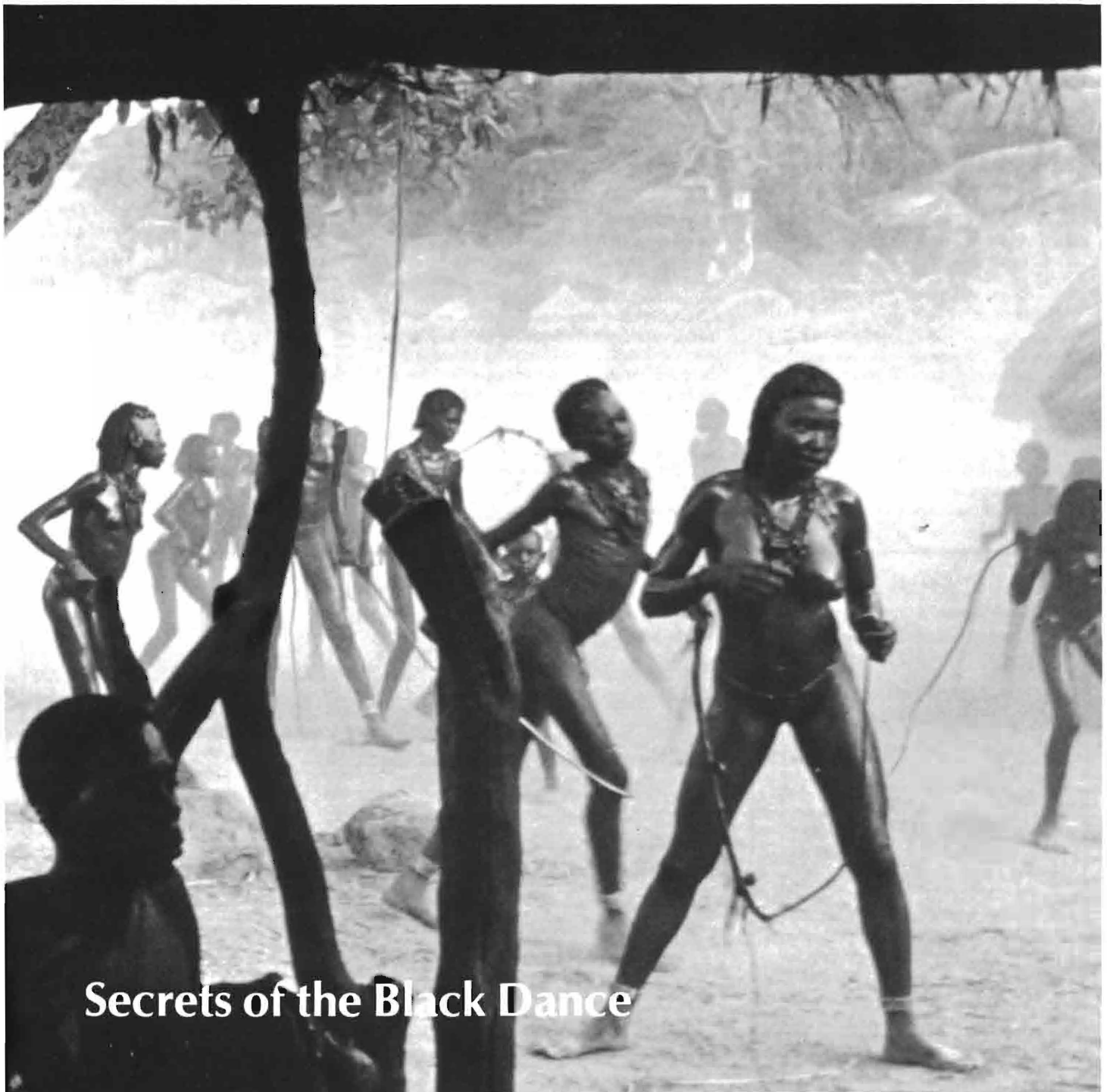


δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχι.

Instauration®

VOL. 11, NO. 12

NOVEMBER 1986



Secrets of the Black Dance

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

Minority antics seem quite explicable to me. What I cannot fathom is the often bizarre behavior of the numerous Majority loonies in our midst. A neighbor recently told me about her grown daughter, who is easily recognized as a Majority type. Her husband has blue eyes and red hair. They are both in their late 20s, live in a rural area and want to have a family. Judging from their appearance, the pair could be expected to produce some decent offspring. This option was discarded in favor of the adoption process. They chose the 10-year-old daughter of a dead Vietnamese couple. Wading into the bureaucratic swamp, they managed to secure their new "daughter" after a considerable wait and the payment of nearly \$10,000. But following a short period of family bliss, she became extremely lonely for people of her own kind. Her "parents" promptly responded by selling their farm and moving into a large city where she could regularly attend a Vietnamese social center. The saga continues with their new home being gradually transformed into an Asian cultural hall. With large numbers of Majority twits such as these running loose, how can we honestly be optimistic?

142

Connie Connor, the Canadian ambassador's wife's secretary, should have slapped back hard, told Mrs. Godlieb to take her job and shove it, then walked out.

038

The Aryan Nations group is now so heavily infiltrated with G-men and so completely wired no member will be able to go to the bathroom without the FBI knowing about it.

411

Since there are thousands of criminals and misfits loose out there, I must get a gun to protect myself. Certainly the police cannot protect me. My right to life means that I have a right to protect it. If it takes a gun for me to do so, then I am entitled to have a gun. This is what the Constitution provides. If liberals don't want me to have a gun, then let them remove what caused me to need one in the first place.

799

Water has had a lot to do with the Kennedys' disasters. Teddy at Chappaquiddick and JFK, who was the only officer to get his PT boat, which lay dead in the water, sunk by "collision" with a Japanese destroyer. When PT boat veterans get together, they talk about this feat of seamanship. JFK's "heroism" occurred after his ship was sunk. No one asks how it got sunk.

606

Let's assume that the time is tomorrow and we now have an amendment to the Constitution permitting prayers in public schools. According to my religion, I need this big brass idol before me when I pray, so I will have Dad take it to school for me in his pickup truck on Saturday. In my religious devotions, I always have to paint my face a little and wear these crazy robes, furry hat and noisy charms. I must also chime my chimes, ding a bell, rub some beads, roll a handfull of bones and burn a lot of smelly razorback incense while I chant at the top of my voice and dance around wildly. I have to be careful to do all of this in the right order, or it could start raining outside or cause an earthquake. It's happened! Once a month we normally sacrifice a maiden to the idol. It boosts collections. We can do that at recess. The problem will be to find a qualified maiden in our school. You know what I mean. We may have to borrow one from the kindergarten class.

902

In February 1950, Joe McCarthy made his famous speech about Commies in the State Department. Later he also talked about the queers there. Both these categories were thought of at that time as security risks because they were so open to blackmail. Soon his attacks on queers ceased and Joe concentrated on the Commie issue. When the Republicans gained control of the Senate in 1953, McCarthy became head of the Government Operations Committee. Hearst columnist George Sokolsky recommended Roy Cohn as his chief counsel. Joe, wanting to curry favor with the Jews and wary of the anti-Semitic tag (the names that were coming to light all seemed to be Jewish), hired him. Cohn quickly dragged Joe down with his gumshoe investigations and his obnoxious behavior. In his book, *The Center*, Stewart Alsop says the reason Joe dropped the queer attack is that some bright researcher at the Republican National Committee had read the Kinsey Report and pointed out (falsely) that 10% of American males were fruits. Sumner Welles had been Undersecretary of State until Cordell Hull got FDR to can him because he was a fairy. I don't know if Welles stacked the department with fruits, but I have heard that at one time the Foreign Service was very attractive to them, especially such posts as Morocco.

449

It's time to say something about the pathetic attempts of the U.S. religious right, especially the fundamentalist Protestants, to capture a mite of the opinion-forming action in the media. The fundprotos want to counter the trend toward secular humanism and moral indifference. With good reason, they look at the cesspools of our great cities as the spawning ground of immorality, but they refuse to connect trends with their behind-the-scenes makers. The myopia is illustrated in their willingness to embrace all the fluff and effluvia of "neo-conservatism." Talk about allowing the enemy into the tent!

356

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Integration was sold to us on an economic basis. Most fair-minded Americans were convinced that if we assisted the blacks into the middle class, peace would result and they would be part of the produce-and-consume racket. We would be doing the decent thing. It all turned out to be so, so wrong.

666

I strongly suggest that you consider adding a section to the magazine on what others are doing to become Instaurationists. I am not speaking of starting a movement, and I am not speaking of articles starting with, "What the government ought to do is . . ." I certainly am not speaking about building a cabin in the woods and going back to nature. Those are not the ways to build a better future. We want Instaurationists to inherit the world. It cannot be done with violence. It can only be done with strong minds being fed sound, constructive ideas, and by developing in every Instaurationist a strong sense of individual responsibility and accountability. The Instaurationist must be shown first how to become a discriminist, how to discriminate for, ignoring those who protest that by discriminating for something you automatically discriminate against something or someone else. When you discriminate for something, you normally do so on the basis of your own high standards. Arguments to the contrary are only trying to intimidate you into lowering your standards.

290

Mainstream America, the old America that once mounted its famous charges for God and country against the Demon Rum and all the isms of days gone by, is culturally impotent. It isn't a pretty sight, this Real America passing away forever. We all owe a big debt of gratitude to the old-line Protestant fundamentalist moralists of those years.

060

Though his father was a Stalinist, Alex Cockburn's ancestors were famous lawyers and judges. He's your typical snotty Englishman who views the whole political process as one enormous schoolboy prank. The strict libel laws in England have forced British journalists to use code words and indirection. Cockburn continues that tradition. But his \$10,000 "fee" from an Arab Institute was out of character. Didn't he know he was handing the ADL and the JDL a club they would use at the most opportune time?

943

In the spirit of Hands Across America and Live Aid, I am organizing Wetbacks in Reverse. Thousands of whites will line up on the USA side of the Rio Grande, swim and wade to the Mexican side and march to Mexico City to take any job offered. After a few hours of employment, the group will take orders only if spoken in English and will agitate for equal rights before the Mexican Civil Liberties Commission. Those who speak Spanish will appear on TV to decry the lack of bilingualism in the Mexican schools. Let's see how they like it.

810

I am currently a junior at a Midwestern college, with a double major in political science and journalism. My college is an "international" campus, which means it is polluted with all sorts of exotic creatures. If you don't want it, we have it. I would opt to attend another college in our fair state, but the racial composition of other campuses is even worse. And since my parents are typical middle-class whites, I must pay my way through school, which eliminates choosing a private university. Uncle Sam doesn't allow me to receive any funds for my education. I don't fit the racial needs test.

Zip Withheld

Instauration is a magazine that says what you think.

966

Some years ago I read an article in Scientific American describing, as a result of an actual experiment, how a dog under water would soon die because it could not rid itself fast enough of the carbon dioxide it produced in breathing. The dog killed itself with its own excessive wastes. The suggestion was made that the same thing would happen to a man under water. My thought was that it could happen to man almost anywhere. We regularly hear that crime is a cancer in our society. I once had explained to me that cancer is an affliction of the body's cells acting to prevent them from ridding themselves of their waste. It was like building a fine house, then afterward throwing all of the leftover debris back inside. The retained body wastes either become a toxin, slowly poisoning the body, or become a growth which enlarges to the point of strangling a vital body organ. The cancer in our society is the legislators, lawyers and judges who see to it that our human trash is allowed to remain in or return to our communities to poison or strangle them. An old-time sheriff had the authority to tell someone undesirable to get out of town by sundown and stay out. No more. Members of The Order and others who have been jailed for attempting to overthrow the government were only trying to overthrow a government that had already been overthrown. They wanted to get it back to what it was originally intended to be.

