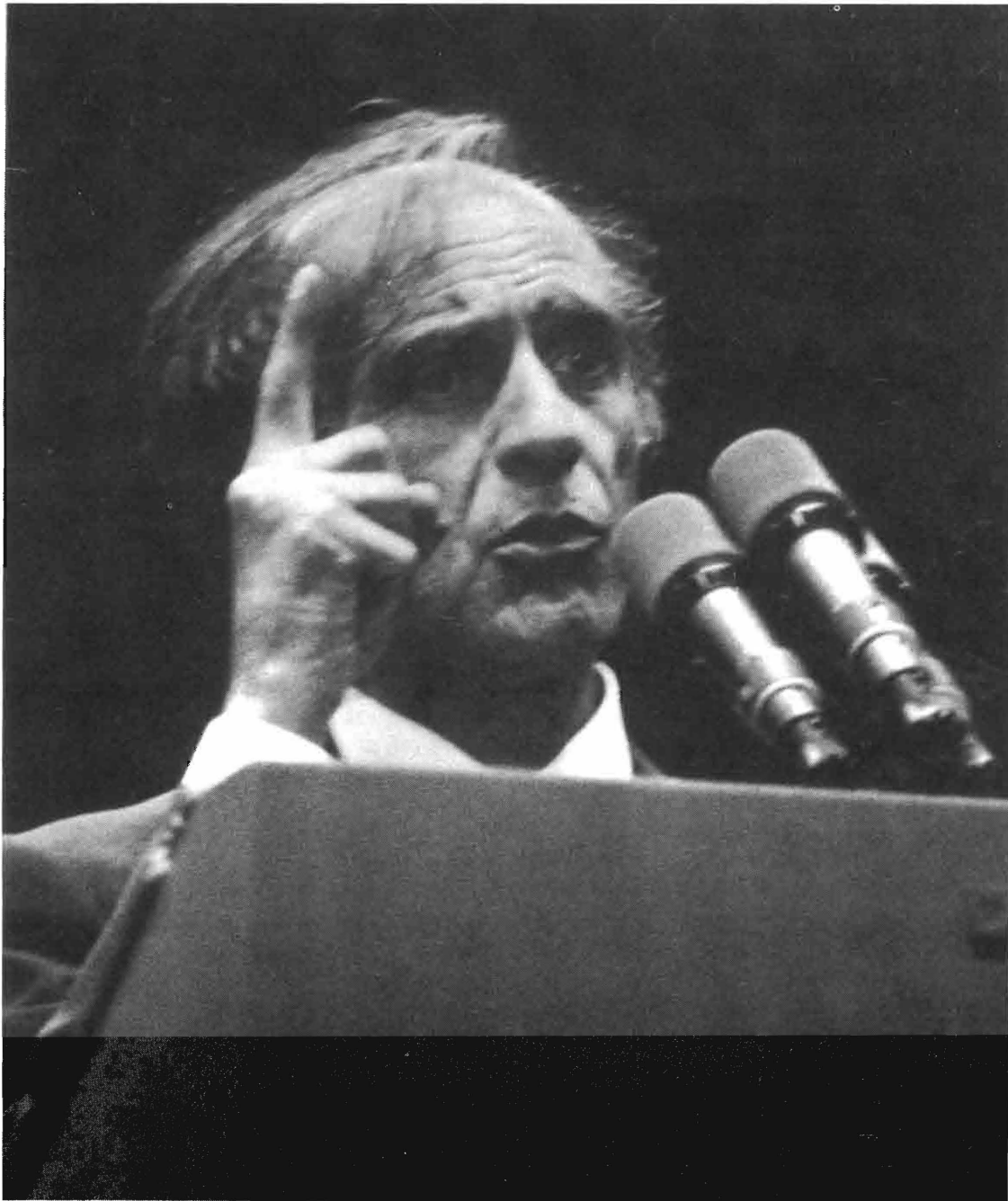


*illic heu miseri traducimur!*  
*Juvenal*

# Instauration®

VOL. 10 NO. 1

DECEMBER 1984



**WHEN ELIE WIESEL SPEAKS, THE WORLD IS FORCED TO LISTEN**

# The Safety Valve

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

Our women have not failed us -- we have failed them or, rather, we are failing them. Whichever direction we lead them, they will follow. If we beckon them to racial suicide, they will accompany us, albeit reluctantly. And if we take the other path -- that of racial renaissance and revival -- then the present-day affections of feminism, race-mixing and universalism will melt like snow in the spring thaw.

558

Old Shockley still thinks the academic and scientific worlds are anything other than crooked. Very naive at his age.

208

I am writing to suggest the opportunity of extending parody in *Instauration* (a powerful tool of social criticism indeed) to include the singularly funny and socially-telling classified ads in the *New York Review of Books*. In particular, the personal ads describing the self-image of largely Jewish seekers of personal friendships are, on their own, dynamically revealing. Doubtless you have seen them:

- Articulate, attractive DJF Academic seeks sensual, caring Gay JM for exercises in pasta-formation cult and mortgage-sharing. Bring your friends!

- MJM, 46, NJ Suburbs wants mid-day play with docile, attractive, generous, giving Catholic nun willing to reach; write for pamphlet.

- Jewish Surgeon aiming for the stars. Who you? Hug me, tease me, but don't tell my wife!

One could go on, but doubtless you see the point.

220

The Anglo-Saxons and related white peoples have no party to represent them, no statesmen to champion their cause. There is no media to advance their interest, no force to protect their racial identity or sustain their magnificent heritage.

381

On August 23, I was at my office working on an "all-nighter" -- a rush job with a deadline. I had the TV on in the background, listening to NBC's all-night news. Around 2:00 A.M. a report about two bombings was heard. One took place in Iran, the other was an unsuccessful attempt in Israel. It was noted that 20 Arabs had been arrested in the Israeli incident. An hour or two later the two incidents were reported again, but with a modification in the Israeli story. The newscaster stated that apparently Arab workers in Israel had been the prospective victims of the "terrorists." Naturally, the second broadcast cast an entirely new light on the nature of the "terrorists" responsible. Instead of the PLO, Israeli chauvinists appeared to be implicated. Not unexpectedly, at 8:00 A.M. only the Iranian incident was reported on NBC-TV. The Israeli attempted bombing had become a non-event, most likely due to the intervention of the ADL censorship brigade. Since the story tended to place Israelis in a bad light, the NBC staff had apparently developed instant amnesia.

198

We must ask ourselves: What does this mean, Red Dawn? How is it possible that the Hollywood Culture Distorter would produce and market a movie such as this? Is he giving us advance notice? Is he bragging, "This is what we have in store for you"?

606

The thing that amazes me about the triathlon people is the refinement of their features. They look like Sevres or Meissen porcelains. This is the much heralded over-refinement associated with upper-class decay -- the human being too good for this world, and too nice to associate with ordinary folk, the rare and beautiful moth dependent upon a single rare plant and scarcely able to find a reproductive partner. It is the antithesis of the Freudian-Marxist ideal -- the prol-peasant, the indiscriminating stud, the earthy, relaxed, un aspiring creature of *lieben-und-arbeiten* fame, adaptive, normal, non-neurotic -- and at the same time upheld as the ideal athlete -- coarse, meaty, brutal. The triathlon phenomenon is truly startling. It makes me wonder whether the great Psychiatrist was right when he fingered this type as effeminate, pansied, somehow shameful -- the effete aristocrat. What is going on here anyway? Can these be the true Iron Men? Can it be that they were all true Men all along? (Can it be, for instance, that aristocratic decay comes from marrying for money into the lower orders -- and from the simple accumulation of bad genes from such sources? Or perhaps from pseudo-aristocratic mimics from the coarser ranks?) Is it the same deception and misidentification as the claim that America has always been violent? By the way, you shouldn't fall for that stuff about their doing it for the runners' high they get. That's another myth. Running is exercise, and we all know everything there is to know about that. There ain't no high. Put it with amnesia and the other journalistic concoctions.

109

Octavio Paz, the late Mexican writer, penned a short story called *The Blue Bouquet*, which should give pain and pause to Nordics. It has to do with a man who goes around cutting out people's eyes. The problem is that he only collects blue eyes. Anyone with dark eyes is automatically immune from his knife.

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## Instauration

is published 12 times a year by  
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.

Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

### Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)

\$15 student (sent third class)

Add \$10.50 for first class mail

\$32.50 Canada and foreign

Add \$17.00 for overseas air

Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.  
Please advise us of any change of address  
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

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Mention the world Olympics and -- whom! We get hit by it. Again and again. Over and over and over. Down through the years we've been sledgehammered with it: tired old films of a victorious Jesse Owens. And always -- with dreary, mindless repetition -- those hoary scenes play to the crowing of "He shattered Hitler's theory of Aryan superiority!" You can almost see the Pavlovian reaction as a million salivating saps hiss with hate. Now honestly, don't you think all those mugs should be finally told:

1. Hitler's philosophy has nothing to do with sprinting like a jackrabbit or leaping like a kangaroo. It has to do with mental creativity and the spirituality of a people. It concerns the genetic capacity to develop a high culture. But in any case, the lion's share of medals are won by whites. That's not too bad for a fast-fading and besieged minority of but 10% of the world's population.

2. Germany won the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Those lovely summer games were an unparalleled athletic and artistic success. (Italy came in second, the U.S.A. third.)

3. Hitler did not snub Jesse Owens. He did not refuse his hand. Owens reiterated this fact throughout his career. Indeed, Ol' Jesse proudly told how he attended a private reception at the Reich chancellery where he was warmly congratulated by no less than the Führer himself. Read his autobiography. The vicious snubbing business was just a small -- but highly effective -- part of the massive and ongoing anti-German hate propaganda. Just another of a host of Big Lies which after half a century still serves some dreadful bigots.

Canadian subscriber

I live in an economically declining industrial town of some 20,000 in western Pennsylvania. When I was growing up in the 50s, it seemed to be a pleasant place and might still be except that Negroes by the droves are moving in. They are coming from neighboring cities and even from the South (a trend I thought had ended in the 70s). It's an insidious process. No official mention is made of the changing racial percentages, but black faces keep popping up in the local newspaper and favorable articles on Negroes now appear regularly. Also, Negroes are frequently singled out to be given praise or awards for "community service." Need I say that once safe streets are no longer so, or that the public school system is deteriorating? (Note to Instaurationists: to check out a potential place to live, drive by the schools when they are letting out.) I suspect the same thing is happening in other played-out mill towns of the Northeast. The many houses for sale at depressed prices can only facilitate this whole awful phenomenon. I have to believe that a vigorous, growing community with its higher-priced houses and more conservative residents would be more resistant to such a dismaying fate.

161

Your series on South Africa is most interesting, but the author should have pointed out that Russia would like to take control of South Africa not to get hold of the great mineral wealth but to deny these assets to the West.

South African subscriber

#### ANNIVERSARY

This issue is the 11th candle (one to grow on) on Instauration's birthday cake. Vol. 1, No. 1 appeared December 1, 1975. What you are holding in your hand is Vol. 10, No. 1. Who would have ever thought we would have lasted so long?

Your prediction of a "white" GOP is happening to a large extent. But it is more because Americans are snobs than bigots.

105

My grandfather was an architect and amateur pianist, a man of high moral standards and impeccable taste. I recall hearing the women-folk saying on several occasions, "It's lucky that Granddad died in '65; all the changes that came after that would have pained him no end." Now there's a good example of the passive female approach to massive social change. They could just as easily have said, "What a shame Granddad died in '65; his outlook and dedication could have helped so much as a stabilizing force in the chaotic times that followed." Maybe what they were really thinking is that because Granddad would have responded sternly against all the drugs and divorces and miscegenation which crept into the family after his death, the resulting state of familial conflict would have pained them.

903



We read this summer of Hyman Bookbinder's complaint to the White House, no less, of a plan to distribute New Testaments to the attendees at the Republican National Convention, calling it "part of a general effort to Christianize America, and that's not what our founding fathers intended." Bookbinder concluded, "I expect they [the Republicans] will realize the possible consequences."

The first settlers on our Atlantic seaboard were not ashamed of Him. Nor were the signers of the Declaration of the Independence, all but two of whom were practicing Christians. Nor were the framers of the Constitution, likewise mostly Christian by upbringing and conviction. At that time there was a sprinkling of Catholics here, a few agnostics, and fewer Jews. But there were Episcopalians and Congregationalists and several kinds of Baptists, and there were Quakers and Lutherans, and Christians of a few other persuasions; and the whole point of the First Amendment was that no one of these might be or become the controlling religion of the country, as the Church of England was in the old country. A century later Mr. Justice Brewer would declare this, in a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, to be a Christian country. In a following generation, although most Americans were still active church members, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, I think it was, would declare that there are no absolutes -- a complete reversal!

