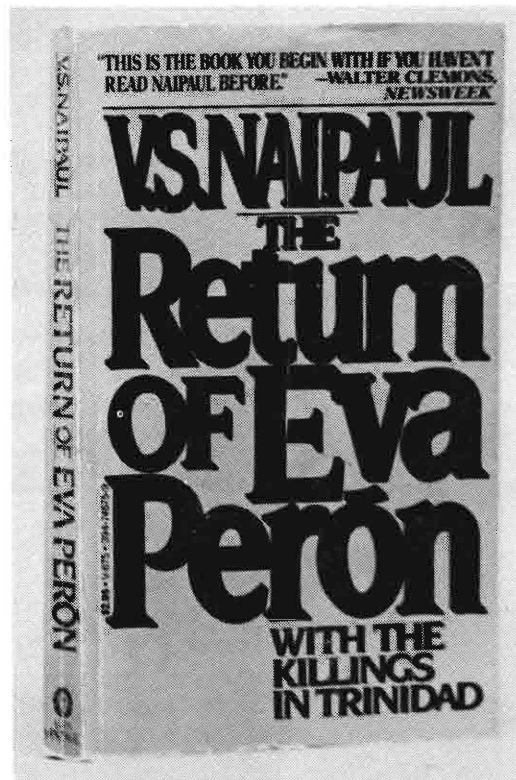
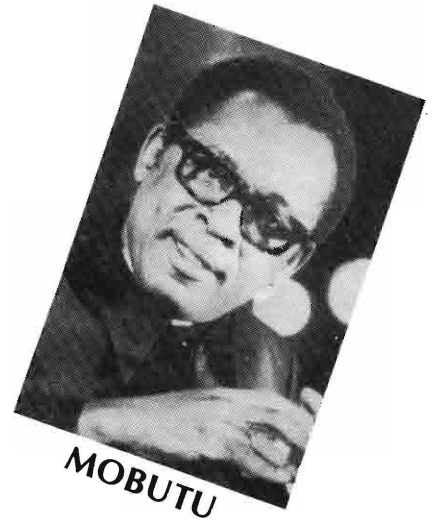
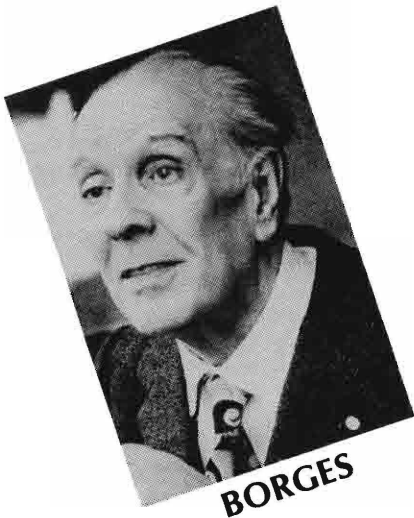


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 7 NO. 5

APRIL 1982



**NONWHITE AUTHOR BLASTS
DECOLONIALIZED BLACKS AND ARGENTINIANS**

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

I think our judges are about the most irresponsible members of our society. Like characters out of Alice in Wonderland, they never seem to be able to understand the consequences of their actions.

338

Cholly's article on absurdity (Aug. 1981) proves that the true absurdity is deluding ourselves that we are better than the masses, as we do nothing but rationalize our own cowardice.

951

I was delighted to see the article by the French-Canadian nationalist. I'm not sure that I agree with all of his theories, but there are so many WASPs among your readers that I think it would do 'em a lot of good to hear the views of nationalists from other countries. If the French Canadian wants to preserve his culture, he should attempt to get the Canadian government to let the residents of Quebec make their own immigration laws. If the Anglo-Saxons are determined to fill up their part of Canada with Afros and muddies, why should the French Canadians, who know better, have this disaster inflicted on them?

312

My contention is that the dawn of Western man began when he started to worship one Jew, 2,000 years ago. His fall began when he began to worship a whole nation of Jews.

455

I particularly liked the plan to gain uncensored access to the media at election time (Oct. 1981). The only trouble with that plan is, it would probably work. No one will ever go for it; it's too simple and sure-fire.

136

Though a great nationalist, Sadat forgot that any government which undertakes a policy that is against both the racial and religious instincts of the majority of its citizens, is almost as surely doomed to disaster as poor Macbeth after his first murder. If there is a real villain in the Sadat tragedy, it is the U.S. government which managed to give him so much dangerous advice -- about as dangerous as that given by Lady Macbeth to her henpecked husband. Somehow, I can't help but feel that the ghosts of the late Shah of Iran and Anastasio Somoza will have a lot to commiserate about with Sadat.

348

Ah, if we could only effect an instantaneous, thaumaturgical switch and put Instauration where Norman Lear is. The Majority sheep would switch directions 180° within three months.

058

Yockey (Feb. 1982) was wrong about race, of course, and his historical systematizing does not entirely convince me. But he was a genius and a tragic-heroic figure. On one point I am sure he is right. I refer to his argument that American thought is essentially feminine (not effeminate, female). Yockey would have understood why, in regard to the ongoing Polish crisis, the nationwide editorial emphasis is on the avoidance of bloodshed.

913

The movie Excalibur, except for the wonderful music lifted from the Ring Cycle, was a mediocre, often ridiculous movie. The film you should be discussing is Dragonslayer, also a Paramount release but in association with Disney. It is a well-developed, well-acted epic, with all the overtones of Siegfried, Beowulf and St. George. If we are ever to escape the mess we are in today, Majority youth will have to be immersed in these legends.

921

I believe one hardcover and two softcover copies of The Dispossessed Majority have been sold to inmates in my prison since 1975. Beyond a doubt well over 50 inmates have read the book at least once, perhaps 20 have read the book twice, and at least 10 have read the book again, again and again over the past six years. I personally indoctrinated many young Majority types with my paperback copy. In my missionary work on behalf of the book, I have found that Nature genetically programs only a select few for indoctrination, thus creating an intelligentsia that elicits hate, envy and distrust from the nonprogrammables. The purer the racial type, the more susceptible he is to Nordic racial ideals. The hybrids are trash. Any inmate who informs me that he is half this or half that I immediately write off as a complete racial loss. When I work with the Negroes here they can't do much of anything, except get in my way. But Nature has programmed them to follow a strong man who is firm, fair and highborn. Negroes can be handled by Majority members when the latter again become men who will lead and not take any nonsense from the blacks. Until then, the Negroes are having a hell of a good time here in America.

Zip withheld

Cholly is an artist with many faces. I picture him salivating over every word he writes.

038

Let's bury our nuclear waste in a trench along the Mexican border.

606

The railing against "groupism" in the article "The Prehistoric Culture of the Northern Europeans" (Nov. 1981), was an exercise in semantic and dialectical absurdity. What is a race, if it is not a group? And what, pray tell, is racialism, if not a form of groupism? If Northern Europeans survive, it will be as a group committed to a common cause, not as sovereign individuals playing silly little word games.

222

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I am not sure why Instauration (Frances Farmer, Oct. 1981) and Cholly B. (Nov. 1981) are weeping over the demise of Hollywood sluts. Cholly's character, Art (Dec. 1981), represents most of the Majority. The better specimens perished in the Civil War, World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam for utterly mad causes. People like Art have reached the stage where all that can be done with them is to put them out of their misery. They are useless to everybody, including themselves. The U.S. is a worthless institution, the worst enemy of the American people. Our government, like the Mafia, is selling protection only from its own harassment. The WASPs, like the trees, are a resource to be cut down and chopped up for fun and profit. Both are rather passive; neither has a functioning brain.

208

I must take issue with the writer of the Sadat article (Dec. 1981). He paints Anwar as an appeaser and turncoat. Not true. Sadat knew the Arab-Israeli conflict would be decided in the U.S., not in the Middle East. He played an international game. He wanted to drive a wedge between Israel and the U.S. If this is a Herculean task for informed American Majority members, think what it must be for a Middle Eastern Arab leader. He failed, but let's not be too hard on him. Sadat reminds me of a quote, "Amongst a group of blind men, the one-eyed man is king." The Israelis probably are glad he's dead. They prefer as enemies less subtle Arabs like Muammar Gaddafi.

940

The French New Right's magazine, elements, has described last year's election, which swept Mitterrand into office, as "the victory of the almost nothing over the completely empty."

French subscriber

I asked a prominent local citizen, an anthropologist, if he knew of Butz's Hoax of the Twentieth Century. He said he did not. So I told him that since I had put in more than three years in Japanese prison camps, I knew very well that most of what I heard about the Holocaust was typical war propaganda. I said I'd been reading up on the subject and talking to undertaker friends about cremation techniques and that I finally became convinced that the whole story was fabricated. "Oh," he said, "it couldn't all be false." I replied, "Well, you're a scholar. Why don't you spend some time studying engineering data on cremation and gas chambers?" He thought about that seriously, it seemed. So I followed with, "I'll drop a couple of books off for you to look at." Next day, while he was out of town, I left copies of The Dispossessed Majority, The Hoax of the Twentieth Century and a recent article on cremation figures on his desk. That night he called me and in a very troubled voice reported that I had ruined his life. He said, "You know very well I'll have to write about this." What this will lead to, I don't know. I have gone on for some time giving books to people whom I've softened up enough to read and not just run. If we chop away at the weeds a bit at a time, one day the garden will be healthy again.

872

Every issue of your magazine inspires me to greater acts and dreams. It serves as an encyclopedia of ideas to "outargue" my liberal acquaintances. I am 26 years old and hope to live another 50, during which I intend to fight for my race against all the odds.

Canadian subscriber

Civilizations, cultures and moral systems have no demonstrable function other than being circuitous techniques to aid human survival and reproduction. Those that created high cultures did so because they integrated man's biological nature harmoniously with his cultural imperatives. Individuals in racially homogeneous societies create more orderly and durable societies because they share the same basic character traits.

If someone reared in a conservative family decided to become a liberal (perhaps due to incessant academic propaganda) he might experience physiological integration problems (hypothalamic regulation problems) arising from the clash of the basically conservative goals of the unconscious limbic system with the newer and more fashionable information from the cortex. Coordination between the limbic and cortical systems of the brain is vital to human health. The limbic system gathers the same information as the cortex, thereby making the former a second brain or "superego." Information or memories warehoused in the limbic system are "unconscious" or below the level of awareness, as is perhaps 90 percent of our behavior. Only cortical information is conscious.

A consciousness of kith and kin integrates man's biological component harmoniously with his cultural component. Problems in human behavior or human physiology develop when one has been trained or taught goals that do not correspond to one's essential nature. Racism is a healthy, long-term coordination between biology and culture.

551

I think it is generally accepted that the female's penchant for goofiness in dress and hair styles is something you have to live with. Whatever some mincing Frenchman happens to design will, I know, be what the female will wear, no matter how awkward, ungainly or unattractive it might make her look. I have long suspected most of these "designers" are not necessarily driven by a wild desire to improve women's appearance. In fact, I wonder, at times, if these "designers" harbor a sadistic enjoyment in watching gullible females spend a fortune to look ridiculous.

338

I agree with Zip 489. Protestants can become good Irishmen. In fact, history is replete with examples. I disagree with Zip 372. Lennon was nothing more than a piece of rich white trash. He was both a drug addict and a drug advocate. His demise was a blessing. While I don't approve of mixed marriages (or even mixed schools, neighborhoods and countries) I think John L.'s marriage to the Japanese woman might actually have been a step upward in his case.

320

At the moment of crisis any government, no matter how diligent and responsible, will resort to its ultimate nonmilitary weapon -- the money printing press. Every large-scale war causes governments to turn on this printing press. A variety of other crises, most real, some fraudulent, some long-term, some short-term, often demand drastic action. When no other course seems open, government leaders instinctively grab for the printing press.

The racial conflict in America is a crisis that is both lasting and deep. It will not go away with education, propaganda or any form of mental coercion. In the midst of it all the government has almost unconsciously let its hand keep pushing the button that activates the money presses. Failing all else, and all else is bound to fail, the green machines will spin even faster. Why does a peacetime government go so deeply into debt? For America the underlying cause is the race issue.

In 1929 President Hoover was unwilling to create new money to bail out the economy as it sank into recession. He knew that only natural or market forces could restore the value of the dollar, which became the strongest currency in the world precisely because the people as a whole were willing to tolerate poverty. In those far-off times, the social foundations and sense of unity of America were still strong. They are not strong today. The government, whose effectiveness depends on the unity of its people, cannot rely on such unity today. The internal divisions in contemporary America are the equivalent of war. So the government must continue to resort, as it has done for the last 40 years, to the printing press. Soon the trickle of money will become a great wave. The government can tolerate the bankruptcy of business. It can even tolerate the idea of its own fiscal ruin. But it cannot tolerate racial war. And yet it has only this one non-military weapon left to deal with the crisis.

619

Listening to the news today is like hearing excerpts from Who's Who in the Underworld.

743

Instaurationists should go to see the motion picture Reds. Amazingly enough, the role of Jews in the Communist revolution in Russia is rather clearly brought out, even to the point of portraying Jews by actors with obviously Jewish physical features.

741

How much longer will we have to put up with the degrading spectacle of the Administration and the State Department finger-wagging "naughty, naughty" to Israel but all the while taking care to reassure that political excessiveness that we will not allow the rest of the world to do anything about it?

335

The Marx family from Trier (Treves) used to be named Levy Mordecai until one of the tribe wanted to be a Prussian state attorney. He had to be sprinkled with water to be purified and Christianized. It was then they became Marxs, a Celtic name used frequently in the Rhineland, which was once settled by Celts.

222



In order to extort a visa for Liza Alexeyeva and bring her to the side of the Jewish husband she married by proxy, the Washington Post wasted five square feet of paper per copy. Within 11 days, 14 articles on Liza appeared in the Post, plus 7 photos, some as large as 9" x 5".

222

By now I have seen about ten TV segments on "Reaganomics." They are all pretty much the same. One Sunday evening, Jane Pauley presided over a "special" from a Mississippi shanty with no running water, roaches galore, pickaninnies all over the place. Mother Gemima 'splained 'bout dat Reagan cuttin' off de food stamps and welfare and how she can't cook but two meals a day due to de cutback. All 'cause of dat man in Washington. He don' care nuthin' 'bout us po' folk. No one asked any questions about a husband. The male breeders, like Dracula, only come out at night. Later the Guv'nah of Mississippi appeared on camera and wrung his hands about the deplorable situation. He was a typical cornpone politician with all the charisma of a public restroom; necessary but dirty.

TV cameras on various news programs have taken me to poverty holes in the big cities, suburban shopping centers, even to an art show where one of the "artists" mumbled through his face hair that the reduction in "guv'ment" funds will probably destroy untold thousands of budding artistic geniuses. One look at the "art" and I was convinced a total cutoff of funds for such stuff would be on a par with the mercy killing of a half-squashed toad.

"Reaganomics" is a great failure because my TV tells me so. Soon it will be back to good ole pump priming. Then I won't have to watch any more of those depressing scenes of starvation in the ghettos.

101

Marv



Capital punishment is barbarism.
The death penalty is legalized murder.
But I guess we should make
an exception for anti-Semites.

John Nobull's piece about what he calls the East Frisian islands was very interesting. It seems that our race just can't rid itself of its garish Semitic invaders, even in the most remote corners. It is particularly ironic that the unwanted alien interlopers, who now have their own Holy Land, should still invade our Helgoland. However, though it is a small point, John Nobull is wrong about the islands of Helgoland, Noordeney, Sylt and Borkum being east Frisian islands. They are in fact north Frisian islands. West Frisian, as he knows, is the tongue, the closest to English, which is spoken in Holland -- in the province of Friesland and the islands of Skylge and Skiermuntseach. But East Frisian is a dialect spoken in the German province of Brunswick, to the east of Holland. Owing to long separation, all three of the Frisian dialects have become mutually unintelligible.

German subscriber

Often on TV basketball games there are no white players. Only white referees and white audiences. I am puzzled. How does a white audience relate to a group of Negro players?

327

At the contest for the Grand Prix Eurovision, an interstate European TV event, Israel has won two rather coveted prizes in recent years. The peace song, "Hallelujah," sung in Hebrew, ranged far ahead of France, West Germany and other competition. Yet, strangely, nobody dares to ask the simple question, "Is Israel a European state?" Equally unquestionable seems to be the geographical knowledge of a certain Mr. Solomon, chief scientist of the London Branch of the U.S. Naval Research Office, who claims that the membership of the European Physical Society stretches "from Israel to Norway." Just as geographically muddled was an item in European Scientific Notes (Sept. 1981) which reported three out of eight "European visitors" to the U.S. were from Israel.

221

The Atlanta newspaper recently ran an editorial, presumably written by a black, entitled "Blacks Helped Make America." The uncredited author accepted the designation of February as Black History Month with little grace, complaining bitterly that "it is not enough to point out achievements by blacks just once a year." Our phantom penman asserted that blacks are responsible for the invention of, among other things, the multiple-barrel machine gun, air conditioner, electric lamp, pencil sharpener, horseshoe, fire escape ladder, lawn mower, two-cycle gasoline engine and railway telegraphy. In closing, the ebony editorialist declared that "The key to the survival of this country may well be to tell the whole story of black America." I agree with that statement, but not in the same spirit the racist writer intended it.

303

The first two babies born January 1 in Long Beach, California, were a Negro and a Vietnamese. The latter's mommy had arrived in the U.S. two weeks previously.

908

Personally, I was glad to see the articles about Roder and Reder, but I worry about too much "Germanization" of the editorial content of Instauration. It might offend those of us who are still "fighting World War II."

945

It is with the deepest regret that I learned of the death of Dr. Carleton Coon, who was surely the world's leading physical anthropologist. There was, of course, no mention of his passing in the subversive South African newspapers, which have only heard of Ashley Montagu. One grieves because one cannot believe there will ever be anyone to take his place, though this would seem to indicate a lack of faith in the continuance of our racial genius. It is a pity that this immensely scholarly man apparently did not possess the sheer robust courage of Dr. Shockley, Dr. Oliver, Carleton Putnam or John Nobull. Incidentally, when Dr. Coon suspected that Buddhist priests in Nepal had sacrificed a half-wit boy, he shouldn't have been surprised. I'm surprised only that the boy was a half-wit and not a prime specimen, though the eugenics side of it is reasonable enough. I do not know Nepal itself, but I am very well acquainted with neighbouring Assam, and for that matter eastern India generally, where human sacrifice is an ancient custom, and where victims are so easily obtained. It was even reported in the South African newspapers not so long ago that a number of Hindu priests in India had been arrested for sacrificing boys, though I have no doubt that the arrests were merely token. I suppose their real crime was that they had been making the ritual too obvious.

South African subscriber

All servicemen should be given the right to serve in units composed of members of their own ethnic group. That is, they should have the chance to join all white, all black, all Hispanic or mixed groups. This choice would substantially diminish opposition to a draft.

128

The IHR convention this year was held in difficult circumstances. The speakers were excellent, except for an Arab (Palestinian) who didn't seem to understand that one could be anti-Zionist without being pro-Arab. He got into things like "Hitler was Jewish, the Zionists were Nazi collaborators," etc. and that sunk his ship. The JDL paid us a visit on Sunday and I was assaulted by one member. They were an interesting touch. They did justice to some of the caricatures in Der Stürmer.

902

I am both an Instaurationist and a Bircher. When I tell someone that I am an Instaurationist they look puzzled. When I tell them I am a Bircher they frown. What do you think this means?

300

A racist friend of mine was once confronted by a black contending that it was a black man who had done the first open-heart surgery. "And you can find them practicing it any night on the streets of any major city," my friend replied.

300

If a white had written this book, it would never have seen the light of day

V.S. NAIPAUL'S SCATHING LOOK AT THE THIRD WORLD

Throughout the 1950s and 1960s colonial flags were lowered, burned or folded away in dozens of geopolitical slices of Africa and Asia. Pollyannaish believers in the inevitable triumph of "human progress" predicted bright futures for the new nations. Although the intervening years have removed all the gloss from this choral hopefulness, all the rose from the rose-colored glasses, the Rousseauesque notion still persists that the decolonized peoples are "just like everybody else." Since in America the equalitarian dogma remains the First Commandment of the media, it's not surprising that the critics find the writings of V.S. Naipaul rather disturbing. In fact, if a white person wrote in such a vein he would be denounced as a racial imperialist. But Naipaul's pigmentation is imprinted with 3,000 years of Indian sunburn. Consequently, he has been recognized as a brilliant and pitiless dissector of the Third World. A few months ago his face, bearing few of the traits of his very remote Aryan ancestors, stared out balefully from a cover of *Newsweek*.

