained enough, however, not to comment on Jerry's deep affection for friend Menahem, the architect of the F-16 massacre of 300 Beirutans (mostly women and children, more than a few of them Christians).

### Queer Literature

If Lesbian and Gay Books are the new growth item at book fairs, with over 2,000 titles in print, then Aaron Fricke's *Reflections of a Rock Lobster* is positively pituitary. Remember Aaron? He showed up at his high-school prom in Rhode Island with a male date. Now Aaron gives us the grade-by-grade lowdown (and we do mean low). "First grade: I lived a busy homosexual childhood, somehow managing to avoid

venereal disease through all my toddler years. By first grade I was sexually active with many friends. In fact, a small group of us met regularly in the grammar-school lavatory . . . We all understood that what we were doing was not to be discussed freely with adults but we viewed it as a fun sort of confidential activity. None of us had any guilty feelings about it."

And it's downhill from there. Aren't we glad to know, "His triumph is a triumph for us all"? No, we aren't.

### Racket at Wimbledon

Sweden's Bjorn Borg, a self-paced individual if there ever was one, insists on standing fully *fifteen* feet behind the base line at service, so that he will have a little more time to plan his return. Most champion players stand nearly on the line. The quiet Swede, whose close-set eyes and expressionless face would warrant the nickname Blond Cobra, "has time to read a paper" while he returns service, as one Wimbledon announcer remarked. Another noted that Borg would yield the angle and run further for the ball just so he had "time to reflect."

Time is what Nordics need to flourish, and time is what they rarely get when pressed into cities with other races whose biological clocks are geared differently. Scandinavians rival the Anglo-Saxons of the American South as the world's most polite drivers. (Funny that the race which has set every kind of speed record should insist upon going about its daily business in such a calm, even fashion.)

Borg's 1981 Wimbledon adversary, the Celto-Mediterranean John McEnroe, was arrested for speeding with his doubles partner, Peter Fleming, between tournament games. Though a man of Borg's physical type might easily have been guilty of this malfeasance, it is hard to imagine him cutting the other capers of which his opponent was guilty.

McEnroe called one umpire "an incompetent fool," another "a disgrace to mankind." He called hallowed head referee Fred Hoyles "an idiot." By tournament's end, his separate fines for profanity, obscene gestures and other unedifying conduct had reached double figures. Somehow, his press conferences always wound up as shouting matches -- like the time he told journalists exactly how he felt about their asking personal questions about his girlfriend, Stacy Margolin. At least once a fistfight broke out, with several reporters actually rolling on the floor. Perhaps McEnroe caught some of his behavior from his Long Guyland peer group.

Even before McEnroe spread his behavior around at Wimbledon, the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club -- the creation of a highly deliberate race which today is doing a fast disappearing act across England -- was, to mix athletic metaphors, against the ropes. A government commission had just shown that Wimbledon grossed the club nearly \$7 million a year, less than one-tenth of which went to "the cause of English tennis." The media called the club a bastion of privilege that was not "morally" justifying itself with a sense of social obligation, i.e., not doing enough to undermine civil behavior in sports.

In any case, little undermining remained to be done. For the first time ever, a Centre Court crowd "rioted" -- by showering the court with cushions when a match was called for lack of light. Another Centre Court crowd had to be told, "Please, ladies and gentlemen, put your shirts back on." Small things these, but as Edward O. Wilson insists, "A small evolutionary change in the behavior pattern of individuals can be amplified into a major social effect by the expanding upward distribution of the effect into multiple facets of social life."

Everyone took shots at the Wimbledon establishment. Former bad-boy Jimmy Connors, and several other stars, most of whom simply do not look or act like the tennis greats of the past, blasted officials for "cracking down far too much on discipline." Unstated was the reality that they had never needed to do so among the self-monitoring players of yesteryear.

And when it was all over--at Wimbledon and at the U.S. Open--Mr. Calm, Cool and Collected was #2 and Mr. Hot and Bothered was #1. In tennis, as in life, these are not the best of times for the Nordic temperament.

### Posthumous Desecration

When we read that critic Vernon Grenville once called playwright Clifford Odets "the shrillest horn-blower of all," the thought came unbidden that Odets was "the Mel Brooks of the 30s." Imagine our disgust upon learning that Brooks will be producing and directing the life story of Frances Farmer this autumn. After all, she was the tall, stunning, ultra-Nordic actress from Seattle who had her life ruined by -- none other than Clifford Odets.

A common sentiment of the late 1930s had Frances Farmer as "the greatest find since Garbo and most probably her successor." She had everything, including brains -- until she fell in love with the crypto-Communist son of Louis Odets and Pearl Geisinger, who loved putting down all things

Nordic, and converted her to Marxism. As a recent review put it, "That traumatic love affair left her a mental basket case. It shattered her proud spirit, her fierce independence, her uncompromising honesty -- all too rare qualities in a Hollywood star." Farmer quickly deteriorated into a nervous wreck and an alcoholic. Until her death from cancer in 1970, her lot in life would be gang-rapes at a mental hospital, shock treatments and probably a frontal lobotomy. If only this fairy princess could have met the right man at the right time!

Now, in death, she has been consigned to the tender mercies of Mel Brooks, a man who once publicly fantasized about having a neon-lit pyramid built in Brooklyn to commemorate him; who, in the words of critic Bill Morrison, "revels in filth for its own sake"; whose latest film "can be likened to a cinematic slop jar." Brooks, says Morrison, is a man "obsessed with body functions. Critics urinate on paintings, French dandies urinate on each other." We anticipate that Brooks will soon be exercising his body functions on the memory of Frances Farmer.

## Mormon Cats

As the supply of Northern Europeans dries up around America, it becomes harder and harder to keep historic pageants authentic. The Thanksgiving cover of *Parade* magazine a few years back had turkeys, Pilgrim costumes and all the other trappings in place. Readers were not supposed to notice that the people playing the Pilgrims (in Plymouth, Massachusetts) would have looked more at home in Palermo.

Not even Utah is exempt from the trend. "Promised Valley" is a one-hour musical designed to acquaint visitors with the Mormon Pioneer story. Supposedly a few black males were among the first 149 settlers -- which may or may not justify the inclusion of three black females in the 1981 cast.

But consider the future, now that Mormons are feverishly recruiting nonwhites, including blacks, as "saints." Over half the world's Mormons may already be in Latin America. Latin Americans are heading up to places like Utah. It seems certain that Brigham Young's blue eyes will soon go brown. His hair may crinkle and his nostrils flare. With any kind of luck, the cat might even get rhythm.

## What's His Line-age?

The *Reader's Digest* (Aug. 1980) was all excited about a bronze spear found in a 5,000-year-old tomb recently discovered in Thailand. The Age of Bronze, even in the supposedly more advanced Middle East, did

not begin until about 500 years later.

More interesting to Instaurators, but not commented on by the author of the *Reader's Digest* article, was that in another nearby tomb was the 4,000-year-old skeleton of an "unusually tall male." Since Mongoloids are not tall, just what were the racial affiliations of this ancient man, who wore a necklace of tiger claws and whose bones were surrounded by deer antlers and hunting weapons?

Could he have been a \_\_\_\_\_? Yes, he could.

## Coarse Arts

If there is anything less fine than today's fine arts, it is probably the physically, behaviorally and spiritually coarse artists who produce them. The definitions of "fine art" in one desk dictionary suggest either wistful thinking or an editorial time warp: (1) "art concerned primarily with the creation of beautiful objects (usu. plural)"; (2) "an activity requiring a fine skill." Neither definition comes within a light year of applying to Nancy Rubins.

"Bil-bored" is the latest example of what Rubins rightly calls "appliance sculpture" -- since hundreds of toasters, fans and other plastic and metal objects are imbedded in the concrete edifice. New York shopping center owner David Bermant paid New York sculptor Rubins \$25,000 to build it -- half a continent away in Berwyn, Illinois. Nearly everyone who shops in Berwyn wants it torn down. "It just shows ignorance," says Rubins. "A grave American ignorance." But she was pleased that no one had defaced her work. "It's the nature of the community. In New York, even sculpture people like has graffiti on it."



Nancy Rubins and her masterpiece.

## Censoring Pound

Even Stoddard Martin of the *Times Literary Supplement* was piqued by the cheap trick that minority racist Bernard Kops played on his audience at London's New Half Moon Theatre. The play was "Ezra," as in Pound, and it included authentic excerpts from the poet's famous Rome Broadcasts during World War II -- a rare listening opportunity. The trouble was that they were all electronically garbled, which Kops claimed was for "theatrical effect" -- and which conveniently rendered them unintelligible. Martin fumed: "Surely audiences as sophisticated as those at the Half Moon deserve to be able to judge for themselves the merits or demerits of Pound's pronouncements."

## Shooting the Klan

Wayne Derrick is a Rice University photography major who shot 24 hours of movie film during eight months he spent with the Texas Ku Klux Klan. He first approached Grand Dragon Louis Beam at a Klan bookstore, saying he "wanted to make an objective film about the Klan," and Beam readily agreed. Now Derrick spends much of his time in court, because he and his film have been subpoenaed in connection with two separate cases pending against the Klan. Vietnamese fishermen have sued Klansmen for harassment, and the government alleges they are illegally using federal lands for paramilitary training. Derrick initially resisted attempts to have his film used as evidence but gave in when faced with contempt charges. "We were trying to inform people," he protests, "not put people in jail."

## Another Hoaxer

Harley Lippman, 26, claimed he spent a week in Poland as Lech Walesa's personal guest. He described how Solidarity hid him in twenty "safe houses" after Communist authorities ordered his arrest. The *New York Times* bought this story from a complete neophyte and syndicated it across America. When all parties in Poland denied everything, *Times* spokesman Leonard Harris became embarrassed. Rather than charge Lippman with fraud, he said the syndicate will no longer buy news or news-feature items from freelance writers. Lippman, whose month-long stay in Poland was partly financed by the *Boston Globe*, still has his job with a Jewish labor organization. "I'm not a journalist. I'm a young guy," he explained.