729

The story of how I discovered Instauration is an interesting one. In a political science course on "extremism" (to my Jewish professor all "extremists" are on the right of the political spectrum), a copy of Instauration was passed around. One student, a Jewess, called the professor "anti-Semitic" for showing us a copy of the magazine! I, however, was intrigued by its intellectual approach to racism, the scholarly articles and the cogent political and social analysis -- I had been searching for such a publication for a long time. I attempted to write down the address without being noticed, for fear that the rabid Jewess might try to bludgeon me with the tacky and gross golden Star of David she wore around her neck. I failed. The prof asked me why I was writing down the address. "Why, to send a letter of protest," I replied. Enclosed in this "letter of protest" is my check for a year's student subscription.

802

They let Gore Vidal's stuff be published because they do not fear him and his kind.

222

I watched the TV "Rehnquist" (Sen. Orrin Hatch's word for it) go on day after day with all the Democratic leftwingers getting in their bootlicking for the black vote. I heard day after dreary day the horrid details of Rehnquist's "past" -- how he really wasn't for busing, how he wanted people to be able to read before they could vote, how he was "insensitive," especially about anti-Negro and anti-Jewish covenants in deeds, how he was against ERA and affirmative action. God, I hope it's all true!

327

Anyone who's ever been active in a pro-white organization knows that you can't organize around Nordic supremacy or superiority. Any Nordacist political organization would quickly find itself redefining racial categories! Beautiful poetry it is; reality, no.

306

In response to Gore Vidal's attack on the dual loyalists in the Nation, its Jewish editor replied that Gore was an "ironist." I am happy to discover finally what Instauration is: a venture in irony. When we say it, it is anti-Semitism; when Vidal plagiarizes us, it is irony. I last heard from Vidal in the pages of a recent Utne Reader: "[W]ith maddened neo-fascist Jewish American publicists firing blintzes at me, I may never finish my opera, 'Springtime for Waldheim.'" I say that is not irony, but typical, immature fruitcake humor.

322

Jack Kemp's brain is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Kristol-Podhoretz-Decter faction. If he ever gets into the White House, he has the shining example of Israel and New York City to guide him in running the economy. Kemp's just another Majority airhead who thinks "Jewish" and "intellectual" are synonymous.

015

Source, Please

An anonymous subscriber recently sent us a newspaper clipping that was only identified by a date (8/23/86) that he had written in ink. It was a cutting of a column by someone named L.M. Boyd. What interested us was the last paragraph, which went as follows:

Crime lab technicians can find out whether a human skeleton was a white or a black by crushing the teeth to a fine powder. Under ultraviolet light, a white's glow green. A black's, reddish orange.

Interesting, if true. If the subscriber who sent us the clipping is reading these words, we'd appreciate it if he would let us know the name of the newspaper. We'd like to track L.M. Boyd down and find out where he got his facts. Teeth that glow in different colors under ultraviolet light are what we would call an illuminating racial difference.

□ The Majority and Instauration are going in opposite directions. The magazine is trying to revive the eugenics and scientific racism of the period 1890-1945. This may be rational, but it has been obsoleted by military power. For whatever reasons and on whatever level, Adolf Hitler decided not to be the savior of Nordic humanity. He did the opposite. All Adolf would have had to do was cultivate Joe Stalin, who hated Jews as much as he did, and bide his time while developing the atom bomb and the missiles. A large segment of the Majority is now burying its head in fundamentalist Christianity. Its nuttiness provides something of a screen for the group, as kosher cooking once did for the Jews and still does for the Orthodox. All those cult doctrines really signify is that a member must really be dying for friendship to put up with such asinine habits and beliefs.

208

□ Those who have cable TV or home satellites can use C-SPAN public broadcasting as an outlet for their views. C-SPAN has a telephone call-in session twice a day and is quite fair about fielding questions and comments of a "sensitive" nature. The viewing audience is large, perhaps close to a million. Sobran was given three-quarters of an hour in July and was treated pretty decently.

563



□ The discussion of cultural values in this country is often limited to how they can be transferred to America's "deprived." The line of argument runs as follows: since mainstream (white) Americans possess many more cultural riches than do our gaily plumed minority clans, the former should "move over" on the great big social bus of America and make way for "de odduh peoples to gits ders." This simplistic vision of culture-as-commodity is presumed to make possible, in some unidentified way, a means of cultural osmosis for the minorities.

Modern liberalism in America has been partly built upon this premise. Integration for the sake of minority cultural uplift is the very centerpiece of public policy. Stripped down to its essentials, liberal theory says, if we can put up with the incredible social dysfunctions of our unwashed long enough, everyone will benefit. Now that a generation of integration has passed, we may wonder if this proposition is not the wildest form of wishful thinking.

It is almost painfully obvious to anyone who has ever bothered to study the garbage-strewn filth of our urban landscape that something is very wrong with America's social policies. Prior to the 1960s, many (if not most) of the racially segregated black neighborhoods in America had a kind of cultural identity. Negro communities in the south, if relatively poor, were at least functional. Schools and colleges in Dixie fairly accurately matched black needs and abilities. In the north, smaller pockets of Negroes lived and managed to get by. Most objective viewers chalked up the Negroes' lower standard of living to genetic limitations, not to Majority mean-spiritedness. The exceptions that proved the rule were the few ambitious and talented Negroes who made quite a splash in the sports and entertainment world. Harlem in the 1920s produced music, poetry and literature that excited large black and white audiences, while ethnic politics began to generate a whole army of Negro community leaders.

Forced racial integration in the 50s and 60s, however, turned out to be a disaster for blacks as well as whites. Belying the promise of the liberal social model, Negro communities slid backward into crime, drugs, year-round welfare, fatherless families and litters of illegitimate children. All the obvious indices of social decay soared when Lyndon Johnson and his Great Society took over. The cultural osmosis just didn't "osmose."

Today, we need a new cultural paradigm -- one that more accurately charts the course of racial interrelationships, one that will allow us to make better predictions about the future impact of social policies designed to change our way of life. Such a model might induce us to adopt a neo-segregationist program offering social separation, but economic integration. Or it might suggest new avenues of racial organization, including political as well as social separation. One thing is clear: for both races, mass integration has produced more social and cultural minuses than social and cultural pluses.

220

□ As a former employee of a real estate management firm responsible for 15 buildings in Chicago, I would like to comment on "Life Among the Barbarians" (July 1986). Too many young white women forget they are no longer on the college campus where everybody is "friendly." Blacks misinterpret their friendly ways, thinking it is a come-on. Sometimes it is. If the black has "had a few," all caution is thrown to the wind and he feels murderous when his advances are rebuffed. As for you, Zip 200, why in hell are you still living in that building? The minute you heard about the murder, you should have packed up and called the movers.

606

□ I note that Sobran's column mentioning Instauration has caused a veritable storm of controversy and brought forth a barrage of criticism and condemnation. I believe -- and all evidence seems to point in that direction -- that any report or review, however modestly written and containing just one sentence of approbation for Northern European ethnicity, is strictly forbidden in the "Free World." Perhaps the unjust and one-sided criticism of Instauration by the Cohens, Chapmans and Cockburns will generate a reverse effect. It may eventually produce the same aftermath as the books-banned-in-Boston syndrome, and Howard Allen will be inundated with subscriptions.

333

□ The article on Thoreau (Feb. 1986) points up a diversity in the views of Instaurationists. This subscriber is no admirer of Thoreau. While the article's assertion that Thoreau wrote of a more serene U.S. might appear, at first glance, to be correct, the time of his floruit was actually very unserene because of the destructive abolitionist doctrines which he fully supported. Thoreau and other so-called Yankee intellectuals, together with the radical abolitionist preachers, were largely responsible for the conditions that brought on the destruction of our constitutional republic. They tore the social fabric of the country apart by enthroning the doctrine of equality and perverting liberty into license. We hear the resounding echo of this madness today in forced integration at home and sanctions on South Africa. Pharisaism (man's rules of social conduct, not the Scriptures) is now the state religion in the once Christian USA. The government schools, churches and all agencies of information must teach the religion of equality so that black equals white, woman equals man, child equals parent, queer equals straight and criminal equals just.

The "bountiful journals" of Henry Thoreau contain this gem which eulogizes the murderous abolitionist, John Brown: "Some 1,800 years ago, Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are two ends of a chain which is not without its links. He is not Old Brown any longer; he is an angel of light . . ." Thoreau and others of the New England intelligentsia confirmed the writings of St. Paul in Romans (1:22): "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

742

□ A few months ago I had the good fortune to spend a few lazy days in Boston. Coming from the darkest reaches of Chocolate City (your capital and mine), it was nothing short of shocking to find a major American metropolis somewhat racially intact. Whites were everywhere! I found myself staring disbelievingly at the handsome countenances of people who could actually be members of my own family. Within a short time, the visitor develops the Bostonians' odd habit of actually smiling at each other. It is hardly surprising that in such an environment life takes on a new dimension of personal civility. The difference between everyday experiences in relatively homogeneous Boston and in crisis-ridden spiritual Moholes like New York, Philadelphia and Washington is gigantic.

Boston, lest we forget, is made up of two dominant cultures: (1) the old Congregationalist-Unitarian "New England Establishment" that built most of the institutions that once spelled out the cultural direction of this country; (2) the Irish-Catholic community, at one time immigrant, then blue-collar, now firmly ensconced in its own cultural niche. The historical antipathy of both groups is overemphasized. Because both come from the same part of the world, because they share a good slice of cultural commonality, because in the main and at least in the U.S., though, unfortunately, not in the Emerald Isle, they both have grown to tolerate and accept in large part each other's long- and short-comings, Boston -- culturally speaking -- really works.

201

□ To Zip 782 and others who complained about the picture of Leo Frank's dangling corpse on Instaurations' cover: Trust us. Frank's executioners were indeed "judges, businessmen and ministers." But such people have more class than to stand around and have their photographs taken by a swinging corpse. Those folks in the picture may well have been the models for characters in *Deliverance*, but they were just the hangers-on and the curious crowd that gathers after such events in any area of the world, not the leaders of Georgia society.

By the way, I was really struck by the objection that a dangling corpse was in "bad taste." Just the other day I received a fund-raising letter from Morris Dees which included a color photograph of an alleged Negro corpse which Dees claimed had been lynched by the Ku Klux Klan. I haven't heard the people on his side say a word about his bad taste, but I'll bet it raised a pile of money for him to carry on his anti-Majority work.

300

Majority Renegade of the Year

Nominations for Majority Renegade of the Year are now being accepted. If your nominee is not well known, it would be helpful if you could include some newspaper clippings or other biographical info.

□ I like to play with phrases. A good phrase, and one that has ushered in the most recent period of racial thinking, is "race and reality." That combination of words, which is the title of a famous book, does suggest something. The writer has a concept of race and a concept of reality, and he links the two to make race a part of reality. Unfortunately, there is some uncertainty and timidity here. As much as I like "race and reality," I like another phrase even better: "Race is real."

This choice of words conjures up something definite, something that comes right out and says what is on the writer's mind, namely, that race is actually a part of reality -- it "participates in reality," to use the Platonic formula. Although the relation between race and reality is solidly stated here, the idea that race is real should be made more definite because, obviously, there are things other than race that are also real. So we need a stronger phrase. How about race is reality or reality is race?