Born in Trinidad, raised as a Hindu in an Indian family and educated in England, Naipaul has spent half a lifetime on sociological Cook's Tours of the Third and First Worlds. Feeling at home in neither, identifying with no culture, his endemic "outsiderness" qualifies him as a particularly keen observer.

Michael X

The Return of Eva Perón, one of the best and most successful of Naipaul's 17 books, consists of four probing essays. The first, "Michael X and the Black Power Killings in Trinidad," tells the banal story of a black racist revolutionary, a so-called writer, who organized the murder of a white renegade from Britain who had joined his kibbutz in Trinidad. In Naipaul's view, Michael X is just one more beast of prey in the jungle of Caribbean politics.

In a place like Trinidad, racial redemption is as irrelevant for the Negro as for everybody else. It obscures the problems of a small independent country with a lopsided economy, the problems of a fully "consumer" society that is yet technologically untrained and without the intellectual means to comprehend the deficiency. It perpetuates the negative, colonial politics of protest. It is, in the end, a deep corruption: a wish to be granted a dispensation from the pains of development, an almost religious conviction that oppression can be turned into an asset, race into money. While the dream of redemption lasts, Negroes will continue to exist only that someone might be their leader. Redemption requires a redeemer; and a redeemer, in these circumstances, cannot but end like the

Emperor Jones: contemptuous of the people he leads, and no less a victim, seeking an illusory personal emancipation. In Trinidad, as in every black West Indian island, the too easily awakened sense of oppression and the theory of the enemy point to the desert of Haiti.

Naipaul then turns his fluorescent pen to the murder of the British woman, Gale Benson, who learned too late that miscegenation can be a very dangerous business.

Benson was as shallow and vain and parasitic as many middle-class dropouts of her time; she became as corrupt as her master; she was part of the corruption by which she was destroyed . . . She took, on her journey away from home, the assumptions, however little acknowledged, not only of her class and race and the rich countries to which she belonged, but also of her ultimate security.

Michael X and his number two man, the American-born Jamal, a onetime paramour of the late Jean Seberg, decided that Gale had to be killed. Only blood could keep the group together, Michael said. She was stabbed nine times and buried, still alive, in a shallow grave. "What have I done to deserve this?" were her last words. Nobody missed her for seven weeks.

This was a literary murder, if ever there was one. Writing led both men here; for both of them, uneducated but clever, hustlers with the black cause always to hand, operating always among the converted or half-converted, writing had for too long been a public relations exercise, a form of applauded lie, fantasy . . . a fantasy of power that led both men to contemplate, from their different standpoints, the act of murder. Jamal, when he understood that Trinidad wasn't the United States, began to feel that in an island where the majority of the population was black, he didn't "look good" with a white woman at his side. And Benson, England and middle class, was just the victim [Michael X] needed: his novel began to come to life.

Michael X was eventually betrayed and hanged, but others like him keep the tradition alive.

Eva

Naipaul's essay, "The Return of Eva Perón," is a devastating portrayal of Argentina, which claims to be the most cultured and European of the Latin American countries.

Perhaps very little of what happens in Argentina is really news, because there is no movement forward; nothing is

being resolved. The nation appears to be playing a game with itself; and Argentine political life is like the life of an ant community or an African forest tribe: full of events, full of crises and deaths, but life is only cyclical, and the year always ends as it begins.

There are newspapers and magazines and universities and publishing houses; there is even a film industry. But the country has as yet no idea of itself. Streets and avenues are named after presidents and generals, but there is no art of historical analysis; there is no art of biography. There is legend and antiquarian romance, but no real history. There are only annals, lists of rulers, chronicles of events.

Argentina . . . has diminished and stultified the men whom it attracted by the promise of ease and to whom it offered no other ideals and no new idea of human association. New Zealand, equally colonial, also with a past of native dispossession, but founded at an earlier imperial period and on different principles, has had a different history. It has made some contribution to the world; more gifted men and women have come from its three million than from the twenty-three millions of Argentines.

The great interpreter of the Argentine soul is the aged writer, Jorge Borges.

. . . Though Borges doesn't acknowledge it, a recurring theme in the later stories is of Nordics growing degenerate in a desolate Argentine landscape. Scottish Guthries become mestizo Gutres and no longer even know the Bible; an English girl becomes an Indian savage; men called Nilsen forget their origins and live like animals with the bestial sex code of the macho whoremonger.

For Naipaul, the Peronist political movement is a perfect expression of the vapidness, bombast and meaninglessness of Argentine life.

In her ghosted autobiography, *La Razon de Mi Vida*, Eva Peron says she found out about poverty when she was eleven . . . "and the strange thing is that the existence of the poor did not cause me as much pain as the knowledge that at the same time there were people who were rich." That pain about the rich -- that pain about other people -- remained the basis of the popular appeal of Peronism. That was the simple passion -- rather than "nationalism" of Peron's "third position" -- that set Argentina alight

Peronism was never a program. It was an insurrection. For more than thirty years Argentina has been in a state of insurrection. The parallel is not with any country in Europe, as Argentine writers sometimes say. The parallel is with Haiti, after the slave rebellion of Toussaint: a barbarous colonial society similarly made, similarly parasitic on a removed civilization, and incapable of regenerating itself because slavery provided the only pattern of human behavior, and to be a man meant only to be able to assuage that pain about the other, to be like the master.

Where jargon turns living issues into abstractions ("Torture will disappear in Argentina," the Trotskyite said, "only with a workers' government and the downfall of the bourgeoisie"), and where jargon ends by competing with jargon, people don't have causes. They only have enemies; only the enemies are real. It has been the South American nightmare since the breakup of the Spanish Empire.

Mobutu

The third essay, "A New King for the Congo: Mobutu and the Nihilism of Africa," is an update of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

The Congo, which used to be a Belgian colony, is now an African kingdom and is called Zaire. It appears to be a nonsense name, a sixteenth-century Portuguese corruption, some Zairois will tell you, of a local word for "river." So it is as if Taiwan, reasserting its Chinese identity, were again to give itself the Portuguese name Formosa. The Congo River is now called the Zaire, as is the local currency, which is almost worthless.

So the Belgian past recedes and is made to look as shabby as its defaced monuments . . . Stanley, who pioneered the Congo route, who built the road from Matadi to Kinshasa, has been dethroned . . . Mount Stanley is now Mont Ngaliema, a presidential park; and the statue of Stanley that overlooked the rapids has been replaced with a statue of a tall anonymous tribesman with a spear. At the Hotel des Chutes in Jisingani the town's old name of Stanleyville survives on some pieces of crockery. The broken coffee cups are now used for sugar and powdered milk; when they go the name will have vanished.

At the end of January [Zaire President Joseph] Mobutu told the Afro-American conference at Kinshasa (sponsored by the Ford and Carnegie Foundations): "Karl Marx is a great thinker whom I respect."

The End of Wonder

In his final essay, Naipaul comments on the poverty of modern writing.

The great societies that produced the great novels of the past have cracked. Writing has become more and more private and more privately glamorous. The novel as a form no longer carries conviction. Experimentation, not aimed at the real difficulties, has corrupted response; and there is a great confusion in the minds of readers and writers about the purpose of the novel. The novelist, like the painter, no longer recognizes his interpretive function; he seeks to go beyond it; and his audience diminishes. And so the world we inhabit, which is always new, goes by unexamined, made ordinary by the camera, unmeditated on; and there is no one to awaken the sense of true wonder. That is perhaps a fair definition of the novelist's purpose, in all ages.

V.S. Naipaul does not presume to tell his readers how society should be organized. He has no well-developed world view or ax to grind. Still, he has rendered a great service. His acidic and brilliantly crafted portrayals of life in the Third World have already helped demolish the lies contained in thousands of *Washington Post* and *New York Times* editorials, lies intended to obscure the results of a once-in-a-millennium sociological experiment. All the precious environmentalist theories of the equalitarians, the liberals and the Lysenkoists were given an unequalled chance to prove themselves in post-World War II Black Africa. Freedom was returned to the blacks on a silver platter. Gifts, grants, loans and technological aid poured into each new country from the huge Western cornucopia. The Negro was finally allowed to come into his own.

The sad truth is that the Negro was not allowed to come into his own. Western governments, aided by the liberal foundations, Christian churches and "Oreo" blacks, persuaded Black African leaders to adopt Western politics, Western economics and Western life styles. There is nothing worse than a white-mimicking Negro unless it is a black-mimicking white.

There will be little hope for Black Africa until Western ideas and Western influence are flushed out of the Dark Continent. The Ford Foundation and the World Council of Churches are a far greater menace to African blacks than all the British, French and Portuguese bwanas who ever lived.
The colonialization of the mind is far more deadly than the colonialization of the sword.

An Instaurationist lawyer digs into the heart of the matter

JUDICIAL NOTICE AND THE HOLOCAUST

On October 9, 1981, Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge Thomas T. Johnson took "judicial notice" that what has come to be known as the Holocaust did, in fact, take place and that its existence is not reasonably subject to dispute. This ruling arose out of litigation between Mel Mermelstein, a self-proclaimed survivor of the Holocaust, and the California-based Institute for Historical Review, an organization which claims that no orchestrated or calculated extermination of European Jewry ever took place during World War II. Mermelstein has filed a multi-million-dollar suit against the Institute for not awarding him the \$50,000 it offered to the first person who could prove that Jews were put to death in Nazi gas chambers at Auschwitz. He has also made several other allegations in his complaint against the Institute, including "injurious denial of established fact."

Before the legal ramifications of such a ruling are examined in detail, it is important to understand what is commonly meant by the term, Holocaust. The Holocaust basically entails a carefully devised plan for the extermination of European Jews which resulted in the deaths of six million of these people during the course of World War II. This genocidal program was supposedly conceived by the highest echelons of the German government during that conflict and was carried out at several locations in eastern Europe known as death camps -- Auschwitz, Treblinka, Belzec, to name the most important.

These killings were allegedly effected primarily by means of poison gas, more specifically Zyklon B, and to a lesser extent by mass shootings which are said to have occurred in German-occupied areas of the Soviet Union. The second method of killing, however, has been downplayed and practically all the emphasis has been placed on the former, with the result that the term, Holocaust, necessarily encompasses a contention that the vast majority of Jews who were supposedly killed by the Nazis were put to death by means of homicidal gas.

Purpose and Effect of Judicial Notice

In the landmark case of *Varcoe v. Lee* (1919), a California Supreme Court decision, the function of the judicial notice in litigation was set forth as follows:

Judicial notice is a judicial short cut, a doing away, in the case of evidence, with the formal necessity for evidence, because there is no real necessity for it. So far as matters of

common knowledge are concerned, it is saying there is no need for formally offering evidence of those things, because practically every one knows them in advance.

Judicial notice is commonly used in recognizing, among other things, the laws of nature and certain universally recognized facts of geography and chronology. Lower California appellate courts have gone as far as to say that judicial notice itself is a kind of evidence and is therefore alone sufficient to support a judgment in any case where the doctrine is applicable. The judicial notice principle seems to be so well established in the law of evidence that one older California Supreme Court case has strongly indicated that a trial court may preclude the admission of evidence of a fact which the court has itself judicially recognized.

Because this evidentiary device has obvious potential for undermining the adversarial nature of our adjudicative process, appellate courts, particularly California appellate courts, have urged that judicial notice be used sparingly and in accordance with stringent rules governing applicability. In *Varcoe v. Lee*, the California Supreme Court concluded:

It is truly said that the power of judicial notice is, as to matters claimed to be matters of general knowledge, one to be used with caution. If there is any doubt whatsoever [author's emphasis], either as to the fact itself or as to its being a matter of common knowledge, evidence should be required

In order to properly circumscribe the use of judicial notice, the court in *Varcoe v. Lee* set forth three criteria which should govern the circumstances under which the doctrine can be invoked:

1. The matter of which a court will take judicial notice must be a matter of common and general knowledge . . . matters of which the courts have judicial knowledge are uniform and fixed, and do not depend upon uncertain testimony; as soon as a circumstance becomes disputable, it ceases to fall under the head of common knowledge, and so will not be judicially recognized.

2. A matter properly a subject of judicial notice must be "known"; that is, well established and authoritatively settled, not doubtful or uncertain.

3. A matter, to be within judicial cognizance must be known "within the limits of the jurisdiction of the court."

Relevant Applications of the Judicial Notice Doctrine in California Appellate Courts

Varcoe v. Lee dealt with the propriety of a trial court's taking judicial notice of the fact that a well-known street in San Francisco was located in a business district. Giving due consideration to the facts of that particular case, the California Supreme Court held that the general nature of the area in which this thoroughfare was located was a proper subject of judicial cognizance. That case notwithstanding, some fifty years later another California appellate court held that a trial court judge had acted improperly in taking judicial notice of the alleged fact that the Haight-Asbury District of San Francisco was an unsafe place for children to be walking through at 11:30 in the morning. The California Court of Appeals (*Russo v. Russo*) said that this contention was not a matter of common knowledge and was reasonably subject to dispute.

Milne v. Goldstein is a case dealing with the ambit of judicial notice which has great relevance to the IHR litigation. The case involved a battle over child visitation rights between the custodial parent, the mother, who lived in California and the father, who lived in the Republic of South Africa. The custodial parent contended that the father should not be allowed visitation rights with the child in South Africa because of the unsettled political and social conditions existing in that country during the early 1960s.

In support of this contention the mother sought to have admitted into evidence various newspaper clippings dealing with racial disturbances then taking place in South Africa. She further argued that the trial court should itself take judicial notice of the conditions prevailing in that country. The Court of Appeals ruled that the trial court acted correctly in excluding the newspaper clippings as hearsay and it further held that the trial judge did not err in failing to take judicial notice of certain day-to-day events occurring in South Africa:

Her counsel appears to argue that the court can take judicial notice of whatever is currently happening in the world, if it is publicized through the mediums of newspaper, radio broadcasting, television, and teletype messages It is common knowledge that there are many areas throughout the world beset with political and racial conflicts but this is mere knowledge of conditions that have become notorious, and it does not extend to isolated events that occur from day to day.

Another important California case dealing with judicial notice is *Communist Party of the United States v. Peek*, a California Supreme Court decision. In that case the party was seeking to obtain a place on the state ballot during the 1942 elections. The California Secretary of State had refused to give it a position on the ballot because he had designated it an organization advocating the violent overthrow of government and thus not eligible to participate in electoral politics according to a specific provision of the California election code.

The Attorney General of the State of California, in arguing in support of the position of the Secretary of State, cited the various works of Marx and Lenin as a justification for determining the Communist Party an organization not dedicated to the American ideals of self-government. He further

argued that the California courts should be able to take judicial notice of the doctrines and purposes of the Communist Party.

The California Supreme Court rejected the Attorney General's arguments, particularly that argument dealing with judicial notice of the nature of the Communist Party, and decreed that the party should be given a place on the ballot. The court ruled that it could not take judicial notice of the fact that the Communist Party advocated the subversive overthrow of the government for the simple reason that the plaintiffs, themselves members of the Communist Party, denied that the party had any such objectives.

The extent to which the California Supreme Court sought to avoid the implications of the judicial notice doctrine in *Communist Party of the United States v. Peek* is evident when one reads a contrary ruling of the Federal District Court for the Northern District of Indiana, *In Re MacKay*. The MacKay case dealt with an alien Communist Party member who was seeking to obtain United States citizenship through naturalization proceedings. Recognizing the principles of Marxism-Leninism to which the party rigidly adheres, and the process of democratic centralism which binds members of the party to its basic tenets, the Court ruled that it could take judicial notice of the fact that a member of the Communist Party necessarily advocates the forceful overthrow of government and is, for this reason, ineligible for citizenship:

Nowhere in the Constitution of the Party or in the present day literature that is in evidence, are the principles of forcible revolt, as advocated by the Communist Manifesto, disavowed or repudiated. Furthermore, it is my opinion that the Court may take judicial notice of the historical fact that Communism, based on the writings and teachings of Marx and Engels, advocates force and a so-called dictatorship of the proletariat as a necessary means of obtaining the objectives of Communism; and, also, that conformity to prevailing democratic processes by Communists in a particular country is for tactical purposes only inasmuch as a worldwide revolution is the ultimate objective, which objective is the common bond of the Communist parties in the various countries of the world.

The Law of Judicial Notice and the IHR Litigation

As has been previously mentioned, the term "Holocaust" obviously embodies several assumptions about the fates of large numbers of Jewish people during World War II, not the least important of which is that millions of them were allegedly exterminated by lethal gassing at the hands of the Germans. Also obvious is the fact that in view of the California precedents set forth above, the doctrine of judicial notice has absolutely no proper function to play in the adjudication of this case. Any reasonably intelligent, adult, literate human being who examines the Holocaust and the issues surrounding it in any detail must concede that there is some doubt about some or all of the assumptions that underlie that alleged historical event.

Reasonable questions can be asked, and indeed have been asked about some of the more common assertions made about the Germans' supposed extermination program. The very existence of numerous works and writings by such individuals as Paul Rassinier, Arthur Butz, Robert Faur-

isson, Ditlieb Felderer and others palpably show that the very issue which is at the heart of this lawsuit is "in dispute." (See bibliography of Holocaust revisionism in *Instauration*, May 1981).

Holocaust zealots such as Simon Wiesenthal and Elie Wiesel have implicitly recognized the existence of such a dispute by vehemently denouncing the revisionists and by expressing abhorrence of their writings. Even President Reagan has publicly acknowledged the existence of these dissidents by attacking those who would question the existence of this event. For Judge Johnson to ignore these dissenting viewpoints and to take judicial notice of the Holocaust was at best a failure to recognize the obvious reality of this controversy and at worst an exercise of judicial caprice, intellectual dishonesty and cowardice.

Furthermore, the use of judicial notice in this case patently violates the third condition set forth in *Varcoe v. Lee* which must be present before the doctrine can be invoked. The thousands of events and occurrences which supposedly took place in Germany, Poland and at other locations in eastern Europe and which are collectively known as the Holocaust clearly did not occur "within the limits of the jurisdiction" of a court sitting in Los Angeles County, California, in the United States of America today. Just as a California trial court cannot properly take judicial notice of the course of day-to-day events occurring in South Africa, neither should it be able to assume the existence of certain alleged events happening on a daily basis at various locations in Poland.

Constitutional Implications

The First Amendment ramifications of the judge's rulings are obvious and have already been adequately discussed. Other constitutional rights which are imperiled by this ruling are a civil defendant's right to have issues of fact resolved by a jury and his right to basic procedural due process of law.

California's constitution, just like other state constitutions, guarantees all persons involved in litigation in its courts the right to a jury trial on any contested issue of fact in almost all civil proceedings which do not involve the exercise of a trial court's equitable powers. To the extent that judicial notice is used to arbitrarily preempt jury consideration of a vital issue involved in a case, the litigant against whom judicial notice is taken is thereby deprived of a jury trial on the contested issue.

A litigant's right to a jury trial in such cases is undoubtedly the reason why most legal commentators have said that judicial notice should rarely, if ever, be taken of a disputed fact or contention which is central to a lawsuit. "Although judicial knowledge of specific circumstances sufficient to justify a decision may be taken, the court usually cannot take judicial knowledge of facts to establish or disprove the very issue on which the case is tried . . ." (31 CJS, *Evidence*, Sec. 13, pp. 840-841).

Since the Institute would obviously defend against Mermelstein's claim by presenting evidence tending to show that most, if not all, aspects of the Holocaust did not occur, and, indeed, could not have occurred in the manner in which they are commonly related, the trial court's ruling judicially recognizing the Holocaust could very well have

the effect of foreclosing the admission of the very evidence with which the Institute could defend against this claim. The Institute would as a practical matter be barred by the trial court from presenting any viable defense to the lawsuit.

The United States Supreme Court has said that elemental procedural due process requires a state to allow a defendant who has been sued in its courts a meaningful opportunity to respond to the charges made against him. The Court has succinctly enunciated this proposition in the case of *American Surety Co. v. Baldwin* (1932), wherein it said that "due process requires that there be an opportunity to present every available defense . . ."

This principle has been amplified and expanded in recent years by the Supreme Court in such cases as *Fuentes v. Shevin* (1972), a decision which sharply curtailed the judicial remedies that a creditor can obtain against a defaulting debtor prior to the time that the debtor is given an opportunity to be heard concerning the creditor's action and to present a defense to the claim. A lower federal appellate court decision, *Thompson v. Madison County Board of Education* (5th Cir. 1973) has logically enlarged upon the reasoning of these Supreme Court cases by saying that the right to defend necessarily includes the right to present evidence to argue in one's own behalf.