## Selective Hysteria

Brazoria County, Texas, had 108,000 residents in 1970, which means it had about half that many female residents, and perhaps 10,000 female residents between the ages of 12 and 21. Even fewer of these were also fair-complexioned whites. Which means that when up to forty girls fitting that description -- all of them slender, and with medium to light brown hair, long and parted down the middle -- disappeared over four years during the early 1970s, not only Brazoria County, but Texas, the U.S. and even the Soviet Union should have become more than a little hysterical. Taking their cue from the American media, as they did in the Atlanta child murder case, *Pravda* should have fumed and *Izvestia* thundered.

In Brazoria County, a very narrow slice of the American populace was singled out for mistreatment on the basis of its personal characteristics. Not only racism, but sexism, localism, colorism, buildism and hair-stylism were implicated. The less numerous Atlanta victims came from both sexes, a wider age range and a much larger and more crime-ridden population base -- not to mention a wide range of black complexions, builds and hair styles. Some terribly *discriminating* killer or killers were loose in Brazoria County. Egalitarians the world over should have been abuzz over the unfairness of it all.

Instead, publicity was all but nonexistent -- even in Texas itself. Very slowly, the bodies have begun turning up. Why launch federally funded manhunts and body searches for forty white girls? It won't win anyone brownie points with the key foreign blocs -- at home and abroad. Back in April, local

investigator Nat Wingo casually announced that he had turned up two more bodies. That made eight bodies so far, he reckoned -- all found near "a body of water" (whether the same body of water or different ones was not clear, perhaps because the searchers had not yet formulated the distinction as pertinent to the investigation).

Things were proceeding more briskly in the case of a lone black man found hanging from a Mobile, Alabama, tree on March 21. After three young whites falsely charged with "lynching" were released, the Mobile city government offered a \$1,000 reward for information. Then a savings and loan added another \$1,000. Then Governor Fob James threw \$10,000 into the kitty. Genocide had struck again.

## No More Mr. Nice Guy

Twenty years ago, Barney Mull was heartbroken over a failed marriage and drifting toward derelict status. He resolved to make something of himself. Starting as a clerk at a mom-and-pop grocery, he worked his way up into his own lawnmower repair business. Then the blue-eyed, rugged-looking Mull set out to help the black youths in his Watts neighborhood do the same. During the Watts riot, his store was one of only two in the immediate area not destroyed by arson. *Life* magazine did a feature on his efforts to help restless toughs get their lives in order.

As gang violence worsened, Mull took to cruising the streets, looking for trouble he could break up. Certainly, those who knew about him were not too likely to hurt him. But Mull's Great White Father Complex may have kept him from realizing that in a large black ghetto not everyone would appreciate just how wonderful he was. One day last summer, en route to a Montgomery Ward store to buy an answering machine for his youth group -- white survival outfits should have such work savers! -- Mull was stabbed repeatedly and fatally in an apparent robbery.

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Hermes Rey seemed to save his altruism for his own kind. A fervent anticommunist Cuban, the huge, jovial Rey had sponsored more than sixty refugees at his Chicago flower shop during the past year, when no one else would take them. One day last summer, while he was ringing up a purchase on his cash register, one of the Cubans he had befriended plunged a knife into his chest, ripped it through his heart in an up-

and-down motion, and fled. Rey gave chase with a .38-caliber revolver, getting off all six shots before he collapsed and died. Chicago's Hispanic community, to whom Rey had preached unity, went into mourning.

On closer analysis, Rey's altruism was no less misguided than Barney Mull's. He was very much a white Cuban, his killer very much a black Cuban. His appeals to "Hispanic unity" were ill-fated. Tony Perez, who fled Castro in the first, white wave, reacted bitterly: "We Cubans who have been here for years, who have worked our way up, we don't want the new Cubans who have come here and caused trouble. They give all of us Cubans a bad name." Killer Miguel Herrera, a prisoner in Cuba, had already been arrested twice for theft and once for battery during his year in America.

## Ethical Nadir

If an 18- or 19-year-old girl on welfare becomes pregnant for the third or fourth time, with no end in sight, and you are her doctor, there is only one moral thing to do: use all your persuasion and, if necessary, your wiles to get her sterilized.

The immoral temptation would be to succumb to the bullying of self-styled "public interest" outfits like Ralph Nader's Health Research Group. They have launched a crusade to prevent states from violating outrageous federal regulations concerning the sterilization of low-income Medicaid patients. Among other things, the regulations forbid the sterilization of any Medicaid recipient under age 21 -- with no exceptions whatsoever.

Calling the need for tough enforcement "urgent" (how so -- dysgenics is forever), the nattering Naderites maintain that, "Exclusive delegation of . . . enforcement to the states would only further threaten the reproductive rights of millions of the nation's poor." At a time when intelligent, productive citizens are incessantly bombarded with praise for the only child, the instant vasectomy and the adopted family, federal rules require even the most dole-full baby factories to go through a thirty-day think-it-over period to demonstrate that their minds are finally made up.

There is an ethical alternative to the Naderites, though Americans are forbidden to hear its voice. Hilmar Moore, a Texas rancher and chairman of the State Board of Human Resources, argues: "When you cannot support yourself or your family, you give up certain rights. One of those is to bring in more children. It's a right you give up. If you don't want to give it up, get a job and get off welfare." When Moore called for the sterilization of welfare recipients, the calls and

letters favored him by more than 11-to-1. But a coalition of Chicano groups branded him "a bigoted elitist who doesn't know the difference between people and animals," and that was the only response that many Americans heard about.

## Minority Racism on the March

During the twenty years that Steven McNichols spent battling for blacks, Hispanics and Orientals, it never dawned on him that he was battling against whites. He came out of his daze this year, when he found himself the victim of intense racial discrimination by a city government whose political hierarchy and municipal bureaucracy are now dominated by nonwhites.

Last March 30, the Los Angeles Personnel Department released test results showing McNichols to be a very smart apple, indeed: first among 97 candidates tested for six high-ranking supervisory positions in a new agency. But things began to go wrong on April 15, when his Hispanic boss gave him an "improvement needed" job rating, though his performance had never been evaluated. On June 21 he was summoned to a meeting where he was subjected to "a vicious ad hominem attack -- with unmistakably racist overtones -- in order to provoke his resignation." Nine days later, he was summarily fired for unspecified "unsatisfactory" performance. That eliminated him from the job competition, and permitted two less qualified employees, a black female and a Hispanic male, to leapfrog over him.

Since federal funds provide virtually all of the more than \$100 million budget of the new city agency, McNichols is appealing to Washington. The one thing going for him is his bosses' blatancy. More sophisticated minority supervisors are learning to leave no trace of their racist motives.

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The State Department's Foreign Service Institute, which trains American career diplomats, was 8% minority ten years ago. Arguably, there was little discrimination then, since blacks, our biggest minority, were scarcely 11% of the population and none too bright. Now classes are 25% minority -- meeting a set goal -- which can only mean that reverse discrimination is rampant. Scarcely half the class belongs to the catch-all category of "white male." As recently as a decade ago, the typical FSI trainee was, according to Suzanne R. Spring of the *Washington Post*, blondish, blue-eyed and WASP-featured.

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If Harvard freshmen in 1981 are to be 23% minority in background, plus maybe one-third Jewish, and heavily female, where does that leave the Majority male who made up almost the entire student body only a few generations ago? Exactly where similar figures leave them at Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Brown . . .

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What is the very worst thing about being a cop? Rick Bernard of Austin, Texas, says it is having a large family, four years experience as a military police officer, making 100 on your exam -- and then getting passed over by an inexperienced young black who makes a 70.

## Live Targets

The families of four dead white soldiers can only wish that the U.S. Army had never been desegregated. The dead were the victims of another black shooting spree, this one at a rifle range outside of Seoul, South Korea. As usual, the killer "went berserk." In the end, the Army "sanity board" found Archie R. Bell III insane. An Army spokesman said, "Apparently he just flipped out on the firing line." Everyone insisted he was a real nice guy. What makes it all strange is that this killer had an accomplice, Lacy M. Harrington, who is also before the sanity board. Apparently when Harrington saw Bell flip, he immediately flipped in exactly the same way.

Another military story, which only gave newspaper readers the barest details, was Congressman Addabbo's report that the bodies of at least 14 of the servicemen killed in May's disaster aboard the *U.S.S. Nimitz* contained sizable amounts of drugs. Navy Secretary John Lehman could not challenge the autopsies, but tried to deny that narcotics played a part in the crash of the EA-6B Prowler and the devastation it spread around the flight deck. Addabbo saw things differently. If anyone involved in the operation was drugged, he said, it "was tantamount to a death sentence" for all concerned.

## Mean Streets

Even 24-carat anti-Semites in New York City -- and there are more than a few -- were sickened by the ugly scene which occurred recently in Far Rockaway, Queens, New York.

Gary Baranker, 24, was chased through the streets by a gang of blacks who caught

him and plunged a knife into his chest. Following a service at the funeral home, rabbis and mourners walked and rode to the local police station to rally for the death penalty. As the hearse passed, a dozen local blacks taunted, "The Jew! The Jew! They've killed the Jew! They've killed the Jew!"

In another part of Queens, the father of a slain Jewish secretary was calling her killer a "sadistic animal." "I want this animal caught," cried Albert Kamenoff. "I have never believed in capital punishment, but I sure do now."

## Red, Brown and Yellow Flak

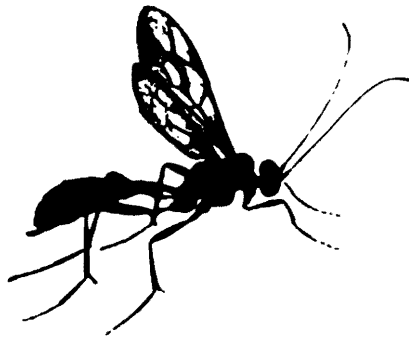
Indians are entitled to half the salmon catch in Washington's Puget Sound, even though they have only 15% of the active boats. Alaskan Eskimos are notorious for their hunting and fishing privileges. Such "aboriginal rights" have constantly held up in federal courts. As the little bubbles rising above the heads of the Katzenjammer Kids used to say: "Giffs an Idea!" Why not have the white fishermen who have been fishing Texas's Galveston Bay for over a century claim aboriginal status via-à-vis the Vietnamese fishermen who have been biting into their catch in recent years?