It's time for us Christians to recall that He came not to send peace, but a sword. Tolerance of the sinner is one thing; caving in to that thinly veiled threat is quite another. The Republicans, unless they were, Pilate-like, afraid of His accusers, should have gone ahead with the distribution of the New Testaments. And our friends in the Jewish community would do well to recall the context in which they live, that they are welcome here in this land at the sufferance of their hosts, the Christians. The founding fathers did, indeed, intend this to be a Christian country, and despite the best de-Christianizing efforts of a half century or more of the increasingly Jewish-controlled press, it still is.

671

The "Expatriate in Italy" with a letter in the October issue must not be reading the same Instauration that I am. He or she wrote, "Your magazine should be as realistic about the Nordics and whites in general as it is about other races. Our race does not seem to have retained an instinct for self-preservation, which is a pretty big flaw." I have always found that Instauration hits Nordics harder than any other race, bar none, and that their excessive individualism is the main complaint.

223

The article, "The Nation's Richest Jews" (August 1984), was very interesting. It is a good case for the changing of our outmoded right of inheritance. No free society can exist when ruled by money power of a pseudo-nobility. Can a free society exist if the accident of birth gives money power or makes you privileged? Is not the challenge of life the competition with your peers to see who is fittest?

902

□ There is a divorced, 20-year-old Nordic woman who lives in my apartment building who supports herself and her two daughters by dancing in a nude bar. She does not like dancing in the place. But although she finds it distasteful and vaguely upsetting, it is the only way she has found to make ends meet without breaking the law. The various forms of public assistance available to her are insufficient for the needs of the three of them. Working as a clerk for \$3.90 an hour brought in even less than welfare -- and she had to pay for a babysitter as well.

So several nights a week she does what she has to do to get by: she drags herself down to her job, which consists of bumping and grinding to the latest rock melodies while undressed, before an audience consisting primarily of Majority males and swarthy Levantine types. As nude joints go, this place isn't so bad. It's in a respectable area of town, and is priced to keep out the worst riff-raff. And so the faces in the audience are merely swarthy and not black, and the white heads sit atop white collars, not blue ones. Almost all of the girls dancing there are white; Nordics predominate. To anyone with even a modicum of racial awareness, the dichotomy is striking. Even in a sleaze-hole like this, the Nordic ideal is the ultimate expression of beauty and desirability. All of the dancers use drugs. They find it difficult -- or maybe impossible -- to go on stage without "getting their head bad."

From the youngest, most inexperienced high-school dropout to the jaded and faded veterans in their early 30s, all of them feel that what they are doing is a betrayal of womanhood. Some it bothers more than others, but even those who appear most nonchalant and who have been at it the longest get high before dancing. It makes it so much easier.

None of the dancers at this bar are heroin addicts. That particular drug of abuse destroys a woman's beauty very fast, and would render her useless as a dancer. No matter what moves she might know, an emaciated little skag-head with needle-marks and bruises on her arms or legs or feet is not very attractive -- not even to a lustful Iranian Jew on the run from Khomeini.

On a good night, my neighbor may take home \$80 to \$100 -- most of it in tips from appreciative patrons. Usually it's a lot less. In between dance sets, the girls are urged to mingle with the "guests" so as to get them to buy more drinks, generally spend more money and hang around longer. The patrons are only too happy to oblige. Nude dancing itself is a sort of pseudo-prostitution: the women are selling the image or illusion of sex. In mingling with the guests, they are often offered money to cross the line from illusion to reality. Some do, some don't. Those who do often end up hooked on heroin -- prostitution requires that you do get your head really bad.

My young neighbor is aware of all these pitfalls, and is careful to avoid the worst of them. After all, she is able to keep the image of her two cherubic blue-eyed, tow-headed kids in mind. Others, with less to lose, succumb quite readily.

222

□ I might vote for Mondale, rather than contemptuously abstain as usual. I think it's important to have one of that crowd in power when the blow-up comes, which I think is coming very soon. I'm not one of the stylish Armageddonists, especially not one of the optimistic ones; I think it will be a real mess, and even then not one guaranteed to shock the present state of racial affairs into reversal -- I have given up on that kind of wish fulfillment (at one point I thought all it would take would be to distribute copies of Jensen all over the country). But in spite of the fact that I'm not one of those who so strongly appear to look forward to a horrendous upheaval with both glee and blind optimism, I foresee a half-such upheaval coming. Currency decline, influx, legal and juridical collapse, more influx, then some major reversal, humiliation or barbarity imposed on Americans abroad, some trigger at home, and we have a nationwide version of the biggest riots of the 60s -- and this time, it would strongly appear, they will be joined by sympathetic vibration rioting in Canada, Europe and possibly anti-white or anti-lighter-skinned riots abroad. The U.S. riots will involve a sizable segment of the military and will cover both a much greater geographic extent and a much greater duration than anything previously experienced here. All the above prediction is, I feel, both safe and even conservative. Beyond that, I don't care to go. But I would just as soon see a Mondale in office than a Reagan; Instaurationist thinking would somehow be blamed were a Reagan in, as he is mistakenly thought to be somehow like us in many circles. Not even our worst enemies have yet devised a means to stick us with the opprobrium for the antics of a Kennedy or a Mondale.

923

□ When you really care about your people, numbers are secondary. Dedicated Chinese are concerned about the identity of all one billion Chinese. Trends are important. Ten million people whose numbers are booming may be far safer than 100 million who are fading fast. Nordics, unlike Jews, flourish in homogeneous settings. Compare Iceland to Israel! Multiracialism pulls us down, but it gives them an enormous economic boost. So it isn't just raw numbers we're worried about, but also the degree of racial "apartness." Our concern is lost on most Jews.

773

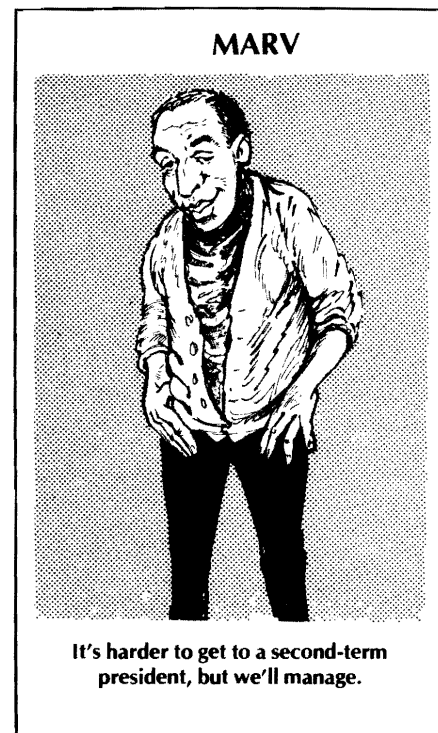
□ Why is it a child may unwittingly state everyone is equal without question, while a score of learned scientists are required to prove otherwise? Equality is probably the most sweeping, unfounded generalization of mankind ever given carte blanche.

481

□ I see Boudin got her due. Surprisingly stiff sentence, although not up to the severity of her offenses, not even the offenses she plea-bargained (one felony murder, one grand heist with firearms). Still, she can't get out via liberal or bribed parole board till 2001; only a pink or

bribed governor can get her out -- and such upheavals as the dandy I think is coming in 85 or 86 would render that less feasible. So the bitch is in for a genuinely long spell. Age 40 now, she knows she cannot see freedom again till too old to enjoy it in any way she can likely comprehend at present age. The little bitch Kathleen Wilkerson, too; Wilkerson was the filth-souled parody of a caricature who once declared to a Weatherman coven, "All white babies are pigs." I read that quote of hers in a number of places, but, I notice when she went into court carrying the bastard born during her underground years, nobody mentioned what its race was. I was curious. I assume it was a diapered demonstration of Committed Anti-Racism. Wilkerson and Boudin, Sasha Bruce and the rest are not the motherly kind. A pity that the baby, its race and that incredible quote were not set beside one another in the same newspaper by somebody. No matter what the baby's race, even on the minuscule chance it is an old-stock Anglo of actually somewhat distinguished family, as its mother is, it would have made a hell of an interesting news paragraph, grist for a few editorial speculations. One other delightful consideration: unless the federal prison system really goes out of its way to lock these two guttersnipes in an unbelievably well-picked clink and keep an avuncular eye on them for decades, they are guaranteed to taste the joys of final ultimate integration with truly representative Third World militant cadres. Kathleen Wilkerson has only years, not decades, to face the black and Mongol-Mestizo dykes, whores, cutthroats; but that's OK. When what's left of her staggers out of the federal slammer, she can spend the next decade reading letters from what's left of Boudin, describing how it all keeps getting worse as the years and the new inmates accumulate. The thought warms the heart, it does, it does.

620



## THE ONE-EYED MORALITY OF ELIE WIESEL

To be always lamenting for ourselves is the way never to be lamented; by continually putting on a pitiful act, we become pitiable to no one.

Montaigne,  
*Essays: Of Vanity*

Elie Wiesel gives new meaning to "mystagogue." Of Greek origin, the word combines *mystes*, one initiated in mysteries, with *agogos*, a leader. A mystagogue is an interpreter of religious mysteries; a custodian of relics exhibited to the public -- and, indeed, the word "mystery" is never far from Wiesel's lips. Yet when careful students of the man who is Jewry's unofficial First Victim call him a "mystagogue," they subconsciously think of mystic + demagogue. For Wiesel stirs up emotions and prejudices in a singularly mystical and esoteric -- and demagogic -- way.

How does Wiesel write? With plenty of capital Es, saved for "the Event" which "must and will dominate future events," as he put it in his 1979 report to Jimmy Carter for the President's Commission on the Holocaust. Wiesel chaired that Commission, and here is part of what he told the President:

Like it or not, the Event must and will dominate future events. Its centrality in the creative endeavors of our contemporaries remains undisputed. Philosophers and social scientists, psychologists and moralists, theologians and artists: all have termed it a watershed in the annals of mankind.

Not to remember the dead now would mean to become accomplices to their murderers.

Indifference to the victims would result, inevitably, in indifference to ourselves, an indifference that would ultimately no longer be sin but, in the words of our Commissioner Bayard Rustin, "a terrifying curse" and its own punishment.

The most vital lesson to be drawn from the Holocaust era is that Auschwitz was possible because the enemy of the Jewish people and of mankind -- and it is always the same enemy -- succeeded in dividing, in separating, in splitting human society . . . .

There exists a moral imperative for special emphasis on the six million Jews.

A column in the *New York Times* (April 17, 1983) brought out more of the murky mystic in Wiesel. "Does the Holocaust Lie Beyond the Reach of Art?" its headline asked. To which the clear-eyed realist in us responds: "The Christian Holocaust in Russia certainly does. American Jewish editors and critics won't touch art based on it with a six-foot pole!" Anyhow, here is what passed through Wiesel's dualistic brain after viewing the movie *Sophie's Choice*:

The universality of the Holocaust lies in its uniqueness. Those who seek to universalize it are dejudifying it in the process. If everybody was a victim, then no one was.

We need to invent a new vocabulary, a new form of communication . . . . The Holocaust experience . . . requires an attitude of total honesty. Since we are incapable of revealing the Event, why not admit it.

We survivors are complicated people . . . never satisfied . . . .

"To forget Auschwitz," Wiesel concluded, "is to justify Hiroshima . . . . It's a paradox: only Auschwitz can save the planet from a new Hiroshima." (Is he saying that only Judeocentrism can save the world?)



Access to the media heights

How do people respond to Wiesel? Simon Wiesenthal, whose vindictive tough guy act neatly complements Elie's philosophizing, has taken to calling him names like "Jewish chauvinist" for trying to make the only-genocide-that-really-matters an exclusively Hebraic preserve. Other responses to Wiesel may be gleaned from the *New York Times Magazine* letters column of November 20, 1983. Shirley Rodis of Trumbull, Connecticut, reacts the way one is supposed to:

All suffering, all horror inflicted by man's inhumanity to man, call out from Elie Wiesel's eyes. They have haunted me all week.

Michael Solomon of Montreal says that Wiesel has become "one of the 36 wise men [that's 6 x 6] -- the *lamed vav* -- who, in a mysterious way, are the conscience of the world." Jack Nusan Porter of Newton Highlands, Mass.,

argues that Wiesel is "not a mannered mystic," but "a very pragmatic political animal," a regular *mensch* who "can laugh and joke and even take his son to a video arcade." David E. Dax of Albany, New York, wonders why "Wiesel's critics fear to speak out publicly," and insists, "The world is now and it is real. It will not bend to Mr. Wiesel's narrow focus."

How can Wiesel think that his obsession will bring peace and unity to the world when those around him use that obsession to exacerbate the tense separation between Jew and Gentile, a gulf which Wiesel actually relishes? At the Washington "Survivors Conference" of 1983, Julius Berman, one of America's powerhouse Jews, announced, "We sleep, breathe and dream about the state of Israel." (But "we" don't seem to move there, do "we"?) At one point, when a young Jew mentioned "Nazi" atrocities, he was interrupted by a survivor, who shouted: "It was the Germans! The Germans! Not just the Nazis!"