This judicial notice ruling also implicates the closely related constitutional right of a litigant to meaningful access to the courts as explicated in the Supreme Court's ruling in *Boddie v. Connecticut* (1971). If it is permissible for a trial judge to prohibit a civil defendant from presenting his main defense by merely invoking judicial notice, then the defendant's initial response to the complaint by filing an answer could very well be considered an exercise in futility and he would have been better off to have saved the legal fees incurred by not filing any defensive pleadings in the case at all.

Conclusion

By successfully seeking to have the trial court take judicial notice of the Holocaust, Mermelstein evidently desires that not only should he be excused from presenting any evidence of this alleged historical event, but that the Institute should be prevented and precluded from tendering any evidence to show that it did not occur. His position in this issue must be considered highly unusual since he and his compatriots have so vigorously and vociferously argued for the infallible certitude of the Holocaust for the past thirty-five years. One would think that such individuals would believe their evidence to be so compelling and so unimpeachable that they would welcome the opportunity to litigate the issue in an impartial forum and to once and for all demolish the nonsensical claims of the revisionists who have impugned and belittled this terrible crime and who have implicitly questioned their honesty and integrity.

Given the resort to the judicial notice stratagem, one must suspect that Mermelstein and his friends are somewhat hesitant to present their case to a genuinely impartial and unprejudiced common law jury. Such trepidation is understandable when one considers the fact that no tribunal which has heretofore sat in judgment in Holocaust related cases can in any way be considered to have been composed of neutral and detached finders of fact. The most cursory examination

of the Nuremberg trials, the Eichmann trial, and the most recent war crimes trials that have taken place in West Germany reveals that the defendants were judged and convicted by individuals who clearly intended to find the principal defendants guilty from the very outset of trial proceedings. War crimes trials which have taken place behind the Iron Curtain since the end of World War II do not, of course, require extensive commentary on this question.

Even in the United States, where the federal government has sought to strip several individuals from eastern Europe of their citizenship because of alleged complicity in Nazi war crimes, it is extremely doubtful that such defendants have received the benefit of a genuinely impartial determination of the facts in their individual cases, which have been made exclusively by federal district court judges without the intervention of a jury.

Defendants in these denaturalization proceedings have been denied jury trials because the federal courts have expressly held that they are not entitled to such in this kind of case. The only defendant who can be said to have received an imminently impartial and fair hearing at the trial level on

the charges lodged against him was Feodor Fedorenko; and the trial court's decision in his favor was ultimately reversed by the United States Supreme Court on grounds that have nothing to do with the issue of whether or not he is culpable of having participated in atrocities against Jews during World War II.

The history of Holocaust-related court proceedings indicates that the Institute will achieve something of a milestone in the history of this controversy if it can ever succeed in obtaining a truly impartial jury to decide the issues of fact which are involved in this litigation. The trial court's judicial notice ruling is a formidable obstacle standing in the path of the achievement of this goal.

Nevertheless, if the Institute's case can eventually be fully, fairly and competently presented to a jury so that it may dispassionately pass judgment on many of the issues involved in this controversy, then the social and political repercussions of such a jury's findings may be equal to if not greater than the impact that the Scopes Monkey Trial (1925) had on Western society's world view.

THE LOOTING OF GERMAN WORLD WAR II ART

Last year the show, "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century," opened at the New York Metropolitan Museum. The exhibit was significant because contemporary art history texts treat 19th-century Germany as a cultural wasteland. Frenchmen like Cézanne, Monet, Manet and Gauguin are seen as art personified. For all the critics cared, the rest of the European art world could have chopped up their palettes for kindling wood. Now it is quite true that the French artists had a lot going for them, but not to the exclusion of such talented, but unsung 19th-century German masters as Gustav Richter (1823-1884), Alfred Rethel (1816-1859) and Anselm Feuerbach (1829-1880).

The French art monopoly of the 19th century is a subject too broad for this article. Suffice it to say that it grew directly out of the salon or French art "supermarket," the brainchild of art dealers who had changed what had formerly been a medium of cultural expression into a marketable commodity. The salons amassed large numbers of paintings in centrally located urban areas to fill the dual need of the nouveaux riches to buy "culture" for social status and to latch onto painted canvases for speculative purposes. Early on, control of the major Parisian salons fell into the hands of such art manipulators as Louis Kahnwiler in the 1860s and Leo and Gertrude Stein in the 20th century.



"The Old and the Young Soldier" by an unknown Nazi artist

These "French" art traders would retain a stable of painters whose work, while not breaking any aesthetic records, nevertheless met the major salon requirement -- they sold! Like most modern products, salon paintings needed advertising and huckstering. It was the advertising blitz of these totally unscrupulous dealers that led the public to consider their painters as geniuses. Consequently, their artists were able to command prices which helped to put a damper of silence on the vibrant artistry of the 19th-century Germans.

Hidden Art

There is another German art exhibit in the United States that has received much less publicity than the exhibit of the 19th-century German masters. Divided between a rambling, run-down "temporary" wooden structure in Washington, D.C., and a number of dilapidated Quonset huts at the U.S. Army Munitions Depot in Pueblo, Colorado, the German War Art Collection has been in this country since 1945. How these paintings landed in their shabby depositories is not one of the finest moments of American military history.

Shortly after the end of the war, while the Russians were ravaging German civilians and spawning their Communist satellites in Eastern Europe, the U.S. War Department was briskly grabbing all German works of art that could be found

in the American zone of occupation.

The legal precedent for this massive aesthetic theft was the Potsdam Agreement of 1945 which stated, in part, that "all art collections, both public and private that dealt with themes of National Socialistic aggrandizement be confiscated in toto." Arbitrarily broadening this Potsdam pronunciamento, War Department personnel began seizing all art, Nazi or otherwise, that dealt with German nationalism, heroism, strength and family life. Eventually the grab bag contained some 9,000 major works of German art.

Much of the booty was originally the property of the Prussian State Museums in Berlin. The Prussian collections were huge: 19 different categories of art housed in 15 separate buildings, nine of which made up "Museum Island" on the River Spree in the center of Old Berlin. The most famous was the Prussian State Library on Unter den Linden, which boasted one of the world's greatest collections of Northern Renaissance and High Gothic art, plus a priceless rare book section numbering in the hundreds of thousands. Today, all of these buildings are in Communist East Berlin, with most of their contents either despoiled, desecrated or scattered.

Many of the invaluable German collections were destroyed after 1942 when the Allies launched the massive bombardment of German civilian targets. What art survived the initial fire bombings was moved away from the River Spree complex to the Reichbank and New Mint vaults.

Early in 1945, as the war situation worsened, the major evacuation of German art began. Under the direction of Dr. Paul Ortwin Rave, assistant director of the Prussian State Museums, the bulk of the surviving collections was ordered transferred to the Kaiseroda mines, south of Eisenach, and to other diverse locations.

But by then, German transportation facilities had deteriorated to practically zero. Rather than let Germany's remaining art treasures go up in smoke or fall into the hands of vandals, Albert Speer personally intervened and ordered trucks vital to Wehrmacht munition shipments diverted to evacuate the art. Much, unfortunately, had to be left behind, such as the priceless Near Eastern collection "liberated" by the Russians and never seen again.

After the war, millions of art objects were found in hundreds of vaults, mines, castles, shelters and cellars throughout Germany. Over 1,000 such caches were discovered in the American zone alone.

Day and night, American trucks rambled into the Central Collecting Point in the Landesmuseum at Wiesbaden, loaded to the tarps with plunder. In the Kaiseroda potash mines alone, hidden 2,100 feet below the surface, Americans found an estimated 100 tons of pure gold bullion and some of the most valuable contents of 14 Prussian museums.

Although the legal owner of these vast treasures remained the State of Prussia, the Allies quickly enacted laws to confiscate the spoils. In February 1947, the Allied Control Council formally dissolved the sovereign state of Prussia, thereby gaining legal possession of what had already been plundered.

A macabre twist to this unpleasant story took place in 1949. France, Britain and America (but not Russia) issued ordinances designed to return some of the German art to its original owners as soon as a suitable Western puppet gov-

ernment could be formed and recognized. Once the Federal Republic of Germany was established, it organized the Prussian Cultural Property Foundation to receive the Allies' stolen goods. Willy Brandt lauded this "reunion" of a token amount of Western benevolence. But Brandt balked when asked to repatriate National Socialist art.

So today it sits, the bulk of German artistic production from 1933 to 1945 in two leaky, nondescript storage complexes in Virginia and Colorado. Access to these works is guarded by a Cerberus named Bess Hormats, curator of the Army Art Collection.

One wonders what exactly those dank warehouses hold; what latent thoughts and suppressed feelings those works might elicit in the minds of Majority viewers, whose artistic diet has been limited in recent times to soup cans and spray paint drippings. It was Longfellow who wrote in *Hyperion* that, "Art is power!" Is this why our culture wreckers are afraid to let us see these works?

Addendum:

Early in 1946, or so the story goes, Edward Elicofon, a Latvian-born Jewish lawyer and Brooklyn art scavenger, got wind that an ex-G.I. was selling stolen German art at rock bottom prices. Smelling vast profits, Elicofon paid \$450 for two portraits that "seemed to go together." He later claimed that he knew nothing about the works except that "they were very beautiful."

The paintings that Elicofon bought that day in 1946 from the G.I. who said he got them at a German "flea market" were none other than the famous Nuremberg husband and wife double portraits of Hans and Felicitas Tucher by Albrecht Dürer (oil on board, 11" x 9½", 1499), taken from the Schwarzburg Castle near Weimar in 1945. In 1966, after Elicofon tried to sell these works at auction for \$10 million, the Art Collection of Weimar, an East German museum, sued for custody. Judge Jacob Mishler of the Federal District Court in Brooklyn ruled that the German museum "has demonstrated that the Dürers were stolen and that it is entitled as owner to possession."

Elicofon, who says he has been terribly wronged, vows to take his case to the Supreme Court. He contends that he bought the paintings in good faith because he "did not know" that they were the famous portraits, even though he admitted that since childhood he had always admired Dürer's work. He also alleges, "no one could prove that the seller [the G.I.] had not somehow acquired valid title to them in Germany." Finding and gaining title to two Dürer masterpieces at a flea market is about as likely as buying the Mona Lisa at a yard sale.

Elicofon swears that if he can regain ownership of these works, he will give some, but not all of the proceeds to Jewish charities. "It would be a minute reparation for the wrongs done to the Jews by the Germans," he declares. Once again, the Holocaust is called upon to mask Jewish profiteering.

The tragedy is that of the estimated 8,000 major German paintings that disappeared between 1939-1945, the two Dürer portraits are among the very few that have so far been recovered.

CHECKLIST OF MAJOR ECONOMIC RIP-OFFS

The Over 100-Billion-Dollar Rip-Offs

First and foremost is *education*. There is no reason why, to use an example from personal experience, government lawyers and economists should be earning \$50,000 a year and yet balk at ninth-grade algebra equations. If they aren't going to retain any education beyond the eighth grade, they should be paid the salaries of high-school dropouts. If we add to the direct cost of high school education, higher education, and graduate and law schools the time wasted by eight million college students and half a million professors, we are face to face with a stupendous sum.

Major rip-off #2 is *health care*, which should be called disease management. Preventive medicine -- largely in the form of sanitation -- has done more than all the disease managers combined. It is very cheap and very worthwhile. By contrast, physicians usually appear on the scene when it is already too late and pass out pills that alleviate symptoms, often with severe side effects. The next generation of drugs might be promising, if only the Food and Drug Administration would move aside. Meanwhile, economists and statisticians should take a much harder look at the profession. For example, they might begin to consider the importance of heredity in disease. Doctors know that some people are more predisposed to illness than others, but the subject is still taboo in the social "sciences."

The third big rip-off is *construction*. We have a couple of trillion dollars worth of structures in this country, all built to obsolete building codes which the industry does not want changed. Some codes are just costly and silly, e.g., the requirement that houses have coat closets by the front door, even in Florida. No wonder so many totally new designs and materials never get off the drawing board. Plastic houses that succeed in keeping out the elements are being built in Latin America for a third of what they would cost here. The problem is that while each single regulation makes some sort of sense when taken by itself, together they make the whole system unmanageable and in need of an overhaul. Housing prices would fall by a third immediately and by over half in the long run if new building techniques were allowed to come on the market.

The 50- to 100-Billion-Dollar Rip-Offs

Lawyers, lawyers, lawyers! One reason medical care is so expensive is that doctors and all the other "health care" personnel have to use super-extra care, which is excessively labor intensive, in order to forestall malpractice suits. Under freedom of contract, patients and doctors would be able to decide among themselves how much risk could be taken and on whom the burden of risk would fall. Why shouldn't a

patient be given the option of getting a 10% riskier operation at half the price? The patient can't because the courts won't allow any signing away of the right to sue. There never was such a thing as perfect freedom of contract (which can't even be defined) but the restrictions that have haphazardly grown up serve the interests of lawyers far more than the interest of the public.

Military waste need not be documented. Today, the military would rather keep the arms race going forever than actually fight an atomic war which would end the military establishment in a few months. Two points: (1) we could get tough with the Russians just by acting tough and without having to deploy new weapons systems; and (2) half of our military budget goes to defend Europe, which may have needed it 35 years ago but can afford to pay its own way now.

Bankers keep banking so complicated that even professional economists can't understand it. And for a reason: to conceal the fact that bankers manufacture money, lend it to Uncle Sam at interest, and collect this interest (the "national debt") from the taxpayers. Banking is also tightly regulated, mostly to the effect of restricting competition. It is not necessary to invoke conspiracy theories to see that bankers, stock-brokers and the rest of the financial community have carved out a nice niche for themselves.

Labor unions represent at least a \$50 billion rip-off, even if the unionized 20% of the labor force only extracts 25% more than its free-market wage. Ideally, a free market should allow both for labor unions and for yellow-dog contracts (agreements with an employer *not* to join a union). The bias, however, is highly in favor of unions and against employers. If you don't believe it, look at the record of the National Labor Relations Board.

Tax distortions are numerous and cause much investment capital to be squandered away in tax shelters. A 10% return from a tax-free investment is better than a taxed investment that returns 20%, provided you are in the over 50% combined federal and state tax bracket. The tax system also works to employ hordes of unnecessary accountants and tax lawyers as well as placing undue burdens on small businesses that might have become big businesses. The paperwork is devastating.

Tax exemptions on foundations, educational institutions and charities (particularly churches) probably also add up to a \$50 billion loss in tax revenue that must come out of the pockets of other taxpayers. Note also the general inefficien-

cies of operations (notorious in the case of charities) which exemption from competition entails. (Non-profit hospitals are hugely inefficient and set the tone for the whole hospital industry, but that rip-off has already been considered.)

The 20- to 50-Billion-Dollar Rip-Offs

Welfare is actually pretty far down the list, as most people are on welfare because they are incompetent to work and thus have little earning power to waste. Since neither conservatives nor liberals admit this, the long-run damage is not nearly so much an immediate economic drain as perpetuation of poverty. The conservative would put to work people who would cost almost as much to supervise as the value of what they were able to produce, while the liberals' generosity would sustain the poor only to increase their numbers and their misery. The answer to this cycle of poverty is to restrict entry into the poverty classes through birth control.

Regulated industries are a waste, as regulation tends to stifle competition, but regulated industries do not form all that large a segment of the economy. Although regulation drives up prices by about 25%, even if we add in the *protected industries*, such as automobiles and steel, we may not see more than a \$50 billion loss -- peanuts compared to the major rip-offs.

The impact of *equal opportunity legislation*, under which the less qualified are hired because of their race, and the better qualified excluded because of theirs, is hard to measure. Black incomes have only increased to where they are 50% to 60% of white incomes. Other indirect effects are difficult to pinpoint.

Lesser Rip-Offs

Psychiatry and insurance are protected rackets, but the take of psychiatry is not huge, and the percentage of the insurance business that represents a rip-off is not huge either.

Foreign aid is another small rip-off -- so many billions in economic and military aid and something more for privileges, such as the tax-exempt status of bonds for Israel.

Burial and car repair are rackets, to be sure, but it is doubtful whether regulation of them would be worse than the disease. By the time one scrapes the bottom of the rip-off barrel, it becomes debatable whether the average mechanic rips off more than he is ripped off by those above him.

Though in the long run, nearly everyone is hurt by a stagnant economy, not much can be done until those with lesser rackets realize that they would be better off if *all* the rackets were abolished. The place to begin is with the bigger rackets. Infesting the funeral and car repair industries with bureaucrats is a much lower priority.

Nonexistent Rip-Offs?

It is widely alleged that certain large corporations -- those which the government doesn't protect -- generate waste. Of course they do, inasmuch as some aspects of competition (in the animal world as well as in the economy) are wasteful. But liberals claim that antitrust regulators know enough and are disinterested enough to reduce this waste. The evidence for this is extremely ambiguous. The most skeptical and

unconvinced are those who have had the dubious opportunity to see a bureaucrat at work. A look at the academic literature shows that nearly a century of antitrust legislation has had no statistically measurable effect on the concentration of business firms. Quite possibly, antitrust has prevented concentration from rising, but no professor in the dismal science knows enough to prove this.

A look at the broad sweep of history, however, discloses a slow decrease in the concentration of power, from the days of absolute kings and later aristocracies to the excessively free-wheeling democracies of the present. Sophomores and cynics may dispute this, but their answer consists of noticing the discrepancy between the actual concentration of power and egalitarian demands for state control.

Business might be less concentrated than it is, especially in an age when small-capital computer firms and service industries can spring up overnight, were it not for the perversities of regulation. Regulation -- and hordes of accountants, form filler-outers, and lawyers that follow in its wake -- has a disproportionate effect on small firms. The result is to increase the minimum feasible size of a firm, decrease the formation of new firms and increase concentration. (See Herbert A. Simon and Charles P. Bonini, "The Size Distribution of Business Firms," *American Economic Review*, Sept. 1958).

It's true there are more than enough shoddy business practices bedeviling our country today. But with today's pressure group democracy, it turns out that consumerism is worse than the economic structure that serves it. Someday we will be able to develop sensible and scientific public policies toward business concentration. Until then, there are plenty of other more costly rip-offs to unrip.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

Ponderable Quotes

We are trying now to destroy [National Security Adviser Richard] Allen. It is our power that is being tested here. The same thing was true four years ago with Bert Lance and will be true four years from now with someone else. The real attack, of course, is on Reagan. The unstated purpose of all those words about watches and the \$1,000 is to restore the balance of power that existed between the presidency and the press before Ronald Reagan was elected. With grins and television and, mainly, a lot of public support, the new president had been able to ignore the press for a while. He won't be able to do this after we get through with Allen and David Stockman and Reagan's own foreign policy ignorance.

Richard Reeves
Syndicated Column, Dec. 3, 1981

* * *

And the inspiration for all that fear began to have a focus in the person of a single, rather pathetic German scientist [Fritz Haber] who performed extraordinary feats of invention to save his fatherland, and in the process gave us chemical warfare as we knew it half a century later. In appreciation of his patriotism he was given the greatest honors by one German government and then was victimized by the next for being a Jew.

Yellow Rain
by Sterling Seagrave

CROSSING THE BAR

*Our holiest duty, law's best loved command,
Is to forget the law to save our land.*
Voltaire, Rome Sauvée.

Legal spiders have enshrouded the white race and rolled it into a tight little ball. Now they are sucking its life juices. In every major white country, over the past several decades, lawyers have spun ever finer webs which leave their stiffening victims with ever less room for reviviscent maneuvers. Unless the bands are broken, death is only a matter of time. The thousand thousand restrictions already firmly in place are sufficient to eliminate every white face a hundred times over.

Take the case of illegal immigration. For nearly two years now, a ragged band of young lawyers has been able to hold the entire U.S. government at bay in the matter of Haitian boat people. "Fighting [the Immigration and Naturalization Service] is like shooting fish in a barrel," crows their leader, Ira Kurzban. "The things they're doing are so blatantly illegal that they make it easy for us."

In fact, the INS has put some of its top people on the case, but so many legal strands are ready to ensnare them that they cannot avoid being caught up in endless false moves. Consequently, very few Haitians have been hustled back to Haiti.

Some four hundred desperately unhappy Haitians were all set to return home last November 4. Assistant U.S. Attorney Richard Marshall, Jr., testified that they were sick of detention in America. But U.S. District Judge Sidney Aronovitz decided that some of them may have been coerced, perhaps insufficient time had been spent on some of them, perhaps, perhaps

INS Commissioner Alan C. Nelson has sarcastically observed that "in most other countries in the world, [the Haitians] would have been herded back into the boats and put out to sea." In most countries, yes, but not in the hyperlegal, hyperhumanitarian white countries. Kurzban's crew in Florida openly proclaims its goal of trapping the government in its own bureaucratic tangle. The government has been forced to engage in a defensive "guerrilla warfare, going as far as rushing groups of Haitians up back stairways into locked courtrooms to avoid lawyers lurking in the hallways." One Justice Department spokesman declares: "We have lost control of our borders and our beaches. We have to do something about it and fast!"