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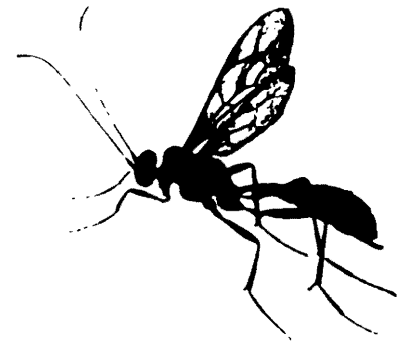
California's 188 Agua Caliente Indians own nearly half the land around Palm Springs. By a conservative estimate, they are raking in an average of over \$50,000 a year each by renting it. The figure will skyrocket when their leases mature to the point where they can share in the developers' profits. And every penny of it will be utterly tax free. One Agua Caliente mother tells her children: "Be proud of what you are. Just like the birds and the whales, you're becoming extinct." She must not have seen the 1980 Census returns, which show our Amerindian population is now 1,361,809 -- at least 361,869 more than there were in 1607, when the first white genociders settled these shores.

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Tony Bonilla, the new president of the 100,000-member League of United Latin American Citizens, is in no mood to claim endangered species status. Noting the youth of brown America and the age of white America, he declares: "Time is on our side." He predicts that his Hispanic outfit will become "just as active, just as vocal as the Moral Majority," with "our own hit list."



# Cholly Bilderberger



We had stopped for gas somewhere south of Valdosta, coming off I-75 to find an open station. It was two o'clock in the morning, and the soft night air was still humid and warm. It wouldn't be really cool until after four.

A toothless, sharp-featured old man pumped the gas, his cap pushed back and his mouth slightly open.

A pickup truck careened into the station and screeched to a stop. A heavy-faced young man on the passenger side spoke to the old man. "We got Wade in the back. He's all tore up. Law's gonna be lookin' for him. And for this vehicle." He pronounced it "vee'-hickle."

"No wheels here," the old man said. He didn't seem at all surprised by what he had heard.

"He's got to get out to Hatton's place," the young man said. "We're feared if we try to get him there they'll stop us."

"They ain't got time to roadblock for anything like that," the old man said.

"They's a dead Mex back at that bar," the young man said.

"Mex?" The old man seemed confused. "I thought he was after them niggers."

"He couldn't find 'em. How you gonna find 'em? He looked, I'll say that. You gotta give Wade credit there. He tried. But there was no way. So we went to that bar across from Mama Jack's and these damned Mexes came in and Wade figured, I guess, that if he couldn't find the niggers, he might as well take them on, and the next thing they was all over him, and me and Junior got into it, and Wade pulled that handgun . . ."

"We gotta go," The other young man said.

"Yeah, well, where the hell we gonna go? We better figure out where we're going. Somebody got to get him out to Hatton's."

No one said anything for a moment. The old man finished pumping our gas.

"That'll be thirty-eight even," he said. George paid.

"We'll take him home if you want," I said to the young man.

He looked at me for a moment. "You ain't from around here," he finally said.

"No," I said. "Does that matter?"

"You got a pretty car there, mister," the other young man said. "Clean, too. He's tore up."

"I got a blanket in the station," the old man said.

The two young men looked at each other.

"All right, mister," the young man on the passenger side said, "We're obliged to you."

So they opened the tailgate on the pickup and slid Wade out and onto the blanket, and then carried him to the back seat of my car. He was unconscious and very pale. Blood stained the front of his shirt, and it was still oozing. It was oozing from a wound on his leg, too, and there was more blood on his back. George looked at me reproachfully, but he helped them get Wade settled.

Junior, the driver of the pickup, would go on to his own place. Ray, the other young man, would come with us and act as guide. He sat in back with Wade. I was in front with George.

"I don't think there'll be any trouble for you, mister," he said when we were underway. "But there's always that chance. I guess you know that."

"I'm only being a good Samaritan," I said. "I can't see how anyone can take exception to that."

"That's from the Bible, ain't it? I mean, the good Samaritan?"

"Right."

"I ain't much on the Bible. But I don't hold with anyone talkin' against it. You ain't a minister, are you?"

"Do I look like a minister?"

"No. But you never know with . . ." He paused.

"Go on, say it."

"Say what?"

". . . with you Yankees. Isn't that what you were going to say?"

"Yeah, I guess so. But they's some kind of disrespect in sayin' that to a man who'll go out of his way to help . . . well, one of us."

"Not as far as I'm concerned. I don't mind being called a Yankee. Anyhow, what is this all about?"

"It started with Wade's sister-in-law, that's June May, she was married to Hollis Greavey. She was down to that store in . . . well, you wouldn't know where it was. It's called Harrington's, anyway, and it's just a small store where you can get a soft drink and a loaf of bread. It's not exactly in niggertown, but it's right on the line. A lot of white people won't go in there at all, because of that, but June May, she's independent, and she says she goes where she pleases. She went in there and

bought a soda, and a few other things, and when she came out some nigger says something to her about how he'd like to do it to her, and she don't take that off anyone, so she says something sassy right back -- something like 'You and how many others the same color as you?' From there on, we don't know just what happened, but she ended up raped and banged around.

"Now, June May isn't married. At least not now. She's Debra Ann's sister, and it's Debra Ann who's married to Wade. June May's Wade's sister-in-law that way. Not through his brother, I mean, but through his wife. She — June May — was married a few years ago, like I said to Hollis Greavey. He's an ol' equipment operator, pretty good ol' boy, but him and June May just didn't get along too good.

"Anyhow, when Wade found out she'd been raped, he figured he was the man of the family — she's got no kin here, and maybe nowhere — and Wade's that type, he wants to be in charge, so he was gonna avenge her, that's what he said. And he got Junior and me rounded up, and . . . well, I guess you know the rest."

We were back on dirt roads by this time, and the air was sweet and fresh.

"I suppose the police have no line on the men who raped her." I said.

"Shoot, you got black deputies down here now. There's even a black sheriff in the next county. They said she asked for it. They hinted to Wade that she consented. He was so mad he was about to bust one of them."

"But he didn't."

"No, Junior and I got him away from them. I guess the way it is down here now, it's no better than it is up north, huh?"

"Oh, I think we're worse. Were there any witnesses to support her story?"

"No. Not exactly. Ol' Mrs. Harrington, she's the one who runs the store, she's white, but she has to get along with them niggers, she said to me and Junior and Wade that she thought she heard them pulling June May into a car outside, but she wouldn't tell that to the law. She was afraid. Wade wanted to bust her, too, but what the hell, she's an old woman and what can you do?"

"What will happen now?"

"Doc Jackson — he's all right — he'll be out at Wade's cousin's place waiting to sew Wade up. Then . . . I don't know. There's that dead Mex, and someone will have to pay for that. I guess Wade had better hit the road as soon as he sure can, because the law will have him for that open and shut. Witnesses, everything. They may even try to nail part of it onto Junior and me. Especially if Wade gets away. Not that those black deputies care about the Mexes, don't get me wrong. They hate 'em. Worse than we do. But in a case like this, where they can use them against a white like Wade who they hate worse than they hate any Mex, they're sure to use them. Take the next right, we're almost there."

"You mean they hated Wade before all this happened?"

"That's right. He's been anti-nigger and anti-Mex for a long time, and he don't keep his mouth shut about it."

"I'm surprised he hasn't joined the Klan."

"Oh, he did, but they're too slow for Wade."

"Really?"

"Well, they want to act in self-defense, and keep a better image than they used to have, and all that. Wade wants to go after all the niggers now. So he and the Klan split up. The Klan ain't too strong around here, anyhow."

"It's not?"

"No, you take the people around here — I guess you'd call us rednecks — we'd like it better out in the open. And a lot of us don't hold with the Klan about the Jews. There's a lot in the Bible about the Jews, and a lot of people down here think the Jews are closer to . . . well, religion, you know."

We had arrived. The headlights picked up a yard full of junk, including several stripped cars. Three cars in apparent working order were near the house. One had a bumper sticker reading, "You're in Redneckland." A chained dog barked. The location was remote — there were no neighboring lights visible.

The door of the house opened and a young woman came out.

"It's me," said Ray, getting out. "We got Wade. This here man's been kindly enough to help us. They prob'ly might have spotted Junior's pickup."

"He hurt bad?" she asked.

"Pretty bad."

Now two young men and an older man, evidently the doctor, came out, and Wade was carried in.

"I'm obliged to you," the girl said.

"You're Debra Ann?"

"Yes."

Ray came out. "Do you think you can find your way back?"

"I think so."

Another young man, unsteady on his feet, came out. "What are you talkin' about, Ray? Where's your down-home hospitality? Man goes to all this trouble, least you can do is offer him a drink. Come on inside, mister, we got Jack Daniels in there. My name's Hatton Bride. I'm Wade's cousin.

"Tell you what," I said. "I'll have a quick one if I can use the telephone. Some people will be waiting for me, and I need to tell them I'll be late."

"You got it," Hatton said. We started for the house. "That's some car you got there. And what's that fellow driving? Show-fur?"

"That's what he is."

"I seen 'em before," he muttered, "but never this close. He want a drink, too?"

"No, he never drinks when he drives."

"That's right."

There were six or seven people milling around inside. I made my call, and when I gave the operator a credit card number, Hatton said, "You don't need to have done that."

"I know it, it's only habit."

When I finished, Ray said, "You want to see him?"

"Sure."

We went into the kitchen, where Wade was laid out on two tables pushed together. He was naked except for his undershorts. The wound on his leg wasn't bad, but the slashed chest

oozed blood. He had been anesthetized with chloroform, and the doctor was at work. He seemed competent.

"The one in his back is the worst," Ray said, "but he'll be all right."

"Hell, yes, he'll be all right," Hatton said.

"Until the next time," Debra Ann said.

A girl in a bathrobe said to me, "I'm June May. It's all my fault . . ."

"Nobody said that," Ray said.

"But you all think it!" she hissed. She was handsome, and untidy and tipsy. "I didn't ask Wade to go out tonight. I didn't. That's the truth, mister."

"No, you didn't," Debra Ann said. "But you went down to Harrington's."

"What was wrong with that?" June May asked me. She seemed to think I was there in some quasi-official capacity. I didn't have to reply; Debra Ann answered the question.