If, as Wiesel insists, the Holocaust is the pivotal Event of all time, and the Jews are its Special Victims, how can the Germans avoid becoming Special Demons? The Jewish/German conflict of 1933-45 was no fluke. It grew out of a millennium of German history, three millennia of Jewish ethics, and the incredible misconduct of Jews in Communist revolutionary movements from 1917 on.

Those Jews who want to be permanently Special will have to do it the same way as everyone else -- as a majority group living on their own territory. When they try to become a Special Minority -- or to reduce majority groups who contest their specialness to an institutionalized subservience (the fate of white Americans) -- the outcome must be a "Hiroshima," as Wiesel calls it, for all concerned.

### No Angel

As pointed out earlier, the First Survivor told President Carter that "not to remember the dead now would mean to become accomplices to their murderers." Roughly trans-



The Holocaust is always the backdrop

lated, this means that failing to read a minimum of two Holocaust novellas, watch at least two Holocaust documentaries or read six Holocaust essays per year is the moral equivalent of goosestepping behind Reinhard Heydrich. (Carter praised Wiesel for "the beauty of your words and the solemnity of your thoughts.")

When a man demands so much of others, he risks becoming a Tartuffe or Elmer Gantry, if he isn't one already. Perhaps Wiesel really is an unworldly, super-sensitive soul who shudders whenever a sparrow falls to earth. But could there be another Elie, a man who, were he born a German, would maintain to this day, "Himmler meant well"?

Only recently, before a synagogue audience in New York, Wiesel explained how Grigori Zinoviev and the other early Jewish Bolsheviks, who repeatedly proclaimed their lust for Russian and "bourgeois" blood from speaker's platforms, were really decent chaps after all! The audience laughed and applauded. Horrified, two Gentile listeners recorded the speech, broadcast over WEVD, on their home cassettes.

The remainder of this article will summarize what Wiesel told his kinsmen that day and then proceed to describe what his praiseworthy Zinoviev was like. Since Wiesel is a Jew, we won't join him and Bayard Rustin by suggesting that his massive indifference to the fate of 40 million Christian victims of Jewish Bolshevism is a "terrifying curse." We won't even ask him to light one candle to the memory of Gentile martyrdom and Jewish guilt. But we do wish the gentleman who comes before Jewish audiences to apologize for mass murderers would stop wringing his hands and looking puffy-eyed and devastated in front of Christian audiences.

Several thousand Jews were on hand to hear Elie at Manhattan's Congregation B'nai Jeshurun on that Monday evening in late 1978. The moderator was Rabbi William Berkowitz, and the discussion would be number 78, the last of a series called "Dialogue" on radio station WEVD (for Eugene V. Debs).

Rabbi Berkowitz began by praising Wiesel as both "the leading Jewish renaissance man of our time" and a man "residing in a special realm, which defies comparison with any other,"

[H]e has told in haunting tones which unlock the hidden gates of their listeners the story of a dream and a nightmare. For his is a landscape singed by nocturnal images, of a kingdom of fire, yet shaped by the resonance of eternal legends and yearnings.

After going on about "the central shattering Event," the rabbi came finally to his first question: "[H]ow shall one respond to the Germans as well as to other countries involved during the Holocaust? . . . What is your concept and understanding of collective guilt?"

Elie Wiesel had his rhetorical handgun ready. After the war, a "Sanhedrin or at least a rabbinic tribunal" in Jerusalem should have declared a formal *herem* or ban on Germany. The country should have been proclaimed as "a fatherland of impurity." Instead, in 1952, David Ben-Gurion had established the *Shilumin*, or "recompense" negotiations with the Bonn Republic. That made a *herem* im-

possible, but, added Wiesel, he had kept "a personal *herem*." To the first applause of the day, he announced, "I don't go to Germany. I don't buy German goods."

As for collective guilt, he had to know if the German was young or old. With someone born "after 1945 . . . I first have to know what his position today is" with regard to Israel and related topics. A relationship was possible if he felt ashamed of what his parents and country had done. With an older man, "I wouldn't shake his hand before I have a clear, clean bill of health morally," Wiesel said to applause.

Next, Rabbi Berkowitz reminded Wiesel of something curious he had once said,

that in 1945, all the survivors should have gathered in a forest somewhere and taken an oath of silence, and decided not to speak. Your statement then concludes with the observation that they, namely the survivors, would have achieved more this way.

Why Master, asked the rabbi, did you say this?

It was, said Wiesel melodramatically, an admission of defeat: "words failed." Words had "opened the door to vulgarity" in the form of Holocaust novels and "televisionettes." But since Jews are "a people of linguists," words had to be used [and used and used!]. In 1945, Wiesel recalled, Jews had been "convinced that something messianic may arise." Then they had placed much of their hope in the United Nations. "Now we know what a farce it is . . . what a cheap comedy!" But in 1945, "we were convinced that every Jew will be counted a prince by the nations of the world, we were convinced that every survivor will be carried around as a friend . . ." Yet "somehow we mishandled it."

Berkowitz then mentioned a recent sermon by a distinguished rabbi and Jewish history professor, entitled "Holocaust Fervor or Holocaust Fever?" The sermon had said that "Holocaust fever" was making the Jewish community paranoid and insular. Berkowitz was "terribly troubled" by this assertion, and asked Wiesel whether, in his travels, he had encountered a backlash to the Holocaust, even among Jews.

*WIESEL:* I don't know who that professor is. I hope I don't know him personally.

*BERKOWITZ:* I'm afraid you do, but I won't tell you his name.

*WIESEL:* It's not new. If he thinks he's original, he's not even original.

For years, Wiesel insisted, the survivors had not "dared" to "open their mouths." Even today, speaking about the Event was "a sacrifice" for them. Hotly, he asked, "you think it's easy" talking and writing about the Holocaust? "It's much easier . . . to go and be happy . . ." If that Jewish professor "had at least some measure of elegance," he would have waited 20 more years, "until the survivors would be gone."

Berkowitz continued to go after the Jewish educator. It was bad enough that the man had delivered a terrible sermon, but "what troubled me was the fact that it was published," so that Jews everywhere had to read such

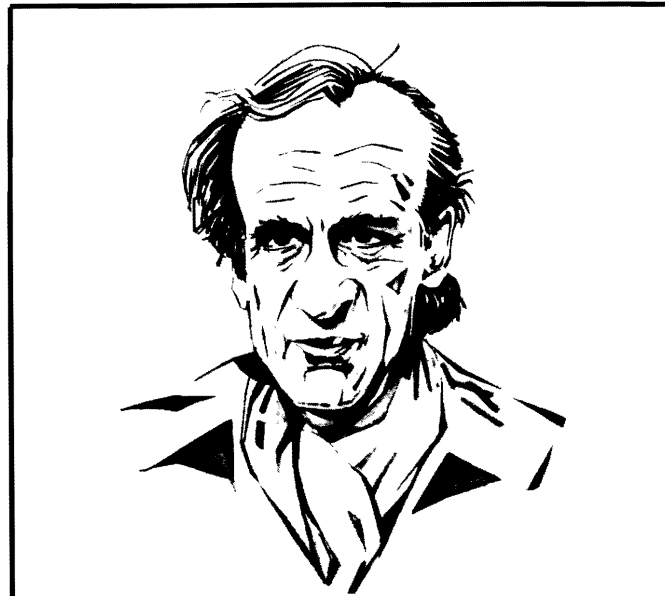
heartless thoughts. Finally letting the subject drop, the rabbi asked Wiesel how being a survivor made one respond to tragedies like Cambodia.

Wiesel responded by claiming that survivors were "the first who reacted against the My Lai massacre" in Vietnam. The same evening he had seen it described in the *New York Times*, he, his wife and a novelist friend had decided to "send 600 letters" to the New York intelligentsia, calling for a protest of conscience in two or three weeks.

It was a winter night when my wife and I came there [and] there were 39 people, 39 people, 38 were Jews, 38 were Jewish, 27 were either children of survivors or relatives of survivors or survivors and so forth.

One is supposed to be impressed by these figures, but Wiesel did not say what proportion of the 600 letters had originally gone to Jews. Furthermore, a very high percentage of New York's Jewish intelligentsia (half) claim that "relatives" of theirs perished during World War II, so Wiesel's tally (27 of 39) is not at all remarkable.

Wiesel went on to describe his "sleepless nights because of Cambodia," a land which had become "a ghetto . . . a sealed railroad car." Yet, he said, "nobody cares."



### Elie's Who's Who

Born September 30, 1928, in Sighet, Transylvania, Dracula's home turf. Father a grocer. Family sent to Auschwitz when he was 15. He himself ended war at Buchenwald. Claims three of six family members survived. Married Marion Rose in 1969. One son, Schlomo. Writes almost entirely in French. His wife is his English translator. As of 1983, had Boston address. Visits Israel once a year, but only for a week or two. Holds dual citizenship. Speaks Hebrew, Yiddish, German, French, English, Hungarian. Once a foreign correspondent for the *New York Jewish Daily Forward*. First and most famous book: *Night* (appeared in Argentina in 1956, in Paris in 1958, in New York in 1960). Many regard it as best Holocaust-oriented memoir. Now he has 20 books or so to his credit, at least one of which is anti-Christian. French intellectual, Francois Mauriac, persuaded him to become a writer.

We Jews and we survivors logically should have become desensitized to other people's pain, because that is the nature of man . . . . And we have suffered enough for 2,000 years *not* to be sensitive to anyone else's pain or injustice because we, in a way, have paid our dues. What happens is just the opposite. We are *more* evolved, we are *more* sensitive to other people's injustices and other people's sufferings and other people's pain.

This rather arguable proposition brought forth the predictable response. Yet, as a matter of well-documented fact, organized Jewry has played a vital role in obscuring many of the worst mass murders -- and mass murderers -- of this bloody century. To this day, most Jews remain eager to have the atrocities of regimes like Bela Kun's Hungary (1919) and Lenin's "early, purist" Soviet Union (1917-24) hushed up or minimized.

Rabbi Berkowitz next raised the matter of "a Professor Butz at Northwestern University," and asked Wiesel in a voice wringing with emotion: "How does one combat something like this?"

Wiesel began by saying that Jews everywhere should work to see that the statute of limitations on German war criminals would never expire. When the loud applause had died down, he added, "It has nothing to do with vengeance . . . ." But, he insisted, in Germany the sentences were far too light -- "it's a joke, the whole thing has become a farce." Turning to Arthur Butz, he then claimed that it was those Jewish professors who were warning against a Jewish Holocaust obsession who were "creating the climate" for "the Butzes and Companies." These foolish Jews had made the Holocaust "a subject that you can criticize," he reasoned, and "once you desecularize the Event, the next step would be the Butz & Co. And they are guilty for the Butz Syndrome." He then warned that the latter is "worse than we imagine. Much worse . . . . The obscenity has no more limits."

I was in a university not far from here a couple of months ago and, in my presence, a student got up and -- there were thousands and thousands of students and faculty -- a student got up and very politely, you know, very politely said, "Now we know the truth that it didn't happen . . . ." Just like that: "Now we know the truth, it didn't happen."

Wiesel gladly admitted that he had started a letter-writing campaign to the president of Northwestern University to have Butz dismissed. If someone had denied the American Civil War, went the campaign's argument, "he would be sent to a mental institution." This brought titters. But the real answer lay in education -- a special kind of education:

This subject cannot be a subject just like all other subjects. It must maintain its purity . . . . If it becomes a subject like all the others, then you will have the Butzes, because they will say: we have our freedom of expression.

Berkowitz and Wiesel then spent some time discussing the children of Holocaust survivors before turning to the White House Commission on the Holocaust, to which Wiesel has been appointed as chairman. "I'll make it very short," said Wiesel, before going on interminably. It seems

that "the White House" had wanted to establish a monument to the Holocaust victims, and Wiesel had told them that Jews only believe in living monuments, like "bringing people together." (Applause.)

Getting down to specifics, Wiesel said that he would like to see, on every Holocaust Remembrance Day, "a joint session of Congress, with the President attending, [to] pay homage to our people's martyrs . . . ." He proposed that every year,

every elected official in America, from the President down, every senator and every congressman, every mayor, every president of every university, of every college, of every high school, every rabbi and every clergyman, should come out with a statement of shame for having Nazis in our midst. [Applause]

Do you see any dramatic changes in American Jewish life? was Rabbi Berkowitz's next question. Wiesel responded by comparing the present time to "Weimar [Germany] or the Golden Age [of Spanish Jewry]." During Weimar, "Jews were in every newspaper, in every publishing house, in every theater. Jews were everywhere." Hesitantly, he said that he thought America would be different. He hinted instead at a fear of Jewish assimilation, by condemning the lack of real leadership and sense of direction in the community. The present situation was a "schism" between a far-left minority ("luckily . . . very small now") and a studious, religious "right." In the middle were the indifferent ones.