President Reagan took a first step in the right direction when he ordered a Coast Guard patrol of the Haitian coast last October. The move was fiercely denounced by Atlanta attorney Dale Schwartz before a Senate subcommittee. The 1981 winner of his hometown's "Abe Schwartz Young Leadership Award," irreverently known as the "Jew of the Year Award," Dale Schwartz pumped hard for the "schwartzes" by calling the interdiction of suspicious boats outside of American territorial waters both "morally and legally

wrong." Worse, the practice would violate "basic principles of international law and the spirit, if not the letter, of various United Nations treaties, reports and conventions dealing with the subject of refugees and asylees." Without some sort of complicated bilateral or multinational treaty, the policy would be "totally unworkable" and would "lead to dangerous confrontation between nations and perhaps the death of innocent victims." In the same testimony, Schwartz praised the actions of a "humane federal judge," one Marvin Shoob of Atlanta, who "single-handedly" forced the government to release many Cubans whose jail records were unclear -- thereby helping to trigger the most vicious crime wave in New York City history.

Reagan's "unworkable" and "morally wrong" policy happened to cut the number of INS apprehensions of illegal Haitians from 2,280 in October 1980 to 306 in October 1981. The November decline was even steeper: from 1,021 to 47. This was not because many boats were being stopped, but because the Haitians *knew* that Uncle Sam was patrolling. The program is costing about \$1 million per month, far below the expense of detaining and prosecuting Haitians once they reach our shore.

Florida's border-wrecking attorneys are only one pernicious cog in a deadly legal wheel. Seymour Wishman, the author of *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer*, writes:

I have represented hundreds of people accused of crimes, and not only have most of them been guilty, many have been guilty of atrocities

It is a fundamental principle of our system of justice that every criminal defendant is entitled to a lawyer, but too much of what I've done in the courtroom is beyond justifying by that abstract principle. I've humiliated pathetic victims of crimes by making liars out of them to gain the acquittal of criminals; I've struggled to win for clients who would go out and commit new outrages. This is not what I had in mind when I entered law school.

One top lawyer recently confessed so much in *The Washingtonian* magazine that he had to sign his article "Publius." He began:

Imagine a land where each year thousands of the brightest young men and women soon after their twenty-first birthday are admitted as novices to an elite order. After testing and initiation rites, they go to special seminars to have their minds altered for three years. Within those walls, they turn aside from thoughts of how goods are produced, or the secrets of physics, or the insights of art, religion, philosophy. Nothing of substance intrudes on their instruction. Instead, they are taught to dispute ingeniously about topics at once mundane and artificial.

When they emerge from this training, they are encouraged to apply the disputatious skills they have acquired to the workaday world. The most clever devise new topics of controversy touching heretofore unexamined daily activities.

Many aspire to become rulers. The populace is taxed heavily to keep the brotherhood comfortable

"I'm talking about lawyers," he unnecessarily concludes. Publius cites a harassed high school principal's observation that hardly anyone of talent now enters the teaching profession -- which isn't surprising when law school graduates commonly start at \$35,000 per year in Washington, and partners in prestigious legal firms often earn 15 times that amount.

"Lawyers deal in process," observes Publius:

They don't have to produce anything useful. They don't have to plan for the future. They deal mostly in rehashing past events in such a way as to distribute wealth from one person to another. They think up new situations and theories for redistribution

When I look around the law office every day, I'm not surprised at the declining productivity figures. It's not that lawyers aren't working; they're working harder than any other group I know of. It's not that they aren't creative; a finer collection of well-trained and ingenious minds you're not likely to meet.

But what are they doing?

This question really brings on the Publian dudgeon. He almost sputters when he comes to the subject of Ralph Nader. Nader may be willing to work for peanuts himself, but he has likely "done more to enrich the Washington bar than any other individual of our time." Because of men like Nader, it has become normal for Americans to think of turning to the courts whenever they fail in Congress. The problem is that "if one can but find him, there is a federal judge somewhere who will order nearly anything." And "when one side goes to court, both sides need lawyers." No wonder lawyers are becoming "the sand in the gearbox."

Publius tells the old story of the town with one impoverished lawyer. "But one day another lawyer came to town, and from then on they both did very well." Somehow, Great Britain -- "not exactly a police state" -- gets by with seven lawyers for every 1,000 citizens. Japan is flourishing with less than one lawyer per 1,000. In the United States, however, the figure is 25, and in Washington, D.C., it is 50. Publius wishes these figures could be halved, for a start. Let the rest "invent something at Bell Labs, or paint a picture, or help our moribund space program, or study advanced math,

or teach literature, or go to Harvard Business School, or join the Foreign Service, or start a business and learn how to meet a payroll."

Publius is well aware of the contempt which many great men have felt for the law when it exceeds its proper domain. Gibbon, Dickens and Tocqueville are cited, but not Will Rogers's lighter note: "Lawyers make a living out of trying to figure out what other lawyers have written."

Though his article is entitled "Let's Kill All the Lawyers," Publius finally admits that he would not entirely do away with the profession. On that positive note, we offer below a brief compendium of eminently sane legal-oriented maxims and observations. If given new life in our courts, the principles below can go far toward assuring white survival. Certainly they deserve equal consideration with articles of the Constitution.

Freedom is a great thing. There's only one thing greater, and that's existence. It's time our best legal lights got their priorities straight.

Self preservation is the first law of nature.
English proverb.

No law can oblige a man to abandon his own preservation.
Thomas Hobbs, Leviathan.

The safety of the people is the highest law.
The Twelve Tables.

All treaties between great states cease to be binding when they come into conflict with the struggle for existence.
Otto von Bismarck.

He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.
John Locke,
Essay Concerning Human Understanding.

If you judge, investigate.
Seneca, Medea.

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.
John Milton, Tetrachordon.

When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool.
Sydney Smith.

Is High Civilization a Nordic Sine Wave?

In the realm of international affairs, foreign correspondents report events, editorialists and pundits expound on them, and *Instauration* prints what might be called sidelights -- minor happenings which illuminate the forces behind the major happenings.

Once in a blue moon, *Instauration* stops and takes a look at the megascene, the world panorama, to note any changes in the size and shape in the interacting vec-

tors of foreign relations. In this, our latest survey, as in our previous ones, we note very few. The play of forces among the powers and superpowers, the tidal sweeps of history are still best understood as the pulsing rise and fall of the Nordic power wave, which topped out at the dawn of the century, although for hundreds of years destructive forces had been molishly at work to flatten the curve. Such forces included the organic degeneration fostered

by an aristocracy in rigor mortis, the institutionalizing of envy by liberalism, Marxism and social Christianity, the rise of world Jewry, the materialistic mania of consumerism. The Nordic downslide, however, did not begin officially until World War I, which with its equally devastating sequel, invited the anti-Nordic hordes waiting impatiently in the wings to have their day. They were amazed to find the high culture they could never produce

on their own falling into their hands by default.

Viewing history as a sine wave of Nordic energy, we must conclude that when the Nordic curve descends, the non-Nordic curve ascends -- in bellicosity, in biomass, in the proliferation of alien cultural viruses. Nordic decline permitted Marxism to create its first state and Jewry its first modern sanctuary at the very moment the forces that produced the Soviet Union and Israel were subverting the Nordic power bases in the Old and New Worlds, actually forcing them to pay tribute by surrendering Eastern Europe and the Middle East and supplying the technological and monetary subsidies that enable the Russians and the Israelis to keep their conquered territories in thrall.

On the assumption that when Nordic power wanes, high history wanes and barbarism waxes, the march of events since 1914 should come as no surprise. Since communism can only feed envy, not stomachs, Marxism, so brilliantly destructive, so meagerly constructive, had to be abandoned in practice wherever it had been established and reduced to a sterile theology of hate. Today the Russians are strong

because of their Nordic racial component and because of the Nordic disintegration elsewhere. Experiencing mounting difficulty controlling its satellites by local renegades, the U.S.S.R. will have to put more and more reliance on brute force. The past, present and future scenario of all the puppet states -- and perhaps Western Europe -- is now being played out in Poland.

The most dramatic and speediest collapse of Nordic power took place in Britain. At one moment it was the mightiest empire in the world; in the next it was an economically foundering island infiltrated with alien bodies and infected with alien mores and attitudes, almost a basket case. The United States is following the same timetable, though at a slower pace. The British Empire simply fell apart. The American Empire will probably rot from the inside. The Soviet Empire will become more nationalist and less internationalist as it takes ever severer measures to keep its white and nonwhite minorities in line.

The one great source of stability in the modern world derives from fear of nuclear war. But as Western breakdown crescendos, fear is bound to lessen. Even cowards

shed their cowardice when faced with to be or not to be.

High history, as always, seems to depend on the shape of the Nordic curve. Is it a continuous sine wave? Has it lost some or all of its amplitude? Are we now in what might be called the last dip? Have pathological divisiveness, organic decay, body and mind perversion, and parasitism finally done us in? One of scores of danger signals is that there are fewer of us every day, and many more of them. But numbers are not crucial in an age of potential technological terror.

Are we still men enough to do the dirty work, the terribly dirty work, necessary to rescue us from racial suicide? This is the only question. All the Polands, the Israels, the El Salvadors, all the Castros, Reagans, Brezhnevs, all the inflation, usury and economic game plans pale into insignificance when compared to the death or life of the race that made the modern world and without which the modern world will sink back into the static fog of prehistory.

The great adventure began with us. It will either continue with us or die with us.

View from the Cockpit

Since Cholly's column (Dec. 1981) was devoted to an incident that took place aboard an airliner, I thought Instaurationists might like to know about the goings on of air travel from an airline captain, who himself happens to be an Instaurationist.

I've been slaving at this job for 25 years now, which I got into the hard way, through a military flying background, with two wars under my belt. The pay is good, nearly 100 Gs per, the work is not boring, and time off is pretty good. Fringe benefits are outstanding.

Every now and then I reflect upon the nature and character of my crews. Basically, the cockpit crews are quite conservative. I know of two other pilots who read *Instauration* and a few others who are *Spotlight* subscribers. Pilots tend to be quite race-conscious, but rarely anti-Jewish. Anti-black jokes abound in our closed door environment. Black hostesses are called "Do-Das," because at least once a trip, one of them pops her fuzzy head into the cockpit at a crucial moment and asks "Do da plane lan' at Chicago?"

We have a few black pilots and a few Jews. The blacks aren't too bad, which means you shouldn't get nervous when you see a black pilot. The Jews aren't too bad either, about 50% of them can be categorized as excellent, the remainder failing the grade because of personality problems. Most cockpit crews, however, are solidly

Majority -- WASPs and WICs (White Irish Catholics). All undergo a very strict screening both for physical and emotional defects. For this reason, and because there has been a minimum of new hiring over the past several years, everyone is on a first-name basis with each other, and we all get along quite well. There are a few oddballs, but they are all well known, as are the methods of handling them.

On a recent trip, I had a bright co-pilot, a Texan, who couldn't stand Jews, but loved Israel. When I asked him how he came to feel this way, he drawled, "Wall, Captain, if 'twern't fer Israel, them 3 million damned Jews would be right back here. Give 'em all they want over there, and git rid of the ones here, that's the way I see it." This didn't exactly make me an instant Zionist, but it is food for thought.

Typically, airline pilots don't go in for much political talk, tending to be very naive along these lines, and when I get to spouting off about Reagan, I can see they would rather be reading a novel, doing a crossword puzzle, talking about how they just dug a well or panelled the dining room. They also tend to be very health conscious, and are into jogging and fad diets.

Then there are the cabin attendants -- a spooky bunch. For the most part they are arch liberals. Few of them were chosen for their brains (sometimes I wonder just what they were chosen for). So that's the first

problem. The second is that a large percentage of the females are lesbians and proud of it. Among the males, even a higher percentage are queer, but they are discreet about it, at least in the cockpit. (I've heard there were queer pilots, but I never met one.) I can always tell when a good-looking male cabin attendant is aboard, a straight one, that is. Everything runs just great. It's like putting a new rooster in the hen house. The girls, both straight and gay, really work well around such a man.

The women are really libbers. ERA is all they talk about. I'm surprised that Phyllis Schlafly hasn't been assassinated by one of them. On a long trip a while back, a particularly vocal ERA supporter invited herself into the cockpit on the pretext of serving coffee. (During the cruise regime of the flight, there is nothing wrong with a lively conversation as there isn't too much to be done, and it tends to keep the crew from becoming drowsy.) Anyway, she went on and on about how she should be in the left seat and I should be serving coffee to the passengers -- and all for the same pay. Finally, I interrupted, "Sally, there is something you don't seem to understand about yourself." To which she replied, "Oh, really? What's that, Captain?" Said I, "All you women are is a life-support system for a womb. Don't you realize that?" I thought she was going to explode. I never got any more coffee on that flight.

Hostesses are rarely race-minded; in fact, they are shocked by pilot talk along these lines. Typically, they would just as soon date a black as a white man. On the other hand, they hate the pushy Jewish passengers with a passion. They avoid the Kosher Klipper flights between New York and Miami as much as possible. I understand why. When a kosher meal is ordered, Jews expect the cabin attendants to hover about while they go through some sort of pre-meal ritual. After that, the cabin attendant is instructed on just how the seal is to be broken. Meanwhile, if the non-kosher en-

tree looks good, they will take that instead, and swear they never ordered a kosher meal.

Another annoyance to the cabin team is the way Jews demand everything that is free. They want a deck of cards, even if they have no intention of playing. A witty hostess recently noted that the way to conduct a successful evacuation of the airplane on the ground at Miami would be to toss a deck of cards down each chute. She swore the plane would be empty in 25 seconds. Could be. By contrast, the cabin teams on the El Al flights just tell all the passengers to

shut up, keep their feet off the seats, and the like. The New York Jews feel right at home. By the way, there is a proposed merger between El Al and Alitalia. The new airline will be called Val Al Talya.

The hostesses' favorite passengers are the Arab sheiks. They normally present each hostess with a solid gold watch as they deplane from a long flight, sometimes adding a hundred-dollar bill and an invitation to dinner and bed. The Arabs are kosher too, but they don't make any fuss about it.

Hell on the Potomac

"I woke up screaming in the night. I knew the horrors of Auschwitz and Belzen." Were these the moanings of yet another Holocaust survivor, of the kind which provoked seven of every eight callers to the Phil Donahue show to say they were sick of hearing about the whole thing? Hardly. This was the testimony of Elizabeth Taylor, relating her experiences as a narrator of "Genocide," a film produced for the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles. Her audience was 1,100 VWPs (very weepy people) who paid \$500 a seat for the premiere in Washington on January 17.

The present film cost a mere \$3 million, and will be distributed to high schools and universities offering courses on the Holocaust. Most American high schools no longer teach German, and one in three is without a physics teacher, but soon some of these will offer Holocaust 1. When French and math have gone, perhaps we will have Treblinka 3 and -- for real scholars -- Einsatzgruppen 4. But never, of course, Katyn 5.

At the reception, Rabbi Bertram Less said that "those with the audacity to deny the Holocaust ever existed should be put to shame" by the film. Actually, those several hundreds of people who have had the rare fortune of seeing revisionist Professor Robert Faurisson's slide show and lecture on Auschwitz know that, with \$3 million at his disposal, he would soon have the entire world either laughing at or raging against the established Holocaust story. Rabbi Less also bewailed his "sense of guilt" for all the gala clothes and fixings after so grim a production. His people never tire of doing this -- after carefully arranging the contrast for maximum effect.

One announced reason for the Kennedy Center gathering was to "recapture history" and so "prevent its repetition." Right on cue, Colorado Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder droned, "I don't think there's enough that can be done to remember

those people. We are not a nation of historical roots and tend to forget what has just happened." "Taproot" Liz explained why she did the narration with Orson Welles: "It was real, what happened, and it could exist again." Since all the Communist savageries of this century, and the important Jewish role in them, are never "recaptured," does this mean that they "could exist again"?

To make sure that no one in Washington forgot about the Holocaust for one whisk of a donkey's tail, a play on the subject premiered locally even as "Genocide" emcee Frank Sinatra was introducing Liz as "a Jew herself." "Bent," by Martin Sherman, is about two heroic homosexuals who are rounded up by the Nazis. According to the *Washington Post*: "In the evening's boldest sequence, the two -- standing apart, gazing straight ahead -- unite in an act of mental lovemaking that actually culminates in orgasm." This "elevating" scene "glorifies the mind's ability to triumph over the harshest realities."

Appearing alongside "Genocide" and "Bent" in the January 19 *Post's* "Style" section -- formerly the "Women's" pages -- were these rigidly neutral articles:

- "Songs of Struggle, Rainbow of Causes" dealt with Pete Seeger, who sang snatches of various Communist hymns, and 75 other leftist singers and activists who had gathered at a local law school. The *Post's* reporter found a "new energy" coming from the Spanish-speaking activists, who were "shining with a tomorrow light."

- "Jacob's Ladder" was full of enthusiasm for John Jacob, the new president of the National Urban League. Blacks feel "they are forgotten people," said Jacob, whose name appeared prominently in only a half-dozen *Post* articles that day. "Sickness . . . permeates this society," he added. Since he and his mom both were social

workers, his dad a preacher, and his daughter a speech pathologist, one would think that the Jacob family -- with more funding from a stingy Reagan -- could do much to cure this sickness.

- "Of Bullets and Ballots" showed absolutely no enthusiasm for the brave National Press Conference speech of Eileen Paisley, who had to fill in for her State Department-banned husband, the Rev. Ian Paisley. The *Post's* reporter delighted in reciting every bad thing the top Ulsterman has been called -- "clergyman in jackboots," "bloated bullfrog" and "Devil incarnate" for starters -- without offering one whit of justification for them. The only time that Paul Hendrickson warmed to his subject -- quite abruptly -- was in telling some of the Catholic Irishmen singing, "If you hate the bloody British, clap your hands". It makes "you want to lob a brick through the nearest British Airways plane," he almost chortled.

These are but a few Style section scourgings from one day. Does all this hate-filled anti-Protestantism and anti-Nordicism ever make us want to "lob a brick through the windows of the *Washington Post*?" Certainly not. All sorts of people go over each issue of *Instauration* with an electron microscope, looking for the remotest, most rhetorical, most oblique call to violence so they could throw the book at us. And as these righteous souls of the American news media go on and on and on lobbing bricks through Protestant airplanes, white institutions and Nordic hearts, we, the damned, hunker down in the lower regions -- waiting with the Poles for the day hell freezes over.



Seeds of Supermen

Francis Crick, who co-discovered the double helix, is one of our favorite Nobel laureates. He is the rare scientist of prominence who refuses to sign manifestos on behalf of Soviet dissidents and left-wing El Salvadorans. Neither does he lecture on the necessity of sending more warplanes to Israel so the doughty Sabras can wipe out a few hundred more Lebanese peasants. Why he even declines to join movements which urge the banning of genetic research!

We have an additional reason for liking Crick. We believe that man is alone in the universe, that of all the billions of planets the earth is the sole habitat of intelligent beings. We will continue to believe this until someone comes up with conclusive evidence to the contrary. We certainly won't change our mind simply because Carl Sagan, who says there may be high IQ silicon monsters out there, tells us differently.

Francis Crick has a theory that more or less supports our own. He calls it Directed Panspermia, and he tells us all about it in his latest book *Life Itself* (Simon and Schuster, N.Y., 1981, \$12.95). The chances against life evolving on our planet were so great, Crick asserts, that it probably started elsewhere -- on some remote planet with a richer oceanic soup for the magical switch from the inorganic to the organic. With such a propitious headstart, natural selection quickly and efficiently produced every living thing imaginable, including men far brainier than our own *Homo sapiens*. When the members of this incredibly sapient civilization finally discovered they were doomed to extinction, perhaps by the explosion of their sun, by a colliding asteroid or by some pernicious form of cerebral deterioration, they concluded that the only way to preserve intelligent life in the universe was to send out deep-space probes to discover a planet not too dissimilar from their own. A billion or so years ago one probe reached the young, but lifeless earth and radioed back that there was no need to look further. Since space travel is too long and arduous for complex forms of life, it was decided to seed our planet with simple microorganisms of the sowers' own devising. Natural selection, our prescient faraway forefathers knew, would then take over and sooner or later make us in their image, allowing, of course, for certain environmental modifications.