"Everything was wrong with it," Debra Ann said. "You're asking for trouble going there. Any white person is. You asked for trouble, and you got it. And Wade . . . well, being Wade, he had to go out looking for his trouble." She started to cry. "The poor dumb fool."

No one said anything for a moment. The crying girl sank down in a chair, her face in her hands.

"Aw, honey, I . . ." June May said, going to her.

"You stay away from me," Debra Ann said, her face out of her hands and her voice sharp and angry. "You all stay away from me. I'm sick of all this." She got up and backed against the nearest wall. "I'm sick of all of you, and all this fighting to no end. It would be different if it had some point. But it doesn't. Wade doesn't understand that you should only fight once, and then fight to win. He wants to fight all the time and lose all the time. All of you do."

"Now that just ain't true," Hatton Bride said.

"Yes, it is," she said dully. "You don't make it untrue by saying it isn't. You don't know what you're saying. None of you firebrands do. You're hopeless."

"She's upset," Hatton said to me.

"Yes, I am," she said. "But not the way you mean it. Listen, mister," she said to me, "are you going back to the interstate?"

"Yes."

"Would you drop me off at my place — mine and Wade's? It's right on the way."

"But you can't go," June May said in astonished shock. "You can't leave with Wade still here."

Everyone in the room said more or less the same thing, all of them talking at once.

"That's what you call some kind of redneck code," Debra Ann said wanly to me. "When your man's shot, you stick with him every minute. Well, listen all of you, I'm through with all that. Let him stay here. You take care of him, June May, you got him into it. You can help, Hatton, you sicked him on all these years. And the rest of you, you all helped him turn out the way he did, you can help him now. I'm through."

She walked to the door, and now no one said anything. They stared at her in stunned incomprehension.

"You still didn't say you'd drop me, mister," she said.

"I'm perfectly willing to drop you," I said. "But only if no one in this room is going to shoot me because of it."

"Hey, mister, nothing like that," Hatton said.

"I brought you over here," a young woman said. "I'll drive you back."

"I don't want to go back with anyone I know," Debra Ann said. "I appreciate it, Sue, but I know what you'd be thinking even if you didn't say it while we were driving along, and I just can't take it in any form right now."

"All right," Sue said.

"Everyone agreed?" I said.

"I guess so," Ray said.

I thanked Hatton for the drink and the use of his telephone, and said goodnight to the rest of the group. Then Debra Ann and I went outside, and she got in the car. Hatton had come out with us, and he drew me aside.

"It's some kind of night you got into," he said. He seemed embarrassed. "Those things she was saying — there's some truth in it, I know that. But what the hell can we do?" He was unsteady but his voice was unslurred. "We ain't educated people, we do the best we can. I don't think she understands that."

"Perhaps she does. Perhaps that's what bothers her more than anything else."

He shifted from one foot to another. "I never thought of that. Maybe you're right. Anyhow, it was good meeting you."

"You, too."

Then I got into the back seat with the girl, and George drove off.

She and I sat in silence for a while, and then she said, "Ever see anything like this before?" Her voice was softened.

"I've seen similar situations."

"Where?" She didn't hide her disbelief.

"I've spent quite a bit of time in the South. In the country."

"You really have? With rednecks? How?"

"I used to own land in South Carolina."

"Well, maybe you do understand." The disbelief faded. "Do you think I'm wrong?"

"I don't think it's a right-wrong question. I don't think you're wrong for yourself, if you feel that strongly about it."

"I hate it here," she said. "I hate poverty and the dirt and being white trash. I don't think I am white trash, and I can't live with their stupidity. They don't have to be that stupid, you know. Wade isn't basically stupid. He just thinks he has to act that way. It's some kind of peer pressure. Peer blackmail."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know. I've had two years of junior college. I could go to Atlanta. Or down to Miami or Tampa."

"Those are pretty tough places."

"I know. Probably too tough for me. But I can't stay here." She was silent for a moment. "God, this race business. How did it ever start? Oh, I know, we brought blacks over here and we shouldn't have. Wade says he hates them, but he knows a lot of them that he went to school with, and he doesn't hate them when he doesn't want to. Like Charley Hicks, he's a black who is a pro football player — Wade is actually friendly with him, and was saying only a couple of weeks ago that 'Ol



Charley's all right.' It's too much for me. I just know I can't live with it."

She stopped talking then, and we went the rest of the way in silence.

"Thanks, mister," she said when she got out. "I really appreciate it."

She put her hand through the open window and we shook hands formally, and said goodbye. Her place — Wade's place — looked very much like Hatton Bride's. She picked her way through the junk to the porch as we backed out of the dirt drive.

It wasn't far from there back to I-75. The sky was lightening as we swung up the access road, and George said, "We won't make it before eight." His tone was disapproving.

"I phoned."

He didn't reply and I settled back for some sleep. I remembered that the girl — Debra Ann — had not talked about what was going to happen to Wade. The odds were that he'd be arrested and that he'd go to jail. With a stiff sentence. She knew that, and she hadn't mentioned it. Perhaps she knew that if she dwelled on it, her innate loyalty would take over. She'd have to stand by him, and wait for him in the house with all the junk out in front. She didn't want to do that, but if she let herself begin to think about his troubles, she'd have to. She wanted to break the cycle of hopelessness, as much for his sake as hers. But she probably didn't know if she could. If she stayed with him, she'd be giving in to hopelessness. It was only by leaving that she'd be hopeful. For both of them. But it was doubtful that he could ever understand that. As she said, he was subject to a lot of peer pressure.

## *Temperaments, Vices and Physical and Spiritual Gifts of the Five Principal Nations of Europe*

	<b>German</b>	<b>Spaniard</b>	<b>Italian</b>	<b>Frenchman</b>	<b>Englishman</b>
In body.....	robust	horrendous	weak	agile	delicate
In spirit.....	a bear	an elephant	a fox	an eagle	a lion
In dress.....	neat	modest	lugubrious	variable	proud
In customs.....	serious	grave	easygoing	ostentatious	mild
At table .....	inebriate	fastidious	moderate	scrupulous	gluttonous
In beauty .....	a statue	a demon	a man	a woman	an angel
In conversation.....	he howls	he speaks	he raves	he sings	he weeps
In secrets.....	forgetful	mute	taciturn	gossipy	unfaithful
In science.....	a jurist	a theologian	an architect	some of everything	a philosopher
In fidelity.....	faithful	fallacious	suspect	trifling	perfidious
In counsel .....	sluggish	cautious	subtle	hasty	imprudent
In religion.....	superstitious	constant	religious	zealous	changeable
Shows magnificence.	in fortifications	in arms	in temples	in palaces	in fleets
In marriage					
the husband is ...	a lord	a tyrant	a jailer	a companion	a vassal
The wife is.....	a domestic jewel	a slave	a prisoner	a lady	a queen
The servant is .....	a companion	a subject	obsequious	a servant	a slave
Illnesses suffered .....	gout	all of them	plague	venereal	skin disease
In death he is.....	unrestrained	generous	desperate	violent	presumptuous

*Translation by an Instaurationist of a table compiled in the 18th century by Juan Zahn, a German Premonstratensian monk. Modern readers can find Father Zahn's behavioristic and occupational categories in Antología general de la literatura española, Tomo Segundo: Desde 1700 hasta 1936 by Angel and Amelia A. del Rio (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1960).*

John Nobull

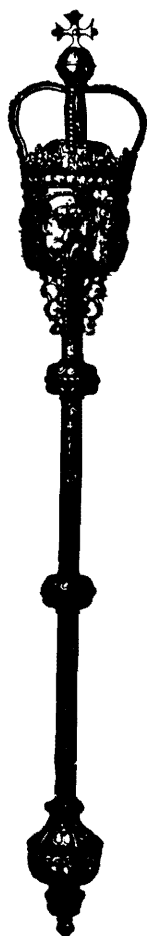
# Notes from the Sceptred Isle

London newspapers have recently been devoting a lot of print to camps set up by the Germans on the island of Alderney in the occupied Channel Islands during the war. All four of these camps were named after East Friesian islands: Borkum, Norderney, Helgoland and Sylt. The first three were set up by the Todt organisation. The fourth was controlled by the SS in 1943 and 1944.

Now it so happens that the Channel Islanders are true subjects of the Queen, and have never taken kindly to the enemies of our monarchy. They point to the historical fact that, far from being a colony of England, they are the remnant of the old Duchy of Normandy, which conquered England in 1066. Their loyal toast is to "the Queen, our Duke." (She is referred to as a Duke rather than a Duchess because a woman cannot reign technically under the Salic law, which applies in Normandy.) In any case, it can hardly be claimed that the Channel Islanders were pro-Nazi, or collaborated with the Germans. I have known several Channel Islanders, and they uniformly describe the German occupiers as "correct" in their behaviour. The unpleasant incidents which did occur were confined to German attempts to suppress, by legal means, the intense patriotism of the islanders. In due course, the islands were liberated. For years afterward, no allegations, as far as I know, were made against the German forces of occupation.

Now we are told, thirty-six years later, that the Germans in the Channel Islands behaved like beasts. The inmates of the camps on Alderney are described as having endured four years of "torture and starvation," involving the deaths of over 1,000 inmates. Russian prisoners were made to dig a tunnel for a mass grave, "as there was no gas chamber" (I like this last touch, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, 29/5/81). Other inmates were alleged to have been thrown over cliffs "with concrete boots on their feet" (just like Mafia victims). How do we know all this? Well, somebody who cares, in Israel, has gathered together the evidence. The star witness is one Frank Font, now conveniently dead, who was born in Barcelona and fought in the Spanish Civil War as a captain on the Republican side. We learn that Font "talked only to his family about his ordeal," which explains why the evidence took some time to collect. Another reason was that "most of the survivors were foreigners," so that accounts were "scarce." The last bit is truly delicious. It could only appeal to someone so very "British" that the doings of foreigners were of little moment. And indeed

it is to just this type that the story is addressed. Too many people have begun to ask themselves whether the Nazis can have been such bad old sticks after all, if the anti-Nazis are so obviously vile. Finally, we are told that the native inhabitants of Alderney were "mostly evacuated," which explains why they didn't notice anything. Maybe. One thousand victims don't amount to much compared with six million, but why didn't the people of Alderney keep finding bodies or skeletons around their coasts for years afterwards? Perhaps the corpses all swam away under water to the East Friesian islands?