What is demanded of a Jewish leader today? asked the rabbi. Wiesel replied that if a leader came to see, say, the President, "he should know that he speaks on behalf of Jewish history and, therefore, he is stronger than anyone, mightier than anyone, because he speaks in historic categories."

Rabbi Berkowitz reminded the honored guest that, as a Zohar-believing boy (Jews have not just one holy book), he, Wiesel, had believed that he himself might become the Messiah through sheer will-power. "Why are you today less ambitious?" he wanted to know. Wiesel replied:

One, I still believe in the coming of the Messiah. A Jew must wait for the Messiah. If not, he or she is not Jewish. That's a cardinal principle. [Applause] Problems begin later: how do you make him come? [Laughter]

A bit later, Wiesel noted that "as a child . . . you always think that everything depends on you. If I am good, the world will be good." But experience had convinced him that, while the just were not rewarded, "the wicked are punished." The synagogue audience began to clap, but Wiesel rebuked them impatiently: "Later. Later." He went on: "I see that . . . the forces of evil are simply very strong." A lot more "punishing" was obviously called for. "The Messiah" was still "waiting" for the Jews to "make the world ready" for him.

The subject of prayer brought Wiesel around finally to Communist Russia and its "well-meaning" Jewish dictators. "Man is defined by prayer," he explained, but in Russia they "lost their ability to pray."



Those who were Lenin's companions, even Trotsky -- they knew things Jewish. They spoke Yiddish, they read Hebrew, they came from either Hasidic or Mitnagdish backgrounds . . . they all had gone to *schul* at least once -- more than once. They were former yeshiva *bochahim* [students]. You know, there is a famous anecdote, that Lenin had so many Jewish companions that, during the Politburo meetings in 1918-19, occasionally when Lenin would leave the room in the afternoon, that one Jew would say to the other . . . "the Gentile left, let us say the *Minhah* [afternoon] prayer . . ."

What did all those leading Communists really want? Wiesel answered his own question: "to universalize Judaism." Communism was originally nothing but Jewish Messianism without God.

In the beginning, it [Communism] was a very beautiful idea. It was the prophets in political terms, except, when you build an equation without God, something is missing . . . But, in the beginning, the Communists, the Zinovievs [Grigori's wife Olga was Trotsky's sister], they meant well -- and they removed themselves from Judaism. Their grandchildren came back.

Adopting reverent tones, Wiesel then praised Maxim Litvinov, the notorious Comintern flack and Stalin's one-time foreign minister. "Jewish history . . . has such an imagination," he gushed. "The grandparents built the Communist system, the grandchildren destroyed." The uncanny self-assurance with which he pronounced this bold judgment concerning Russia, even setting it in the past tense, brought forth a wave of what can only be described as "ghoulish laughter" from the audience. The tape-recording clearly reveals that this particular laugh was quite different in nature from all the rest.

### Wiesel the Whitewasher

Can there be any doubt that a large part of the American Jewish community is intent on making "Holocaustianity" into a new national religion? Perhaps the goal is not to replace Christianity *per se* -- although a new hybrid creed called "Judeo-Christianity," rarely heard of before World War II, is now being seeded in Christian turf. The goal is rather the creation of a religious climate vaguely resembling Japan's *juso shinko*, or "multilayered faith." It may be that, if Elie Wiesel and his retinue have their way, Americans (and Westerners generally) 200 years from now will find it perfectly natural to say that they are both "Judeo-Christians" and "Holocaustians" (or "Big Sixers") at the same time. A careful reading of books and tracts from the Wiesel Seminary makes it fairly clear that this is the long-range plan.

Given this insidious tendency, it is vital for us to dig into the radically dualistic ethics of the would-be "universalistic" Founding Father of Holocaustianity. Here, we offer an initial inkling on one point, the deeds and character of Grigori Zinoviev, who, with the other leading Bolsheviks, Wiesel contends "meant well" in the beginning.

The *Encyclopaedia Judaica* (Jerusalem, 1972), the leading Jewish reference work, begins by calling Zinoviev the "principal architect of the Communist International and its first chairman . . ." "Bolshevism's leading advocate of

world revolution" and "Lenin's closest collaborator." Born Grigori Radomyslski (Solzhenitsyn and some sources say Grigori Apfelbaum), his parents were bourgeois Jews, but he opted for so-called "assimilation to Russian life" via the unlikely path of "radical Marxist socialism." Serving as editor of many Bolshevik publications (including, after the Revolution, *Izvestia* and the *Communist International* magazine), Zinoviev rode with Lenin in the famous "sealed train" across Germany in April 1917. Later, "in Petrograd, he was the unchallenged 'boss' both of the soviet and the party."

If Zinoviev had his hands on the levers of power within Russia, it was in Comintern activity that his influence was most strongly felt. Indeed, he was relieved of national administrative posts so that he might devote the maximum attention to the international revolutionary movement. Until November 1926 he was the chairman of the Comintern's executive committee and the driving force of its presidium. His ideological pronouncements constituted the major premises for the strategy and tactics of Communists everywhere. During 1919-20 his role was especially prominent, with the Comintern character and structure molded largely by him.

In short, he was the man behind the abortive but bloody revolutions which plagued Hungary, Germany and China and other lands before the guns of World War I had hardly been silenced.



Grigori Zinoviev "meant well"

Following Lenin's death in 1924, Zinoviev and Lev Kamenev, his close friend and racial cousin, and a Georgian named Josef Dzhughashvili formed a ruling "Troika." As the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* tells it, "Zinoviev was a master of the art of intrigue, but he found himself completely outmaneuvered by the general secretary of the party." Al-

though he was expelled from the party hierarchy in December 1927, it was only in 1936 that Stalin had Zinoviev and Kamenev executed for allegedly plotting the assassination of Sergei Kirov. By then, his place of birth, once renamed Zinovievsk, had become Kirovograd. Zinoviev was never "rehabilitated," as many others were, during the Khrushchev and Brezhnev eras.

Reading the *Encyclopaedia Judaica's* sanitized account, one gets no idea of the real Zinoviev, a pathological hater whose well-publicized rantings and incitements to class massacre were a precondition of the later success of National Socialism in Germany -- and thus of all the destruction which Elie Wiesel theatrically bemoans.

In August 1918, when a Jew named Kanegisser shot a Jew named Uritsky, a Jew named Peters in the Petrograd Cheka ordered "mass terror" against *Russians*, and the Jew Zinoviev demanded that 10 million Russians be "annihilated." In the *Krasnaya Gazeta* for August 31, he wrote: "The interests of the Revolution require the physical annihilation of the bourgeois class. It is time for us to start." The next day, an infamous article in the same paper (by another hand), stated:

[N]o mercy will enter [our hearts] . . . so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea . . . Let [our enemies] drown themselves in their own blood. For the blood of Lenin and Uritsky, Zinoviev and Volodarsky, let there be floods of blood of the bourgeoisie -- more blood! As much as possible!

In the Petrograd newspaper *La Commune du Nord* for September 18, 1918, Zinoviev wrote, "We will dominate! Ninety million of the Russian population are already under the reign of the Soviets. The rest [10 million] we are going to exterminate!"

The familiar claim that Russian anti-Semitism produced the Zinovievs is insufficient. The historian Robert Conquest has calculated that "perhaps 1,000" Jews died in pogroms under the last few czars. Leading writers of that period, like Dostoyevsky, generally agreed that Russian Jewry was no more sinned against than sinning.

In *The Gulag Archipelago (One)*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn recalls that Zinoviev, like Trotsky, "rejoiced" in mass terror, not foreseeing his own end, "The letters GPU, like the letters VChK, are the most popular in the world," Zinoviev had said, referring to two acronyms for the secret police or Cheka (which his wife, Olga Trotsky Zinoviev, headed locally in Petrograd). Wiesel has read *Gulag*, indeed he devoted a chapter in his celebrated book *A Jew Today* to explaining "Why Solzhenitsyn Troubles Me."

Like the other Bolshevik leaders, writes Solzhenitsyn, Zinoviev had it very easy as a young man in Czarist prisons and exile. Things were different when the Communist terror turned on him in the 1930s. Then he, Kamenev and Nikolai Bukharin (Arthur Koestler's favorite Red) had proved to be compliant weaklings, which is why they -- unlike more defiant comrades -- received a public show trial.

Zinoviev had always shown a tendency toward opportunistic drifting. In his *History of the Russian Revolution*,

Leon Trotsky agreed with Lenin's verdict that Zinoviev was "nothing but an agitator." "Lacking inner discipline," wrote Trotsky, "his mind is completely incapable of theoretical work, and his thoughts dissolve into the formless intuitions of the agitator." His written work does not reflect the man, who was "far more bold and unbridled in agitation than any other Bolshevik," though "like all demagogues, indecisive."

Sir Paul Dukes was the chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia. In 1922, Doubleday published his book, *Red Dusk and the Morrow*, which conceded that the Bolshevik orators "are indeed great orators." He remembered Zinoviev, with his "bushy disheveled hair" as being "torrential, scintillating with cheap witticisms, devoid of original ideas, but brilliant in form and expression."

"History scarcely knows a more flagrant misnomer than that of 'government of workers and peasants,'" asserted Dukes. "Bolshevist power rests to a large extent on Jewish brains . . ." Dukes' book demonstrated in many ways that the Bolshevik regime was of a character utterly alien to the Russian people of *all* classes. The Reds were disaffected bourgeois intellectuals, mainly from a few big cities, and overwhelmingly Jewish (though, he cautioned, many Jews opposed Bolshevism). The Jews edited the Soviet journals, directed the propaganda, acted as political commissars, and saw to it that their informer-kinsmen, strategically sprinkled throughout the Red Army, were rushed to the rear whenever real fighting broke out. And, wrote Dukes, "the most important institution" established by the Bolsheviks was the "Third International," Zinoviev's baby, which sought "to reproduce the Communist experiment in all countries."

Dukes recalled the preposterous content of Zinoviev's fiery speeches in Petrograd, how he had told frightened and confused people that they were fighting "for the worker and the peasant" and against the exploiter -- landlord, priest, general and banker. A Zinoviev proclamation of 1919 reminded them, "The Communists are not the masters, in the bad sense of that word . . . but only . . . elder comrades, able to point out the right path . . ."

David R. Francis was our ambassador to the Russians in 1916-18. In 1921, Scribner's published his book, *Russia from the American Embassy*. It posed the question of how a tiny Bolshevik elite could rule an empire. The answer was that the middle-class and land-owning peasants had been treated with such unheard-of violence that they had soon lost all courage to resist. As for the "dictatorship of the proletariat," wrote Francis, "no man or woman is allowed to vote who does not perform manual labor" -- yet they could vote only for charlatans of the strictly non-manual type.

The Western Communist press published a number of Zinoviev's speeches and tracts. Many of American Jewry's communal leaders were quite familiar with their content. In a speech delivered at the Petrograd Soviet just after Lenin was shot by the Social Revolutionary Party's Fanny Kaplan, Zinoviev had blustered: "Either we or they. Either the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, mad with fear and hatred towards the workers, or the dictatorship of the pro-

letariat mercilessly sweeping away the bourgeoisie." (Of course, the bourgeoisie had never mass-murdered the workers. But then neither had the Russian workers slaughtered the middle class: rather, it had been done in their name.)

In Petrograd, in October 1919. Zinoviev urged 3,000 Red officers to learn the lines of Pushkin:

Thou tyrant most iniquitous,  
Oh, how I hate thy race and thee!  
Thy downfall and thy children's death  
Would fill me with a wicked glee!

Acting out the whole Jewish Messiah Complex, Zinoviev went on to say, "Our object is . . . to deliver the world." This calls to mind certain prophetic remarks made across the centuries, like Voltaire's in a 1773 letter: "Why are the Jews hated? It is the inevitable result of their laws: either they have to conquer everybody or be hated by the whole human race."

In a speech before New York's Jewish Institute of Religion in 1934, the noted theologian Reinhold Niebuhr observed, "Marxism is the modern form of Jewish prophecy." No one objected to this blunt equation. Yet, in the same year, one B.A.M. Schapiro, a convert to Christianity who published the booklet, "America's Great Menace," warned: "The time has come when patriotic Jews of America should feel the great responsibility for the evil deed [Communism] hatched and planned in the camp of Israel."

Fifty years later Elie Wiesel, who is congratulated on his "humanitarianism" each and every April by teary-eyed Gentile politicians like Presidents Carter and Reagan, Vice-President Bush and House Speaker O'Neill, has not shown any inclination to accept *one iota* of Jewish responsibility for the tragedies of our century. All that Wiesel sees, or professes to see, is a world of Jewish innocence and Gentile guilt.