So if Crick is right, our original theory still holds. We are still unique, still alone in the universe. Directed Panspermia in no way wounds our egos. In fact, it even makes us more special. It comforts us no end by proposing that we did not evolve from a handful of dust, but from genes designed by a vanished race of supermen.

Nogooder Than Ever

Nichts neues, as the Germans would say. Once again the Supreme Court put the rights of the killer above the killed. A 16-year-old Oklahoman (race carefully unspecified) murders a police officer in cold blood, is found guilty by a jury, and sentenced to death by a judge. Ah, but there were mitigating circumstances -- the murderer's youth, for one. Apparently the trial judge did not spell this out sufficiently. So the Nogood Nine vacated the death sentence (*Eddings v. Oklahoma*).

The vote was 5 to 4. Again *Nichts neues*. The court majority was comprised of Marshall, who votes black under all circumstances; Brennan, the Irishman, who votes liberal under all circumstances; Powell, the Southerner, who frequently votes re-egadish; and Stevens, the so-called middle-of-the-roader, who generally votes permissive.

The dissenters were Burger and Rehnquist, the only pro-Majority justices and therefore the ones most often excoriated by the Sulzberger and Graham hate sheets; White, the ex-professional football star and Kennedy appointee, who generally votes left; and Blackmun, the vote-hopping pseudoconservative.

But wait a minute. This only adds up to 8 votes, and the decision was 5 to 4. Who cast the deciding ballot, the one that swung the decision in favor of the killer?

The deciding vote that saved the killer from the death sentence and arranged it so that at some future date he will be released, possibly to kill again, was cast by Sandra Day O'Connor, the Reagan appointee. In an earlier ruling during her first days on the High Bench she again joined the Court majority (Marshall, Brennan, etc.) in upholding an appeals court decision that found a Washington state law against pornography unconstitutional.

The Warren court, which Nixon and Reagan promised to bury, has once more been given a new lease on life.

The Peculiar Institution Goes West

The Civil War did not put an end to slavery. The Simon Legrees have simply moved to Beverly Hills where 27 illegal Indonesians have been sold for \$1,500 to \$3,000 each to serve rich masters in the old plantation style. The slaver who arranged it all was David Mussry, described as a well-known Indonesian "businessman." When arrested Mussry was carrying an Indonesian and an Israeli passport.

Slavery still exists in parts of Africa. The only people in America arrested in recent

years for the crime of "peonage" have been blacks who organized migrant workers into something akin to slave gangs.

And now Beverly Hills, America's most affluent Jewish community, and the home base of so many of those anti-slavery TV docudramas, is now the last-known center of slavery in the United States. Who would be surprised if some of the slave owners had been involved in the production of "Roots"?

Split Zebra

Just about everyone in the black music industry is fuming these days because racial tastes are moving ever further apart. George Ware, the director of programs at the influential Black Music Association, calls the situation "intolerable": "It cannot be allowed to continue. It destroys the foundation of black music, which is the foundation of American popular music." Singer Quincy McCoy recites what he calls the white "excuses" he runs into: "They don't like Teddy Pendergrass's 'growl' . . . they don't like the 'lingo' in the rap records . . . the female singers are 'shrieking' or 'screaming.' What it is is basic racism."

Actually, music program directors have perfected their surveys to the point where they know exactly what white audiences will accept -- and that, writes Richard Harrington, includes "very little 'black' music." When one has heard some of the "lingo" being offered on current black hits, that is not too surprising. Take, for example, Gil Scott-Heron's "rap-tune" called "B-Movies," about Ronald Ray-gun carrying America into the past. It's been getting wide play on the nation's 300 black-formatted stations. "This ain't really life," Scott-Heron sings repetitively. "Ain't nothin' but a B-Movie." Like blacks everywhere, he is conditioned to see all manifestations of white assertiveness as outdated. In his lyrics, Americans "face backwards" to "yesterday," the "day of the man in the white hat on the white horse." Whites are "having a hard time facing the future."

Scott-Heron's enunciation of values seems to reveal an underlying nihilism: "Come back with us to those inglorious days when heroes weren't zeroes/before fair was square." This seems to suggest by implication that it is glorious to have heroes be zeroes. In fact, any black listener immediately grasps the meaning: since this is a song about white heroes (John Wayne and Dudley Do-Right of the Mounties are mentioned), it is indeed glorious for blacks when they are zeroes. Let's not return "to a time when movies was in black and white and so was everything else." In this spirit, the rap continues -- and white stations are not buying.

A 21-year-old black-Italian singer named Prince looks instead to a future where his new single "Controversy" will be acceptable to both races. Sections of the

piece are unmistakably white -- "melodic and songlike" -- while the rest is "taut dance-floor funk." Over the funk sections, he repeats both the Lord's Prayer ("thy kingdom come") and a litany all his own: "Some people call me rude/I wish we all were nude/I wish there was no black or white/I wish there were no rules." The possibly unintended irony of this piece is that, unlike Prince himself, his music is all either black or white, and it closely follows the racial rules. Prince's blatant androgyny and sexual explicitness (requiring warning stickers on his four Warner Brothers albums) further contributed to the white hostility he faced as the opening act on last year's Rolling Stones tour. One audience pelted him with fruit and bottles, cutting his set short. White radio programmers have displayed little more empathy.

The golden era of so-called "zebra radio" was the 1960s. Disc jockey Alan Freed had set things in motion by playing quasi-black music for mostly white audiences and dubbing it "rock 'n' roll." Before then, only a few sanitized black acts like Nat King Cole, Johnny Mathis, the Mills Brothers and the Ink Spots had won white favor. Other blacks were segregated on "sepia" or "race" labels. (Whites then enjoyed the luxury of not recognizing that theirs was also "race" music). The present drift apart began after about 1968. Its extent is often exaggerated. A recent typical "Hot 100" national survey showed seven black songs among the white top 50, and another 13 in the second 50. That tally included hits by blacks like Diana Ross who sound fairly white -- but also a lot of white music which, in 1950, would have sounded incredibly black.

Lights Out at Harvard

Harvard, which prides itself on being a Pharos of academic liberty, is really a candle flickering in the hot wind of intellectual terrorism. After Harvard professors had chickened out on a public debate with Arthur Butz on the Holocaust, the university brass is now promoting an equally unsavory attack on the First Amendment in the case of Steven Verr, not so long ago a second-year student in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Verr is the first person to be expelled from Harvard's GSAS since the 1930s. His offense? His proposed dissertation on the rise and fall of world civilizations has very un-Harvardish and very unfashionable Spenglerian undertones.

Harvard's story is that Verr was expelled because of some pranks he played on another student who had refused to rent him an apartment. His letter of apology, according to a bigwig dean, was totally unacceptable. When the black university police chief, Saul Chafin, for whom Verr

worked as a security guard, called him to his office to tell him the job was terminated because of his expulsion and then refused to provide any details, Verr called him a lackey. Whereupon the police chief up and assaulted him. A county judge found Chafin guilty of assault, but so far he has not been fired, merely placed on a year's probation. Only Verr has been fired.

As Verr fights the expulsion order -- he has been forbidden to reapply for admission to the graduate school for two years -- he is attending another college in the Boston area. He is not abandoning his dissertation, which is apparently too revolutionary for Harvard, whose jug-eared crinkle-heads only go in for the common garden variety of radical chic, the left-hooked variety.

Teddy Kennedy was allowed to return to Harvard and graduate after being kicked out for cheating on a Spanish exam. In recent years there have been all kinds of undergraduate and graduate sex offenders, burglars, Trotskyite vandals and black sitters. Few, if any, have been punished even though they committed crimes. In comparison, Verr was only guilty of playing a practical joke and of adopting an illiberal view of history.

Meanwhile, Verr is trying to persuade Henry Rosovsky, the Aquarian dean in charge of such matters, to set up an investigative board to look into the violation of his rights. In view of the color of Verr's skin and his Majority background, he has about as much chance of getting justice at Harvard as Rosovsky would have at the U. of Moscow.

Whatever Happened to the Seventh Cavalry?

In the child-hating 1980s, about the only TV series with a juvenile star is "Different Strokes," featuring pudgy-faced Gary Coleman as the adopted black son of a white business tycoon. Like countless other members of his race, Coleman owes his life to white medicine: kidney complications when he was five (nine years ago) led to a transplant, and also to his pint-sized condition.

In the family-oriented 1950s, there was a whole slew of prime time child stars. In the boy-and-animal category alone, there was "Fury": "the story of a horse -- and the boy who loved him," as the announcer solemnly intoned each week. There was also "My Friend Flicka" (a beautiful title), based on the youth-and-horse-centered tales of Mary O'Hara about a family's struggle to wrest a living from the hard Montana earth of 1900. And, of course, there was "Lassie," the heroic collie owned for several years by "Jeff Miller," and later by "Timmy Martin." These early video kids were so

attractive and so humbly observant that it's no wonder the birthrate remained high while America watched them. Now, with the wise-cracking, salacious Coleman thrust into our unwilling faces, it is no wonder that so many women are electing to have their "tubes tied." Like it or not, for the average American, TV is reality 25 or more hours each week -- and Gary Coleman is guaranteed to depress white spirits more than black ones.

Another attractive child star of a generation ago was the boy who played Rusty on "The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin." Rusty and his dog had been orphaned in an Indian raid and adopted by the cavalry soldiers at Fort Apache, Arizona. The two were made honorary troopers and spent five television seasons battling redskins in the Old West. "Yo ho, Rinty!" the smiling blond kid would call out. The first Rin Tin Tin movie feature had been made back in 1922, when Fort Apache was, for millions, a living memory.

The memory was dying fast by 1948, when John Wayne gave what many consider his greatest performance in the John Ford production of *Fort Apache*. Yet, by the late 1970s, America had come full circle, as Paul Newman starred in a good-guy white cops versus bad-guy minority criminals flick called *Fort Apache, The Bronx*.

Today, suddenly, "Fort Apaches" are popping up everywhere. The U.S. Border Patrol's regional headquarters near San Ysidro, California, has been so dubbed. The white defenders there are besieged and outnumbered no less than the lawmen of New York City. During a three-month period last year, 57 "Fort Apache"-based agents were treated for on-duty assaults. Earlier, a patrol helicopter was brought down by a rock thrown at its tail rotor. The two occupants were then stoned by a mob of 300 Hispanics.

"Fort Apache" is responsible for only 66 miles of border, yet apprehends some 300,000 illegal aliens each year. "It's like trying to push back the ocean with a rake," groans one defender. (In football stadiums throughout America, mindless young whites cheer, "Hold that line! Hold that line!", but only "vicious white extremists" are interested in putting real forts along the only line that matters anymore.)

Ours is a curious country. It was only on September 4, 1886 that Geronimo, the last Apache chieftain, surrendered. As late as the 1950s, white boys who avidly played "cowboys 'n' Indians" all day long customarily shouted "Ger-on-i-mo!" while swooping in for an attack. After that, we suffered collective amnesia, let down our racial guard, and -- by 1986 -- can expect a thousand new Geronimos to rise up in place of the original. Yet, after suffering Gary Coleman in our living rooms all these years, we may actually welcome the change.

Latest Israeli Balance Sheet

U.S. government payola to Israel has averaged \$3 billion a year for the last three years. It will probably go up in 1983 in spite of Begin's latest provocations, in spite of his insulting remarks about the Reagan administration and in spite of Reagan's budget cuts. Israel aid is probably the most sacred item in the U.S. budget.

South American and Canadian Jewish communities transfer about \$150 million a year to Israel. West Germany is still coughing up \$300 million annually in "war reparations," even though Israel did not exist in World War II.

Although world Jewry contributes more than \$1 billion a year to Israel (most of it from the U.S.), special IRS dispensations allow these huge, trade-balance-busting outlays to be tax-exempt. The sale of Israel bonds adds additional hundreds of millions of dollars to the annual cash outpouring to Begin country. Another red entry in the U.S. ledger is the annual \$100 million grants to Israeli universities and research installations from the Department of Education, the National Institute of Health and other federal agencies. Although Israel boasts one of the highest per capita incomes in the world -- \$3,500 a year -- Washington has designated it a "developing country," which means that 96% of the \$1 billion worth of products Israel exports to the U.S. each year enter duty free.

While more than 9 million Americans are out of work, the Department of Defense buys components for F-4 and F-15 fighters from Israeli companies, although such components could be made better and more cheaply in the U.S. Israel needs the cash infusion from such sweetheart contracts, and what Israel needs, Israel gets. The exception that proves the rule is the AWACS sale, which, by the way, posed no threat at all to Israel's sacrosanct security.

It would be interesting to know just how much Israel has cost the American people since 1948. It is doubtful, however, if any administration or agency would dare to undertake such a project. Among many other unmentionable discoveries, it might show that the Jewish minority is costing Americans even more than the Negro minority.

America, the Bully

One of the most irresponsible media blitzes of recent times was the night-after-night scare stories on TV network news about Libyan hit teams arriving in the U.S. to liquidate Ronald Reagan. Never one iota of proof. Never one identification of where the reports originated beyond the usual hackneyed "CBS has learn-

ed," "reliable sources have informed ABC," or "reports from Washington confirm."

Instaurationists, of course, knew exactly what was going on. Since Libya is Israel's prime enemy in the Middle East, the media were obediently turning Libya into America's prime enemy in the world. Mossad spoke, so Dan Rather brayed.

After all the horror tales about professional assassins on Gaddafi's payroll crossing the borders of Mexico or Canada with arsenals of weapons, after all the planted rumors about "Carlos" and his gang of terrorists, it came as absolutely no surprise to Instaurationists that the *Los Angeles Times* reluctantly admitted, "Israeli Intelligence, not the Reagan administration, was the major source of some of the most dramatic published reports about a Libyan assassination team allegedly sent to kill President Reagan and other top U.S. officials." Even FBI Director William Webster had to confess that there had never been "any evidence" that any Libyan hit men had entered the U.S.

President Reagan, having supinely ordered Americans out of Libya, is now rumored to be preparing "severe counter-measures." A so-called great nation of 226,500,000 at the behest of a minuscule nation of 3,880,000 continues to sound off menacingly against a nation of 2,980,000 which only a few generations ago was little more than an encampment of camel drivers.

As the complaisant servants of Israel, we must now bully a country with about 1/85th of our population and 1/1,000th of our productive capacity.

How great and noble and prideful it is to be an American in 1982!

Girlcott Lifted

No group screams louder against boycotts than Jews. Yet no group is quicker to organize boycotts of its own. The heavily Jewish leadership of the National Organization for Women is all in favor of boycotting states which decline to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). Scores of major conventions have been bullied out of cities like Chicago, New Orleans -- and Miami Beach. The last happens to be the most Jewish city in America. It also happens to be facing an economic disaster because the Hispanic crime wave is driving away tourists. Something had to be done, and something was done. On February 2, Miami Beach alone was exempted from the boycott which otherwise blankets nearly 20 states. The excuse was that Miami Beach has consistently elected a 100% pro-ERA delegation to the Florida state legislature.

But what about cities that elected, say 90% pro-ERA delegations? -- or cities in

pro-ERA states which have been adamantly anti-ERA? Such cities should learn to be a little more philosophical -- or a little more Jewish.

Not So Near-sighted

Television and newspapers set the national agenda. That's much more important than what we say. It's the fact that we tell everybody what's important.

Fred W. Friendly

Back around 1930, a man named Jay M. Near attempted to set the Minnesota agenda by telling people what was important in his *Minneapolis Saturday Press*. He pointed out that Jews were running the local mob, that Minnesota was lucky it had so few blacks around, and that the state's endemic liberalism might someday destroy it. This would have gotten him into trouble, even had his tone been less ill-tempered. As it was, the authorities closed him down for accusing the police and city officials of joining together and practicing a bit of blackmail and murder from time to time.

Now Fred W. Friendly (born Ferdinand Friendly Wachenheimer), one of the grand old moguls of the national news media, has produced a book called *Minnesota Rag* which reveals that most of Near's gracelessly worded accusations were on target. Most gangsters in Minneapolis in the 1920s were indeed Jewish -- which is not too surprising since we never heard of a Scandinavian mob, except for the utterly unsecretive ("Look! I'm plundering you!") Viking kind. On the other hand, the mostly non-Jewish politicians, including the leaders of the ruling socialistic Farmer-Labor party, also dabbled in corruption, readily taking handouts from the mob.

The "rag" epithet hardly seems deserved, even if one objects to crudities like "Jew gangsters." *Minnesota Rag* was conceived when Friendly, formerly president of CBS News and now communications adviser to the Ford Foundation, met Irving Shapiro, at that time chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Du Pont. Shapiro told how his father, Sam, had run a small dry-cleaning business in Minneapolis and staunchly supported Near. The 11-year-old Irving had once watched a mobster beat his father for refusing to pay protection money.

The case of *Jay M. Near v. State of Minnesota* ended up in the U.S. Supreme Court, where a state law permitting before-the-fact censorship was struck down. This made it one of history's landmark First Amendment tests. Backing Near were such strange bedfellows as Roger Baldwin, a pioneer in the American Civil Liberties Union, and Colonel Robert McCormick, the populist publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, who recognized that, apart from the libertarian abstractions addressed by Baldwin, there was a substantive validity to much of

what Near was saying.

For Friendly and his reviewer Sandy Rovner, the fact that their side could be wrong and the enemy right is a "curiosity," a delicious "irony." It seems never to occur to them that Near's intemperate personality might have been the product of long dismal experience, just as the harshness of a Menahem Begin partly reflects sustained adversity in a minority situation in his early years. Having spent half his life telling the nation exactly what is and is not important, Friendly can hardly imagine the volcanic frustrations of those of us who honestly feel his agenda is inverted, and yet are powerless to contradict him.

All Against One

Odinism is represented on the Berkeley (California) Interfaith Council, so when the council announced a project to aid the nonwhite, Jewish and homosexual "victims of repression" in American society, the top local Odinst asked for equal time. In his letter to the council's director, Stephen A. McNallen quoted from a major publisher's paperback book: "Racism itself is a predisposition of but one race of mankind -- the white race . . . Nuclear war, environmental pollution, resource rape . . . all are the result of peculiarly Caucasoid behavior, Caucasoid values, Caucasoid psychology. There is no way to avoid the truth. The problem with the world is white men." McNallen also cited a recent article in *Sepia* magazine proclaiming the genetic superiority of Negroes, and the mass "Zebra" murders of whites by blacks. He "hastened to emphasize" his own group's lack of sympathy for totalitarian thinking, and its determination to refrain from attacks on other groups. All the Odinsts wanted was a chance to "speak in defense of our beleaguered and much maligned people."

Request denied.

Herman's Pa's Origins

Herman Weinberger's father came from Bohemia. Herman Weinberger's father was Jewish. Herman Weinberger's mother was not. Herman himself married Cerise Hampson, the daughter of an Englishman. Herman's son, Caspar, explained to the *Los Angeles Times* that he and his brother were "raised in the 'general mold' of their mother's Episcopalian faith." In 1958, when Caspar tried and failed to win the Republican nomination for California attorney general, he put part of the blame for his defeat on the fact that "Gentiles thought he was Jewish and the Jews knew he was a Gentile." In many ways the present secretary of defense resembles another prominent 25% Jewish Republican politician -- Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

"Race Man"

James Joseph, 48, is the freckle-faced black appointee to the presidency of the Council on Foundations, an umbrella group for 966 Robin Hood acts. Jacqueline Trescott, a prominent black reporter, says Joseph "has made his mark in occupations traditionally overlooked by blacks." Such as? U.S. Army (the medical corps); U.S. subcabinet-level official; past president of three foundations (one was indeed an engine company); college chaplain. Trescott gushes over the way Joseph is proving himself in traditionally nonblack jobs while still fulfilling the "responsibilities of race."

His father was just a p.o.p. (plain old preacher), but Joseph -- who admits, "I'm basically a social change agent" -- is a dynamic, multifaceted, professionalized "race man." "Race man"? Let Trescott explain:

The black achievers of the pre-1960s, locked into education, medicine, and the ministry, often became known to other blacks as "race men" because they attached the fight for social justice to every aspect of their lives. Since then, opportunities have opened up in entirely different professions, but many "race men" still keep minority interests foremost . . .

A white person whose entire life is dominated by concern for his group's welfare is certainly not known as a "race man." Nor can he make \$50,000 a year transferring wealth from the group that created it to those that covet it. The word "racist" shouldn't sound any uglier than "race man" -- say them aloud to yourself -- but with so many Cadillacs, split-level homes and three-piece suits riding in the balance, Robin Hood is going to be black for a long time to come.

Big "Bro" is Watching

Over the last few decades, most large American publications have adopted the policy of not mentioning the race or religion of the people they write about unless those factors are considered "relevant" to the story. Fine, except who determines relevance? Each publication has its own formal rules and chain of command, but informally the final judge is often the big media, or even collective hysteria.