\* \* \*

By a curious coincidence the names of certain East Friesian islands have been appearing in the press in quite different connexions. Or are they really so different? *Stern*, a truly poisonous illustrated journal from West Germany, had an article defaming the island of Borkum in its May 21, 1981, issue. The crime of the people there appears to lie in the fact that a guide book to Borkum, published in 1897 by B. Huisman, head teacher of the island, was reprinted in 1979 with the following jingle unaltered:

Fort mit ihm nach Norderney,  
Borkum ist nun wieder frei.

*Stern* printed this as *judenfrei*, not *wieder frei*, and it turns out that they in fact refer to the same thing -- a desire to rid the island of Jewish tourists. Needless to say, *Stern* was not mollified by the islanders' explanation that it was the "Germans" (viz., non-Friesians from the mainland) who were put off by the presence of Jews. All the spectres of Nordic paganism were awakened in the mind of the liberal reader.

\* \* \*

The word, "English," is an ethnic rather than a legal designation, so we thought we were safe enough in our traditional identity. No longer. The vicious little journalists of those two "intellectual" Sunday newspapers, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, have taken to making references to "Jewish Englishmen." Now the *New Statesman* (May 8, 1981) refers to an "Englishman of Pakistani extraction." I take it that the idea is to be fair to one and all by applying the same designation to everyone who happens to live in England. Allow me to let my

literary inventiveness introduce this new terminology into a recent item in the *Daily Telegraph* (May 30, 1981): "An English gentleman of Nigerian extraction, who bit off the top joint of his landlord's little finger, also large pieces of flesh

from his left chest and right thumb, and swallowed them all, was released by order of the Kingston Crown Court. His landlord, an Englishman of Indian origin, was presumably somewhat dissatisfied with the verdict."

## Primate Watch



The joke is on the pope. He ordered his priests out of politics, so **ROBERT DRINAN** dropped out of Congress; but now he has dropped into the presidency of the Americans for Democratic Action. To Drinan, Reagan & Co. are "a small group of extremists who have taken over our country." We should be "frightened by their devastating assault on all that we hold sacred." The transfer of \$40 billion from welfare [back] to the Pentagon is "so unbelievable that people have not yet been able to believe, much less comprehend it."

☆ ☆ ☆

All boys attending public high school in Berkeley, California, have been drafted -- into a required course on Draft Dodging. Prime mover behind the measure is Ms. **ANNA DE LEON**, director of the Board of Education.

☆ ☆ ☆

Black heavyweight champion **LARRY HOLMES** rarely mentions opponent Gerry Cooney without referring to his color, sometimes as a "stupid white boy." Occasionally he goes a little ape, turns over some chairs, even thumps **HOWARD COSELL** in the mouth. Asked why he acts that way, Holmes replies: "I'm still black. I'm still a nigger. That's where the nigger comes out of me. When I get mad, I say a lot of things. I'm still a nigger. You might not understand where I'm comin' from, but if a black person reads this, he'd understand. You're not a nigger. You ain't been through the crap I've been through." Holmes denies he is a racist, saying, "I've got three brothers who married white women. If I was bigoted... I wouldn't associate with my brothers' wives or their kids." He claims that having Cooney's white skin would get him \$20 million more a year in endorsements, but Cooney counters, "Nobody's calling Holmes to do commercials because he can't talk."

☆ ☆ ☆

**ALFRED J. WADLEY**, first vice-president of the NAACP in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and boss of the Equal Opportunity Office in nearby Fort Indiantown Gap, was fired by the federal government following his con-

viction on charges of extorting sex from white women. Though he faces a theoretical 15-year prison term, it is doubtful he will serve a day. Wadley, who blamed his conviction on racism, reportedly told the women they were "sitting on a gold mine." What he meant was that since white women still have the most valuable racial assets and quota-blessed minority men are coming into the chips, the latter should try to play "let's make a deal" with the former.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nebraska-born **MARLON BRANDO**, the Amerindian's best friend, has had three wives. The first, who gave him son Christian, claims to have been born in Calcutta. The second, who gave him son Miko and daughter Rebecca, is a Mexican. The third, who has given him son Tehotu and daughter Cheyenne, is a Tahitian. Brando, who could have married almost anyone he pleased, rejected all of white American womankind.

☆ ☆ ☆

After **CLIFFORD IRVING** wrote his "authorized biography" of Howard Hughes, publisher McGraw-Hill was hit with a monster fraud suit. Today, Irving's earnings are never sufficient to even dent the mounting interest on his debt to the insurance company that had the McGraw-Hill policy. Does that keep him from jetting on vacations to the four corners of the earth? Does that keep him from living the good parasitic life with another German shiksa? Does he ever have second thoughts about what he has done to make the world a little worse than when he found it? Do stones weep?

☆ ☆ ☆

Hollywood's message plays keep getting more blatant. At the end of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," producer **GEORGE LUCAS** and director **STEVEN SPIELBERG** bring hell itself to the screen as the Nazi villains are taken through every imaginable molten state by the flames of a wrathful Yahweh and his rabbinical sidekick. Lucas, who has begun prostituting his extraordinary Majority technical powers to minority ends, was hit recently with a \$60 million suit by **STANLEY RADER** and others who contend that Lucas-

film, Ltd., stole the "Ark" story. Rader is the Jewish wheeler-dealer who finagled his way up to the post of treasurer of Old Man Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God.

☆ ☆ ☆

Israel makes the world's most notorious internationalists settle down and become good nationalists. Right? Not right. **ARNON MILCHAN** is a tenth generation "sabrah," which means his family, if it really has been in Palestine for 200 years, has had ten chances to sever the old ties-that-bind. Milchan seems to be the only one who finally severed them. He owns 30 plants in 17 countries, has co-produced films like "Masada," and is now in Hollywood, setting up a new company to make even more banal flicks. California will make an interesting change for a Promised Landsman who normally resides in Paris.

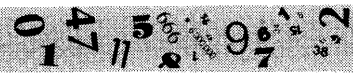
☆ ☆ ☆

So striking was his resemblance to the Israeli prime minister that drug investigators gave him the code name "Begin." He was **ISAAC KATTAN**, 46, probably the New World's biggest narcotics financier. Operating behind a phoney travel agency and money exchange, the Miami-based Kattan laundered hundreds of millions of dollars in cash into local banks on a daily basis. It was crammed into boxes, shopping bags and suitcases, some of it clean and stacked, some grubby and mussed. The banks kept taking it, and Kattan kept transferring it to Switzerland and other points. Federal agents, who now have Kattan in jail, say that the "Columbian" citizen was behind nearly every major drug deal in South Florida and Latin America. His profits may have run to over \$100 million.

☆ ☆ ☆

**MIRIAM KARLIN**, a part-time actress who works for Britain's Anti-Nazi League, complains she gets "racial abuse" for being Jewish. If so, it's tit for tat because in a newspaper interview she once opined: "I dread to think what this country England would be if inhabited solely by white Anglo-Saxon Gentiles. What kind of cultural void that would be -- a total disaster."

# Talking Numbers



2,841,292 Americans fed at the U.S. government trough last year; 2,062,050 at the military trough. The next largest number of employees was in a private business -- 1,044,000 on the payroll of Ma Bell. Apropos, the Civil Service Commission reported in 1977 that 150,000 federal workers were being overpaid \$780 million a year.

# # #

On Jan. 1, 1981, FBI computers listed 179,044 wanted persons. Investigations were pending on only 1,618 of these -- dare we call them -- fugitives from justice.

# # #

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission books show 509 kilograms of enriched uranium have disappeared since 1968. It takes 15 to 25 kilograms to make a small nuclear device (bomb, warhead, etc.). It is generally agreed that Israel stole 160 to 190 kg. of this fantastically expensive and fantastically diabolical material.

# # #

It is estimated that 110,200 Palestinians now reside in the U.S., 60% in academic or

professional occupations, 30% earning more than \$30,000 a year. The Palestinian Congress of North America has 20,487 members in 197 chapters. As yet, there is no PADL or no "Yasser" musical extravaganza playing on Broadway.

# # #

The dormant Camp David accords have already set the U.S. back \$20.6 billion and will cost at least \$19 billion more in the next five years.

# # #

Newsweek (Dec. 31, 1980) said West Germany had paid Israel and Holocaust survivors \$4 billion. The correct figure is \$30 billion at the present rate of exchange, with another \$9.5 billion to be paid in the years to come.

# # #

U.S. Catholics have now passed the 50 million mark -- 50,449,842, according to *The Official Catholic Directory*. But while the laity is proliferating, thanks in part to John Paul II's idiotic campaign against birth control, the number of priests and nuns is

shrinking. Priests dropped 432 to 59,398 last year; nuns were down 3,864 to 122,653.

# # #

Only 30% of American households are "traditional," that is, headed by a working father and a nonworking, housewifely housewife. About 59% of all households are now on a two-income budget.

# # #

More than \$10 billion in food stamps were issued last year to 23 million Americans. About \$1.3 billion of this admittedly went down the drain -- as a result of false claims, fouled-up addresses, bookkeeping errors and bureaucratic snafus.

# # #

Reagan's budget-conscious Department of Education (if it is due for extinction, why is it still alive?) has given \$825,000 to Rev. Jesse Jackson and his PUSH for Excellence program, despite three unfavorable evaluations from a research team hired to look into Jackson by the very same Department of Education.

# Elsewhere



**Britain.** 1963 was the year that a struggling revisionist writer named David Irving published his first solid success, *The Destruction of Dresden*. Several months later, in the immediate wake of President Kennedy's assassination, Irving was visited twice in one day by three young burglars. Baffled because he had nothing worth stealing, Irving grew more mystified when police told him of the thieves' intentions: "They were planning to steal your Hitler manuscript, sir!" (The Hitler manuscript, not even begun then, was delivered to the publishers only in 1974.)