What is being said here is that all there is to reality is race, a reality that can never be confused with something else because there is nothing else. Now the phrase commands respect because it is determined and resolute. The writer is willing to say it all and not leave anything, in the spirit of timidity or fear of reprisal, unsaid.

619

□ Action may be close at hand or it may be some way off. One point I want to make -- and this relates to the people who have been critical of my "obscurity" (see especially the *Safety Valve*, June 1986) -- is that calm reflection, even if detached and abstract, is closer to action than feeling.

For example, my days of getting steamed up over the media are over. Though occasionally I sense a ripple of anger, emotion has been largely replaced by deliberation. This deliberation, which is still very general and formulates itself as a theory of society, may not lead to my own action or someone else's action today or tomorrow. But time is really not so important.

A humble appliance, such as a toaster, refuses to toast. You first feel anger and frustration. You may even blame the object personally and want to throw it on the floor. But then you get some self-control and shove the toaster away in a gesture that shows you are about to forget the whole thing. Your mind is now entirely vacant, as you recover your usual equilibrium. But then you begin to have second thoughts. You wonder how you will get by without the appliance. Then you wonder why the appliance broke in the first place. Sooner or later you will pick up the toaster and start fiddling with it and taking it apart. The process I am describing, beginning with anger, has to advance through reflection before action is possible.

When we are hung up in the emotionalism of the daily newspaper, we are stewing in our own juices -- often with serious health consequences. How serene it is, however, to live in the calm world of philosophy, where the path to action winds its way through the gentle countryside of thought and reflection!

Richard Swartzbaugh

□ At a newsstand recently I saw a local rag which had as a main story "the joys of being in a bilingual classroom." I said to myself, "Here it comes." All they did was take the old stories about the joys of integration and change the words to bilingual. Of course, they feature Anglo kids spouting nonsense about learning another culture. Spare me, please.

790

□ I cannot see why racism should not be a constructive proposal. It is a scientifically ascertained fact that man's nature, his psychological and spiritual traits included, is largely determined by heredity. It seems logical to suppose not only that individuals live the most satisfactory lives in an environment of similarly constituted fellow beings, but also that living amidst his own kind, man in general -- as persons and as communities -- can attain the highest cultural levels. In other words, starting with the fact of the distinct identity of a human group, the attempt to preserve that identity and to create adequate conditions for its development is a logical ideal. This ideal, in principle, doesn't need to be translated in terms of "ruling or being ruled," but in terms of separation. I admit that where the mixing has reached a rather advanced state, separation is a goal not easily to be pursued. But it doesn't cease for that reason to be a logical ideal -- and a constructive proposal.

Belgian subscriber



SECRETS OF THE BLACK DANCE

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA “introduces a different art history, a history of *danced* art.” Its traditional sculptors are “more influenced by the vital body in implied motion, by forms of flexibility, than by realism of anatomy.”

Black mothers tell their children, “The way you walk signals your station in life.” The Dan people of Liberia “live in a state of constant critical awareness of bodily motion.” Even a good-looking Dan youth is chastised if he walks or holds his head in the wrong fashion.

These are a few of the opening observations made by Yale University’s doggedly Afrocentric white professor, Robert F. Thompson, in his 1974 book, *African Art in Motion* (University of California Press). Thompson’s Europhobic tendencies have already been recounted in *Instauration* (Oct. 1984, p. 19). Although he may be something of a racial renegade, his work performs a real service for raciologists. To go into his ideas more extensively, we list his ten “canons of fine form” in sub-Saharan art in the order given:

1. “Ephibism: the Stronger Power that Comes from Youth.” Bodily vitality, combining speed and force, is universally admired by blacks, especially in dance. “The power of youth is suggested by other traits of African art and dance,” Thompson observes. He is referring to the quality which American jazzmen call “swing”; segmental bodily percussion; and flexibility or the “boneless” quality. Each of these three traits is vital to a basic understanding of Negro behavior worldwide.

a. “Swing,” or the “democratization of rhythmic values.” In Western music, pitch is more important than rhythm. But, as Gunther Schuller wrote in *Early Jazz* (1968):

[I]n jazz so-called weak beats (or weak parts of rhythmic units) are *not* underplayed as in “classical” music. Instead, they are brought up to the level of strong beats, and very often even emphasized *beyond* the strong beat. The jazz musician does this not only by maintaining an equality of dynamics among “weak” and “strong” elements, but also by preserving the full sonority of notes even though they may happen to fall on weak parts of a measure This consciousness of attack and sonority makes the jazz horn player tongue almost all notes, even in the fastest runs, though the effect may be that of slurring. A pure “legato” is foreign to him because he cannot then control as well the attack impulse.

Similar effects are present in nearly all black art. In an African carved head, for example, the weak elements, which are “treated with realistic softness” in the West, are either altogether absent or treated like the strong elements. In textiles, every line is emphasized equally.

b. Another key element of black music and choreography is “percussive attack,” which Thompson also calls “vital aliveness” and “artful muscularity.” The black

dancer treats the different parts of his body as “independent instruments of percussive force.”

It is usually not permissible to allow the arms to lapse into an absent-minded swaying while the legs are stamping fiercely. The dancer must impart equal life, equal autonomy, to every dancing portion of his frame. He dances his shoulders strongly; he shakes his hips strongly; he does many strong things besides move his feet. The verbs used by traditional commentators on the dance underscore the transparent value of joyous play that is involved in the remarkable process of infusing, democratically, equal life to different body parts.

c. Flexibility. In tribes all over Africa it is “one of the highest compliments” to say that a person dances as if he had no bones. Thompson calls suppleness a “priceless cultural resource” in Africa. Physical flexibility is seen as a sign of both youth and responsiveness to “change.”

2. Off-beat phrasing. Western musicians normally think of syncopation here, “the shift of accent in a passage or composition that occurs when a normally weak beat is stressed.” But, Thompson insists, “the structuring of the pulse in African music is more complicated than [jazz-style] syncopation.” For one thing, equal stress is usually imparted to every note, though both sounded and implied beats (and their analogues in the other arts) are often suspended for long or short periods.

3. “The ‘Get-Down Quality’: Descending Direction in Melody, Sculpture, Dance.” African tunes generally start high and end low. Dancers get close to the ground at critical moments. In Surinam, on the northeast coast of South America, blacks will “mark time at a dance . . . until they decide that the psychological moment to improvise has come. Then they crouch, bursting into choreographic flames, showing off marvels of footwork and muscular expression. Such displays normally last, in West Africa and Surinam, for two or three seconds.”

4. “Multiple Meter: Dancing Many Drums.” According to Thompson, “African music is distinguished from other world traditions by the superimposition of several lines of meter.” While a piece of European music has at any one moment one rhythm in command, African music “has always” anywhere from two to four. The traditional African learns to attend to each instrument in the native orchestra, because different parts of his body must dance in different ways to different instruments simultaneously. Western anthropologist Laura Bohannan, challenged to dance for a Nigerian wedding, described her preliminary training in *Return to Laughter*: “My hands and my feet were to keep time with the gongs, my hips with the first drum, my back and shoulders with the second.” The African dancer must be profoundly “alive” to the music, for any laziness or reverie will bring quick failure and the disdain of the tribe.



Zulu girls dancing



Watusi men dancing



Zulu men dancing

The cover photo, not the ones on this page, is taken from Leni Riefenstahl's album, *The Nuba*. Leni was the photographic chronicler of Nazism. Her cinematic accounts of the 1934 Party Congress at Nuremberg and the 1936 Olympic Games were so excellent they managed to break through the pre- and postwar Nazi boycotts. Jailed after the collapse of the Third Reich, Leni, when free at last, turned her camera on Africa, on a remote tribe in the Sudan, where she made a photographic study that some have equated to her previous endeavors. Her subject was not one that Hitler might have appreciated, if he had hung on, but, as they say in Zoo City, "It's a living."

The Chokwe have a saying, "Dance all the drums in your body." *Physical simultaneity* is the key to success. (A possible racial opposite is the "single-mindedness" which anthropologist Edward T. Hall finds among Nordic Europeans, who prefer doing one thing at a time, and handling information in a direct, "linear" fashion.)

5. "Looking Smart." Blacks are style-conscious, given to strutting, preening and wearing glitter. The body parts are "played" like artistic patterns. Design is not only "upon [but] deep within the flesh."

6. "Correct Entrance and Exit." The beginnings and endings of individual songs and dances must be crisp and unambiguous, because they are parts of a larger performance and virtuosity is no substitute for deference to the community.

7. Equilibrium and Balance. White Americans tend to go on their toes when they dance. Traditional black dancing is largely flat-footed stomping, although, writes Thompson, "the convention would doubtless soon wax boring, were it not honored so magnificently in the breach by kicks, spins, and leaps of certain of the men's dances." Western dance, at least recently, favors "asymmetrical posture or stylized instability." Thompson offers an artistic analogy:

If Gothic architects sought God through "anagogic" finials, pointed toward heaven, later to be mirrored, in a sense, by the desire of the ballet dancer to soar through the air, West Africans cultivate divinity through richly stabilized traditions of personal balance.

The speed of most African dances is moderated, not allowed to grow too fast nor too slow, though nearly all of this "moderately paced" dance is extremely fast by European standards. Similarly, African sculpture should be neither too abstract nor too realistic, though it all seems very abstract by traditional European standards. The point is that what seems like artistic extremity to the outsider may represent a conscious effort at moderation by the African.

8. "Call-and-Response: The Politics of Perfection." As E.E. Evans-Pritchard observed, "Most African songs are antiphonal, that is, they are sung by a soloist and a chorus." The soloist typically starts in before the chorus has finished, and vice versa. "The chorus," writes Thompson, "as in ancient Attic tragedy, is . . . a direct expression of public sanction and opinion." The arrogant dancer or singer, regardless of his talents, finds the drums or voices which support him fading in strength and fervor. The solo-chorus arrangement parallels the master-and-entourage themes in African visual art and politics.

9. "Ancestorism." The ancestors are believed to continue their existence within the dancer's body. "It is our [tribal] blood that is dancing," a Dahomean told Thompson. The dance ends normal time and brings on the Great Time. Thompson uses the written reports of early explorers to show that many traits of African song and dance have existed unchanged for centuries. One of the keenest observers was the Frenchman, Michel Adanson, who worked in Senegal from 1749 to 1754 and "was apparently the first Western man . . . to have noted the fundamental nature of percussive, total bodily dancing."

In *A Voyage to Senegal, the Isle of Goree, and the River*

Gambia (English translation, 1759), Adanson wrote:

The Negroes do not dance a step, but every member of their body, every joint, and even the head itself, expresseth a different motion, always keeping time, let it be never so quick. *And it is in the exact proportioning of this infinite number of motions that the Negroes' dexterity in dancing chiefly consists; none but those that are as supple as they, can possibly imitate their agility.*

Adding to the drama of such performances is the drumming, sometimes audible for miles around; the vigorous male collective footwork, which the explorer Stanley once described as "70 tons of flesh with one regular stamp"; the snapping of fingers; and the chanting, of which Thompson writes: "Those who have worked in Africa know with what inexorable penetration the refrains to call-and-response singing can sometimes lodge themselves in our consciousness, like the sound of the sea, to be heard in the mind hours after the performers have disbanded"

Black children raised in this communal tradition understandably acquire a self-confidence which "bursts into full brilliance" when they begin to dance, and a conviction that they can "never be utterly annihilated," since their physical vitality will be carried on by dancing descendants until the end of time.