While Atlanta's black child killings were in the headlines every day last year, and a white racist conspiracy was being widely hinted at, it suddenly became intensely "relevant" whenever a white person killed a black -- especially a young black -- anywhere in the country. Local editors and

reporters did not make that determination; the biases of a few people in New York and California, and, equally, the suspicions of black America, made it. Yet the still larger toll of exclusively white female victims in little Brazoria County, Texas, a decade ago [Inklings, October 1981] failed to establish the "relevance" of ongoing black-on-white crime throughout America. And so the racial aspect of such killings continued to go unmentioned.

Now, as our nation's flight from free information accelerates, Mach 2 has been attained in California. Until late last year, only private organizations had proposed voluntary restrictions on the press. Now, Governor Jerry Brown's Task Force on Civil Rights, together with the State and Consumer Services Agency, have mailed guidelines on racial reporting to 120 college and university departments of journalism, communications and ethnic studies.

Dean Edwin Bayley of the Graduate School of Journalism at the University of California's Berkeley campus has refused to participate in the government's proposal to publish a racial style manual. "Outrageous," he calls it, and a "step toward censorship." More power to the man, because the other 119 schools contacted had still voiced no objections one month later. On the other hand, only one favorable response had been received, along with several requests for clarification.

"What is proposed here," says Dean Bayley, "is that a government agency tell newspapers and the media what words to use and what not to use, to tell the media how to report and what to report." The style manual would tell reporters and editors how their stories can produce what Sacramento considers to be "positive" or "negative" effects in community race relations. Since the Brown administration's view of such matters largely coincides with those of the militant minorities, and the Berkeley campus is filled with such, Bayley's courage cannot be gainsaid. But he will need a lot of assistance to keep California's demographic brown-out from being joined by a journalistic Brown-out.

Racial Solidarity

While dining at a fashionable seafood restaurant one night last summer, a Washington Negro saw police arresting a friend on a year-old assault charge. He immediately jumped up, grabbed the arresting officer and bawled, "You're a common no-good," etc. Threatened with arrest he backed off, but continued screeching the same words over and over and over, just as any agitated street dude would. But no charges were pressed against this dude, perhaps because he was Theodore R. Newman, Jr., chief judge in the District of Columbia Court of Appeals and the city's highest-ranking jurist.



Sutter Lang's life is not all *Sturm und Drang*. He also spends considerable time in solitary reflection, and, on occasion, shares his thoughts.

For instance, only last week he said to me, "I have been working on a solution to the entire racial problem."

"Tell me," I said.

"I have every intention of doing so," he said. "Here is my argument: We whites have been brainwashed by the Jews into accepting them as our masters and leaders. They have us mesmerized, we are their slaves. For some reason, which I cannot as yet pinpoint, we are incapable of breaking their hold over us. You cynics say that we are too degenerate, too far gone, to do so. I cannot accept that, although I must admit it fits the facts. I believe that we only need to be awakened, to be freed from the hypnotic spell which the Jews have laid upon us. Once awake, we will take the necessary steps and all will be well. Now comes the important part." He smiled triumphantly. "Only the Jews can awaken us."

He waited, still smiling, for my response. "It's an interesting theory," I said finally.

"It's not a theory," he said firmly. "It's a fact. They put us into the trance, and only they can take us out of it. When you see a man hypnotized on the stage, you do not expect *him* to be able to awaken himself, do you?"

"No."

"Of course not. Nor do you expect his friends to be able to do so. In such cases, the entire audience sits in absolute stillness, waiting for the *expert*, the hypnotist himself, to undo his work. Am I not correct?"

"You are."

"We have been looking at the problem from the wrong angle," he said. "We have not had the right analogy. We have assumed that we must awaken ourselves. I should explain that even this analogy is not exact, because the relation of the single, hypnotized person on the stage to the audience is at a ratio of one to hundreds. Or, when the hypnotism is performed on television, of one to millions. In our actual dilemma, that ratio is reversed. For every wide-awake person, there are millions who are hypnotized. But there is not strength in numbers. They can't awaken themselves any more than the single person can. Nor can the few who are still awake — people like you and me — awaken them, because we are not *experts*. We did not conduct the mass hypnotism, and we don't know how to undo it. Only the hypnotist can undo his work!"

"You may have a point."

"I have more than a point. I have the answer. Now you must realize that I am not talking any more about one hypnotist on a stage and one volunteer. That was only for the purpose of analogy. In reality, we are faced with a collective hypnotist — the Jews — and a collective volunteer — us. Yes, that's what we did; for some reason, we volunteered."

"I agree wholeheartedly there."

"Yes, well . . . anyhow, the crafty Jew — the entire body of Jews — is always onstage, and always asking for volunteers. 'Will one of you come up here?' he asks — think of

Freud, for example — and up we come. We can't resist that hypnotist. We should be able to, but we can't. It's our great weakness, our curse. We couldn't resist him when he came out of the Levant with his mesmerizing religion, and we still can't resist him."

"That's well put," I said.

"Of course, a few of us are immune and can resist him," he said. "But very few. I'd say no more than one percent. And we aren't strong enough to wake the others up. Whenever we try, it ends in disaster for us, because we don't know how to do it. I speak from experience. We don't have the key. All we do is annoy the hypnotist, who promptly turns the volunteers — still hypnotized — against us. Look at the history of the past hundred years, if you don't believe me."

"I don't disbelieve you."

"There is only one solution."

"There are never two."

He stared at me meditatively, his blue eyes slightly popped, looking very much like Christopher Tietjens in Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*. "No, there never are," he said, "at least at the same time to one person. You're right, but you're inhibiting."

"Sorry — the last thing I want to do is inhibit you."

"Oh, you can't inhibit me. But you can inhibit others." He pondered that. "On the other hand, if you can inhibit them, you may be performing a special sort of species preservation — culling out the weak. I must make a note of that." And he drew out a small notebook, and did make a note of it, his lips pursed in thought.

The note made and the notebook replaced, he returned to his subject. "The only solution," he said gravely, "is to induce the collective hypnotist to wake his collective victim and never again hypnotize him."

"You mean to induce the Jews to stop being Jews?"

"That's one way of putting it."

"Why would they wish to do that?"

"In order to reach peace of mind."

"That's never been a Jewish priority."

"Not on the surface, but underneath it must be. They have a trick — or tricks — and ascendancy. But none of that is finally satisfying. If the stage hypnotist were able to hypnotize the entire audience and, finally, the entire world, would he be 'happy'? You know he wouldn't. He'd go mad in such a situation. His only solution — to avoid madness — would be to awaken his victims. We can see today that as more of the world succumbs to Jewish hypnosis, it drives the Jews madder and madder. If their 'success' goes on, they will, finally, be wholly insane. Surely they don't want that."

"They enjoy being mad. After all, being mad, they can't imagine its disadvantages."

"Then they need to be told."

"Hasn't that been tried?"

"Not in the right way."

"I thought you yourself had given the message on occasion."

"Oh, no. I've reacted with honest physical violence to

specific racial abuses which have occurred before my very eyes. But I am the first to concede that such reaction is wholly personal and immediate. No, what I'm suggesting is an entirely new approach. On a grand rather than a small scale."

"You mean that you sit down with Menahem Begin and tell him that in order to stay out of the loony bin he has to let your people go?"

"That's a very crude way of putting it, but not altogether off the mark. The only way the Jews will back off and stop hypnotizing us is as part of a larger vision. Their current vision is so limited — the sleazy little dream of the hypnotist, a petty game in which he puts people to sleep in order to steal from them. The only way the Jews could see that game as cheap, as unworthy even for them, would be through the superimposition of another vision, a larger vision. Of course, one reason they resist a larger vision is that they would then have to see themselves as they are. On the other hand, once they saw themselves as they are, they would no longer be as they are. So there would be both a loss and a gain. It is the gain which would be emphasized."

"It's always good psychology to emphasize the gain."

"I shall ignore that flippancy," he said, "because it is good psychology. If I sat down with Menahem Begin — or any other Jew, even the most obdurate — I would assume that the larger view is ultimately more seductive even to him than a limited view. The world — at least the Western world — would be a far more interesting place if the Jews gave up hypnotizing for limited gain, and if hypnotized humanity were allowed to come awake and live, rather than lie forever in a trance. It might take forever and a day, with just the two of us alone, but I think that even a Menahem Begin would finally succumb to his own imagination. I suppose you don't agree."

"Correct."

"You think the Jews are incapable of imagination, of a larger view."

"That's right."

"But it's our only hope."

"Then God help us."

"Perhaps He will."

"Sutter, please."

"Yes, well, I still say Jewish imagination is our only hope."

"That's not an argument for its probability. Sutter, you sound as though we're the Jews and the Jews are Egyptians, and you propose asking the Pharaoh to let his people go."

"That's right," he said firmly. "We are in bondage. As for the probability question, you may be right. But suppose you're not? Anyhow, if the Jews did succumb to their imaginations, they would immediately stop hypnotizing us. They would stand forward and admit their terrible limitations. They would concede the masquerade over the centuries. They would confirm all our reservations about them. They would analyze themselves out of existence as a problem for us. They would become so intent on trying to move on to a higher plane that they would forget about us, and we would be free to move on to our own higher plane. Evolution, instead of being stuck in the same groove, as it is now — or even moving downward — would be able to get back on an ascending track once again. This would be as true for the Jews as for us."

"The problems of the world would be over."

Sutter shook his head in sorrow. "Your cynicism is deplorable," he said sadly. "I begin to wonder if you are capable of a higher vision. Don't you realize that every great change in human thinking has looked foolish — impossible — before it happened? Don't you know that faith has moved mountains? Think of Charlemagne. Think of William the Conqueror."

"Think of Begin. Think of Golda Meir. Think of Danny Kaye."

"But if we assume they can never change, we make them superhuman."

"Or subhuman."

"That's just my point," he said excitedly. "They are subhuman. But they needn't remain so." The Viking, ever generous to his foes and inferiors, was too chivalrous to drum the Jews out of the human family. If they faced up to themselves, there had to be a place, however restricted, for them somewhere in the tree of life.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Because it isn't in our interest that they remain so."

"Since when does our interest govern fact?"

"It always has. When we were confident and whole, we governed fact as we pleased. For example, we said the sun went around the earth and designed the universe to suit ourselves. We went on Crusades and smote the infidel, and fought to save the West at Tours and in front of Vienna. Those were our great days, weren't they? Don't talk to me about facts — they are completely malleable if you have faith."

"*Touché* — I'd forgotten."

"And I might point out that we had very little trouble with the Jews then. Taking 'facts' seriously and being hypnotized by Jews seem to go hand in hand." He whipped out the notebook to enter that thought.

"All right," I said, "but what if the Jews don't respond to your seductive suggestion of a higher vision? Do you have a backup plan?"

"There is always brute force," he replied, shaking his head in regret. "And if it comes to that, I would hope that we few — we few who are still awake — won't shirk our duty. But I think it can be avoided. The important point — the point which I am trying to make you see, because you could be valuable in the effort, despite your terrible addiction to 'reality' — is that our priorities must be changed. We few have assumed to date that we must wake our fellow whites *directly*. We have tried this again and again, and we have failed again and again. It is time we realize that the awakening can only be accomplished *indirectly*. We must devote ourselves to inducing the Jews to do it, because they are the only ones who can. They put the whites to sleep and only they can break the spell and bring them back to life. They have the magic wand."

"Sutter, it doesn't speak well for the whites if they can only be saved by Jews."

"My God, man, nothing speaks well for anyone. The problem is not rational, not 'scientific', it's religious and magical. It's a fairy tale, with a wicked witch and a victim. With a spell which can only be broken under special circumstances, already defined by the force which wrote the story. We don't think any the less of Achilles because he had

a vulnerable heel. Why should we think any the less of ourselves for having our vulnerability — our fearful susceptibility to Jews? Except for that awful weakness, we're not so bad."

"Are you sure? How well do you know us?"

"I know we're materialistic and so on," he said, "but those are secondary weaknesses. We could cope with those if we were not hypnotized. Lying in a hypnotized state — the dreadful symptom of our susceptibility to Jews — is the one weakness we can't undo ourselves."

"Apparently."

"But the author of this grim fairy tale has not closed the door completely. He has permitted a few, a handful, to remain awake. The hypnotic sleep is not total. Isn't that true?"

"Just barely."

"Fairy tale is not altogether the right analogy," he said reflectively, "although many of them deal with gruesome situations. Epic is better. Epics — think of the *Iliad* and *Beowulf* and the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Song of Roland* — are fairy tales in a way, but raised to . . . well, another plane. Anyhow, in our own epic the few who have been spared must have a part to play. They haven't been spared for no reason whatsoever — no one ever is, in an epic. Up to this point, we have seen these spared few trying — often nobly, always vainly — to save their sleeping fellows by waking them. But without the magic talisman, they cannot do so. Now they — we few — cast about for another solution. Like the Homeric Greeks after all efforts to subdue Troy failed, we must find the real way, the only way. We finally understand that we must go to work on the evil spirits themselves. We must slay the dragon in an entirely new way — by inducing him to slay himself."

"Nicely put."

"Better than nicely put — irresistibly put."

"But what if the dragon won't slay himself? Or the magician won't undo his spell? Or however else the epic reads?"

"The epic is epic," Sutter said patiently. "The courage and ingenuity of Ulysses and Beowulf and Roland and Siegfried is assumed. If one inducement doesn't work, the heroes go on to another. They finally find the key. They know that evil can't triumph in the end because it, too, has its Achilles' heel, and that good will always find it. Today, Begin and the rest of them may look omnipotent, but that is an illusion — they must look that way until they are vanquished. There has to be a way of inducing them to undo what they have done, because there always is a way. Incidentally, the difference between the Achilles' heels of the good and the wicked is tremendous. The Achilles' heel of the good, while it can be fatal, is not the whole of the persona. Something else lives on. Think of Achilles himself. But the Achilles' heel of the wicked is encompassing. When it is found, they are consumed by it. We don't remember anything else of the wicked once they have gone. When Beowulf slew Grendel, it was the end of Grendel."

"You're poetic."

"I've never denied it," Sutter said modestly. "And romantic. But what do you think?"

"How can one disagree with poetry?"

"Then you think I'm right?"

"I think poetry is right. All poetic visions have something

right about them."

"I'm glad you understand that," he said, looking more like Christopher Tietjens than ever. "Even among the few who are not asleep, there is such a commitment to the purely 'rational.'"

"Which is, of course, only a further manifestation of being in a deep sleep."

"You're beginning to see the light!" he cried delightedly. "Rationality not in the service of a vision is a terrible trap. Blake saw that when he equated Newton and night. He — Blake, not Newton — knew that when we whites give up our vision — our soul — for logical rationality, which leads straight to materialism, we are really going from our true reality to an alien dream, from wakefulness to sleep. And he knew some details of that marriage of materialism and an alien dream: 'The vision of Christ that thou dost see is my vision's greatest enemy: Thine has a great hook nose like thine, mine has a snub nose like to mine.' And most profoundly, summing up what I have been saying: 'I am sure this Jesus will not do either for Englishman or Jew.' It's all very simple, really. Just a question of having faith in the right." He smiled graciously. "And of not allowing cynics like you to corrupt that faith."

"I despair of corrupting you."

"Enough of this talk," he said decisively, heaving himself to his feet. "Time for action."

"To induce the dragon to slay himself?"

"You seem to like that way of putting it."

"I like it very much."

"Then let's do it."

"You seem sure of my participation."

"You can't resist the poetic vision," he said. "No one can who's at all awake. Let's go."

(To be continued)

Ponderable Quote

Most Holy Father and Lord, we know and from the chronicles and books of the ancients we find that among other famous nations our own, the Scots, has been graced with widespread renown. They journeyed from Greater Scythia by way of the Tyrrhenian Sea and the Pillars of Hercules, and dwelt for a long course of time in Spain among the most savage tribes, but nowhere could they be subdued by any race, however barbarous. Thence they came, twelve hundred years after the people of Israel crossed the Red Sea, to their home in the west where they still live today. The Britons they first drove out, the Picts they utterly destroyed, and, even though very often assailed by the Norwegians, the Danes and the English, they took possession of that home with many victories and untold efforts; and, as the historians of old time bear witness, they have held it free of all bondage ever since. In their kingdom there have reigned one hundred and thirteen kings of their own royal stock, the line unbroken by a single foreigner.

The Declaration of Arbroath
A.D. 1320

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Cuddihy's study of the ordeal of civility endured by Jews in a Gentile society is well known, at least by repute, to all regular readers of *Instauration*. However, Instaurationists do not perhaps perceive that Cuddihy's findings highlight, by implication, a considerable weakness in ourselves. The fact is that our tendency to be civil has been systematically exploited to the point where it opens up a gap in our armour.

There is now an overwhelming body of evidence that hordes of aliens, many of them actively hostile, are rapidly replacing us in our own countries. Not even the blind can be ignorant of this, unless they have also lost their senses of hearing and smell. Since this is the most important problem of the century, or indeed of any century, it dictates one of three main attitudes: first, some degree of welcome for the immigrants, leading inevitably to support for miscegenation; second, a determination to resist the intrusion and reverse the tide; and third, an attempt to ignore the problem as far as possible. There is a rightist variant of this last attitude which runs: "Why struggle to maintain a rotten multiracial system? Why not just cultivate our gardens with a few friends?" Up to now, the resistance alternative has been the least effective, although even liberals and Jews are finding it increasingly difficult to ignore the problems associated with the presence of hostile aliens. It is very shocking for Jews to read about Jews being knifed or pushed under subway trains by New York blacks. Such treatment tends to modify their previous assumptions about race. There is no better definition of a conservative than a liberal who has just been mugged.

However, these words are addressed to the resisters, not to the conscious temporisers. We know that the alien influx can spell the end of us as a people. We should therefore regard the aliens as an occupying army, to be resisted and expelled. That is what we believe in theory, but what do we do in practice? I will tell you. We behave with more civility towards the aliens than either the liberals or the temporisers. Until recently, if I were asked a question by some coloured immigrant lost in a London street, I would give him exact directions and send him on his way. Only if he showed signs of active hostility would I fail to assist him. It is the same with most of my rightist friends. I notice that, since they are among the very few whites who do not look utterly demoralised, aliens make a beeline for them whenever they need help of any kind, even a handout, and they are seldom disappointed. They know that they can nearly always count on a sense of *noblesse oblige* which makes discourtesy a crime. So it is that companions of mine who, only a minute or so before, were drawing attention to the degenerate appearance of some biped in the street, would blossom into courtesy the moment they were asked for information by that same biped. I am sorry, but this won't do. The only proper description of such behaviour is collaboration with the enemy.

Working-class resisters are more likely to be logical. They are not so much burdened with feelings of politeness. For example, parts of the American South have remained white to this day, simply and solely because there is no cooperation with racial outsiders or known liberals. I can also cite the example of a part of the United Kingdom (I would not reveal its whereabouts for the world) where working-class hostility has so far prevented the settlement of a single coloured. Alas, the main advantage of this goes to middle-class people who continue to prattle about tolerance while benefiting every day of their lives -- in terms of safety, aesthetics and sense of belonging -- from the intolerance (or rather, determination to survive) of their working-class neighbours. I am no impassioned admirer of the British working class as a whole, but it still has some merits lacking in the middle classes:

*How beastly the bourgeois is,
Especially the male of the species.*



Never mind the law. It doesn't matter how many Race Relations Acts they impose on us, provided we can rebuild our sense of community to the point where we automatically reject the resident alien. It is quite impossible to impose the law in a community where everyone covers for everyone else, in which traitors are ostracised, and the judiciary and the police are themselves under pressure from their fellow citizens. English law is a reflection of contemporary values. Well and good. We can change those values.

What the middle classes can do is learn from the Jews, who have perfected methods of racial survival and domination in multiracial societies. To begin with, they regard the interests of Jews as paramount over those of the host community. They deal with Gentiles, certainly, but they are opaque, letting in the light of information or any other benefit which is going, while at the same time denying us any real glimpse into their attitudes and intentions. They calculate their behaviour towards Gentiles with a view to obtaining a maximum effect. As Shylock puts it: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?" There is one fundamental difference between us and the Jews, however. They need us, whereas we don't need them.