The next day the crooks' story changed. They pleaded not guilty as a company director named Leslie Jacobs emerged from nowhere with nearly £1,000 bail money. When the case was heard, Irving was called to give evidence for the prosecution. Minutes before the trial began, a Police Solicitor told Irving that the defense counsel was making him an offer he could hardly refuse. "I will face you with two alternatives," the offer ran. "I will ask you, 'Are you a fascist?' If you admit that you are, I promise that no further questions will be asked. The

trial will be very brief. If you say you are not, I will be compelled to put to you certain passages you have written in your books and magazines."

Irving replied: "I will not go into the witness box and perjure myself by saying on oath I am something if I am not, just to shorten the trial or spare myself a smear campaign. I will defend myself strenuously against such charges."

Minutes later, the pleas of David Freeman, Gerald Gable and Manny Carpel were changed to guilty. Their smear tactics had failed. But the latter two men would be back, again and again, badgering, breaking into and burning out Britishers who refuse to toe the established line.

In his most recent assault, Carpel, now 37, broke into a printing plant at Uckfield, Sussex on the night of December 5, 1980, and set it ablaze. Over £50,000 worth of printing equipment and paper was destroyed. The printers' crime: daring to print the works of Arthur Butz, Richard Verrall and other authors who perceive a Zionist and Third World threat to Western civilization. On April 13, Carpel was jailed for ar-

son for 2½ years. Defense counsel Leonard Krickler probably got the sentence knocked down by submitting to the court several viciously humorous comic books and other items which he wrongly alleged were printed at the plant. The allegation could not be rebutted since the plant's management was never notified of the trial.

Carpel, a staffer for the leftist magazine *Searchlight*, has had several previous convictions for political assaults. His co-worker, David Roberts, was convicted in Birmingham in 1976 for conspiring with others to burn down a local Asian restaurant and blame it on the right wing.

These stories and a lot more appeared in the May 30 issue of David Irving's new magazine, *Focal Point*, operating out of Suite 411, 76 Shoe Lane, London EC4, England. (£10 in Britain, £13 in North America, in check or money order, will buy all issues from June 1981 to the end of 1982.) Irving himself was hit again at his Mayfair, London, home shortly before the issue went to press. Two men smashed down his front door and did £1,500 damage before Irving gave chase.

Irving has infuriated the British and American liberal-minority coalition more than ever with his revisionist book about the



1956 Hungarian revolt, *Uprising!*, in which he revealed that a goodly percentage of the "refugees" who escaped through Austria in late 1956 were not by any means gallant freedom fighters but members of a Jewish Communist elite for whom the freedom fighters had been gunning.

\* \* \*

Anyone who does not know that Zionists and National Socialists were close collaborators during World War II had better go back to school. British actress Vanessa Redgrave, who is not exactly a schoolmarm, "has researched" the matter closely and is now producing a film which will document the connection.

\* \* \*

Two of Britain's Bravest are Dennis Walters in the House of Commons and Lord Chelwood in the House of Lords. They are calling for an American president with "guts," one who will stand up to the "Zionist pressure groups" which are undermining the strategic position of the entire West.

**Germany.** More and more Jews are coming to see their group as a kind of myriad-headed Jesus, a martyr people suffering on a cross erected by unredeemed humanity. Simon Wiesenthal prefers the imagery of Sisyphus. For him, Jews are eternally condemned to roll the heavy stone of anti-anti-Semitism uphill, only to have some mischievous highlander shove it back down as soon as the glorious crest comes into view. When West German police raided as many as 2,000 homes one night in April in a search for nationalist literature, censor Wiesenthal griped that "one single day's propaganda mailing can destroy a year of my work." Perhaps Simon is combatting the biosocial equivalent of the law of gravity?

\* \* \*

On a recent concert tour of Germany, violinist Sylvia Shor of the Baltimore Symphony said the intense concentration and "statue-like" stillness of the German audiences deeply impressed her and other musicians accustomed to the coughers, whisperers and program rustlers back home. Anyone who has seen orchestral crowds in Germany and along America's northeast urban corridor knows that their biological makeup differs. Anyone who has kept abreast of racial psychology knows that light-eyed birds, mammals and even insects tend to show a "statue-like" stillness in their behavior (particularly if, like herons, they are also large-

and thin-bodied). No one can expect a violinist to keep up with behavioral psychology. But one must expect a violinist or any properly civilized person, to respond temperately to important information, and, unless they can produce alternate explanations, to assimilate the implications of that information into their consciousness. It's a pretty tall order -- but then so is civilization.

Our fear is that if some racial ingenue took the trouble to explain to Sylvia Shor the racial basis of her observations and their ramifications over much wider areas of life, she would immediately fly off the handle. We don't know that this would happen. We state it only as a probability -- a probability with plenty of ramifications of its own.

Incidentally, Baltimore Maestro Sergiu Comissiona, deeply moved by the rebuilding of Dresden since his last visit in 1951, noted that "In a moment of purest stillness at the end of the Mahler, there came an interruption of a police siren that sounded just like Baltimore."

**Soviet Union.** There is a kind of Christian comic book circulating in America today that warns us to be generous with Jews or a terrible fate will overtake our nation. Certain prominent Jews are fond of suggesting that "every nation gets exactly the Jews it deserves." (What does this say about Jewish free will and initiative?) One Jew recently produced an historical monograph demonstrating, to his unconcealable glee, that even medieval kings virtually always got their just comeuppance when they cracked down on their court Jews.

We do not want to be spooky about the recent turn of events in Eastern Europe, but neither do we want to find ourselves hurtling toward World War III before we even know what hit us. So consider the following:

- The Russians are the world's largest more-or-less Northern European nation not presently under a quasi-Jewish control.
- During the long decades when their government could do no right, we heard little about it. Now that they are doing at least a few things right, we hear all about how precisely those things are wrong.
- The Soviet bloc, which seemed uncrackable before August 1980, seems a lot more crackable now that certain people want it cracked.
- But the leader of a very "tiny" nation is warning us that he might yet cozy up to our cracking adversary if we do not give him what he wants.

This may all be woolly-headed -- but one can only keep looking for clues. For instance, after Polish Communist Party leader Stanislaw Kania described Soviet fears

about growing Polish unrest as "fully justified," he was democratically reelected by some of the restless elements (who threw most of his colleagues out). When the Soviet news agency Tass alleged that Zionists are actively engaged in "a massive campaign to undermine Socialist foundations in Poland," Charlotte Jacobson, chairman of the World Zionist Organization, hardly damaged Tass's credibility with such sophomoric balderdash as denying that Zionism "has ever been, or is at present, engaged in the political internal struggles of Poland or of any other nation." Meanwhile Israel, having started a new research institute on Soviet Gulags, issued a book with detailed information on over 2,000 Soviet camps -- in many cases providing maps, drawings and diagrams to help the spy or tourist locate them. *The First Guidebook to the USSR* goes out of its way to emphasize that naughtiness is ineradicably built into Russia's present (neo-nationalist) system. And in the United States, Jewish commentators are going increasingly out of *their* way to drive home the message that practically everything is going wrong with Soviet society.

Maybe it is all a great big coincidence. (We really mean that.) Or maybe Jews are a kind of benevolent glue for holding nations together. (Now we're being rhetorical.) Or maybe Jews are one kind of international controlling element that "sicks" the world on those nations which put them down. All one can do is keep looking for clues.

\* \* \*

In 1970, Russian Jews attempted to hijack a Soviet airliner and fly off to Sweden. The plot was foiled by KGB agents, and 12 men were arrested and sent to prison, 10 of them Jews, two non-Jews. Today, 11 years later, all the Jews are free, many of them in Israel or the U.S. The two non-Jews are still rotting in Siberian Gulags.

**Egypt.** Large ads have been taken out in a few American newspapers against Anwar Sadat by Copts, a minority of 3 million in a country of 38 million Muslims, who insist that the violation of their rights is growing. According to the American Coptic Association:

- Churches have been bombed and burned.
- Coptic students beaten to death.
- Coptic men have been burned alive.
- Children have been thrown off balconies.
- Coptic clergymen have been assaulted and killed.
- Christians have been forced to abandon the religion of their forefathers and embrace Islam.
- Islamic law has been imposed on Muslim and non-Muslim alike.
- The Christian religion has been attacked and ridiculed by the state-controlled media."

Islamic fundamentalism is on the march in Egypt, say the Copts. Very soon, perhaps, another nation will be a little more homogeneous, and the West a little less.

**Middle East.** Last August, an insider named Cholly Bilderberger wrote that "Israel's acceleration is our acceleration, Israel's fate is our fate, Israel's eventual self-destruction will also destroy us." Had Jordan's King Hussein not been speaking nearly a month earlier, one would wonder if his remarks pegged him as a member of the Cholly fan club. "Israel is the United States and the United States is Israel," said he. "That is the reality, the fact." Even Zionism's own Anthony Lewis, to whom Hussein addressed this observation, saw the futility of challenging it. Added the little king: "I don't think you'd find any Arab now feeling sleepless about the possibility of a threat from the east . . . ."

Hussein pinpointed the major factor in Begin's 1977 election and 1981 reelection. It was not internal affairs, the economic situation or scandal, as Americans had told him, but growing Israeli hawkishness. A lot of evidence bears him out:

- Begin's expansionist Likud Bloc increased from 43 to 48 Knesset members this year. Within the Likud, the relatively moderate Liberal party faction has become much more conservative, with a resurgence of power in its own younger and more hawkish wing.

- The Likud coalition will no longer embrace the now-defunct Democratic Movement for Change, which exerted a moderating influence on Begin's cabinet. The Movement's 15 dovish Knesset members have flown with the winds of change. Several smaller left-of-center Israeli parties also took a drubbing this year.

- Today the Likud coalition relies entirely on several small religious parties. So difficult was the coalition's establishment that these "moral minorities" were able to wring dramatic concessions from Begin: five of the Cabinet's 16 portfolios (including interior, education, social welfare and religious affairs); the cancellation of El Al flights and practically everything else on Saturdays; and a hard-line policy on settlements.

- Likud's major opposition, the Labor party, jumped from 32 to 47 Knesset members, but it too is more hawkish than ever. Eighteen of the 47 are uncompromisingly opposed to all territorial concessions, 12 are moderate, and 17 represent that vanishing Israeli species -- the dove.