10. "Coolness." A cool person never hides, but lives and dances with the greatest clarity. According to Thompson, black Africans believe that "nothing should or can remain unrevealed in viable society." A craving for privacy is suspect. (The American or Afro-American concept of "cool," epitomized by eye-covering "shades," seems contrarily to encourage a certain haughty secrecy. Blacks in white society often seem to relish the relative anonymity and night-time invisibility provided by their own dark "masks.") The Tiv people of Nigeria say that a good dancer "shoots darkness," by reducing social friction through his athletic grace. "The chiefs keep themselves peaceful when they are dancing," one African told Thompson.

The Biology Behind the Fancy Stepping

In summary, most forms of black African art are directly or indirectly related to Negro-style dancing. Thompson reports that the various African verbs for "to dance" are generally more widely applied than are our own. A child will "dance" (spin or play with) a top, a man will "dance" (swing) a cutlass. The Negro believes instinctively that "things [are] made more impressively themselves by motion."

In his book, *Race*, the late British biologist John R. Baker recounted early European reactions to African movement which were quite unlike those favored by Thompson:

Most of the native dances witnessed by the explorers were of a voluptuous type. One must make allowance for the fact that there was reserve about sexual matters in Europe during a part of the nineteenth century, and Livingstone, as a missionary, could not be expected to approve; but Speke, Du Chaillu and Fynn were what are called "men of the world," and they too regarded these dances as grossly obscene. Speke, for instance, saw a dance of the Madi at a place east of the Nile . . . "A more indecent or savage spec-

tacle I never witnessed," he remarks. The men and women "made the most grotesque and obscene motions to one another." Schweinfurth says of a Bongo dance, "The license of their revelry is of so gross a character that the representation [drawing] of one of my interpreters must be suppressed" Du Chaillu "abominated" what he saw at a dance of the Commi tribe. The people lost all control at the sound of the tom-tom; "the louder and more energetically the horrid drum is beaten, the wilder are the jumps of the male African, and the more disgustingly indecent the contortions of the women." On another occasion women of the same tribe performed "such dances as are not seen elsewhere . . . every woman was furiously tipsy, and thought it a point of honour to be more indecent than her neighbour." At a dance of a group of women of the Oroungou tribe, "To attain the greatest possible indecency of attitude seemed to be the ambition of all six." "If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum," writes Livingstone of the Makololo (*Ka*) dance, "it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate even." Fynn tells us that the Zulu dancers "make the most indecent gestures; the songs, too, which accompany the dancing are of the most indecent kind."

Baker hastens to add that "the ceremonial and marital dances . . . were of an entirely different character, and elicited nothing but praise from the explorers."

What accounts for this unique black aesthetic? Behind Thompson's ten canons are several fundamental elements of racial biology.

1. Mesomorphy. Constitutional psychologists report that the Negro is among the most muscular of races. Even in Kenya and Ethiopia, where he is commonly lean, he is well-muscled (like some lean Nordics, but unlike the peoples of the Mediterranean and India).

2. Lack of physical refinement. Blacks have thick skulls and tough skins, as every white prizefighter learns.

3. Loose-jointedness.

4. Jumping ability.

5. Dark pigmentation. American eye-color researchers have found that, throughout the animal kingdom, from insects on up, light eyes correlate positively with *deliberate* or *self-paced* behavior (which tends to be slow and finely controlled), while dark eyes tend to accompany *reactive* behavior (which, by necessity, is often fast and grossly controlled). This relationship seems less mysterious when one realizes that eye color has strong correlations with the structure and behavior of the entire glandular system. (See Carleton S. Coon's *Racial Adaptations*.) Clearly, dancing with all parts of one's body in time to instruments which are following two to four independent rhythms is about the most reactive behavior conceivable.

6. Low IQ level. A slow-witted person is less likely to be distracted from his physical pleasures by mental pursuits. Furthermore, what Thompson calls the "democratization of [artistic] values" is probably a good deal less intentional than he suggests. The "choice" of rejecting realistic softness in favor of uniformly strong elements (and absent elements) is possibly no more voluntary for the average black African carver than for the average 10-year-old European.

7. Facial inexpressiveness. Negroid (like Mongoloid)

facial musculature is cruder than its Caucasoid counterpart, as Johns Hopkins anatomist Ernst Huber has demonstrated. Furthermore, as J.C. and A.M. Hare observed, "In darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things . . ." For both of these reasons, the Negro artist is forced to concentrate on major bodily motion and blunt expression to a greater degree than, say, the poet Tennyson, who also wrote (*A Dream of Fair Women*): "At length I saw a lady within call/Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there . . ."

The totality of Negro behavior and character is greater -- i.e., more marked -- than the sum of these and other parts would lead one to expect. And yet these biological traits alone virtually necessitate the sort of aesthetic which the Anglo-visaged Robert F. Thompson so lovingly describes.

If Nordic naturalists can adore the ways of wildcats and porpoises, why not those of *Homo sapiens afer* as well? Once Thompson or his followers learn to tone down their defensive Europhobia, no friend of the white race could object to their work.

IQ determines job performance

TWO SOCIOLOGISTS BLAST TWO SOCIOLOGICAL ARTICLES OF FAITH

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Psychological Association last August had never heard anything like it. Pure, unadulterated heresy -- that's what it was! Two prominent Johns Hopkins sociologists, Drs. Robert A. Gordon and Linda S. Gottfredson, presented papers that radically deviated from and may eventually bury two sacred social science doctrines about the cause of the soaring Negro crime rate and the effect of education, training and experience on job performance.

It has long been a canon of modern liberalism that SES (social economic status) is a key ingredient in the making of criminals. It goes like this: most Negroes have low SES; ergo, they are vastly overrepresented in lawlessness. Although several studies have demonstrated that whites with low SES do not commit crimes in anywhere near the same proportion as Negroes, the low SES rationale continues to be a basic prop of liberal ideology.

In his iconoclastic paper, Professor Gordon, an unabashed believer in racial differences in intelligence, introduced a new, almost revolutionary, element into the argument: IQ. He showed a strong, undeniable correlation of crime with low IQ -- the lower the IQ, the higher, as he phrased it, "the prevalence of delinquency." Since IQ is largely inherited and since the average black IQ is, at last report, as much as 18 points below that of the average white, crime has a significant genetic component. Gordon produced a series of court records to back up his claim that the low IQ of blacks is the best explanation for the high rate of black criminality. For example, the prevalence rate for delinquency in Philadelphia for 18-year-old males (1949-54) was whites, 17.86%; blacks, 50.86%. Now the average IQ of these delinquents hardly differed (white 86.7, black 86.3), which means they were whites of below average white intelligence and blacks of average black intelligence. In other words, the average 18-year-old black, because of his low IQ, is about three times more prone to crime than the average white. The Philadelphia population is roughly split between blacks and whites. But because almost half the black population has an IQ of 85 or lower (as compared to only 15% of the white population), there

are many more black criminals than white criminals. As a matter of fact, Gordon has the matter so well in hand that he can almost predict the number of black and white criminals by knowing the percentage of each race in the total population. Big cities are not crime-ridden because they are big or densely populated, but because they have high proportions of blacks. Tokyo, one of the largest cities in the world, remains virtually crime free.

Does all this original research mean that Gordon is beginning to cut some ice in his profession? Not likely. All the proof in the world will not jimmy open closed minds -- and most of the movers and shakers of the APA have minds encased in thick, thoughtproof steel. But there are always a few individuals in the most narrow-brained pedagogical crowd who are willing to listen to reason. Though most social scientists will undoubtedly continue to ignore or downplay any biological connection with crime, a few professional lickspittles will undertake to rebut and demolish Dr. Gordon's thesis. In so doing, they will involuntarily help spread the new tidings.

It is unnecessary to point out that Dr. Gordon's paper would have made a very newsworthy, if not sensational, story in the next day's newspapers, especially as it was delivered in the Monroe Ballroom of the Washington Hilton Hotel, in a city with more reporters per thousand population than any other (with the possible exception of Jerusalem) and more than its share of crime. Not a headline, not a subheadline, not even a blurb appeared in the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*. The liberal media continue to honor their traditional habit of shutting their eyes and ears to anything that might upset their environmental appletart.

Dr. Gottfredson's courageous (the adjective is not hyperbolic, since she will henceforth be suspect in the eyes of her colleagues) dissertation focused on another favorite sociological shibboleth -- that job performance hinges on experience, training and education. Negroes do poorly in jobs, states the liberal catechism, only because they lack education and proper training, two handicaps with an

automatic link to the third handicap, lack of job experience.

Dr. Gottfredson couldn't disagree more. Her voluminous research shows that Negroes who have a superior education, who receive sufficient on-the-job training and who consequently acquire more than enough experience, often rack up job performance records as poor as their poorly educated and poorly trained counterparts. Why? The answer, said Dr. Gottfredson, echoing her confrère, Dr. Gordon, was IQ. All the education, training and experience that can possibly be lavished on employees won't help them in their jobs if they have low IQs. Here again a genetic basis has been found for a social problem which has heretofore been regarded as being purely environmental in origin.

What compounds the problem is that much of public and private employment policy is founded on the assumptions that persons of any race regardless of their intelligence level (mental retardates excepted) can perform equally well at most jobs given the proper preparation. Drag any ghetto kid off the street, get him through high school, send him to college, find him a high-level government job, and he'll soon be functioning as well, if not better, than a middle-class white boy or girl who went through the same educational mill. Everybody, even the most fanatic Marxist social scientist, knows deep down in his thalamus that this just ain't so, that the average ghetto boy or girl cannot make it through college. Nevertheless, the proposition that equal training and experience results in equal job performance is writ in majuscules in the dogmata of modern social science.

Dr. Gottfredson has had the guts and the perseverance to organize a compelling case that disputes, if not shatters, the prevailing orthodoxy. Predictions of job performance based on previous education and training have correlations as low as .15, while mental ability tests correlate to .4 or .5. Black-white parity in jobs is an impossible goal because of the IQ difference, even though tremendous efforts in time and money have been made to bring blacks up to the white capability level. The only way to achieve black-white equality in employment is to lower work standards, which has been done in many areas of business and industry.

Dr. Gottfredson's arguments have special force in the arena of affirmative action, which assigns jobs on the basis of skin color and sex and only secondarily on education and training, the idea being that most performance shortcomings can be corrected by intensive on-the-job training. We can only imagine how negatively this policy is affecting the overall productive level of the U.S. economy, not to mention public safety. We accept that a silk purse can't be made out of a sow's ear, but Dr. Gottfredson reminds us that an effective secondary school teacher cannot be made out of a person with an IQ of less than 108.

About 85% of physicians and engineers have IQs ranging from 114 to the genius level. Yet only 1.1% of the U.S. black population, compared to 23% of the white population, meets this intellectual yardstick. About two-thirds of the nation's secondary school teachers have 108 to 134 IQs, but only 3.3% of the black population, compared to 35.2% of the white population, has IQs in this range. Only

down at the fireman and policeman level (91-117 IQ, 28.4% of the black population) and even lower down at the truck driver and meatcutter level (86-116 IQ; 42.5% of the black population) are there enough blacks to fill such job slots.

Taking another look at the above figures, anyone can see that there are simply not enough qualified blacks around to fill professional and teaching jobs that affirmative action and "public policy" quotas require. This means that either the quotas must remain unfilled or that blacks who should end up as firemen are cajoled into becoming teachers.