My own criterion of behaviour depends entirely upon the status of the individual concerned. For instance, I like to practise my Hindustani occasionally, so when a Hindi or Urdu speaker accosts me, I take the opportunity of practising his language, free, just as they do with us in English. Early in the conversation, I establish whether my interlocutor is a bona fide visitor or an immigrant. If the latter, I always drop him and leave him to draw the obvious inference. I have even gone so far as to point out to Indians

that we never colonised India in the sense of settling there in any numbers, whereas they are colonising our overcrowded island in no uncertain manner. Yet several parts of India (Kashmir, Darjeeling, the Nilgiri Hills) would have been quite suitable for British settlement. Similarly, I am far more inclined to tolerate an obvious visitor from West Africa in his colourful native blanket than I am to tolerate some bloody-minded "Black Englishman." And I would far rather meet an Orthodox Jew, ritually oiled and curled, than a nasty, pushy assimilated Jew. The Orthodox Jew may not be a lovely sight, but at least he is proclaiming his difference from us. He does not threaten our community from within.

* * *

The leftist *New Statesman* continues on its weary way, losing readers steadily as British intellectuals turn vaguely towards the right. Much emphasis is always placed on the current editor of the *New Statesman*, whoever he happens to be, and none at all on its owners. Years ago, I saw a photograph of these owners in the old *Picture Post*, now happily defunct. They looked very Jewish indeed, so I did not find it surprising to read in a recent issue of *Private Eye* that the money dealings of the *New Statesman* "have always been hidden in a tangle of interlocking boards." The Jewish orientation of this journal has always been obsessive. It is true that some of its policies have altered over the years. Admiring references to Comrade Stalin, which appeared regularly when Kingsley Martin was editor, have been replaced with denunciations of Stalin the Tyrant and tedious articles about the plight of Jewish dissidents in Russia. The knee-jerk reactions in favour of Israel which were the rule while Israel was establishing itself, have been augmented with some expressions of pro-Palestinian opinion, in order to retain credibility with the international left. A letter of Noam Chomsky's even appeared in the May 1st, 1981, number of the *NS*, defending Faurisson's right to teach French literature at the University of Lyons, though not his version of the Holocaust. But Jewish concerns are always paramount, and emerge in the most surprising ways. Thus, David Cohen is at pains to claim Eysenck as partly Jewish (*NS*, 15/3/81), and the half-Jewess Margaretta D'Arcy, who has set herself up as an expert on Northern Ireland, is capable of judgements like the following (on the prison at Armagh): "I was brought face to face with the same machinery that conditioned the Auschwitz guards" (26/9/80).

During the 1960s, the *New Statesman* published an account of a meeting at which Harold Wilson spoke, at which an English lady was overheard referring to him as "a little lacquey of the Jews." Such a blatant expression of prejudice sufficed, at that time, to condemn itself, without further comment. Now consider this item from the issue of May 5th, 1981: "The death of Sir Harold's friend and benefactor, Sir Eric Miller, was by no means mysterious; he shot himself because the fraud squad was investigating his operations as boss of Peachey Properties." Last year, Lord Kagan(ovitch), who supplied Wilson with his distinctive Gannex raincoats, was imprisoned for defrauding the revenue of a million pounds or so. He is now out of prison again, and still retains his title of nobility. Lord Bruce of Donington welcomed him back to the House of Lords with the words, "Any friend of Harold Wilson's is a friend of mine." But the list of Sir

Harold's Jewish benefactors is much longer than that. It includes Balogh and Kaldor, whom he also ennobled, as well as the infamous Mikardo, who obtained special permits to import the products of East European sweated labour into Britain, thus undercutting British industries. Wilson, as president of the Board of Trade, used to supply the necessary permits. And now Wilson has come out with a book, *The State of Israel in British Politics*, and has had a grove of trees named after him in that country. Is it really so far-fetched to call him a little lacquey of the Jews?

It was Harold Wilson who presided over the disintegration of the New Britain, "forged", as he put it, "in the white heat of the technological revolution." He was the "economist" who looked us in the eye on TV in 1967, and informed us that, despite devaluation, the pound in our pockets had not been devalued. (This was on a par with the economic brilliance of Roger Wooddis, the resident versifier of the *New Statesman*, who churns out sub-Chestertonian rubbish every week, and is responsible for the immortal refrain, "The rich are rich/Because the poor are poor." Wilson's mismanagement brought the British economy to its knees in 1976, inspiring a moderate like Cecil King, editor of the *Daily Mirror*, to canvas various people with a view to staging a coup. Among the many people he approached were General Walker and Sir Oswald Mosley. Then he went to see the old poove Mountbatten and Sir Solly Zuckerman, who immediately gave him away.

David Irving is an obvious *bête noire* of the *New Statesman*, which levels at him such damning quotations as, "The Jews have always viewed with suspicion the emergence of any master race (other than their own, of course)." The nerve! Irving is even allowed to have a letter published (*NS*, 8/5/81), in connexion with his book, *Hitler's War*, in which he recalls "the words of my agent, calling from the United States . . . 'For God's sake', he implored, 'invent evidence that Hitler knew about Auschwitz! Otherwise you can forget about the *Reader's Digest* and the Book of the Month Club deals.'" Attempts are made to cut down Irving's figures for the number of German dead in the terror raid on defenceless Dresden which makes one cynically recall the moral outrage of liberals at those who dare "to play the vile numbers game" when they challenge the Six Million. The *NS* issue of October 9th, 1981, contains what purports to be a photograph of Germans burning Jewish bodies in the open at Auschwitz -- just about the most inefficient way ever devised to dispose of a body, as anyone will know who has tried to burn a dead cat on a bonfire.

Of special interest was a review of David Pryce-Jones's book on *Paris in the Third Reich* (*NS*, 23/10/81). Paris was never part of the Third Reich, but never mind. Pryce-Jones, it may be remembered, was responsible for a number of lies in a book about Unity Mitford, which were exposed by one of Unity's sisters, Diana Mosley. His main concern in this latest book is with the degree of guilt associated with the French failure to protest the removal of the Jews from occupied France. (The implication is that the Jews all disappeared up the chimney, though in fact a majority survived the war.) Jean-Paul Sartre, for example, and Simone de Beauvoir, appear to have lived peacefully in occupied Paris without seeing any need to protest; but it may be claimed that Sartre made up for it by protesting in retrospect. We learn in

passing that Richard Heller, the German literary censor, was tolerant of anything which did not go directly against official policy, so that more books were published in occupied Paris than in London or New York during the war. Arno Breker, the sculptor, was in charge of all matters artistic. Here are his words as recorded by Pryce-Jones:

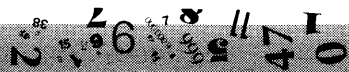
Hitler said to me: "I could have entered Paris at the head of my victorious army, but I did not wish to harm the soul of the population, to damage their national pride . . ." He told me that his admiration of French culture had no limits. He did not speak of a degenerate people, he did not hate France. Politics had changed his path, he said, and if he had been able to continue his life as he had wanted, "I would have liked to live like you and continue my studies in Paris . . ." I had a long

talk with Hitler in the evening . . . He felt my sensitivity to France and French culture, and he spoke only to me. I was very moved.

* * *

Cholly has cast an oblique but lurid light on the way in which the iguanas exploit Majority actresses in Hollywood. I never recall reading anything quite so evocative on the subject. What is more, I find that women are as hard hit by it as I am. Still, I can't help being reminded of the visit paid by Margot, Lady Asquith, to Hollywood between the wars. She was introduced to Jean Harlow, who called her "Mar-got" for some time. Finally, Lady Asquith said, "No, my dear, not Mar-got, Margo. The 't' is unsounded, as in Harlow."

Talking Numbers



The Boston Public School System, which has lost 25% of its schools since forced busing was decreed seven years ago by the local judicial satrap, is now laying off 1,000 experienced white teachers. In compliance with the state's official racist policy, black teachers, experienced or not -- mostly not -- are now being hired to fill the jobs vacated by the fired whites. The situation in Boston's public schools is so bad that some private schools there are now 90% black.

#

Americans earned \$265 billion "off the books" in 1978, as opposed to \$63 billion in 1971, a Baruch College study says.

#

Gov. Jerry Brown of California has a personal staff of 83. Lt. Gov. Sam Bogley of Maryland has a staff of 6, including 2 bodyguards and a fulltime chauffeur.

#

94 people were killed in Northern Ireland in 1981. In the same year there were 147 murders in Harlem's 28th and 32nd precincts, an area of about 2 square miles.

#

The Illinois Department of Public Aid has been paying \$750,000 a year rent for a building appraised at \$90,000.

#

Cesar Chavez, the Hispanic labor saint, and his United Farm Workers union have been accused by the Departments of Labor and HHS of misappropriating more than \$600,000 in federal funds. Some of the money is alleged to have been used to train illegal aliens, to pay for work not performed and to promote union activities.

#

891 persons are presently assigned to the death rows of U.S. prisons. 53% of the

condemned are white (a very loose definition), 41% black, 3.5% Hispanic. Only four criminals have been executed since 1977, all of them white.

#

The U.S.S. *Yellowstone*, a 22,000-ton naval repair ship, has -- or rather had -- a crew of 1,000, 100 of them women. It lost 23 of the latter last year when they became unshipshape -- i.e., pregnant. As one news headline put it, "Stork Became Navy's Albatross."

#

14,499 companies filed for bankruptcy in the first 10 months of 1981, up 42.2% from the comparable period in 1980. Since bankruptcy is often used as an escape hatch for crooked businessmen, the huge increase in business failures is as much a sign of moral as of economic deterioration.

#

In 1950 Connecticut had 172 state agencies employing 17,000. Today, after some much advertised "consolidations," the state has 26 agencies, employing 53,000.

#

Three days before Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton left office in 1980, he commuted the sentences of 26 murderers, one double murderer (the son of one of his friends) and 25 other felons. Three of his top aides, arrested for selling pardons, were carrying marked FBI money. One of them said he would sell a pardon to anyone except a child molester.

#

New York City's Westway, a 4-mile elevated highway along the southwest edge of Manhattan, will cost \$550 million a mile or \$8,680 an inch. The check for \$85 million, which Reagan gave the city to start the project, will pay for 876 feet of the highway.

At the start of the 19th century, there were 100,000 foreigners in France. In 1891 there were 1 million, 2% of the population, most of them Belgians and Italians. By 1931 the foreign component had risen to 2.7 million, 6.6 % of the population, most of them Spaniards, Italians and Poles. In 1979 there were 3.4 million *étrangers*, 6.5% of the population. Of these 22% were Portuguese, 21% Algerians, 15% Spaniards, 13% Italians, 8% Moroccans, and 4% Tunisians. North African women in France produce an average of 5 to 6 children, Portuguese women 3.3, Spanish women 2.5. French women now average 1.84 children. At this rate, it won't take too long for France to become non-French.

#

The 19th-century whaling center of Provincetown, on Cape Cod, is now America's leading homosexual resort. At least one-third of the town's business and real estate is gay owned, and up to 1 million homosexuals visit during each summer season.

#

The Federal Election Commission has released some official figures on expenditures for the 1980 elections. Sixteen presidential candidates raised \$108.6 million and spent \$106.55 million (including more than \$30 million in federal matching funds) during the primaries.

George Bush's losing quest for his party's nomination got him \$5,720,000 in federal matching funds -- more than the successful Democrat, Carter, who only received \$5,050,000.

U.S. Labor party boss Lyndon LaRouche, running as a Democrat so he could get his hand in the public till, raised \$2.14 million and spent \$2.15 million (\$530,000 of it federal matching funds). LaRouche got more in matching funds than Republican contender Robert Dole (\$450,000), and was not far behind Jerry Brown, who stuck the treasury for \$890,000.

The Reagan campaign got \$7,290,000 from the feds and benefited from more than \$12 million in independent expenditures by conservative groups.

Primate Watch

WILLIAM J. LEVITT, the house builder who made Levittowns a synonym for tacky, has been sued in the New York Supreme Court for the alleged transfer of at least \$8 million from the tax-exempt Levitt Foundation to his own use.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mayor **EDWARD KOCH** says New York City will welcome "with open arms" the new migration of hundreds of thousands more Puerto Ricans, which the recession is setting in motion. "It is obviously shameful that the federal government should cause people to go through the wrenching experience of leaving their homes," he says, meaning that middle-class white Americans should subsidize a birthrate twice as high as their own with welfare and food stamps forever and ever.

☆ ☆ ☆

PAUL SHIN is a "sepia-toned Amerasian who affects the swagger of the South Philadelphia dude he imagines his father to have been." "In America," he explains, "I wouldn't have any problems. I could stop fighting and wouldn't have to hear the word *twigi* (wild seed) every day. I love my mother, but I want my inheritance. If I have my father's face, I should be able to live in my father's country." Touched by stories like this, Alabama **SENATOR JEREMIAH DENTON** is co-sponsoring Senate bill 1698, which would amend the Immigration and Naturalization Act to provide favored treatment to children of United States armed forces personnel in Asia.

☆ ☆ ☆

MAX ROBINSON, the first black "co-anchor" of a national news show, is "a disgrace to network television journalism," according to Gary Deeb of the Field Syndicate. "Yet he doesn't seem to realize that he's been enjoying a charmed existence for the last three years." A "bad reporter" and a "miserable writer," the haughty-voiced Robinson can only sit before a teleprompter and read a few stories (or story introductions) written for him by whites. When ABC has risked letting him work without a teleprompter, he has "invariably" demonstrated that he's a "hopeless airhead." For his troubles, Robinson earns some \$200,000 a year. In his first few months on the job, he went through more than a dozen producers and writers. All requested reassignment "after being exposed to Robinson's aggressive ignorance of current events." Instead of recognizing a free lunch, Robinson screeches "racism" whenever things go against him. Deeb finds this strange; we think it natural.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Philadelphia rabbi has pleaded guilty on two counts of stock fraud for attempting a "free-riding" scheme of ordering options and paying for them only if their value rose. **SHOLOM/SOL/SAUL TEITELBAUM** ordered more than \$2 million worth of options through leading brokers like Merrill Lynch, E.F. Hutton and Bache Group. He knowingly put up bad checks for his purchases, hoping a few stocks would rise and allow him to pay off the rest. Even with the toughest judge, the rabbi will get only a \$20,000 fine and "up to five years" in prison.

☆ ☆ ☆

A *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter has worked himself into a fine froth because 18-year-old gang leader **DAVID AYALA** can afford a posh suburban home, complete with sunken outdoor pool, greenhouse, physical workout room, wall safe and several waterbeds. The side-by-side pictures of the cocky Mexican Indian punk and his modern home are indeed provocative, but what millions of whites who have long since fled to suburbia (or grown up there) forget is that America's inner cities are filled with block upon block of superb old mansions which could no longer be built at any price, and which are occupied by minority pimps, killers and welfare artists. The Ayala home is actually little more than a mass-produced monstrosity which will crumble long before its time. Many suburbanites would rather live in gracious, old high-ceilinged quarters in potentially stimulating inner city neighborhoods, but dare not because of all the David Ayala types about. The diamond-studded Ayala comes from a drug-running family which together makes up to 25,000 tax-free bucks a week. His fleet includes a Cadillac and a Lincoln; his arsenal a machinegun-like AR 15. But his father, a brother and a cousin have all been gunned down in the last two years.

☆ ☆ ☆

While thousands of elderly New Yorkers were being mugged and robbed each year, while young people were being thrown onto subway tracks, and while the latest plea-bargaining outrages were peppering the daily papers, **HOWARD SPIEGEL** of Westbury, Long Island, remained an outspoken liberal. Then one recent morning he looked out the window of his doughnut shop and saw his son, Allan, stumbling toward him, dying of a gun wound. An Hispanic or Oriental gunman had shot him for kicks. Later, "sitting shiva" in mourning with his Jewish family, Spiegel said, "I was a liberal . . . It's time we begin to think about the victims of crime -- not just about the criminals." Time, indeed.

"All money represents theft," said **JERRY RUBIN** in 1968. "To steal from the rich is a sacred and religious act. To take what you need is an act of self-love, self-liberation. While looting, a man to his own self is true!" Again: "When in doubt, burn. Fire is the revolutionary's God! Fire is instant theater. No words can match fire." The 1982 Jerry never apologizes for his old self and the thousands he helped lead astray. I was a "victim," he says. Catch the chameleon in his latest guise, as a stock broker and the head of the Jerry Rubin Salon Party and Catering Service, Inc., which brings "quality people" who are "into networking" together in a "success salon." "Leverage in financial terms," Jerry now informs us, "is when a small amount of money controls a larger amount of money. Leverage is therefore power. I'm into leverage . . . Money is the long hair of the 80s."

☆ ☆ ☆

Pornographer **RALPH GINZBURG** widely advertised a "complete" and "valuable" atlas for only \$1. In fact, the flimsy little minimaps did not even have room for Antarctica or the Gobi Desert and were peddled solely to build Ginzburg's mailing list, which he rents for up to \$11,000. It took 2½ years, but the New York state attorney general finally forced him to change the ads and pay \$750 for one day's court costs. "Big deal," scoffed his lawyer, **HERBERT LEVY**.

☆ ☆ ☆

The psychologist Raymond B. Cattell has argued:

The first illusion we have to get rid of . . . is that we know that sending more people to college, or reducing income tax, or giving more (or fewer) people a vote, and so on, is "progressive." In the end the progressiveness of these measures has to stand or fall by their survival value for the group, just as biological mutations do. Rational rather than scientific defensibility means little.

By Cattell's empirical standards, nothing could be less progressive than integrating every white neighborhood in America, a surefire recipe for destroying the white group. **GARY ORFIELD**, who teaches political science at Cattell's old school, the University of Illinois, is -- like 99% of professors -- a thoroughgoing rationalist: if something sounds "good," if it sounds "nice," then don't experiment with it over a limited time and space, just do it, and make everyone else do it. And so the new Ford Foundation report which Orfield authored recommends giving a \$1,000 bonus to every real estate agent who sells the first house in a neighborhood to someone of a different race. Since black neighborhoods are rarely "busted," Orfield is actually advocating cash rewards for the systematic destruction of white territory.



Canada. According to the American Jewish Year Book for 1979, about 305,000 out of 23½ million Canadians, or 1.3%, are Jewish. This figure masks a remarkable concentration in certain areas of life. The nation's two great metropolitan power centers are Montreal and Toronto and, coincidentally, both had Jewish populations of 115,000 out of 2,800,000 in 1978, or 4.1%. That means the rest of Canada is only 0.4% Jewish. But the three runner-up metropolises were also disproportionately Jewish -- Vancouver 1.0%, Ottawa 1.2% and Winnipeg 3.5%. Take away these five conurbations and one still has over 15½ million Canadians (66% of the total), but only 35,000, or 0.2%, of these are Jews (only 11½% of the Jewish total).

Geographical concentration is still only half the story. The 4.1% Jewish minorities in Montreal and Toronto are also occupationally concentrated in the usual ways, so that 20% and higher representation in some of the most sensitive areas of national life -- like big money -- is not unusual.

There are, for example, those onetime Montrealers, the Bronfmans (Charles, Edgar, Minda and Phyllis) whose initials form the acronym of Cemp Investments Ltd., a holding company with assets estimated at \$10 billion (or nearly \$500 for every Canadian man, woman and child). Papa was the liquor tycoon and bootlegger Samuel Bronfman. Today, Edgar runs the Seagram empire from New York. It recently became the largest stockholder in the vast new Conoco-Du Pont conglomerate. Clashes between Seagram's interest and Du Pont's management are widely anticipated.

The #2 family of Canadian billionaires is the Hungarian-born Reichmanns from Toronto. Somehow, "when the world wasn't looking, the brothers with the mysterious money slipped into New York" and bought up 12 million square feet of office space at only one-quarter of its true value. That was in 1977, when the New York office market was strangely depressed -- immediately before it just as strangely boomed out of sight. (Funny, is it not, how some people have all the dumb luck, while others, like the Hunts, buy silver high, take a drubbing when it crashes after commodities insiders bend the rules, and then get blamed for their misfortune.)

Not satisfied with their \$3 billion real estate empire in Canada, their \$500 million holdings in New York, their tile and ceramic operations, and their new controlling interest in Abitibi-Price, the world's largest supplier of newsprint, the Reichmanns are now building four skyscrapers at lower Manhattan's state-owned Battery Park City. Their \$1 billion "city within a city" will have more space than four Empire State buildings. The brothers got the contract because they outbid every other

builder, and they outbid every other builder because they are financially insulated in "mysterious" ways which permit them to accept losses for years on end.

Yarmulke-wearing Paul Reichmann handles the firm's New York, Toronto and London holdings, Albert handles all other deals, while Ralph administers the home office. The reclusive brothers' past is a bit hazy. They seem to have fled from the Nazis, but they got started in Canada in 1956, which -- perhaps coincidentally -- was the year when many Jewish wheeler-dealers were driven from their native Hungary. Today, their biggest fear seems to be the growing Separatist movement in Quebec which is "fueling their historic fear of instability" and driving their operations toward New York.