- In fact, only 10 percent of the Israeli electorate -- including those Arabs who bother to vote -- now favors withdrawal from any part of the West Bank, even in

return for a guaranteed peace with Jordan. Virtually no one favors compromise on Arab East Jerusalem. And in the same survey last June, Israel's leading pollster also found that 34 percent of all Israelis now support the ultra militant positions of the Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful) organization. That is up from 14 percent as recently as March 1980.

- Likud's Yohanan Ramati reports that, "The consensus of Israel is that we will be incapable of defending ourselves if we agree to any territorial compromise. The sooner the United States realizes that, the closer you will be to understanding the true sentiment of this country."

A familiarity with Israeli popular sentiment is one reason why King Hussein is feeling apocalyptic these days.

Moshe Shahal, the chairman of the Knesset's Labor faction, calls Begin's agreement with the religious parties "the most shameful and abject surrender." Ninety-four separate demands were met. The coalition's new guidelines say flatly that Israel will assert its sovereignty and will formally annex the West Bank and Gaza after a five-year transition period.

What about all of the Arabs in those regions? Baruch Goldstein of Brooklyn has the only sensible answer. Writing to the *New York Times* on July 9, Goldstein noted that Israeli Arabs average 8 children per household versus 2.9 for Israeli Jews. Thus, whether the West Bank is ceded or not, the Jews' demographic crisis will remain. Goldstein stated:

The harsh reality is: if Israel is to avert facing the kinds of problems found in Northern Ireland today, it must act decisively to remove the Arab minority from within its borders . . . . Before instinctively defending democracy as inviolate, Israelis should consider whether the prospect of an Arab majority electing 61 Arab Knesset members is acceptable to them.

Israelis will soon have to choose between a Jewish state and a democratic one.

The new Israeli Defense Minister and number two man in the government is Ariel Sharon, whose hatred for Arabs is said by some of his countrymen to border on the psychopathic. Sharon was the organizer of the crack commando Unit 101, which in 1953 raided the Jordanian village of Kibiya, killing 69 civilians, half of them women and children trapped in dynamited houses. (Sharon said later he thought the houses were empty.) Famous for having the hottest head in a hot-headed nation, Sharon is said by former Defense Minister Ezer Weizman to

be perfectly capable of staging a coup against Begin.

For the first time, American troops will be permanently stationed in the Middle East. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Jr., has signed the agreement to send more than 1,000 of our men to the Sinai next April in a peace-keeping mission. Americans will pay most of the force's initial costs. Remember the nationwide protests over sending a few military instructors to El Salvador? Not a peep out of the media about sending 1,000 hunks of American cannon fodder to the desert no-man's-land between Israel and Egypt.

**Black Africa.** At a time when the Reagan administration was still debating whether or not to cut the Immigration and Naturalization Service budget below the \$300 million mark, it readily proposed increasing grants and loans to Kenya to \$120 million in 1982. (The loans tend to be grants called "loans.") Reagan did so because Kenya has in its 18 years of independence been held up as a model of successful African capitalism.

Kenya's government is in fact heavily involved in the economy, while the country's "success" translates into a decline slower than that of most of Black Africa. "I see deterioration everywhere," says one white resident -- "electricity, phones, roads, government services." A diplomat adds that "In five or ten years' time I wouldn't want to be here." By then, rising unemployment, fueled by the world's highest rate of population increase, "will shake the hell out of this place." The freest political climate in Eastern Africa has begun to tighten: six senior editors and reporters on the *Daily Nation* were recently jailed by President Moi.

More representative of Africa is Mali, whose borrowings of \$539 million in 1978 failed to balance with \$116 million in revenue earnings. This goes on year after year, but Western governments keep taxing their nearly childless white workers for so-called "loans" to Mali.

**South Africa.** Millions of white Americans would jump at the chance to pay six cents more per liter of gas for a little more racial separation. But *The Star* of Johannesburg recently damned apartheid to the lowest circle of hell because it forces the Energy Ministry to expend that much more on oil imports. This would have "horrendous effects" on the living standard and "make great holes in every South African's pocket, whether he drives a car or not."

The crime-conscious victims of American

## Elsewhere



integration are worried about holes in much worse places than their pockets. Apart from that, one may cite Richard Swartzbaugh's analysis of the costs of race-mixing:

"Integration" is expensive, and since it is expensive it "stimulates the economy." It is curious that one argument leveled by sociologists against segregation is that separate facilities . . . are inefficient and "a burden to the economy." Citizens' material interests are appealed to in order to overcome what is "morally culpable." However, now that these extra drinking fountains have all been abolished, society is faced with the prospect of supporting -- forever and ever -- vast armies of sociologists, social workers, civil rights workers and lawyers, investigating services and committees and various and sundry go-betweens and mediators, all of whom, as specially trained men and women, demand to be supported in the style not of welfare recipients but of middle-class citizens.

\* \* \*

A new American study says that white South Africans must quickly share power with the blacks or major violence is certain. The findings were financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and presented by Franklin A. Thomas, the black president of the Ford Foundation.

\* \* \*

Author James Michener, who enjoys being pictured as a political moderate, says we should give South Africa eight to ten more years of grace. He does not explain how that span will alter realities, especially with the black birthrate running at triple the white one; nor does he elaborate on the nasty things we should do to the whites when their ten years have quickly expired.

There are few grays in Nadine Gordimer's palette when the South African-born novelist pictures the future awaiting Afrikaners. In *July's People*, her latest opus, the Republic's cities go up in flames, all routes of escape are cut off and the people who did not really belong there in the first place now cannot

get out. Her protagonists are your typical nice, liberal Johannesburg family who, of course, know which side is "right" -- but also know that the good side will probably kill them. We can be sure, however, that Gordimer's people will have jumped ship before the fatal "July" rolls around.

**India.** In New Delhi alone, more than 200 women were burned to death during 1979 by husbands and in-laws who were disgruntled over insufficient dowries. Bride burning is an ancient custom that seems to be spreading in modern India. Occasionally, women help set and stoke their own fires, but usually husbands must catch them unaware. When only-daughter Krishna Ram married Roshan Lal, she brought along \$2,750 in gold-trimmed saris, gold bangles and household goods -- though her family earns only \$600 a year. Her ambitious in-laws kept demanding more. To no one's great surprise, her crisped cadaver was found in the bathroom one day. Now Lal is free to marry again. This kind of barbarism remains endemic in a country which outlawed the practice of demanding dowries in 1961.

Faurisson received a 90-day suspended prison sentence, but must pay \$900 to the correctional court, \$3,500 damages to three Jewish organizations, and also an estimated \$200,000 to have the court judgment against him published and broadcast over French national radio and television during prime time. A national reading of this kind would be utterly without precedent in French and possibly world history. The decision is being appealed.

Faurisson's case has received lengthy coverage from the French media, which occasionally support his right to free expression. One leading journal noted that the trial shows "to what degree the Nazi period is still taboo" and how Nazism is still being used as a "bogeyman" to "obtain submission" to present-day democratic totalitarianism.

Among the growing number of French intellectuals who have rallied to Faurisson's defense are at least three prominent Jews. Jean-Gabriel Cohn-Bendit, bearded civil libertarian whose brother Daniel was a leader in the 1968 student riots, has announced that he no longer believes in the "gas chambers." Claude Karnooh, of the National Center of Scientific Research in Paris, agrees, saying that Faurisson "has overturned the established assumption and has begun a revolution." Jacob Assous, a Left Bank literary figure, told the court that the fraud was being maintained for the benefit of Israel.

## Stirrings



### Paternity Suit

Some years ago, the journalist Russell Warren Howe asked Menahem Begin whether he considered himself to be "the father" of modern terrorism in the Middle East. "No," said Begin, "in the entire world."

Today, the Israeli prime minister likes to deny this. "But," writes novelist John Weisman, in reviewing a book for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, "the evidence is irrefutable." He had just read Thurston Clarke's *By Flood and Fire: July 22, 1946 -- The Attack on Jerusalem's King David Hotel* (Putnam, \$12.95). The book recreates moment by moment that hot summer day of death for 91 hotel residents, laying to rest questions that went unanswered for 35 years.

As the 350 kilograms of TNT packed into milk jugs exploded into 350,000 liters of hot gases -- expanding at a velocity of 160,000 mph, burning at 3,000° centigrade, and exerting 500,000 pounds of pressure per square inch -- the last remnants of Theodor Herzl's utopian vision of a uniquely moral nation also exploded. For Weisman and Clarke, Begin is a major force in Jewish history -- and, regrettably, not a spent one.

### Begin's Children

They said they would do it and they did it. At 5 AM on June 25, the Jewish Defense League (JDL) firebombed the headquarters of the Institute for Historical Review (IHR) in Torrance, California. The bomb, loaded with Israel's best-loved chemical -- napalm -- was thrown against a window, breaking it before it fell to the ground. Had it gone through the window, the IHR building would probably have been gutted. As it was, the surrounding area suffered extensive damage. The JDL had notified local papers that the attack was coming.

Later, the *Los Angeles Times* echoed the leftist *Guardian* by reporting that the IHR had "dissolved." But all the firebombing, fire-setting, window-smashing, bystander-beating and automatic weapon-waving that has gone on around the building seems only to have strengthened the Institute's resolve.

### Unique Penalty

In an interview heard over "Europe 1" radio last December, French literature professor Robert Faurisson denounced "Holocaust" claims as historic lies. Now, amid scenes of courtroom hysteria, he has been convicted in Paris of inciting hatred and racial discrimination.

America's self-appointed guardians of free speech completely ignored the judicial travesty. The *Washington Post*, Amnesty International and a host of other establishment props maintained a stony silence. One wonders what their response will be if Simon Wiesenthal's demands for an American gag law against holocaust questioners come to fruition.

Men have recently received two-year prison sentences in both West Germany and Belgium for publicly doubting the Holocaust. The West German Interior Minister has announced that a new law will make the heresy a criminal rather than a civil matter, which means that the state can take heretics straight to court without waiting for anyone to complain.