The principal lesson to be learned from Dr. Gordon's and Dr. Gottfredson's findings is that this country is on a collision course with reality. The economic and financial cost of minority "set asides" and of "levitating" minority members into jobs that exceed their capabilities is impossible to ascertain, but it has been immense and it is bound to increase. For one thing, such employment practices greatly weaken the country's morale by rewarding the less qualified with higher-paying jobs that can only be properly accomplished by the more qualified. It will also greatly weaken our defense in the high-tech wars likely to break out in the future.

About all we can hope for, unless and until the government pays more attention to the Gordons and Gottfredsons and less attention to their highly vocal, mentally stratified detractors, is that the Soviet Union and other political enemies and industrial rivals adopt the same senseless equalitarian policies that are hobbling us. Fortunately for them, they are not doing so.

Ponderable Quotes

It has long been my contention that the English U and non-U system, which so subtly divides people into social groups, was necessary because the majority of English people are very similar in looks and temperament Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a story that could only be Anglo-Saxon, for the blond-haired, blue-eyed son of the wicked Earl's tenant farmers might easily be exchanged for the Earl's grandson in England. This would not happen in most continental countries where the difference in appearance between the children of a peasant and those of an aristocrat is so startling that one could easily conclude they come from two entirely different races.

H.B. Brooks, managing director,
Debrett's Peerage

Ugly, fat, balding peers are rare -- save for the life peers and peers of first creation; flaxen-haired, pink-cheeked and impossibly beautiful children still tumble from the noble loins of England.

Simon Winchester,
Their Noble Lordships,
(Faber, London, 1981)

LAWBREAKERS CHEERED, LAWKEEPERS CURSED BY THE ARIZONA ESTABLISHMENT

WHILE THE EYES of Americans were forcibly riveted on New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty centennial last July, a double drama of truly monumental proportions was unfolding in southern Arizona. Two very different groups of Americans, with radically conflicting visions of the nation's future, did their very different things along the state's border with Mexico. The Memphis-based CMA or Civilian Materiel Assistance nabbed 16 illegal aliens one night at 3:45 A.M. and held them for 90 minutes until U.S. Border Patrol agents arrived. Concurrently, the so-called "sanctuary movement" continued openly flouting American immigration laws, even as eight of its leaders received suspended prison sentences and probation in federal court.

The CMA had broken no laws, yet nearly all commentators agreed that such volunteer border-patrolling had to be stopped at all costs. On the other hand, there was a near consensus that the sanctimonious people-smugglers had broken many laws, yet there was widespread rejoicing when Judge Earl H. Carroll let the criminals go with a wrist slap.

Had Arizona's double drama been an isolated happening, it would qualify as comedy. Because such injustices occur with growing frequency in this once vigilant land, it constitutes black tragedy.

On May 1, a nine-woman, three-man jury convicted eight of 11 sanctuary defendants on numerous felony counts following a six-month trial. Two months later to the day, the first five of the convicts came before Judge Carroll for sentencing. He declined to specify the length of the prison terms he was suspending, but legally permissible sentences in the case ranged up to 25 years, with fines of up to \$18,000. Placed on five years' probation were Peggy Hutchinson, Philip Willis-Conger, Sister Darlene Nicgorski and an older, somewhat apologetic Mexican woman; given three years' probation was Wendy Le Win, whose husband is a Salvadoran. The four American defendants used their right to speak before sentencing to denounce American government policies. Nicgorski's 50-minute tirade featured a slide show. Hutchinson's oration compared the American deportation of Salvadorans and Hondurans to Nazi persecution of Jews. "Never again!" she vowed, before promising to continue promoting the illegal movement. (Somehow, one doubts that members of The Order were allowed to put on slide shows before receiving their 40- to 100-year non-suspended sentences.)

The main condition initially attached to probation was that the activists cease associating with all those who illegally smuggle immigrants into the country. By late afternoon, however, Judge Carroll had wimped out on that provision too, saying that, yes, the activists could go on associating with active smugglers, provided they refrained

from smuggling and harboring illegals themselves!

On July 2, the three remaining convicts were dealt with in a similar fashion. They were Rev. John Fife, 46, of Tucson's Southside Presbyterian Church, who co-founded the movement in 1982, and two Catholic priests, Anthony Clark and Ramón Dagoberto Quiñones. Clark received three years' probation, the others five years each. In his 45-minute lecture to the court, Quiñones chastised the U.S. for "violating Mexican sovereignty" by sending an Immigration Service informant there to spy on the sanctuary movement.

After the sentencing, as reporters gathered around federal prosecutor Donald M. Reno Jr., young Philip Willis-Conger mounted a bench and gave him a Nazi-like salute. "I'm acknowledging the good German in front of me," he said. With tears gathering in his eyes, Willis-Conger likened the deportation of Central Americans to the Jewish Holocaust, saying, "It just breaks me up."

Then the eight convicts called a news conference to denounce Judge Carroll's remarks about the need for respecting laws. "Yeah," said Peggy Hutchinson, "we're going to keep working. Yeah, we're going to keep going." John Fife added: "I will continue to be the very active pastor of a congregation that continues to give sanctuary to Central American refugees." Defense attorneys Robert Hirsh, Ellen Taroshefsky and Michael Piccarreta cheered their clients on.

Judge Carroll, who had shown the defendants little sympathy during the trial, came under immense pressure from state and national politicians, who deluged him with laudatory letters about the defendants prior to sentencing. Forty-six members of Congress joined Arizona Rep. Morris K. Udall in urging leniency in light of "the humanitarian motives of the defendants." Arizona Senator Dennis DeConcini begged Carroll to let Pastor Fife "continue his work." The solon insisted that Fife was "a man who puts people and principles ahead of political and personal goals." Yet prosecutor Reno argued that Fife's public statements differed dramatically from his private comments to underground agents and informants. "There is serious question as to his motives as a leader of the sanctuary movement," said Reno.

Writing in *Human Events*, M. Stanton Evans said that illegality was "the least of [the sanctuary movement's] many sins." Whereas Instaurationists would consider its greatest sin to be the negative effect on the U.S. racial picture, Evans saw it as the "hard-left political agenda" which movement leaders secretly pursue beneath a humanitarian veneer.

The literature of the movement abounds with high-flown quotes and phrases (e.g., "our God-given right to aid any-

one fleeing from persecution and murder”) suggesting generic concern for refugees and willingness to break the law in order to assist them

The easiest way of testing this is to ask what stance the sanctuary promoters take toward refugees from Marxist Nicaragua, which happens to be the most authoritarian country in the region. And the answer to that is unequivocal: The national sanctuary movement gives *no* assistance to such refugees, since the principal spokesmen for the movement are ardent supporters of the Sandinista government

In a handbook entitled *Sanctuary: The New Underground Railroad* (sponsored by the Maryknolls) we read, for instance, a standard diatribe about poverty, repression and U.S. imperialism in the region, followed by this statement:

“Only in Nicaragua has a revolutionary government come into power that is trying to turn around this situation”

Within the sanctuary movement there is a dissident group called New Exodus, which does try to help Nicaraguans. Spokesman John O’Leary says that when his group raised the issue of Nicaraguan repression, “we were told that it was not politically correct to criticize the Sandinista government, because it would damage their credibility We found a pattern of silence, denial . . . that it was not appropriate to work in behalf of human rights problems in Nicaragua.” O’Leary told of Nicaraguan refugees being forced to pose as leftist Salvadorans to receive sanctuary aid. When one impostor was discovered, the “Never Again!” sob-sisters dried their eyes long enough to put him on the first plane out of town.

Harassed by Headlines

Arizona newspapers and television constantly showed the sanctuary convicts smiling, being hugged by fellow clergymen and generally looking like angels. Altogether different was the treatment given to the *non*-convicts of Civilian Materiel Assistance. When Hispanic activists began calling them “vigilantes,” “lunatics,” “clowns” and “terrorists,” the media broadcast the labels far and wide. By and large, the human side of the CMA members was carefully obscured. It was rather the anti-CMA Hispanics -- a “community screaming for justice” as one of them put it -- who received most of the attention.

The events of the night of July 4-5 are easily summarized. From their camp in Sunnyside Canyon, four miles within U.S. territory, CMA members wearing night-vision goggles spotted a convoy of cars stuffed with human cargo crossing the open border and heading north on a back road. Three miles inside America, two cars were stopped when booby traps flattened their tires, while two others, seeing the light of an approaching pickup, turned around and raced back toward Mexico. The CMA patrol attended to only one of the stopped cars at first, and ordered everyone out. Several men ran toward the border, and, by some accounts, were briefly pursued within Mexican territory. The rest were surrounded by CMA members wearing camouflage uniforms with green hoods, and bearing AK-47 and AR-15 semiautomatic assault rifles. After 90 minutes, the Border Patrol arrived from Nogales, 35 miles to the west. Only then was the second car full of illegal aliens (a family)

belatedly discovered. None of those arrested complained about mistreatment by the CMA.

If any of the 19 CMA men involved in the operations imagined being honored for voluntary service to the nation, the increasingly ominous headlines in the *Arizona Daily Star* soon disabused them of the fantasy.

On July 7, the Tucson newspaper told how the CMA had abandoned its camp for “fear of reprisals.” On July 9, the headline read, “Hispanics call for grand jury.” Such cloned organizations as the Tucson Coalition for Justice, the Arizona Coalition for Immigrants’ and Refugee Rights and the La Raza Legal Alliance were demanding both state and federal investigations into what they called the “criminal violations” by the CMA. On July 10, the news grew blacker, as Arizona politicians joined the attack on the CMA. One state senator, Luis Gonzales, said that volunteerism on the border scared him: “I don’t think the Mexican government and the Mexican people along the border will stand by and let this continue.” On July 11, a headline stated, “Mexican consuls are investigating CMA’s actions.” Consul Victor M. Torres of Douglas said that he and his fellow consul in Nogales were compiling documentation against the CMA. He also hinted at a conspiracy among U.S. officials who were not “doing enough to stop people like CMA members from taking the law into their own hands We find it real suspicious that U.S. authorities are not investigating this incident”

On July 13, the *Star* ran one article which let an alien captured by the CMA tell his story (he had thought they were the KKK, a favorite boogeyman of the Mexican media); devoted most of a second article to criticisms made by two defectors from the CMA (one of whom, naturally, proved to be an FBI infiltrator); and featured a virulently anti-CMA piece.

After mentioning the “hit-and-run border burglaries” which plague Cochise County, scene of the CMA’s heroics, the last-mentioned article became hysterical:

[The CMA] terrorized a group of people who entered this country with the same hopes and aspirations as those we just feted last week when we unveiled the refurbished Statue of Liberty

These guys, members of an Alabama-based [sic] group, were far from their homes in Tucson, California and Kansas.

Forget the reasons they gave about making our country safe from drug smugglers and the brown horde of illegal immigrants.

These guys were out there because their neighbors laugh at them when they run around in their back yards with their rifles and canteens. It was simply a chance to go play soldier.

In the process, they scared a group of immigrants out of their wits by ambushing them on a dark road, in a strange country

There is no difference between the people who were assaulted last week and you and me.

As for “making our country safe from . . . the brown horde,” the CMA has denied a racial motivation at every opportunity. The CMA’s Tucson chapter has Hispanic members, while others live in places like Israel, Guatemala and the Philippines. Also, 99% of the group’s budget is

devoted toward saving brown-skinned Central Americans from communism.