Two Wiesel boosters

Regardless of what the sheep of Wiesel's fold may suppose, massive reactions do *not* occur in the social universe, any more than in the physical universe, without prior actions. The new Church Fathers, the gnostic wizards like Elie Wiesel, know full well that Hitler did not burst forth in a firestorm of spontaneous combustion. But by withholding the truth about the causal agents of Nazism, the Comrade Zinovievs, for example, they create a sort of theological mystery story which requires endless interpolation by secular rabbis. The non-Jewish truth-seekers who would make Hitler comprehensible -- as he certainly was in the real Germany, the unknown Germany of 1933 -- must unceasingly be vilified or else given the hush-hush treatment by media wire-pullers subservient to (or identical with) Wiesel and his cohorts.

Many self-styled "rationalists" and religious "free-thinkers" of our era, who conspicuously guffaw at the credulity of those who accept the Biblical miracles verbatim, are just as credulous themselves when it comes to accepting the "miracles" -- the saints and the demons -- of our own century. Their inability to see through the con-artistry of men like Elie Wiesel is allowing the latter to lay the foundations for a new civic religion which -- if it ever takes hold -- will leave Western man with far less freedom to understand himself and his universe than did the old-time religion of Jesus.

Elie Wiesel is transparently a Jewish chauvinist, a hypermoral dualist of the first water, yet he successfully pawns himself off as the most universalistic and ecumenical of men. He will not shake hands with an elderly German farmer who spent the entire Hitler era pitching hay, yet he speaks well of Jews who -- it is well known -- advocated the mass murder of Gentile nobility and intellectuals in all lands.

Some day if any Instaurationist should attend a Wiesel lecture or conference, we urge him or her to ask the Wandering Juru to explain this ponderable excerpt from a speech by his "well-meaning" Zinoviev (see *Congressional Record*, Dec. 19, 1925):

We have exterminated the capitalists and property owners in Russia. We are going to do the same thing to the intelligentsia of Europe and America.

In his famous speech in the *Merchant of Venice*, Shylock let on that he was a man just like other men. This may apply to living Jews, but in Elie's racist vision it doesn't apply to dead Jews. They are something special, all six million of them, much more special than the many more millions of non-Jews who have been done to death in a Holocaust that the world's greatest Holocaust expert does not recognize, over which he will not shed one tear, and one of whose chief instigators has actually received from Wiesel a backhanded accolade.

### Ponderable Quote

We don't want art, we want money.

Joe Shapiro, founder of  
the Museum of Contemporary Art

Let's hear it from the short side

## A DIMINUTIVE INSTAURATIONIST SPEAKS UP

Last year, ye editor allowed me to air my feelings on being an American of Italian ancestry. Back then I claimed, and of course still do, that I had never had a racial identity problem -- never thought of myself as a different kind of white American -- until reading *The Dispossessed Majority*. From my subsequent subscription to *Instauration*, going on four years now, I've learned so much (and questioned not a little) about this forbidden realm of human knowledge -- the fundamental differences of the human races -- that I've come to take the groin kicks in stride, and look forward to each new issue. Now *Instauration* has to rub salt in a much older wound with the article, "Anatomy Is Destiny" (Aug. 1984). Sawed-off, am I? What follows is not an exercise in humor or self-pity, but a simple existential treatise that might be of some interest to all readers, tall or not. Perhaps short Nordic Instaurationists, who probably make up a very small percentage of the readership, may want to abandon their kin and join forces with me for a few minutes.

To begin with, 5' 6" (I'll be honest for once -- I'm much closer to 5' 5") is not tragically short, but it does stand out as painfully shorter than average. Unlike racial awareness, height awareness has been with me since the first day of kindergarten. When I think back to elementary school, my most vivid memories are the friendly but interminable taunts of classmates about my height, which has always been my only serious deficiency. I've always rated better than average, though not exceptional, in looks and athletic ability. In life experience, I've seldom met my equal. How many men can say they've seen the Canadian Rockies through the open doors of a rolling boxcar, sailed down the Congo on a primitive ferry full of Africans, trekked through remote tribal areas in the jungle of northern Thailand? How many have the mental equipment to handle a magazine like *Instauration*? Would I trade any of that just to be tall? Not on your life! But I'd gladly knock three or four points off my IQ and cash them in for precious inches, if that was possible.

The description in the *Instauration* article provides for the height range I fall in suits me to a T except I don't feel the need to indulge in nervous humor. For several years I went with an attractive blonde girl of Polish descent who stood 5' 2", a perfect match, although her father was 6' 1". I nearly conquered my fidgetiness in knowing that the odds were very high that our future children would be closer to the American height norm. But the relationship didn't work out, and at the ripe old age of thirty, I find myself once again in search of a compatible mate. For obvious reasons, the difficulty of this search is compounded by my height, although I feel secure in possessing some qualities that women find endearing, so it's not something I overly worry about.

Being short does have a few hidden joys. When I climb

down from the cab of the oil tank-truck I drive for a living eight months out of the year, there's a sense of cocky pride in knowing that people who see me are saying to themselves, "Gee, I wouldn't have thought a little guy like that could handle that big truck."

I also work as a high-school and college-level baseball umpire every spring. Now along with being a policeman or a bouncer, umpiring is one profession where being big and tall goes a long way. Of course, height has nothing to do with the fine art of umpiring, which I can encapsulate as the ability to consistently coordinate keen judgment with proper physical and vocal reaction -- something that's much more difficult than it sounds. When a big man strides onto the field, his very size imparts confidence and control among the players, even before the game begins. He looks the part standing behind home plate, with all that equipment on. (Of course, if he's not equal to the occasion, he's going to hear about it no matter how big he is.) When I walk onto the field, I feel as though all eyes are on me. ("Who's this guy? I don't remember seeing him before.") But once the players and coaches recognize me as an umpire who's called a nice game for them in the past -- and after all these years I'm on a first-name basis with many of them -- then the self-consciousness disappears.

High-school baseball is well disciplined for the most part, but on the higher levels, you're often dealing with frustrated ballplayers who have unattainable major-league aspirations. And they can be merciless. I know many umpires of all sizes who've dropped out because of the abuse. Sometimes I wonder if I'm not a masochist for going on with it myself, but it's a beautiful feeling to be part of the game when it's played with talent. But no matter how capable, a short umpire is subject to a kind of scrutiny not given his taller counterpart. If I should throw out one or two bad apples who've been disrupting the game, I'm sometimes considered a little dictator who enjoys using his position of authority to compensate for his height (and I've heard comments from the bench to this effect). When my taller partner ejects the same culprits, then everyone agrees he's just maintaining order. And rhubarbs following a controversial call are trying enough without hearing an occasional parting shot like, "Stand on a soapbox and call it next time, will ya?"

Incidentally, a baseball game can be a fascinating laboratory of racial behavior. While most of my assignments are with all-white teams, occasionally one club will be all- or part-black, less often Hispanic. Whites will react to a disputed call in a variety of ways, depending on their individual personalities. Blacks almost always just say a few words, then stand there and brood. Very few will argue coherently, even when they have a legitimate case. You never hear the sophisticated sarcasm you often get from white players. Blacks simply seem incapable of it. Hispan-

ics can be volatile, especially when things go against them in a close game. Some of the ugliest incidents in the major leagues in recent years have involved Hispanic players gone berserk (Juan Marichal, Bert Campaneris, Mario Soto). I'd much rather work a game with an all-Negro team than with a half-Hispanic team. Of course, I've seen white players and coaches go bananas now and then, but when they do, they're nearly always in the right, and they manage to avoid physical contact with the umpire. Not so Hispanics, who are truly frightening.

While I'm on the subject, I have to say that some of the best blacks I've met have been those in a baseball uniform. By and large they're an infinitely nicer bunch than the savages who roam the streets of our cities. I've never been mugged by a first baseman while walking down the foul line alone at night, never been threatened to have my eyes gouged out by a batter who disagreed with a called third strike. I could almost enjoy working with them, if their teams weren't so poorly organized.

\* \* \*

As on the baseball diamond, so in everyday life the self-consciousness of being short is piercing only in the company of strangers. Last May, I attended my sister's graduation at a New England college, and recall how "lowly" I felt as I made my way through the crowd with all those eyes looking down on me. (My awareness that so many of those eyes just happened to be blue can be attributed to the pernicious influence of *Instauration!*) "If only you people knew what I was all about," I said to myself, "then maybe you wouldn't feel so superior."

I've walked the streets of Oslo and Copenhagen, feeling short and alien and out of place. I've wandered around Greece and Italy where, physically, I've felt right at home -- though still slightly short. (Nearly all of my relatives and Italian acquaintances are taller than I am.) Once, in Singapore, I found myself at the edge of a large crowd watching a Chinese opera being performed on an outdoor stage. The Chinese are a remarkably small race. What a liberated feeling I experienced, looking out over a sea of heads!

For some reason I can't envision, great, tall men -- men of extraordinary accomplishments, integrity and courage, such as Charles Lindbergh and George Washington -- as being anything but tall. They just wouldn't have been the same men had they stood less than six feet. But if you're going to be tall, then you'd better act tall. Aristocratic height in a man who's a pipsqueak in every other way is as much a waste as beauty in a blonde-haired woman who ends up marrying a Harlem actor. A tall, dignified-looking genteel wimp who inwardly recoils in horror at a disparaging remark about minorities -- I'm thinking of our Prez and his Veep -- is every bit as pathetic as a short man who struts around in elevator shoes. Is there a more pitiful spectacle on earth than scads of tall Nordics -- a great many of them Scandinavians -- cheerfully and voluntarily slaving away under their Israeli masters as "kibbutzniks" in the misguided fantasy that they're partaking in "the only kind of socialism that works"?

Let's not forget the ladies. A tall, beautiful Nordic woman of substance and guts -- Greta Garbo, for example -- is

truly in a class by herself. But I cannot understand why *Instauration* perpetually bewails the misfortunes of slutty actresses and centerfolds who, though endowed with height and great beauty, have absolutely nothing upstairs (read their "data sheets" in *Playboy*). Sorry, the excuse that these women are poor innocents whose lives have been wrecked by Hollywood pornographers and movie producers doesn't wash.

Which brings to the surface my ongoing beef with *Instauration* -- to wit, that the editor constantly reduces the most complex situations in life to the simplest, most clear-cut racial terms, terms that invariably end with the equation, Nordic = best. Now I'm not disputing the general truth of this. I'm not denying that, broadly speaking, the Nordic race is the tallest, most attractive, most honest, most industrious, most civilized and most all-around pleasant race of people in the world. But not to take the tremendous, overlapping gray area into account is not to square with reality. We read, for example, in "Anatomy Is Destiny" (p. 7):

All of this has a powerful and direct bearing on the racial crisis which is engulfing America today. In every city and town there are boys and girls exactly like Janet Wong and Stephen Jay Gould. Many of them experience a profound pain daily because they are shorter, darker, homelier or less athletic than most of their classmates.

Now, that is undoubtedly true in many millions of cases. But there are now in America perhaps millions of non-Nordics who are taller, more attractive or more athletic than their Nordic peers. Race is not necessarily the primary factor here. You can walk into any classroom in Iowa, in Spain, in Japan -- anywhere that has a racially homogeneous population -- and be sure to find children who "experience a profound pain daily because they are shorter, darker (in rare cases), homelier or less athletic than most of their classmates."

As I suggested in the opening paragraph, height solidarity is even likely to override racial solidarity, at least in cases where racial differences aren't that wide. As the *Instauration* article states, taller people just don't realize how sensitive short people are about their height. If the editor was to throw a cocktail party for all his subscribers, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a short blond blue-eyed *Instaurationist*, upon spotting me, leave his fellow Nordics in the middle of a conversation and come wandering over to share the sorrows of the other "shorty," even though the latter had some noticeable Mediterranean traits.

If I could do it all over again, how tall would I elect to be? I may surprise some readers at this point by saying that I'd have no special desire to be tall -- just not to be noticeably short. 5' 9", the height my brother stands at, would be most agreeable. Of my handful of true heroes, the one who embodies every imaginable quality of what a man should be, who in my eyes is Nietzsche's superman become flesh and blood, is Jack London. Jack was not a tall man; he stood 5' 8" or 5' 9" if memory serves. (I should also note that Nietzsche, who looked more deeply and fearlessly into the human condition than anyone who ever lived, was only 5' 8".) Why I see London as the real stuff of life, more

so than Lindbergh and Washington -- supermen in their own right -- I'm not sure. Perhaps I merely find it easier to identify with him, with his darker hair, shorter stature, his rough and ready ways. Or maybe it's because he is lasting proof that tallness has nothing to do with evolutionary promise.

So when I measure myself against the overwhelming masses of humanity, white humanity I mean, the unattractive, the unappealing, the unintelligent, the uninquisitive,

and even the higher types who are stuck for life in jobs or marriages or towns they'd love to quit but can't; when I compare my lot with all those people who live lives of "quiet desperation," who have told me time and time again, "I wish I did with my life what you're doing with yours," when I see and hear and feel what so many other people are all about, I can only sit back and feel profoundly content and proud of what I am.

But it wouldn't hurt to be a little taller. Just a little.