American revisionist historian Mark Weber observes:

The very intensity of the campaign against Faurisson and other revisionists in Europe may prove to be the most vivid indication that they are correct. Anyone may write openly that the earth is flat, that Switzerland was responsible for the first world war, or that the Korean War is an invention of Islamic propaganda. And beyond concern for the writer's sanity, he will remain unmolested. But to challenge the claim that 'Germany exterminated six million Jews' will bring fines, imprisonment or attacks from thugs.

\* \* \*

The Mitterand regime severely condemned the Israeli attack on the Iraqi research reactor and the subsequent Israeli bombing of Beirut, the second Arab capital to be attacked by the Israelis within a month. French officials have also promised to fulfill all their contracts with the Arab states, which is tantamount to an assurance that French technicians will once again begin work on the construction or rather the re-

construction of the battered Baghdad reactor.

On the other hand, as the photograph below clearly demonstrates, there are still some strong links between François Mitterand and French Jewry.

### Whimsical Conspiracy

After agents of the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) had infiltrated a right-wing activist group in western North Carolina, they spent a full year encouraging the "rednecks" to make violent statements and took it all down in hundreds of hours of taped conversations. The problem for the feds was that some of the activists knew their identity two months beforehand and were only trying to waste their time and uncover more agents by telling wilder and wilder yarns. So went the sworn testimony of Bruce Briggs, a leading North Carolina lawyer and former superior court judge, who had been doing unrelated legal work for a member of one activist's family and tipped him off as to what was afoot.

Frank Braswell and five others somehow kept their faces straight as they told the BATF agents of their plan to blow up the city of Greensboro with 17,000 tons of explosives if the right-wingers on trial for killing five Reds were found guilty (they weren't). The humorless agents failed to realize that 850 16-wheel trucks and \$40 million would be needed to simply transport the explosives.

Two other community leaders supported Briggs's testimony. But even when the prosecutor tried to resign from the case and the fifty reporters covering it became convinced of the defendants' innocence, the trial proceeded.

Bond was set at \$300,000, which was raised in part by neighbors mortgaging their homes. The terms were so restrictive that if

one defendant got drunk or skipped out, the entire amount was subject to forfeit. But the neighbors were happy to risk the sacrifice in behalf of hard-working family men who had always lent a hand without being asked, had never been guilty of more than a traffic ticket, and now faced five-year prison terms.

The 13-count charge was for "weapons conspiracy," but the weapons named had never existed and the conspiracy was built around federal agents who called meetings, provided transportation and urged the defendants to make incriminating statements at least thirty times. Perhaps more important, no crime of any kind was ever committed and courts have traditionally held that at least a minor misdeed is necessary for a "conspiracy" to exist.

A shocked Judge Woodrow Jones learned how dirty the BATF plays when agents admitted they had lied to him about Braswell killing five policemen in order to obtain his permission for a wiretap.

When the jury came in, no one except the ADL was surprised to hear they couldn't agree. The judge declared a mistrial. There may be a new trial since certain people never forgive and never forget.

### Guts Are Back

Not so long ago, the names of Sen. Charles Mathias, Rep. Paul M. (Pete) McCloskey Jr. and former Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy seemed destined for the pantheon of American liberalism. But unless someone changes the rules of the liberal game, their shrine may shrink to the size of a phone booth.

Mathias used the veddy, veddy prestigious quarterly *Foreign Affairs* to attack the "potent Israel lobby" and other ethnic interest groups as being sometimes "harmful to the public interest." His 24-page article was largely historical, and traced the right to lobby back to the Magna Carta. It prudently hailed ethnic diversity in America but criticized the excessive use of ethnic politics.

"Presidents from Wilson to Carter have confronted the dilemma (as will Reagan too, no doubt, soon enough) of citizens who couple loyalty to America with bonds of affection for one foreign country or another," Mathias wrote. These hyphenated Americans had often swayed presidents and congressmen "for reasons not always related to either personal conviction or careful reflection on the national interest." Mathias stressed that Israel's supporters are by far the most powerful. Not coincidentally, the article came less than a year after Mathias had won a new six-year term in Maryland, where Jews abound.

Pete McCloskey, who picked up one delegate from New Mexico in 1972 as the Republican Party's antiwar alternative to Rich-



At his inauguration Mitterand told Mendès-France (right), "If I am president, it is thanks to you." The Jewish former Prime Minister, who surrendered the French colony of Indochina to the Vietnamese and thereby set the stage for the American military disaster in Southeast Asia, was thereupon, according to the jackals of the French press, "moved to tears."



ard Nixon, may be running against California's Senator S.I. Hayakawa in 1982 -- which makes his forceful remarks against organized Jewry all the more commendable and all the more gutsy. The Jewish lobby has a "tendency" to "control the actions of Congress," McCloskey told a gathering of retired officers in San Diego. "We've got to overcome [it]." Later on the same July afternoon, McCloskey informed a gathering of 25 people, most of them Jews, "Somehow we have to approach Israel as a nation and not as a golden myth that can do no wrong."

Last year, McCloskey became involved in a brief shoving match with a Jew when he voiced the same opinion. The San Diego B'nai B'rith responded this time by accusing him of "defaming" Jews -- one short step away from the most lethal tag in American politics. BB Director Morris Casuto dismissed his opinions as "errant nonsense," saying, "The worn old charge that the Jewish community controls Congress, the president and the foreign policy of the United States is an insult to the Jewish community and indeed to the American public . . . . Congressman McCloskey's repeated attacks on the Jewish community call his judgment and understanding of the American political process into question."

As in 1972, McCloskey was free of illusions. "Sure, it's harmful. Any suggestion that I'm anti-Semitic is harmful."

"Clean Gene" McCarthy was a 1968 presidential candidate who, despite being tagged as a left-wing intellectual, had an easy rapport with the Wallace blue-collar crowd, even while turning off many Jews and blacks, who preferred Hubert Humphrey's easy promises and Robert Kennedy's flash. Thirteen years later, it is still hard to peg McCarthy, since his basic honesty keeps him busy speaking out against sacred cows left, right and center.

In a recent article for *Policy Review*, the quarterly journal of the Heritage Foundation, McCarthy asked "Is America Becoming a Colony to the World?" His answer was affirmative, and his evidence was good. Direct foreign investment in the United States rose from \$13 billion in 1970 to \$49 billion in 1978. With this much investment comes a measure of foreign control.

Other signs of what McCarthy says "can best be called 'neo-colonialism'": America is becoming a supplier of raw materials and a purchaser of manufactured goods; we are losing control over our domestic monetary system as the dollar holdings of OPEC and other countries continue to grow; we are expected to defend other nations, while our own borders go undefended -- for fear of "provoking" Mexico; even the status of our

language is being challenged.

One might add that our growing role as a supplier of raw materials is particularly worrisome because our resources are depleted more than those of most of the world. We should be copying resource-poor giants like Germany and Japan, which maintain their living standards only through advanced technology. McCarthy is doubtless well aware of the reasons for our slippage there.

### Vigilante Flick

Michael Winner is an English movie director who claims he opposes vigilante justice. Still, he felt that audiences might like to see a film about a white New Yorker who shoots black muggers. Needless to say, he had a dickens of a time arranging financing for "Death Wish" and getting it released seven years ago. But the \$2.7 million flick made \$60 million and won critical acclaim, so now Winner and his vigilante, played by Charles Bronson, are back in "Death Wish Two." Noting that street violence is spreading across Europe -- and himself thrice mugged in London -- Winner foresees an even bigger box office potential. Bronson will be set down in Los Angeles this time around, where Winner finds that partying movie moguls now talk mostly about their personal brushes with crime.

### TV Letter

We were watching "60 Minutes" a few Sundays ago, much as one watches a spider enwebbing a fly (we being the fly). At the end came the usual letters. Heaved forfend! There in all its printed glory flashed the signature of an Instaurationist.

We won't reveal the contents of the letter except to say that it was a point of view in keeping with *Instauration's* world view. Nor will we reveal the name of the Instaurationist. We must respect the anonymity of our subscribers.

Nevertheless, we are getting around.

### Lunar Eclipse?

If there was ever an alien that should be deported from these United States, it is Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the head of the Unification Church, whose wife may have lied in her immigration application and may therefore be sent back to South Korea. If she goes, her husband must go too because he manages to stay on as a resident alien on the grounds that his wife is a U.S. citizen.

Rev. Moon is not the ordinary immigrant. He is officially committed to the mixing of races--that's why he calls his religious racket

the Unification Church. Recently he presided over a mass marriage of 843 racially mixed couples in Toronto. Moon has promised even more orgies of miscegenation for the U.S., orgies which will be led by the American head of the church, Dr. Mose Durst, who describes himself as a onetime "cultural Jew."

### Dissident Physicist

An extremely interesting article by scientist G. Harry Stine entitled, "Beyond Relativity," appeared in *Analog Science Fiction/Science Fact* (Nov. 1979). As the following excerpts demonstrate, the article should have appeared in *Scientific American*, *Science* or a professional journal of physics. For reasons also apparent in the excerpts, it did not.

Today the Keepers of the Faith will not permit anyone to question the theories of relativity, the constancy of the speed of light, or the space-time concepts of the Einsteinian Universe. They have also concocted the fiction that relativity is so difficult to understand that only a select few are qualified to interpret Einstein's work . . . .

Getting to the moon and back did not require the application of the theories of relativity, but the "ancient" Laws of Motion of Sir Isaac Newton . . . . The lunar landing missions could have been accomplished totally with Newtonian physics . . . .

It also bothers the heretics that modern physics appears to have stumbled deliberately into the quicksand of incredibly untenable hypotheses and theories based on incomprehensible formulae calculated with micrometric precision from extremely vague assumptions based upon debatable figures obtained from inconclusive tests and quite incomplete experiments carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy . . . .

Albert Einstein's personal and philosophical views . . . made him a favorite among liberal intellectuals, writers, editors and publishers -- not only those who publish the textbooks and the scientific journals, but those who can make or break a person's reputation in the media . . . .

Henri Poincaré worked out the mathematics of special relativity before Einstein; Herman Minkowski had developed the space-time viewpoints that are the cornerstones of special relativity; David Hilbert derived the field equations of general relativity . . . all of this quite independent of Einstein . . . .

In 1965, a colleague who is an outstanding physicist was flatly told by the editor of a prominent journal that no consideration of publication would be given to any material that offered any contradiction to [relativity].

*End of quote.*