Samuel Belzberg is another rich Canadian, one who happened to buy up a lot of western Canada right before land values there went out of sight. His \$2 billion financial services empire, based in Vancouver, recently tried -- without success -- to buy a 26% stake in Wall Street's strategic Bache Group. First cousin Jack Singer, who made his millions in Calgary, has become one of the principal financial angels of movie director Francis Coppola.

* * *

Money talks in Canada. So do people, but no one listens to them. Recent Gallup polls have shown that only 8% of Canadians want immigration increased while 42% want it cut; and that a majority of Canadians believe racial tensions there will be rising in the years ahead, with a majority of those citing immigration as a reason. Yet Lloyd Axworthy, the Minister of Employment and Immigration, who should either live up to his name or surrender it to David Stockman, has actually defended the "need for moderately increased immigration." His xenophilia comes at a time when Finance Minister Allan MacEachen is forecasting that unemployment, already 7.4%, will "leap" to 8.7% in the near future and continue to exceed the present level for years to come.

* * *

Canada can hardly be mentioned enough, if only because of the legal mugging that white activists are receiving there. The National Association for the Advancement of White People, which emphasizes "respectable" issues like reverse discrimination, reports that its Canadian members will be filing suit to stop the government from halting their mail. Incredibly, Ottawa has acted to prevent any Canadian from receiving letters from the NAAWP's Louisiana address or sending mail to that address. It sounds like Russia, but it isn't.

As we reported in September, Canada Firster John Ross Taylor has been languishing in prison for the sole crime of sending out taped phone messages denouncing Zionism. His judges chose to overlook the International Covenant on Human Rights, unanimously adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations, whose 19th Article states:

Everyone shall have the right to freedom of expression; this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of frontiers, either orally, in writing or in print, in the form of art, or through any other media of his choice.

Since about the only medium left to Taylor was his home telephone, he tried to use the communications media, only to find himself in violation of Canada's "hurt feelings" legislation.

* * *

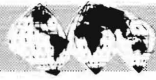
Ottawa has launched a new \$1.5 million public (dis)information program to attack racism in Canada. Some of the money went to a national conference held this winter; some for the organization of a "research team." Since the program was announced by a so-called Multiculturalism Minister, who told reporters it "is a direct response" to the concern of groups like the Canadian Jewish Congress, it is clear that the researchers will be re-searching the same old stacked deck of evidence that has already been searched through so many times before.

* * *

Since native Canadians are forbidden to say that they are being "had," perhaps they should import Arabs to say it for them. The University of Calgary -- which would welcome a European revisionist history conference with as much enthusiasm as Brandeis -- actually helped to organize a meeting of the Union of Arab Historians and the International Association of Middle East Studies, a meeting at which Arab lobbyists said anything they jolly-well felt like saying.

One speaker confided: "Let me tell you, [the] New York-Washington Jewish lobbies in action make the pro-life and anti-gun control lobbies together look like amateur night." Canadian Senator Heath Macquarrie charged that his countrymen are "conditioned" by a pro-Israel media bias. We have seen some of the transcripts of John Ross Taylor's telephone messages and -- let us tell you -- he is rotting in prison for saying the same kind of things that a leading Canadian university is paying foreigners and their domestic sympathizers to say.

Britain. From our British correspondent. The only people who are making out in Britain these days are the landed aristocracy, whose vast holdings of real estate



have increased astronomically in value in the last decade or two. The Duke of Westminster, who owns a sizable slice of London's West End, is now worth about £250 million. The Left has been trying to stir up a lot of animosity against him and his rich compeers, so far with a remarkable lack of success because there seems to be an unwritten rule in the hearts of ordinary Britons that a nobleman ought to be rich. In fact, I was surprised to hear a debate on the radio between trade union leaders and businessmen, in which the latter tried to divert criticism from themselves by comparing their useful labors with those of the Dukes of Northumberland, whose family all these centuries have "done nothing."

Surprisingly, the trade unionists rushed to the defense of His Grace, saying that he, unlike businessmen, did not exploit an area and move on. He remained in one place over the centuries. This stick-at-homeness strikes a sympathetic chord in the members of the working class, who in this country also tend to stay put. So while it is now fairly common to arouse resentment against capitalists, their lordships seem to be riding serenely above the storm.

* * *

It has taken some a quarter-century to change their minds, but growing numbers of black immigrants have begun admitting that Enoch Powell is right: England is no place for them. As M.P. from industrial Wolverhampton for over ten years, Powell found nonwhite immigration to be "the principal, and at times the only, political issue" there. Between 1954 and 1966, he watched horror-struck while "entire areas were transformed by the substitution of a wholly or predominantly coloured population for the previous native inhabitants, as completely as other areas were transformed by the bulldozer." By 1967, although immigrants were still allegedly only 5% of the population of the county borough, they produced fully 23% of the babies. Today, of course, both figures are much higher.

A new cross-sectional poll of West Indian and African adults in 18 parts of Britain has revealed that two-thirds wish to return permanently to their place of origin. More than 90% of those questioned have lived in Britain for ten years or more. Excluded from the poll were juveniles, most of them locally born, whose attitudes are far more assimilationist.

A West Indian British leader, Dr. Ashton Gibson, is trying to raise a million pounds to help black people wishing to go home. One black supporter of his campaign says, "The facts must be faced. Enoch Powell is right."

Yet Powell, whose famous "rivers of blood" speech in Birmingham on April 20,



Enoch Powell

1968, "provoked a political furore without precedent since the end of the War," is anything but complacent. He knows that while millions of American blacks signed up to go back to Africa in the 1920s, and a black Congressman introduced a bill providing for repatriation as late as the 1970s, it is doubtful whether all of that black enthusiasm propelled even *twenty* black bodies permanently eastward across the Atlantic. So Powell, who warns that a new boom in Britain's black population may be in the offing, knows that a lot more than black words and black dreams will be needed to push blacks across the briny deep to the West Indies. The missing ingredient is white action. Margaret Thatcher's government, he warns, is "too frightened to reveal the truth" about British race relations.

Yet Powell, now an Ulster M.P., refuses to despair. In one speech after observing that within a generation or so "we shall . . . have succeeded -- to the benefit of nobody -- in reproducing 'in England's green and pleasant land' the haunting tragedy of the United States," he proceeded to analyze the English nation's "peculiar faults":

One of them is that strange passivity in the face of danger or absurdity or provocation, which has more than once in our history lured observers into talse conclusions -- conclusions sometimes fatal to the observers themselves -- about the underlying intentions and the true determination of our people.

* * *

A healthy debate has arisen in Britain, of a kind that would be unthinkable in America. Harold Brooks-Baker, the managing director of Debrett's genealogical services, says that without more births, the Western European peoples will disappear -- the Swedes and Germans in three or four generations, the rest shortly thereafter. Bad as the situation is, it would be worse without the many illegitimate and unwanted babies

born to poor whites. Noel Curren-Briggs, the co-author of Debrett's *Family Historian* guide, takes strong exception to this: "We should see that young people are more aware of their families, their inheritance, their blood line. They should be taught genealogy in schools, then they will tend to marry right, to fall in love with Mr. or Miss Right."

Fine, says Brooks-Baker, except that "time has run out" for that approach. "It is not just a question of maintaining the excellence of the race but maintaining the race. If we go on as we are, many peoples will disappear, even the Jews, with their strong sense of family."

Both men make valid points, together they make an excellent point. Their squabble, which might conceivably have been rehearsed in advance, has won some newspaper coverage, and doubtless opened a few eyes.

France. It seemed quite logical -- a meeting of the French New Right and the American New Right at a forum of conservative intellectuals in Paris. Yes, it seemed quite logical except that the organizers of the forum didn't understand that there is a whale of a difference between the two Rights. The American New Right is strictly kosher, its chief steersmen being left-wing Jews who only veered to the starboard when they saw that old-fashioned conservative principles and discipline were needed to keep America strong enough to defend Israel.

The French New Right, on the other hand, is pro-European, anti-American, anti-totalitarian, anti-liberal and against all forms of racism, including Zionism, the approved racism of the American New Right. Moreover, the French New Right is not interested in party politics or economics, but culture and history, Indo-European history in particular, a subject which is anathema to the American New Right, which only concerns itself about roots when they happen to be minority roots.

When Raymond Aron, the leading French kosher conservative, heard that Alain de Benoist, the chief philosopher of the French New Right, was going to attend the forum, he ordered his transatlantic colleagues to stay away. They quickly complied. Like all American kosher conservatives, they certainly wouldn't want to get into a debate about philosophical anthropology with serious intellectuals. So Seymour Martin Lipset, Norman Podhoretz, Roger Kaplan, and a couple of their non-Jewish hangers-on, plus two Russian Jewish dissidents, withdrew from the conference to the accompaniment of the usual media snorts about racism and anti-Semitism.

In an effort to conciliate the American refuseniks, de Benoist himself withdrew, but to no avail. Americans have been instructed not to talk to the PLO, so they don't

talk to the PLO. They have been instructed not to debate the Holocaust, so there is no Holocaust debate. They were instructed not to attend a conservative forum in Paris, so they did not attend. American State Department officials, American New Rightists and American presidents do what their media masters tell them.

The basic rule is never to talk to your opponents. By doing so you might lend dignity and credibility to their opinions and arguments. Also, if ordinary people are allowed to hear both sides of an important issue, they would then be in a position to make up their own minds instead of having them made up for them. There is no telling where this might end.

* * *

Another routine financial scandal in Paris. The family Berdah (Gabriel, Aaron and Jacob), Tunisian Jews all, have cheated citizens of their host country of 30 million francs (\$7.5 million) in a factoring swindle. Gabriel is the only one who has been jailed. His brothers and ten other accomplices have fled the country. Gabriel, 39, a naturalized Frenchman, owns seven luxury apartments in Paris, has an income of a million francs a year and a net worth of 5 million francs.

Poland. We have heard little other foreign news from Europe for the last year. There is nothing more that *Instauration* or any other publication can add to the story of Solidarity, its rise and fall, the country's economic breakdown, the infighting triad of Church, Army and Party.

Only one aspect deserves more comment -- the duplicitous character of General Jarulzelski, the man with the whip.

It's true that the media have printed some skimpy biographical details: his aris-

tocratic birth, his Spartan lifestyle, his cold-fish militarism, his communism, his alleged statement that Polish soldiers would never fire on Polish workers. We have also been told that he is probably the first Soviet puppet leader to be both Army boss and Party boss, a situation that smacks of Bonapartism, the nightmare that has murdered the sleep of Bolshevik bigwigs ever since the triumph of the October 1917 revolution.

What emerges from this fuzzy outline is a picture of a man who was quite willing to work for and fight for a government, the Soviet Union, and an army, the Red Army, which stabbed Poland in the back and grabbed half his country in 1939 -- at the very moment Germans were routing and decimating Polish forces in the other half.

What does not emerge, indeed what seems to be deliberately submerged, is that in 1940, a year before the Germans turned against Stalin, 14,500 members of the Polish elite, including the flower of the Polish officer corps, having been taken prisoner by the Soviets, suddenly disappeared from the face of the earth. Later in 1943, 4,300 bodies, most of them officers, plus a few



Jarulzelski -- ne plus ultra renegade

hundred prominent lawyers, physicians, engineers and academics, were found in a mass grave in a wood near the Polish border town of Katyn. They had all been shot in the back of the head in one of the biggest single acts of organized massacre since Tamerlane piled up pyramids of skulls outside Baghdad. Where the remaining 10,200 were murdered has never been ascertained.

Knowing all about Katyn -- all Poles know about it although public mention of it is verboten -- knowing that his brother officers and many of his brother aristocrats had been butchered by the KGB, Jarulzelski collaborated with their murderers and devoted the best years of his life to the Russian cause. No wonder he wears dark glasses day and night. It may have nothing to do with his well-advertised eye problem. It may be he does not dare look decent Poles in the eye.

Who can imagine a greater renegade, a greater traitor, a greater proditor than the present ruler of Poland? Talk about your Quislings, Fifth Columnists, Alger Hisses and the daisy-chain Cantabrigians now holed up in Moscow!

Today, Jarulzelski is playing a dangerous game as he wears the mask of Polish patriot over the face of a Polish traitor. He may even get away with it. Unfortunately, in this world and quite possibly in the next, the guilty are not always punished. The sad truth is that the most guilty are often the least punished, if we factor out the problematic bite of conscience. Nevertheless, we must hope that history, justice and the furious Eumenides will eventually catch up with Jarulzelski, that he will not expire peacefully in bed, that the day will come when he will be marched out to the pine forest near Katyn and given the same dose of lead his Soviet masters gave his dead countrymen.

Stirrings

Sociobiological Bestseller

The Clan of the Cave Bear (Bantam Books, 1980, \$3.75) is a profoundly racist novel. How, then, could Jean Auel's book have spent five months on the *New York Times* bestseller list? That it is, as popular novels go, very good, is hardly sufficient explanation. What is more to the point is that to appreciate the basic message of the book, the reader must bring something to the reading of it. That something is an understanding of sociobiology. *The Clan of the Cave Bear* is the first sociobiological novel.

Set in the late Pleistocene, the plot concerns an orphaned Cro-Magnon girl adopted into a Neanderthal band, the clan of the book's title. The girl, Ayla, is "tall, blonde, slender and smarter than the rest." The

Neanderthal's are "chinless, bearded, bow-legged and barrel-chested." It is the deeply rooted and fundamental differences between the two human types which furnish the novel's dramatic tension. Ayla always remains an alien because

she was not Clan. She had not had subservience bred into her for untold generations. She was one of the Others; a newer, younger breed, more vital, more dynamic, not controlled by hidebound traditions from a brain that was nearly all memory. Her brain followed different paths, her full, high forehead that housed forward-thinking frontal lobes gave her an understanding from a different view. She could accept the new, shape it to her will, forge it into ideas undreamed of by the clan, and, in nature's way, her kind

was destined to supplant the ancient, dying race.

Her antagonist, Broud, son of the clan's leader

sensed the opposing destinies of the two. Ayla was more than a threat to his masculinity, she was a threat to his existence. His hatred of her was the hatred of the old for the new, of the traditional for the innovative, of the dying for the living. Broud's race was too static, too unchanging. They had reached the peak of their development; there was no more room to grow. Ayla was part of nature's new experiment, and though she tried to model herself after the women of the clan, it was only an overlay, a facade only culture-deep, assumed for the sake of survival.

As the foregoing passages suggest, the novel is overlaid with a veneer of femi-

nism. The position of women in the hunter-gatherer band is stifling to the adventurous blonde girl. But Auel's feminism is a strange sort, deeply informed by sociobiology. Of the Neanderthals she writes,

The women relied on their men to lead, to assume responsibility, to make important decisions. The clan had changed so little in nearly a hundred thousand years, they were now incapable of change, and ways that had once been adaptations for convenience had become genetically set.

Auel describes the dynamic relationship between biology and culture:

Memories in clan people were sex differentiated. Women had no more need of hunting lore than men had of more than rudimentary knowledge of plants. The difference in the brains of men and women were imposed by nature, and only cemented by culture.

The most powerful passage in the book concerns the attempt of Creb, the clan's magician/priest, to teach Ayla the rudiments of mathematics. What years of difficult inquiry and reflection have allowed Creb to grasp, the little girl perceives in one instant. The astonished old man then realizes the gulf which separates him and his kind from the blue-eyed Others of the north.

This is a novel for *us*. In it we see the early days of our people and our first clashes with envious, hate-filled strangers. The lessons are worth learning because the struggle is still on.

Turnabout

The New York Post, when it was the editorial toy of Dorothy Schiff, the granddaughter of old Jake, was the Zionist paper par excellence. It could just as easily have been written in Hebrew and printed in Tel Aviv. Then along came Rupert Murdoch, the Australian press lord, who bought Dorothy out by purchasing the *Post* just at the right time and (for her) just the right price. The paper had been losing money under Schiff's aegis and has continued to do so in the Murdoch era.

Under Murdoch the paper's editorial policy has taken a hard tack to the right. Note this paragraph from a *Post* editorial (Sept. 25, 1981).

America was not made by government handouts but by individual ambition, individual enterprise, individual effort. Wall Street's well-known myopia and Congress's fawning fear of boldness may delay the restoration of a thriving economy. But they cannot for long frustrate the eventual, possibly imminent breakthrough demanded by the American people

who said precisely what they wanted last November -- and are still determined to have it.

Such sentiments would have been considered treason by Dorothy Schiff and her gaggle of Jewish editors. The change of ownership from a Zionist to an Aussie has made some differences, even in New Jerusalem.

How long Murdoch will hold on to his loser is an open question. The *New York Daily News*, also non-Zionist owned, is foundering and is on the block. If both papers go under, New York will be a newspaper monopoly of the *New York Times*. So in the long run Jews, after suffering a setback or two in their campaign to control the New York press, may come out the sole winners.

K.K.K. into Unions

The Ku Klux Klan, or rather one of the many Klan groups, has engaged in what its inveterate enemies would describe as a most un-Klannish occupation. It has taken the side of food workers in a labor dispute with the Zartic Frozen Meat and Seafood Company in Cedartown, Georgia. The New Order of the Ku Klux Klan charged the company with underpaying white workers and deliberately importing illegal Mexicans from Texas to work at even lower wages. To stop this exploitation, as well as the sexual harassment of white women workers by the illegals, the Klan went out and organized the "American Workers Union," which threw up a picket line and effectively shut down the plant. Although 190 white workers (over half the work force) joined, Zartic managers refused to bargain and tried to put the union out of business by expensive litigation. Several attempts by the company to get a federal judge to issue an injunction against the picketing failed. Zartic then sued the union for \$1.5 million; the Klan replied with a \$5 million suit. Finally, when the AFL-CIO entered the fray, the Klan gracefully withdrew. A new vote by Zartic employees approved a plan to organize an AFL-CIO union. Zartic is now fighting even harder against this move because it would end the company's use of illegal sweatshop labor. For a fuller account of the Klan's adventure into labor relations, see the *Klan Action News* (P.O. Box 1128, Smyrna, GA 30081).

Curbing the Buses

About a decade after the rising *vox populi* attained a scream pitch on the issue of busing for "racial balance," one house of the U.S. Congress has unstopped its ceruminous ears. On February 4, the Senate voted 58 to 38 for a measure which would prohibit courts from ordering the busing of students more than five miles or 15 minutes

from their homes for the purpose of integration. The antibusing amendment, which is attached to a Justice Department authorization bill, would also prohibit that department from pursuing school integration plans that involve busing of *any distance*. Finally, a retroactive provision could lead to the overturning of scores of existing court-ordered busing plans. A less stringent amendment to the same authorization bill, approved by the House of Representatives last year, would prohibit the Justice Department from entering any action that would require the busing of any child *beyond a neighboring school*.

Votenanny

Jerry (I wouldn't hurt a Medfly) Brown, the worst governor of California ever, plans to run for senator in 1982 and make his third try for president in 1984. His chief mentor and fund raiser for both campaigns is already in place. He is Richard Silberman, son of a Russian-Jewish junk dealer. Jerry's new political cockswain sold his southern California First National Bank to the Japanese for \$70 (give or take a few) million. Before that, Ralston Purina bought his Foodmaker Corp. for \$58 million. A lesser member of Brown's high command is Don Gevirtz, another zillionaire Zionist. With Silberman and Gevirtz at the helm, we may be sure that, if by some strange chance he should win the Democratic nomination for president, Jesuitical Jerry will carry at least one state -- the state of Israel. With or without his brain trust, he will certainly corner the gay vote.

In his race for the Senate, Brown will have some interesting competition:

- Congressman Paul M. (Pete) McCloskey Jr., who told an audience last summer that the Jewish lobby has a "tendency" to "control the actions of Congress," adding, "We've got to overcome [it]." B'nai B'rith has accused him of "defaming" Jews.

- Tom Metzger, the K.K.K. leader turned populist, who won the Democratic nomination for a Congressional seat in 1980.

- John Schmitz, the state representative from Corona del Mar, who collected over a million votes in a 1972 presidential bid. Schmitz was recently stripped of his three legislative committee posts for describing the faces of his pro-abortion foes as "hard, Jewish and (arguably) female."

- The newest candidate is Nobel laureate William Shockley, who says he will use his campaign to explain the evolutionary lag of the black race and what can be done about it.

With so many pro-Majority people running, there can be no excuse for not having some great no-holds-barred debates. Even if the Establishment shuts out the iconoclasts, the iconoclasts can argue among themselves. When that begins to happen, few will be listening to the dry-as-dust Establishmentarians.