## An Open Letter to Richard Lamm, the One State Governor Who Has Come Out Forthrightly for Effective Immigration Controls

Please accept my sincerest thanks and congratulations for having the foresight to recognize the most important issue facing our country and the courage to act on it. No matter how "left" your stance may be on some other issues, your position on this issue redeems you. Unlike James J. Kilpatrick and a host of other assorted types from all points of the political compass, you recognize the issue that determines all other issues.

How can we possibly save the environment and beautify our national parks, as the Sierra Club and other groups desire, and then open our borders to a flood of immigrants from countries unwilling or unable to control their own population growth? There is no room for redwoods in an America that adds tens of millions of people who have never had the faintest consideration for nature.

How can we secure our national defense if our federal budget is sapped by extra billions for social services for immigrants who have never paid one cent into the system?

I wish you would ask your critics a very simple question. Since they argue (as did Jimmy Carter in the matter of the Cuban flotilla) that we must accept with open arms and open hearts all those who want to come to America, they should be forced to state whether there is *any* limit on how many can come.

Having lived for a while in the Third World, I know that if we are to say "give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses," there are not merely hundreds of millions who would try to come here. There are at least two billion.

If the advocates of the open door policy take the position that there should be no limit, then any sensible person, if any such is left, must see the absurdity of that position. Once it is admitted that there should be some limit, then the only question is where to draw the line.

Although I am sure that as a public official in Colorado you have heard many horror stories about the way our

immigration laws are being violated, let me add just two more. Shortly after I entered law practice, I defended a Korean immigrant on several petty criminal charges and an automobile case. After we had successfully concluded these matters, he came to my office one day with several other Korean businessmen to discuss something which he said would revolutionize my practice.

He was not fooling. What he and his friends had in mind was something which would have made me quite wealthy in a short time. It was an immigration scam which would consist of my incorporating a "factory" whose ostensible purpose was to produce Korean handicrafts. The real purpose would be to sell Koreans the right to come to America.

I was informed that American workers would not know how to make the handicrafts. Moreover, the Koreans said they could rig any training where an American trying to get a job with them would be unable to learn it and could be quickly fired, if he or she was ever hired. In this way, the owners of the factory could certify that no native American workers were available to fill these jobs, which required special skills unavailable on the local job market.

The profit of the enterprise would be derived from selling Koreans in Korea the green card, the open door to the United States, for \$10,000 per person. I would get \$2,500 off the top to handle the immigration case. The remaining \$7,500, minus the incidental expenses of running the "factory," would be my Korean contacts' profit.

The Koreans who came here would remain employed at the factory only so long as necessary to evade the scrutiny of the INS and to be absorbed into the growing Korean community in Atlanta, which now numbers about 10,000.

When I asked the Korean "businessmen" how they thought they could get away with it, they laughed and said such "factories" are already in operation all around the country.

The Koreans indicated that we could "turn" 60 to 75 Koreans a year at an Atlanta factory, which would give me a base income from my immigration work of at least \$150,000 a year. Needless to say, I declined the offer.

My second experience along this line occurred while I was waiting at a local courtroom for a client's case to come to trial. A Mexican American, a legal immigrant, was being tried for food stamp fraud. He had falsely filled out an application that failed to show that his wife earned \$14,000 a year, making the couple ineligible for food stamps.

However, as the defense attorney pointed out in moving for a dismissal of the charges, the wife of the defendant was an illegal alien. According to the law, the husband must then be set free. The rules governing the food stamp program provide that the income of an illegal alien cannot be considered in determining eligibility for food stamps.

Smiling broadly, the defendant and his attorney swaggered out of the courtroom.

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## A Potpourri of Governor Lamm's Most Ponderable Quotes

We must combine our thinking heads with our bleeding hearts. America cannot feed the world . . . . America cannot absorb all of the people who would like to come and share our wealth, and hard choices have to be made. America has its first duty to its own dispossessed . . . before we have the hubris to think we can absorb too many more people.

\* \* \*

I believe that the United States is still a monstrous Gulliver, held down by a thousand special-interest Lilliputians, and that we have to offend all of them a little bit to regain a sense of national destiny . . . . Any nation that emphasizes citizens' rights more than their responsibilities will eventually become a second-rate nation.

\* \* \*

Democracy, the Greeks said, would eventually lead to factionalism and disintegration. I believe that we are in a time of testing and that if democracies cannot learn to make hard anticipatory decisions, some other form of government will take [its] place, amid much chaos. Freedom is dispensable; stability is indispensable.

\* \* \*

The future belongs to those who correctly interpret it.

\* \* \*

He who speaks with the aid of a crystal ball usually ends up eating ground glass.

\* \* \*

There is a gathering storm in the world as infinite needs run into finite resources.

\* \* \*

In the U.S., politicians have traditionally been able to spend entire careers distributing a growing pie; thus, they're good at distributing pleasure but not at allocating pain.

Simply put, this country is rapidly losing its wealth. A more besieged America has evolved, and politicians must adjust their agendas to its new realities.

I believe we are now heading toward a gloomy future filled with major economic, political and social traumas, and it's not that we can't alter that trend but that we *won't*. Thus, we're careening toward disasters of our own making.

\* \* \*

It is clear to me that the question isn't *which* political party can offer a way out of these tumultuous times but whether *either* party can.

\* \* \*

We're living on a store of wealth built up by past generations, but the joy ride is coming to an end. Our economy, rich as it has been, can only take so much abuse.

\* \* \*

By 1994, it will have become clear that the U.S. is a country in liquidation.

\* \* \*

The middle class serves as a bridge between the haves and the have-nots. If it goes, so goes political stability.

\* \* \*

I predict that 1994 will see American cities largely full of angry, frustrated and unemployed minorities who will substantially change the face of urban America.

\* \* \*

It is inevitable that we are going to have to ration health care in the United States.

\* \* \*

We simply have not come to grips with the fact that medical innovation stands ready to break us as a country.

We already spend more money, a larger percentage of our gross national product than practically any other in-

dustrialized nation in the world, on an inefficient health-care system -- and one that is heading for bankruptcy to boot!

\* \* \*

We will see megafamine in parts of the Third World by 1994. The individual miracle of birth is becoming a collective tragedy.

\* \* \*

We will see constant political turmoil on our Southern borders. Multiple Cubas will appear in our hemisphere.

\* \* \*

Politics is the management of expectations. The American electorate has come to expect a growing pie, with politicians arguing about how to distribute the growth dividend every year. But there has been virtually no growth dividend to distribute in the past ten years, and at the same time, it is obvious that we have serious problems in our military procurement programs, our Social Security system, our health-care system, our other pension systems; but seldom do politicians -- especially in an election year -- even identify the *problems*, let alone the solutions. It is my thesis that America needs a dose of the philosophy of Alcoholics Anonymous: The patient gets well only when he admits to himself the full and desperate nature of his problem. We have to recognize that public policy needs a series of hard, sometimes even tragic, choices to bring our economy under full control and ensure our future prosperity. We really need a political ticket that can offend everyone a little.

\* \* \*

I am haunted by John Locke's statement that "hell is truth seen too late." Will we as a society find the personal discipline and political will to see those new forces and correct our ways?

The day that Vogue almost died

## THE CECIL BEATON SCANDAL OF 1938

As Caroline Seebohm recalls in her new biography, *The Man Who Was Vogue: The Life and Times of Condé Nast* (Viking Press), the February 1938 issue of the magazine was announced in advance as the "Americana Number."

Be prepared for one of the most dramatic, colourful and absorbing issues of Vogue that has ever come to your attention -- one that many will want to keep as a reminder that they lived when America was like that!

Featured prominently was an article by the conservative fashion arbiter Frank Crowninshield, "The New Left Wing of New York Society." The author was frankly alarmed by a new, irresponsible element in the New York elite, which, although minuscule in numbers, was beginning to receive enormous publicity in the popular press. Crowninshield's description of "chain-store nymphs" and "wonder-working heroes" obliquely suggested the presence of a certain minority element among the new "Café Society" crowd, which hung out very late at offbeat nightclubs while ignoring the patriotic and communal obligations already felt by established "high society" everywhere.

The author ended by recalling the fate of Russia, where a popular misunderstanding of the elite's true nature had led to the end of "the society, liberty and religion of 160 million people." And he insisted that the "great bulk of good society in New York is constituted . . . of sensible and decently bred people who live conventionally" and place obligations ahead of pleasures.

It would be a pity if the people in responsible and conservative society in this country were to suffer reprisals because of the aimless, and apparently endless, pursuit of pleasure among our idle and over-publicized rich.

Whether or not there was a covert "ethnic" message in Crowninshield's article is debatable, but the man chosen to illustrate its border, the famous society artist and photographer Cecil Beaton, obviously found one. He cleverly drew the trappings of the old, socially responsible elite around the left margin of the article's first page, and the trappings of the new, prodigal rich around the right margin of the second page, immediately opposite. The right border meant to depict rich leftist tastes was the sort of satirical sketch that Beaton had often produced on short order.

Those readers who strained their eyes to read the scibblings in the miniature newspapers and telegrams in Beaton's illustrations (a few of which are reproduced here) were in for a surprise. One "Western Union" message announced, "Party Darling Love Kike." Beneath "Willie Nonsense" in the newspaper, a tiny script read, "Cholly Asks: Why?? Is Mrs. Selznick such a social wow? Why is Mrs. Goldwyn such a wow? Why is Mrs. Louis B. Mayer?" Here and there such names as Shapiro, Berlin and Sobol can be spotted. Elsewhere, a miniature magazine reads:



Eye-straining "obscene" scribblings

"M.R. Andrew ball at the El Morocco brought out all the damn [or dirty] kikes in town." (Cholly, by the way, is not *Instauration's* Cholly, but Cholly Knickerbocker, a pseudonymous Hearst gossip columnist of the 1930s, who only in the vaguest way can be considered a predecessor of Cholly Bilderberger.)

Caroline Seebohm's account of the scandal which ensued is a bit disingenuous. She insists the illustrations "[bore] no relation to the piece." She says that "somebody (nobody to this day knows who it was) tipped off" Walter



Winchell about the drawings, and quotes Winchell as writing that "a magnifying glass is necessary to detect" the things Beaton wrote. Actually, the words "Party Darling Love Kike" are perfectly clear to the unaided eye, and at least one member of the *Vogue* staff asked Beaton to make changes before the issue went to press. His reply: "Let someone else do it. I wash my hands of the whole thing."

Winchell blew the whistle on *Vogue* in his *New York Daily Mirror* column for January 24, and it seemed that half of all U.S. Jewry, from Bernard Baruch on down, phoned the magazine's main office in protest that same day. The big advertisers immediately threatened a boycott. Condé Nast began making formal apologies before nightfall. Beaton was sacked, and the 130,000 copies of *Vogue* (out of 280,000) which had not yet been shipped were recalled and reprinted at great expense. Adding to Nast's costs was the excision of Beaton's work from upcoming issues, and the canceling of his many scheduled fashion sittings.

The story, and Nast's actions, were widely reported in the press in New York and London. The gossip columnists loved the story, adding tidbits such as that Beaton had sent a special bound copy of that issue of *Vogue* to Goebbels, who was arranging jobs for Beaton with a Berlin magazine; and that he was being called the "Heillustrator."



Beaton by Beaton (1930)

Beaton would later describe his illustration as a "wretched little foible" which soon had a great publishing enterprise "staring at ruin." But, according to Seeböhm, Nast "gained immeasurably in prestige" from his handling of the affair. It was three years before Beaton's work was allowed back into the magazine, and even that degree of "leniency" probably owed a lot to

his being a mascara-painted British fag.

Lost in the brouhaha over Beaton's drawings were the worthy points made by Crowninshield in his article. He was right to accuse the popular press of the day -- led by the Levantine likes of Walter Winchell -- of seriously misrepresenting the nature of Nordic "high society." (Fortunately, the author did not live to see the 1980s movie "Arthur," where the last dignified-looking "aristocrats" in New York are portrayed by the Jewish filmmakers as so many sleazy John Belushis.)

Crowninshield boldly contradicted the false testimony of the gossip-mongers:

Of the 135 ladies who were listed as having bolted from smart and aristocratic society [to become "social gypsies"], two thirds of them had never been in smart or aristocratic society at all. And, again, is it quite fair to the remaining 45 of the ladies on those lists (all with backgrounds of taste and breeding) definitely to align them -- because they now and again go to night-clubs -- as who, indeed, does not? -- with a group for whose background and manner of living they feel so little real sympathy?

The real New York society, wrote Crowninshield, "has, in reality, hardly been touched by the battalion of the Left," with its "new order." Witness the recent opening of the Metropolitan Opera: "[S]cions of ancient Dutch families arriving from their fastnesses on the Hudson, or their vaulted halls on Stuyvesant Square; *parures* of ancient pearls, and white gloves and white ties for the entire Right army." The "serenity, elegance and moderation" visible in these ladies were lingering "heritages from an ancient era when something very like reverence attached to old ways." But the most important difference between the old elite and the loud denizens of the Stork Club was the former's "willingness, impulsion even, to take on the hundred and one humdrum cares and obligations that devolve, in all old societies, upon people of position and means." In contrast were "the 300 restless and haunted spirits who, three times a day, wave at one another in an ecstasy of amazed recognition, first at the Colony, then at '21,' and finally, after midnight, at El Morocco."