On July 17, the news worsened again. The two turncoat CMA men had been served with federal grand jury subpoenas -- no doubt so they could "cut a deal" against their former allies; and Rep. Udall, the sanctuary movement's powerful friend, had urged U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese to "investigate and prosecute" the CMA "to the fullest extent of the law." One possible charge was violation of the federal Neutrality Act (a felony) for allegedly pursuing a couple of aliens back across the border when they tried to escape. The other was violation of the Civil Rights Act (a misdemeanor), which forbids the "intimidation, injuring or interfering with people [who] are either applying for employment or enjoying the benefit of employment because of their race or national origin." After all, these dry-backs had come looking for jobs! (Don't laugh. The U.S. Justice Department is looking into it.)

The Hispanic activists had a longer list of charges: criminal endangerment with a deadly weapon, aggravated assault with a deadly weapon, kidnapping, unlawful imprisonment and domestic terrorism, for starters.

Former CMA men "Arnie" Blaylock and Brad Wright were ordered to appear in U.S. District Court in Tucson on August 20.

In light of all the ingratitude and harassment, it was hardly surprising when, at the CMA convention in Memphis during the last week of July, the 100 members in attendance voted to drop the elaborate CMA plans for border patrols from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. Instead, it was decided, all CMA resources should be directed toward the Contras' struggle in Nicaragua.

As late as mid-July, CMA leaders had been describing the Arizona operation as "a pilot project for the whole southern border," while conceding a need "to be more low-profile." CMA founder Tom Posey, a wholesale produce businessman from Decatur (AL), had insisted, "We're the vanguard of what the American silent majority wants."

Alas, America's loudest minorities don't want it, so the CMA was forced to lower its aspirations.

War Along the Border

American geographers have been slow to publicize an amazing phenomenon springing to life along the Mexican border: "dual towns" where the American twin, once the larger, is now usually much less populous than the Mexican twin. A few examples:

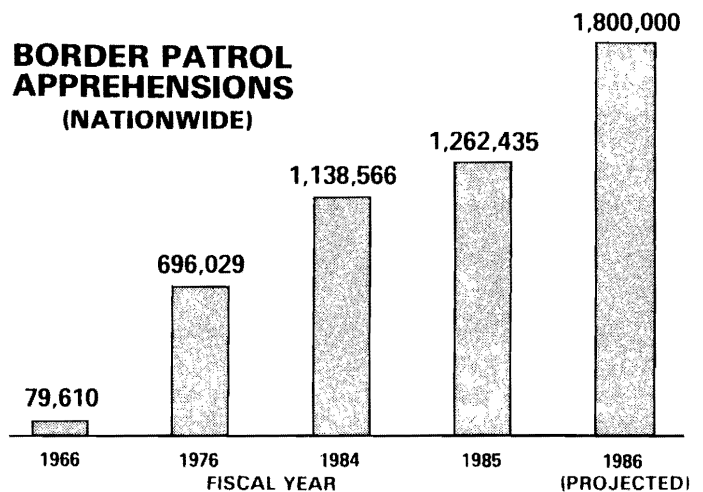
Brownsville, TX	85,000	Matamoros	180,000
Laredo, TX	92,000	Nuevo Laredo	205,000
Calexico, CA	15,000	Mexicali	350,000

It's a pity that the CMA did not happen to catch 16 illegals with a million dollars worth of drugs on them. Nevertheless, lawbreaking is lawbreaking and the organization has nothing to apologize for. Even if it is proven that several of its men violated a few fine points in the Neutrality Act, what is that against the massive violations of American sovereignty which the people and government of Mexico wink at every day?

In the San Diego sector, belligerent aliens regularly hurl

spears fashioned from sharpened fenceposts at Border Patrol agents. (That is, when they aren't shooting them or throwing rocks and bottles.) Between October 1985 and May 1986 alone, more than 100 agents were assaulted by aliens around San Diego. They now routinely rely on tear gas and fortified vehicles called "war wagons" to protect themselves and control the intrusive Hispanics.

In 1965, only 6,558 aliens were detained in the San Diego sector. That was the fateful year when America abandoned its racially based immigration policy. Once large numbers of Mexicans could enter legally, others were able to enter (and hide) illegally. In 1986, perhaps 800,000 aliens will be rounded up in the San Diego sector alone.



Harold Ezell is commissioner of the Immigration Service's western region, and, in that capacity, opposes the CMA's tactics. Yet Ezell says of the illegal influx, "If this doesn't represent an invasion, then I don't know what an invasion is."

Do you hear that, Mexico? We say you're *invading* us. Yes, the slow-thinking palefaces of the north -- some of us -- are finally figuring out what's going on.

In the former convent of Churubusco in Mexico City is a remarkable museum of 17 rooms "filled with mementos, documents, proclamations and pictures, all testifying to foreign insults, raids, incursions, full-scale invasions and occupations since the country proclaimed independence in 1810." As Marlise Simons makes plain in her *Washington Post* article, most of this defensive xenophobia is directed at the U.S., whose least incursion provokes mass hysteria among Mexicans.

If a lawman chased a bandido from San Diego to Tijuana in 1925, one can be sure there's an exhibit giving all the details at the National Museum of Interventions. According to Simons,

The villain of the show, unquestionably, is the United States. Although the Spanish stayed 300 years and the French occupied Mexico for five years in the mid-19th century, Mexicans have remained mesmerized by the neighbors to the north . . .

Its historians believe this is in part because the many instances of American bullying forced Mexico to forge a nation out of its divided and quarreling groups . . .

"Of course this is a political museum. The idea is to raise consciousness about how difficult it is for us to keep our independence," said museum director Luz Maria Colombres. "It was difficult and it may be difficult in the future. That goes all the way from military action to economic penetration."

White Americans can only wish that Mexico would penetrate us militarily and economically instead of biologically.

Anthropologist Gastón García Cantú had the idea for the museum, which opened in 1981 and is now flooded with schoolchildren on excursion. He calls his brainchild "a lesson in survival. No country can afford to lose its historic memory. People must understand what happened and why."

However, Mexicans are not obtaining a true historical understanding. They are told that the U.S. stole its Southwestern states from them, when in fact we took them from the American Indians, who then inhabited all but a few outposts. A new generation of children on both sides of the border is growing up with the spurious idea of a "Tex-

Mex" tradition implanted in its brains. No one ever tells them that Mexicans were a very small minority in Texas until very recently. *They* are the invaders -- not we.

Who was it that said, "The offender never forgives"?

The brown invaders have powerful white friends. In Arizona, men like Rep. Morris Udall and Sen. Dennis DeConcini are clearly with the lawbreakers of the "sanctuary movement" and against the law-keepers of Civilian Materiel Assistance.

The volunteers of CMA have folded their tents and departed. But it wasn't they who "threatened" to make the border a "war zone," because, at least in California, it already is one.

More and more Americans are realizing that now, more than ever, immigration is *the* issue to be confronted, the reality to be changed. The new immigration law, if it passes, will only be a Band-Aid. For many, in the dark years to come, the greatest contribution would be volunteer border duty, with or without Establishment approval.

Arizona has not seen the last of the slow-talking, fast-thinking, rifle-toting men in camouflage and night goggles.

The despoiled Jersey shore and unspoiled Germany

VACATION MEMORIES

NOW THAT SUMMER is over and many of us are spending our autumnal days peacefully reliving the aimless moments of our bygone vacation hours, it is not inappropriate to reflect on what has been seen and sensed in our vacation wanderings, perhaps to new regions, perhaps back to old family haunts. For those of us fortunate enough to have visited Europe, the words of Joseph Sobran in a May newspaper column have doubtless been verified. Sobran tells us that European societies have actual, identifiable and delimiting personalities: to be a Frenchman, for example, means something more than having a voting address. From this we are inevitably led to the proposition that here in America there is no such thing any more as a community personality. To say that one has "met an American" means no more than sharing a moment with a human being who lives somewhere on the North American continent south of Canada and north of Mexico.

Nowhere is this dispiriting fact more apparent than in the traditional vacation trip to the seashore. To most of us that means a fairly lengthy automobile ride, perhaps from a major eastern city to one of the dozens of New Jersey resort towns dotting the Atlantic coast between Atlantic City and Cape May. It is here that rich and poor alike have traditionally escaped the boiling municipal heat. For tens of millions, names like Sea Isle City and Wildwood have meant days upon aimless, listless days under the blazing sun, with all the therapeutic benefits of the cresting ocean, surf and endless beaches of snow-white sand. Combine all that blue-and-white radiance with the quaint Victorian delights

of an evening on the boardwalk and the country's best seafood and you have the recipe for magical physical and spiritual refreshment.

But unfortunately, the seashore of old exists no more. With a few exceptions the Jersey coast is one vast plundered product of the inexorable march of real estate hucksterism. For dozens upon dozens of ruined seashore miles, the Jersey Coast has been ripped and stripped from the bosom of America's great natural heritage and despoiled virtually beyond the point of repair. Incredibly tacky examples of mid-1950s Miami commercial architecture are everywhere, complete with vast flocks of plastic pink flamingos gracing the equally ubiquitous miniature golf courses -- in the case of Atlantic City, a neon-lit orgy of gaming hotels. Nature has been defiled in the name of the quick buck.

Despite this ecological ruination, the lumpenproletariat of the great cities would have been able to "make do" with the residual beauty of the seashore were it not for the even more damaging impact of the racial invasion of aliens who have chosen to "share their vacation" with white-collar and blue-collar white America. Never mind asking why they would want to roast their already tinted flesh in the skin-searing sunlight. The fact remains that they are to be found screaming their heads off from one dismal motel balcony to another, swaggering around the "posh" nighttime facilities, and in general doing what they do so well back in the inner cities, that is, making happiness impossible for everyone within hearing range.

In the train of all this social dysfunction has come a vast

boost in the vacation costs of those few respectable seaside neighborhoods yet remaining. For those able to afford the price inflation, a few residual areas still hold onto their myriad covenants, rules, regulations and traditions which make, in spite of all odds, for social harmony. To see the benefits of this vestigial racial exclusiveness, next summer direct your car toward Stone Harbor or Cape May. There you will see America at play as we once knew it -- all white, all quiet, all respectable and all right. Stone Harbor in particular offers a picture postcard delight of life in the sunny slow lane of languid summertime pleasures. Here in tasteful beach colony homes, handsome people spend lazy days quite oblivious to the social brutality that lies just 15 miles to the north or south in the "integrated" communities along the shoreline.

The Stone Harbor of another generation was the summertime meeting ground for an authentic American aristocracy. The old monied families would come in July, laden with steamer trunkloads of clothes, sports gear and other belongings, and stay on until Labor Day. Here, America's social, political and financial leadership played, met, dated and frequently married. Back then -- roughly from the 1870s until the 1950s -- entry to the American Establishment required the cultivation of social skills honed at private schools, attendance at the appropriate church (Episcopal preferred), plus a network of family and friends that would ensure a sense of noblesse oblige and community responsibility. Say what you will about the WASP hegemony of days past, it did not wreck the nation's most lovely and most important recreational heritage. It provided for itself, no doubt, but it also allowed the lesser folk to sup at the table.

* * *

As for me, I gave up a summer seaside vacation for a plane ticket to the Old Country for a month of merriment in the golden days of fall. There, if I drink too many schnapps, an honest German will usually offer his hand without swiping my wallet. That, however, is the least of the pleasures of visiting the old country in October, a month which often affords brilliant sunshine, along with cloudless skies and brisk nights. Provincial culture and history are so charmingly inter-mixed with sights of castles, ancient villages and manicured farmlands that the wanderer actually forgets the miseries of the turbulence back home. Wherever one starts, all roads eventually lead to Munich, the home of the world-famous Oktoberfest, with its huge steins of foaming golden beer, served along with brat and weisswurst, cold potato salad and crispy rolls and pretzels dripping with rich country butter. Munich these days is the city of Europe, the bustling commercial crossroads of continental commerce, with endless fascinations for the footloose tourist. The university area of Schwabing has scores of theaters presenting live entertainment nightly. Spend a day inspecting a few suburban castles and go by local train or bus to the lakes nestling in the shadows of the German Alps. Then some 50 miles to the southeast to Berchtesgaden, wandering about the sharply rising and brilliantly sunny mountainsides of pasture land dotted with picturesque country homes styled in traditional Alpine architecture. Finally, relish the late baroque magnificence of the Wies

Church and the overpowering ornate elegance of the chapel at Andechs.

No one should leave Munich without a morning at the huge, centrally located Victuals Market where society matron, opera diva, bank president's wife and secretary shop for their evening meal. Would you be interested in an aimless stroll along Türkenstrasse, a street known for antique shops and old book stores? You might meet someone of importance there. Three years ago this wanderer was introduced to none other than Leni Riefenstahl, the brilliant actress of stage and screen in the 1920s, director of the Third Reich's cinematic spectacles in the 1930s and much persecuted "Nazi propagandist" in the post-WWII years (see page 7).

Beyond Munich there's Rothenburg ober der Tauber, an intact 16th-century walled city of 12,000. Beyond that the historical artifacts of ancient Germania are available for inspection in the priceless museums of Bamberg, Augsburg and Würzburg.

Don't pass up the incredible beauty of Germany's provincial university towns: Marburg (perhaps the most attractive), about 100 miles north of Frankfurt, Göttingen, on the eastern border; and Tübingen, not far away from Schwäbisch Hall (another visual must) and Sigmaringen (home to the Hohenzollern clan once upon a misty time).

Go westward into the legendary Black Forest and sample other kinds of visual delights. Visit Baden-Baden, take the cure, lose some money at the gaming tables of the old casino. Travel up the Rhine toward Koblenz, tasting the new wines of the Rhine and Mosel regions. Here the Germans are at their friendliest.

Go further northward. Münster is a "sleeper" that few tourists visit. Churches are almost everywhere and a handsome canal cuts through the entire town. In this place the tourist begins to sense a Dutch and Danish influence in the architecture as well as in the character of the people, who are somewhat more taciturn, sophisticated and world-traveled than the southern German.

Lübeck completes the transition into the northland -- a city of traders and restaurants -- dark on the outside but bustling, joyful and luxurious on the inside.

Schleswig-Holstein, the northernmost state of Germany, is reserved for the real Germanophile. Quiet beyond reproach, its gentle, rolling countryside is dotted with water vistas that recall Wisconsin and Minnesota.

A visit to Germany by a traveler with an Instaurationist perspective is bound to provide so many happy memories that a return to the megalopolitan jungles of the U.S. can be endured with stoic forbearance. Germans, one may say, are still living much as they did under the Kaisers. Culture is never discounted; personal kindness is never ignored; and the stranger is always treated with consideration and thoughtfulness. Since Germans know who they are, the hope that you are not much different influences them to welcome you into their communal life.

Ponderable Headline

ARE WE SUFFERING FROM A SHORTAGE OF JEWISH CRISES?

Northern California Jewish Bulletin

Let's Not Get Self-Righteous with "Lady 205"

Judged by the volume of response, Zip 205 wrote about the most provocative letter in the history of the Safety Valve in July 1985. The reaction has been uniformly negative, and I, for one, think it's been a bit hysterical and unfair.

First, I will summarize the original letter, then six responses I spotted through last November. Zip 205 began by writing, "Instaurationists should be interested to learn that quite a number of Majority females like myself have not reproduced and most likely will not for reasons other than our 'captivation' by feminism." Namely, the white American male and American society in general are degenerating so fast that such women cannot "guarantee anywhere near the same richness" for their children's lives that they knew themselves. "What joy is there in watching your child" being sucked down by the new U.S. environment?, she asked. Thus, there is "no point in Instaurationists hectoring Nordic women to have children."

In August 1985, Zip 302 was "saddened and angered" by this "selfish, materialistic rationalization for not reproducing." In October, Zip 081 told her, "for our sake . . . please remain without issue," while Zip 775 suggested that perhaps "Lady 205 has a defective gene or two, as evidenced by her willingness to capitulate at this stage."

November brought three more responses. Zip 902 blasted her "totally wrong thinking," Zip 287, more sad than angry, reminded female readers that, out on his lonely farm, "I need find only one [woman] to fulfill my dreams!" Finally, Zip 113 wrote a more thoughtful response. Agreeing that Lady 205's "description of Majority males as deracinated wimps was generally accurate," he recommended as an alternative "a trip to Southern California, and an appointment with Robert Graham's Sperm Bank. She could then do exactly what widowed Nordic mothers have been doing since time began. She could raise a quality child alone." Alas, he added, "It will never happen."

For when we read of being "brought up amid high standards of culture and achievement," it's a sure bet that this equates with high social status. When she laments an inability to guarantee her offspring "anywhere near the same richness," we know she's reluctant to descend a class or two, even if reproduction depends on it. And then her comment about the good men being broke, "too broke to provide adequately for children," must be seen against the background of Third World types producing clouds of offspring on almost no money at all. Surely she could sacrifice some of

what she has for the sake of having one or two children herself. But she won't. To bear a child under less than ideal circumstances would be to compromise her standing in the world she was raised in. So she declines to reproduce because her interests were never racial, but revolved around her sex and its demand that social status be enhanced, or at least maintained, at any price.

Note how Zip 113's letter managed to end with the dig at the female sex for not being "racial" and for an egocentric interest in raising or at least maintaining her social status. How would such people explain what I have seen repeatedly with my own eyes -- young Majority women begging their husbands to let them stay home and have a second or third child, but being forced back into the marketplace because their status-obsessed husbands say the family needs a combined income of \$40,000 a year instead of \$25,000.

Based on my own experience, young white males in this country are fully as status-conscious as young white females (possibly more so). The difference is that the attenuated altruistic component in the sexes is focused differently, with male altruism being directed more toward the race and nation, and the female kind aimed (as it should be) at the little ones.

The truth is that the sexes are now in this mess together, though the men naturally deserve most of the blame for starting it. So why is it that when a woman tells her side of the story in *Instauration*, the criticism always comes in heavier than when a man tells his? (More male readers, that's one reason.)

Zip 205's reasoning and conduct are not faultless, by any means, yet she deserves high marks for honesty and consistency. Many an Instaurationist yuppie acts exactly like her but preaches to others what he won't practice himself. Zip 205 has hit upon an ancient and grave human dilemma, about which someone should write a thick tome. Perhaps she's the one, if she never has children. I still remember that painful little item in *Instauration*, long ago, about how the upper classes in Venice never reproduced themselves during the long centuries of that great republic's ascendancy, but kept being replenished from the bottom. Think of all the marvelous germ plasm which was slowly squandered in that one corner of the white world alone! When there's so much blame to go around, it ill behooves us to attack a rare individual who analyzes the destructive motives at work within herself.

Yes, it's true: ours is an intensely selfish,

individualistic race. Just being upper or middle class is enough to sterilize many, and the prospect of falling another notch or two fills us with dread. Lady 205 is guilty of -- being white! The Asian civilizations have never suffered this dysgenic malaise, as Amaury de Riencourt shows in *Sex and Power in History*. Psychologically, they are collectivists. "Feminism," as Zip 205 writes, "is more a desperate *ad hoc* coping mechanism than an insidious *priori* doctrine" -- and it has dependably arisen (along with gay chic, adoption chic and all the rest) in every terminally ill white civilization.

I do think Zip 205 is too hard on the white American male. "The very idea of placing them in that role [fatherhood] strikes one as ludicrous," she says of the more wimpish specimens. Has she forgotten that many would "rise to the occasion"? And when she writes, "there is no point in Instaurationists hectoring Nordic women to have children," she is right about advice in the abstract but dead wrong where it comes to serious, personal proposals.

There is no point in all of us *Instauration* men going around urging women to "breed, breed!" (as opposed to simply calling their attention to the problem). But there is every reason for each of us to get serious in his own life and figure out how we can allow *one* good woman to have as many children as possible.

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(Editor's Note: Lady 205 announced in the October Safety Valve that she was getting hitched. We are pleased to say that she is now happily married.)

Ponderable Quote

There is, indeed, a sense in which the Self does not want to be free and in which it enjoys its suffering. This is a statement one must make with caution -- for, though it is, I believe, in a certain sense true, it is the kind of statement which is apt to be only too useful as fascist propaganda. Is one saying, for example, that the Jews enjoyed the concentration camps of the last war? Or that the Negroes wanted to be shipped as slaves to America and elsewhere, there often to die of starvation and mistreatment? That obviously goes much too far. Yet there is a sort of truth here.

Stan Gooch,
Personality and Evolution.
(Windwood House,
London, 1973)

The Boys of Autumn (Tackling the Quarterback Conspiracy)

Okay, so the sages of the Supreme Court have decreed that the white male is to be the sacrificial lamb in the job market. In my opinion, just as well, for if the American whiteman has any manhood left in him at all, it is now quite obvious that it will emerge only when his nose is rubbed long and hard in the vilest-smelling doggie-doo imaginable.

Meanwhile, a plumber or a carpenter or a bank executive or a doctor need not be particularly competent as long as he is black or brown, or that he is a she. In affirmative action professions, the competency of the white male is a complete irrelevancy if room must be made for a handicapped colored female.

There are nevertheless a few professions where skill and competency are yet the determining factors of employment. The best-known of these professions is pro sports, where, probably not coincidentally, blacks are conspicuously overrepresented in relation to their percentage of the general population.

Hockey is still predominantly white, but the big three, baseball, football and basketball, have a heavy nonwhite component of pro players. Basketball is all but monopolized by blacks. (But Larry Bird, a white Midwesterner now working for the Boston Celtics, is the best basketball player in the world.)

It would certainly be interesting to see an affirmative action program (for the benefit of whites) applied to pro sports. For one thing, if it ever happened, most of the major cocaine dealers in the U.S. would likely have to seek other employment or go on welfare. Which is not to say that some super-rich white athletes aren't snorting or smoking snow, but one has the strong impression that black players are the prime dope offenders.

Those who wisely find better things to do with their time than to watch grown men play children's games for preposterously gigantic salaries are at a loss to comprehend the hold that pro sports has on the American psyche. It all seems so puerile, much ado about nothing, not to mention the apparent mindless brutality, particularly in evidence in pro football. A couple of Europeans, weaned on the refinements of soccer, once told me (after watching a few quarters of a game) that pro football was "mere brutality, senseless violence." I nodded and shrugged; futile to explain to them the subtleties of this uniquely American game, and of the deep emotional responses

it elicits from Americans, almost a primal symbol of our technological civilization.

Major sports seem to reflect an *opposite* image of the realities of the surrounding society. Thus, the more structured European societies favor the graceful, free-flowing and relatively (compared to American football) formless game of soccer. In the anarchic, free-flowing American society, games like football and baseball, with their fairly rigid structures and meticulously mapped rules, have caught the public fancy. Nonetheless, as the American delights in small-scale cheating -- speeding on the freeways, telling white lies on income tax forms -- so too does petty rule-breaking occur on virtually every down in football, undetected by the referees, those uniformed lawmen of the playing surface. The great delight is to get away with the illegal shafting of one's opponent.