Out of a group of moths whose nightly flutterings deserve no serious attention at all . . . skillful hands can create a series of images which take on a somewhat alarming significance. For the images of the café "socialite" -- a picture which is purely artificial and little related to the facts -- is something that the country at large is beginning to believe true.

In other words, the vocal advocates of class warfare were striving to make America's native upper class look as bad as possible -- and were all too often succeeding.

As editor of the Condé Nast publication, *Vanity Fair*, before its regrettable demise in 1936 and its even more regrettable resurrection a few years ago, Frank Crowninshield, a son of the New England aristocracy, was himself somewhat vulnerable in the Beaton affair. In some of his writings he had manifested a qualified respect for the strongmen of Italy and Germany.

Condé Nast himself, the product of a conservative, St. Louis German-Catholic background, had little true empathy with New York Jews, even if, as Seeböhm eagerly points out, he had supposedly "welcomed with delight the marriage of his daughter, Natica, to Gerald Felix Warburg, of the distinguished banking family, in 1933." This was about the same time he was also losing control of his publishing empire to a Jewish banking syndicate.

One can well imagine the kind of anxious confidential remarks which passed between men like Nast, Crowninshield and Beaton in the tottering Western fashion world of the 1930s. When Crowninshield's article in the controversial issue of *Vogue* insists that "our old and traditional society" is not really "on its last legs" and is not really beating a hasty retreat before the avant-garde's onslaught (as the Walter Winchells were telling Middle America), one detects more than a trace of desperate bravado.

### Ponderable Verse

Mind should be the harder, heart the keener,  
Courage the greater, as our strength grows less.

*The Battle of Maldon,*  
10th-century Anglo-Saxon poem

## Witch-Hunt on the Canadian Prairie

The preliminary hearing in the James Keegstra case was held, as scheduled, in Red Deer, Alberta, during the first half of June. For nine days, the former ninth- and twelfth-grade history students of the popular ex-mayor of Eckville were called to the witness stand to read through their old classroom notes. When it was all over, Provincial Court Judge Douglas Crowe ruled that Keegstra must stand trial for willfully "promoting hatred" against an "identifiable group," the Jews.

Defense attorney Doug Christie's argument that not one of the government's 10 witnesses said they hated Jews because of Keegstra's teachings carried no weight with Crowe, who ruled that it was only necessary to show intent. Christie predicted somewhat melodramatically that the trial, which will be held in early 1985, will be the "trial of the last two centuries."

Most Canadian newspapers reported extensively on the testimony of the former Keegstra pupils. Among his stoutest defenders was 19-year-old Gwen Matthews, a round-faced blonde confined to a wheelchair because of a car accident. She painted a picture of a thoughtful, fair-minded man whose image had been grossly distorted by the media. "He didn't promote hate in me," she said. "He didn't force us to believe him. He was the first person to tell us about the Golden Rule and the importance of living by that rule."

Speaking in a soft, firm voice, Gwen Matthews related how the first time she ever heard the phrase "international Jewish conspiracy" was in media reports of Keegstra's firing -- after she had studied under him for two years. Keegstra had made his classes interesting, she testified, because, unlike the other Eckville teachers, he presented conflicting views and let students discuss them. She took strong exception to what some students were now saying, observing that classroom notes are "just rough approximations of what Mr. Keegstra said."

The most widely cited testimony in the hearing was probably that of 17-year-old Blair Andrew, who was described (perhaps incorrectly) in a Jewish Telegraph Agency report as a "defense witness" for Keegstra. Andrew is obviously a young man living under a great inner stress, uncertain whether he should believe what the outside powers-that-be tell him or accept the contrary message of a well-liked teacher who told his students well in advance that everything now happening would happen. On the stand, Andrew said that he still believes

what Keegstra taught him, lives in fear of the Jews (without hating them, however), yet also feels ashamed of his fear.

Defense attorney Christie, not too pleased with some of the things Andrew said, grilled him about his allegation that everything Keegstra taught had related the Jews to a giant world conspiracy. Andrew was forced to admit that in 18,000 words of notes he had taken in Grade 9, Jews were mentioned only 12 times. "It was more verbal than notes," he insisted, looking frustrated. He also insisted that some students' grades were adversely affected when they positively evaluated the Jewish role in history. (Of course, this is the fate of countless students today who positively evaluate the conduct of Anglo-Saxons in their contacts with other races.)

Big headlines resulted on two occasions when students broke down and cried on the witness stand under intense cross-examination by Christie. Paul Maddox, 15, is the son of Susan Maddox, one of the parents who first complained two years ago about Keegstra's view of history. The pale, slim teenager, who testified that Keegstra had taught that Jews were "crooks" and left-wingers bent on enslaving the world, began shaking under questioning by Christie. He later started to weep, and Judge Crowe called a 10-minute recess. Along the way, Maddox explained what Keegstra had taught his pupils about unscrupulous bankers: they attempt to keep nations and individuals indebted to them, since debtors are more easily manipulated. At one point, Maddox said he was so confused by all the publicity that he was no longer sure what Keegstra had taught him about the Jews.

The other sensitive student was Lorene Baxter, who had a penchant for recording her teacher's most sensational remarks. Keegstra's minimal classroom commentary on the lurid excesses of the French Revolution's reign of terror was blown all out of proportion by certain newspapers, which relied heavily on Baxter's testimony. Doug Christie questioned the accuracy of the girl's notes, and she was forced to agree with him. He then, perhaps over-zealously, questioned her learning capacity, asking:

You didn't understand what he was saying half the time, did you? Would you agree that your main concern was to repeat what you heard and get a mark?

A tearful Baxter had to agree.

Crown prosecutor Larry Phillippe feigned outrage at one of Baxter's notes,

which read, "Jews have persecuted Christians more than Christians have persecuted the Jews." (It seems we have reached the point where concluding that the wrong group of people is the more guilty can land one in jail for two years, which is what Keegstra faces.)

Some of the strongest anti-Keegstra testimony came from Trudi Roth, who for three hours read selected notes from her five history-class notebooks. Roth, who is not Jewish, had once argued with Keegstra after viewing a film about Norman Bethune, a Canadian doctor who became a national hero in Red China. "Mr. Keegstra said he [Bethune] was not a good doctor; he was a Communist," said Roth. (Substitute the word "Nazi" in the preceding sentence and one could be recounting the faulty logic of half the history teachers in Canada.) Roth recalled how Keegstra "had a certain look in his eyes" when he got into the subject of Jewish power. "I guess I believed some of it. It was sort of scary," she concluded.

The defense effort was profoundly compromised because the requested return of Keegstra's private library -- much of which was "legally" stolen from him in a police raid on his home -- was denied by the judge. Though Judge Crowe, unlike some of his Canadian counterparts, ruled that historic truth is a valid defense against allegations of "hate-mongering," he quashed Doug Christie's request to have all 58 of Keegstra's books returned to him so that he could effectively build a case showing he had taught the truth. Try appealing to a higher court, Crowe smugly suggested. Neither this refusal nor the original seizure was ever reported in many large papers.

Fortunately, Christie had enough historical documents left to demonstrate that nearly everything Keegstra ever said about the Jews had also been said by respected historical figures beyond number. One prime exhibit was the famous article by Winston Churchill in the *London Illustrated Sunday Herald* of Feb. 8, 1920, in which he related that "the schemes of the International Jews" had given rise to a "world-wide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilization and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality." This Jewish conspiracy had been "the mainspring of every subversive movement" in the West for more than a century, Churchill had continued. The Canadian press's account of Christie's dramatic courtroom reading claimed that "the arti-

cle praised the Jewish race generally," but that characterization of its overall tenor is somewhat wide of the mark. Christie also read some long passages from the Talmud, which had Jews in the courtroom squirming. A former pupil, when asked if these religious teachings did not correspond to Keegstra's teachings on the subject, answered affirmatively.

Judge Crowe stated explicitly that it was the defense which was obligated to establish that certain facts were true. This sinister transformation of ancient Anglo-Saxon common law, which has appeared with growing frequency in Canada of late, seems to occur only under intense prodding by Jewish pressure groups. Said Keegstra of his predicament generally: "This hidden hand has told them [the authorities] what to do. They have never proved I have done anything wrong. I have been correct

all the time."

Asked outside of court if he believed in a Jewish conspiracy, Doug Christie answered sensibly, "I imagine there are all kinds of conspiracies in the world today." He also said that he had an open mind regarding the size of the Jewish Holocaust. And he called the reporting of the Keegstra hearing the most grotesquely distorted he had ever seen in a lifetime devoted to controversial causes like Western Canadian separatism. Despairing of the establishment, he added, "I have great hope in the intelligence of the ordinary citizen of this country."

While events were unfolding in Alberta, an unknown party in Victoria, British Columbia, was painting a swastika on Christie's office door, and plugging up his keyhole. The anonymous smear was as false as those directed publicly against Jim Keeg-

stra, a man who has welcomed blacks, Jews and Indians to his home -- rather unusual for someone living in a tiny, all-white prairie town.

In spite of everything, the odds would appear to be in favor of both Keegstra and his counterpart, Ernst Zündel, who will be tried in Toronto on similar charges at about the same time. In the 14 years that Canada's "hate" legislation has been on the books, there have been only 8 prosecutions and not a single conviction. Even if one or both of the leading Holocaust dissidents should go to jail, the Jewish lobby's victory may prove a hollow one. Millions of North Americans are finally awakening to the dreadful implications of the censorial Jewish mindset for their native tradition of free dissent.

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## The Wise Words of Ulfa'Alu

Darkest Washington, D.C. -- One of the wisest diplomatic speeches of 1983 or any year was made here on September 29 at the joint annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. The meeting's chairman, Miguel Boyer, the Spanish minister of finance, had just asked the United States to cough up an additional \$1.5 billion (on top of \$8.4 billion) to help keep the IMF afloat. The black minister of finance for the Solomon Islands, Bartholomew Ulfa'Alu, thought he would add some sociobiologically sound native logic to the matter. President Reagan, he said, should stop appealing to "the magic of the marketplace": in Melanesian society, power and influence are acquired by "big men" who must assist their communities to retain status. Ulfa'Alu continued:

One of the things we expect our "big men" to do is to help the younger male members of the family to acquire wives. The "big man" will contribute to the price of the bride to be paid by his young male relatives. In this way, he secures their continuing allegiance, and enables them to acquire healthy, desirable brides, capable of bearing many children.

Statistics tell us that 52% of these children will be girls. In due course they will be married, and the family will receive a "bride price" for them. A substantial share of this incoming transfer of assets will find its way to the "big man," who for sound reasons of enlightened self-interest, started the process off.

Two lessons were drawn: first, the Melanesian chief's investment is repaid many times over; second, "if you want to go on being a leader, you have to behave like

one." On the tribal or racial level, the lesson is quite true, and the West's selfish capitalist leaders could learn plenty from it.

The international analogy implied by Ulfa'Alu is false, however. It is probable that much of the development aid sent to the Third World will find its way back into white hands eventually -- but only after the Third World is substantially enriched. At a time when the white West is rushing toward a severely outnumbered position in the world population flood, the only way in which we will keep our heads up at all, and thereby preserve our identity, is by retaining a substantial financial advantage over the huge nonwhite majority. If we are reduced to anything even remotely approaching the small fraction of the world's wealth that our masters have planned for us, then our universally desired young women will be "bought" from us by the men of all races, and our breed will end. World economic equality -- or anything like it -- spells sure death for a beautiful and personable race.

Instead of using our economic surplus to help enrich Asians, Africans and Latin Americans -- even with the knowledge that some will reach us on the rebound -- we must use it to enrich our own people, the remnant of the American Majority, with the understanding that the money transfer is intended solely to facilitate reproduction.

Ulfa'Alu's condemnation of the West has real validity. The vaunted "magic of the marketplace" has indeed been a wicked black magic for the white race. To take one example, Proposition 13 in California, which was fueled by a conservative white rebellion, succeeded in lowering taxes there, thus stimulating economic growth --

and leading directly to increased immigration by prolific nonwhite foreigners. So say the experts.

The ecologists have warned that we dare not look at pesticides alone, but only as part of a much larger interlocking picture. When racialists give economists the same message, they win only scorn.

The white world, post-1945, instead of transferring wealth to its own young people, many of whom would like to have more children, concentrates it in the hands of aged, unseeing women, who, their maternal instincts cast adrift, pass it on to left-wing churchmen and other con artists.

As Ulfa'Alu says, "if you want to go on being a leader, you have to behave like one." The Western world's "big men" have all been little men for at least a generation. They have failed their racial-cultural community so badly that its very existence, and thus their leadership, is now at stake.

### Unponderable Quote

[Among Americans in Israel] there is a dual loyalty . . . . Americans and Israelis have the same goals. I don't find it a problem. We all believe in democracy, freedom and liberty. When loyalties are tested by democratic principles, you don't have a problem . . . . It's possible to have allegiance to the two countries.

Newton Frolich, founder  
of Americans In Israel PAC



## Big Mac Violence

A misleading and exculpatory trick of mediocrats when writing about the contemporary crime plague is to drag out the old cliché, "violence is as American as apple pie" -- as if raping and murdering an 83-year-old widow in a New York apartment is on the same moral level as a gunfight between two outlaws in Dodge City.

A history professor, Roger McGrath, has looked into the myth of a congenitally violent America and come up with some answers that should give pause, a long pause, to the apple pie crowd. Examining the crime records of two California mining towns -- Aurora and Bodie -- during their boom days, Professor McGrath concluded in his new book, *Violence on the Frontier* (University of California Press, \$16.95):

The violence and lawlessness that visited the trans-Sierra frontier . . . took special forms: warfare between Indians and whites, stagecoach robbery, vigilantism, and gunfights. These activities bear little or no relation to the violence and lawlessness that pervade American society today. Serious juvenile offenses, crimes against the elderly and weak, rape, robbery, burglary and theft were either nonexistent or of little significance. . . . There seems to be little justification for blaming contemporary American violence on violence and lawlessness in our frontier heritage.

The gunfights, McGrath found, were over matters of honor, generally provoked by insults or challenges to machismo -- about the same causes responsible for knightly jousting in Medieval times and duels thereafter. Much of the violence was limited to consenting adults, and there was no exaggerated sympathy for the few real criminals and no exaggerated use of due process to short-circuit justice. If innocent men were killed and the lawyers got the killers off on a technicality, leading citizens would get together and hang the murderers on the nearest tree. Men who used foul language in front of women might end up in jail. No minority members were attacked or bothered, although there were plenty of Chinese and Mexicans. In the five years of the Bodie boom, not one crime was committed by a youth. In comparison, youth gangs in 1980 committed 351 murders in Los Angeles. Half of the robberies in Bodie were stagecoach holdups and the annual robbery rate was 84 per 100,000 population, compared to the 1980 rate in New York of 1,140. Bodie's burglary rate was 128; 1980 New York's 2,661.

To sum it up, America was a rather non-violent country even in its supposedly most violent areas and supposedly most violent times. Instead of saying violence is as

American as apple pie, it would be more accurate to call it as American as a "Big Mac," a latter-day dish and more appropriate in light of the recent McDonald's massacre in Southern California.

The Old West was an Arcadian bower compared to the crime jungle of the modern U.S. city, which is another way of saying that the Old Americans, even the most trigger-happy of them, were paragons of law and order compared to the New Urban Americans. No winner of the West ever went around dousing passersby with lighter fluid, throwing babies out of windows, running stagecoaches onto crowded sidewalks or driving ballpoint pens into people's ears and forcing them to drink Drano.

## Gilded Airheads

Just how ignorant are young people in southern California? TV comedy writer (and former Nixon aide) Ben Stein, who says he spends a lot of time with the species, recently clued in the readers of *Public Opinion* magazine.

Out of about a dozen college and high school students whom Stein quizzed in Los Angeles, not one could name all the presidents since World War II -- or tell him even roughly where New England is -- or say even approximately when Lyndon Johnson was president -- or name even one of the first 10 amendments to the Constitution. Stein told some horrific tales about juniors at UCLA and Southern California who were shocked to learn that America fought a war with Japan, or that Polish officials could lock people up for expressing the wrong views. "What a burnt idea," said one. "Why doesn't Reagan make them stop?"

None of the young folk had heard of Lenin, and only one could identify Stalin. Stein neglected to specify the race of his young Angelinos.

At article's end came the Big Message about why all of this was bad.

Recently, two of them [Stein's young friends] read an article in the newspaper about the militantly anti-Semitic Posse Comitatus. One of them pointed at the word "anti-Semite" and said, "What's this word?" I explained that it was someone who hates Jews for no other reason than that they were Jews. The girl looked at me with genuine amazement and asked, "Why would anyone do that?" The other girl said, "What is it again? I never heard of that."

I respectfully suggest that we should be happy and proud to have such gilded, innocent children in our midst.

*Instauration* respectfully suggests that Stein is a masterful dissembler. Had these ignorant young adults been fellow Jews, he would hardly be "happy" or feel "proud"

of them. He'd be ashamed, and would respond by harshly shaming his charges into a thirst for knowledge of reality.

As for the young woman's question: Why indeed would anyone hate Jews or anything else simply for being what it is? We never heard of such a thing! When people fear or dislike Jews or some other group, it is always because they believe, rightly or wrongly, that the group's nature and actions have a negative impact on their lives and their world.

In his article, Stein speaks of our "uniquely privileged nation with uniquely privileged citizens, young and old." But how is ignorance a "privilege?" There are probably more young people in France, Germany and Russia who can name the last eight American presidents than there are here.

## Our Pyramid, Their Apex

"The Yanks Are Coming" crowed the music feature in *Newsweek* (4/9/84). "It was a time of triumph for American music: three major world premières in the space of eight days late last month. . . ." In Cologne, there was Steve Reich's "The Desert Music"; in Stuttgart, Philip Glass's "Akhnaten"; in Rome, another Glass opera.

["Akhnaten"] deals with the Egyptian pharaoh whom legend identifies as the first worshiper of a single deity. In *Oedipus and Akhnaten* by gadfly historian Immanuel Velikovsky, [the pharaoh] is also tagged as the fellow who pioneered in the notion of killing of father and marrying of mother. But Glass's libretto -- a composite of work by Egyptologist Shalom Goldman, stage designers Robert Israel and Richard Riddel and choreographer Jerome Robbins -- ignores this aspect. . . . The dramatic text is a hodgepodge of ancient languages. . . .

Glass is also famous for "Einstein on the Beach" ("it's hard to tell where words end and music begins"), while Reich's previous European premières include "Tehillim," a setting of Hebrew psalm texts, and "Satyagraha," based on Gandhi's early life.

*Newsweek's* critic Alan Rich says the explanation for all of these big European(?) commissions is "relatively simple: Europe hasn't many hero-composers of its own these days."

If American Jews like Reich and Glass wish to compose endlessly on subject matter deriving from Egypt, Palestine, India and so forth, why don't they stage their premières in those nations -- using musicians, stage designers and audiences of Third World quality? Why should they get to exploit the incredibly rich musical and theatrical resources of countries like Germany for the sake of their fundamentally anti-European themes?

The situation in music is similar to that found throughout contemporary culture. Take the movies, where "boy wonder" director Steven Spielberg gets to tap into the rich talents of Majority technicians -- and the rich cash box of the American public -- with blatantly Judaistic (and Germanophobic) material like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Spielberg is basically just the "idea man" in the set-up, who straddles a great agglomeration of Majority step-and-fetch-its and, with his Jewish pals, decides what the world will be seeing and talking about next. But, like talk, ideas are cheap. And so is the minimalist music of composers Reich and Glass ("chug-chug-chug" goes the background for five minutes in one Glass opus; then "chuga-chuga-chuga" for another five).

## The Mob and the Major Parties

The Cosa and Kosher Nostras, which have always been active in some of the biggest municipal governments and a few state governments, continue to muscle into the top echelons of the Republican and Democratic parties. Jackie Presser, the head gangster of the gangster-ridden Teamsters' Union, has been getting red-carpet treatment from the White House and in return gave Reagan the Teamsters' endorsement, one of the very few Reagan received from Big Labor.

Then there is Senator Paul Laxalt, once the partner of a known crook and mob associate in a Nevada casino, who boasts about his close friendship with Moe Dalitz, one of the founding members of the Cleveland mob, to which Bill Presser, Jackie's gangster father, also belonged. Since the death of Meyer Lansky, Dalitz qualifies as America's leading Jewish mobster. Here is what Laxalt has to say about his dear friend:

He's been so decent and honorable with me over the years. I don't care what the political considerations would be, there is no way I would turn my back on him.

Laxalt, whose political career was given its first shot in the arm by convicted felon Hank Greenspun, the Las Vegas press lord, was chairman of the 1984 Reagan-Bush reelection campaign and also serves as the general chairman of the Republican National Committee. No elected politician is closer to Reagan except Bush. At last report, Laxalt is suing the *Sacramento Bee* for \$250 million for saying that large sums of money were skimmed from a Nevada gambling joint during the time Laxalt was a part owner.

Another dear friend of Ronnie and Nancy's is Frank Sinatra, whose singing career was launched and nourished by the Mafia. A close political pal is the recently indicted "on leave" Secretary of Labor, Ray Dono-

van, whose construction business, much to his present distress, had some embarrassing contacts with the Mafia.

All of these gentlemen mentioned so far have been ardent supporters of Israel. The Teamsters' Union has bought at least \$40 million worth of Israel's shaky securities with the hard-earned money of its membership. Altogether, it is estimated that Big Labor has "invested" over \$140 million in the Zionist state.

On the Mondale side we have the Ferraro-Zaccaro factor. Congresswoman Ferraro has a husband who has had some dealings with the mob and whose father had many such dealings. Neither she nor her husband will answer questions about the family's connections to the Mafia beyond admitting that Mr. Zaccaro had rented space to a Mafia pornography ring. Zaccaro's father, Philip, was a character witness for John Profaci, one of Zoo City's leading gangsters, and the Zaccaro family loaned \$250,000 over the years to Michael LaRosa, a prominent Mafioso, who repaid the favor by helping to finance two of Geraldine's campaigns for Congress and her campaign for vice-president.

So it didn't matter who won the election. Either way organized crime would have its usual entrée into the White House. It may not be as intimate a connection as in the days when President Kennedy and Sam Giancana were taking turns sleeping with high-flying moll Judith Exner, but it's nevertheless a connection. As many American politicians have ruefully learned, once you let the mobsters in the door for any reason, it's as difficult to get them out again as it was to close Pandora's Box.

## Brezhnev a White Survivalist?

*Weapons and Hope*, a new book by Freeman Dyson, one of the world's leading physicists, recounts on page 183 an extremely interesting conversation between Prime Minister Thatcher and Chairman Brezhnev at the time of their first state meeting:

At the end of the second day she remarked that she was happy to discover that there were no urgent problems threatening to bring the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union into conflict. Brezhnev then replied with some emphatic words in Russian. Thatcher's interpreter hesitated and instead of translating Brezhnev's remark asked him to repeat it. Brezhnev repeated it and the interpreter translated: **Madam, there is only one important question facing us, and that is the question whether the white race will survive.** Thatcher was so taken aback that she did not venture either to agree or to disagree with this sentiment. She made her exit without further comment.

## Misanthropic Philanthropists

Where do all those violence-prone, anti-Majority, left-wing groups like the National Anti-Klan Network get their dough? A story in the *New York Times* (Sept. 23) gave a clue or two. There is a coalition of 11 minority foundations with high-sounding names which specialize in funneling funds to just about every antiwhite organization under the sun.

The mother hen of these cash cornucopias is Helen Buttenweiser, the wife of old Kuhn, Loeb patriarch, Benjamin Buttenweiser. The Buttenweisers were the ones who took in and sheltered Alger Hiss when his lies got him entangled with the law and the statute of limitations allowed him to duck a spy charge for a lighter perjury rap. It was Mrs. Buttenweiser who loaned \$60,000 to Mrs. Robert Soblen for bail for her Communist spy husband, Robert Soblen, who later jumped bail and fled to England, where he committed suicide.

The foundations Mrs. Buttenweiser has been sponsoring sport such off-putting names as Carbonel (named for a pet cat), Abelard (named for a family dog), Pearl River (to pretend a southern connection), Muskiwinni (named after a Minnesota lake), Children's Defense Fund, and the 777 and Incognito Foundations. Altogether they dole out \$2.5 million a year to various outfits that have it in for the Majority -- doubtfully female feminists, unreconstructed Indians, black racists, anti-social socialists, Haitian refugees, anti-nuke kooks and unilateral disarmers. Last year four of the 11 foundations, which operate together under the name of the Joint Foundation Support (122 E. 42nd St., Zoo City) gave money to the National Anti-Klan Network, whose literature and activities are a continual incitement to violence against whites and which is close to being a private SMERSH of Jewish millionaire mail-order king Morris Dees.

So far only Mrs. Buttenweiser, now approaching 79, and John H. Guttfreund, the head of Phibro-Salomon, the huge Wall Street investment conglomerate, have stepped forward and admitted their links to the foundation cartel. As for the others, it doesn't take much imagination to guess the kind of people hiding behind all the false-front anonymity. When one of the faceless donors was asked the reason for the secrecy, he emphasized his concern for his personal security and the security of his children. He evinced no concern for the security of white families endangered by the hate literature put out by some of the groups his money is supporting.