Football, with its convergence of game plan and violence, and with the contestants numbering less than a hundred and confined to a relatively narrow patch of ground surrounded by thousands of spectators, is possibly a microcosmic reflection of the spirit in which Americans enter all their wars: i.e., in the spirit of diverting and entertaining sport, with the combatants, and therefore the casualties, consisting only of aggressive and adventurous young men. As in all American wars for the past hundred years, the field of combat is safely distanced from the spectators. (As much of the European continent has in this century been drenched in the blood of soldiers and civilians alike, there is frequently more real violence amongst the civilian onlookers at a European soccer match than there is on an American football field.)

The medium of television has lent itself perfectly to the localized football wars, accounting for the explosion of popularity of this game in the 1960s. (Football of the pro variety was formalized in basically its present character around 1920, by the legendary George Halas.) In much the same way, the series of small-scale actions -- firefights -- in the Vietnam War was neatly apropos for the television cameras. Americans could sit comfortably in their living rooms and watch the contest from a safe distance. The only problem with Vietnam was that our side was losing; we couldn't cross mid-field toward the North's goalposts to score the winning touchdown. "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," once stated the famed head coach, Vince Lombardi. In the end it was the decision of the Washing-

ton politicians that winning wasn't everything that fostered the profound American frustration and distaste for the war (not the body count of little yellow men or even our own gladiators coming home in body bags). What kind of game is it when the team's own coaches call the wrong plays in their unconcern for victory and even the hometown media root for the other side? It quite obviously wasn't the Dallas Cowboys, "America's Team," who were doing the fighting in Vietnam. If Coach LeMay had taken over, most Americans would have rooted him on, and approved his simple game plan. He at least understood that teams that play for draws will eventually find their own stadiums deserted. It seems, however, that the Gipper has resurrected at last the true and modern American spirit regarding war, with his quick and sanitary victories in Grenada and Libya. The Gip also knew enough about the nature of the paying spectators to quickly forfeit the game in Lebanon when the home team was being bombed, and clearly on its way to a humiliating defeat.

Anyhow, I never did get around to telling these chaps from Europe that the violence of football is far from senseless. Football is genius: it institutionalizes primal aggressiveness, gives free rein to a wild violence of man against man, yet subdues the whole show into a huge chess game with strict rules and punishments. The violence, mainly practiced by the defensive team, wars with the intelligence and grace of the offensive squad. But as the offensive squad, especially its pawns, the linemen, also practices its own kind of violence, so the defensive team must itself use intelligence and discipline to have any chance at all.

The playbooks of many teams today are drawn up by computers. And one of the major headaches of coaches and assistant coaches is drumming into the often rock-hard heads of their athletes the disciplines and subtleties of the properly played game.

Some positions in football are played instinctively. Running back is the most instinctive. A boy fresh out of college will often be a star in his rookie year in the pros. The ball is handed to you and you run with either force or agility in the right direction.

Most of the great running backs in recent decades have been black. The ability of this race to run at high speeds for short distances has been noted before by others. There is a physiological basis for it, and I believe that Carleton Coon somewhere delves into the problem. Blacks have also

played, and played well, almost every other position in professional football.

Almost! Because year after year it has been an enormous embarrassment and source of frustration to the equalizers, mongrelizers, African-queen complexed liberals, Christian Caucasian-haters, equal-opportunity charlatans and other such fatuous freaks and fakes, that there has never been even a moderately skilled quarterback who has also been black. Not that a number of teams haven't tried. The Los Angeles Rams, the Denver Broncos, the Chicago Bears are a few who made the effort to break the white quarterback barrier. All their candidates failed miserably. For several years the Tampa Bay Buccaneers employed a black quarterback whom the sports media tried to exalt on occasion, but this player was really just another running back who sometimes threw the ball hard and without intelligence. The Tampa Bay team was a fairly consistent loser with this black quarterback. (The Washington Redskins, probably to impress their many black DC fans, are now using this player as a back-up.)

The Houston Oilers are an amusing recent case of a pro football team trying to

outmaneuver Nature's playbook. Believing that a black quarterback from the Canadian League would solve their many problems, they last year negotiated -- through the player's Jewish agent -- a zillion-dollar, multi-year contract. And no sooner was the contract signed -- and before the quarterback had played a single down in the NFL -- than the player and his agent were doing commercials for AT&T! This Great Black Hope performed so poorly in 1985 that the Oilers later used their first-round draft choice (a selection of the top college players) to pick a quarterback. But the price was so high, the deal fell through. Another noble experiment dead in the trenches. But don't think that the Houston experience is going to deter the big, big, big business of pro football from trying again. In fact, the other Texas team, the Dallas one, is probably going to hang onto a third-string African-descended quarterback this year, a refugee from the defunct USFL.

An exceptional quarterback is much more than a muscleman or a mere thrower. Although 35, Dan Fouts of the San Diego Chargers is one of the best in that position in the game today, yet he does not possess

overwhelming arm strength, and he runs like an elderly lady. But he is highly intelligent, a master of abstracting the essence of a game, of finesse, the soft touch. He has the intelligence to penetrate any slight flaws in an opponent's defense, to manipulate the subtleties of the game to his team's advantage. Like all great quarterbacks of the past, he is a combination field general, physicist, philosopher and psychologist.

Thus is solved the mystery of the black quarterback vacuum. Should a good one come along in the future, we can be reasonably assured that he will be an octoroon, or something close.

Perhaps sometime in the 1990s, the Supreme Court will decide that it is contrary to constitutional protections for teams not to have black quarterbacks and will decree that at least a quarter or so of the 28 professional teams start a colored player at this position. As Americans take their sports much more seriously than they do their politics, possibly this court decision will at long last spark the cataclysmic White Revolution.

BARNEY PORTLAND

Report from the Stacks

Many thanks to the expatriate Philadelphian for his incisive "Great Old Mags" (June, p. 18). I, too, have spent untold hours in a great library perusing bound volumes of the old *Vanity Fair* and "many other magazines, big and small, [which] fought the good fight for a sensible society." And I am struck by how often their editorial lines of the twenties and thirties more or less resemble *Instauration's*.

If there were any suspicion in my mind that *Instauration* is the work of a few deranged individuals, an examination of America's periodical past would soon lay it to rest. *Instauration*, quite simply, is an isolated cultural "survivor" of a lost ethic and a lost aesthetic, both of which were formerly borne by a now vanished race ("vanished" not in the sense of strict extinction, but in terms of a loss of effective homogeneity in the critical places).

Though the cultural message of the "great old mags" is more diluted than *Instauration's*, their collectively greater magnitude compensates to make them equally persuasive. If it could be done economically, it would make almost as much sense to place bound volumes of the better old magazines into the hands of thoughtful Americans as issues of *Instauration*. In both cases, the reader stands to be awakened to values he has repressed or never known.

It is cause for real distress whenever a major library elects to pulp an old maga-

zine after purchasing it on microfilm. Besides being less accessible and a greater strain on the eyes, the new technology somehow distances the reader psychologically from the material being examined. Up on that fuzzy little screen, a 1933 issue of *Vanity Fair* is no longer the same living reproach to its contemporary counterpart. It somehow seems embalmed.

One of the very best "good old mags" died as recently as July 1980. John Nobull told the story of England's *Books and Bookmen*, and its publisher Philip Dossé's tragic suicide, in *Instauration* (Feb. 1981). *B&B*, as it was affectionately called, was among the last surviving examples of a bona fide journal of ideas. "Straw man" opponents were seldom tolerated in its pages. Quasi-Communists would be asked to review books on communism, quasi-Fascists to address books on fascism. Most of the thirty-or-so monthly reviews attained a remarkably high standard -- by comparison to current American norms -- both in style and content. The "prole drift" syndrome lately described in Paul Fussell's book, *Class*, was rarely to be detected in *Books and Bookmen*, which, it might fairly be said, was itself a "classical" magazine.

John Nobull's parting tribute to *B&B* mentioned the "extraordinary coincidence" that its final issue had provoked "anguished 'oy vehs'" throughout the land by featuring the "most outspoken article to

date" of Diana, Lady Mosley -- a review of *Magda and Dr. Goebbels*. She used her allotted space to lay to rest much of the multifarious mythology surrounding the German propaganda minister. Having known the man and his wife rather well herself, she had no difficulty skewering some of the more outrageous lies and distortions.

Actually, Lady Mosley had been at least as outspoken on the subject of *The Goebbels Diaries* in a June 1978 *B&B* review entitled "Goebbels, the Lie Merchant?"

In a way the most interesting part of this book is the introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper. It is more than 30 years since he wrote *The Last Days of Hitler*. Although with the passage of time a fairly objective view might have been expected, the Professor sums up Goebbels's propaganda as "crude and violent in form, utterly unscrupulous in substance, and quite indifferent to truth." This is evidently still the accepted point of view; it has not been thought necessary to give examples of Goebbels's mendacity.

It is something of a mystery why Goebbels is always supposed to have been such a liar: a "lie merchant." I am very much opposed to a government-controlled press and to censorship, but there is no doubt that during the years 1933 to 1943 Dr. Goebbels had such a success story on his hands that he had no need to lie. The economic revival of Germany

under the National Socialists was speedy and impressive. Hitler's thesis, that a country's riches consist of the quality of its people (Volk), made him reject the idea that Germany was "ruined" just because it had no foreign exchange, a stagnant economy and six million unemployed when he took over . . . [Goebbels] had no reason to lie.

During the first years of the war when German armies were winning battles, the same thing applied. He only had to tell the truth. When the tide turned he had more reason to lie because of the importance of morale on the home front. But here again he was rather truthful: for example he did not seek to underrate the disaster to German arms at Stalingrad.

Describing Goebbels's character and personality, Mr. Trevor-Roper several times says he had an "inner emptiness." I am not quite sure what this means. Goeb-

bels was an educated man, a doctor of philosophy, well-read. He was extremely busy and he obviously enjoyed his work. Was he suffering from "inner emptiness"? Very hard to say.

I knew him fairly well. He was clever, good company, always ready with a sarcastic witticism. His wife and children loved him, his associates, several of whom I knew, admired and liked him. One of them, Prince zu Schaumburg-Lippe, wrote a book eulogizing him when this was an unpopular, even dangerous, thing to do, after the war . . .

Goebbels's reading (Carlyle and Schopenhauer are mentioned) is disapproved of; it is not what we should wish an English propaganda minister to indulge in.

His opposite number during the war was Brendan Bracken, a man I also happened to know rather well. I was quite

fond of Brendan, but even his best friend could not claim that he was truthful. His whole life was one long lie; he pretended to be an Australian orphan whereas in reality he was Irish and had a mother living in Templemore, County Tipperary . . .

Whether it's the thoroughly honest American magazines of the receding past or the relatively uncensored European journals of the present which tickle one's fancy, several days spent deep in the periodical stacks of a great library can be time well used.

A slick publication featuring elegant ads alongside sensible essays is enough to convince the most self-doubting Instaurationist that not he, but the world, is off its nut.

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Apostles of Hate

A journalist makes up his lies
And takes you by the throat . . .

Yeats

The most intelligent and forceful action any white government has taken in decades occurred when South Africa put a muzzle on the antiwhite media of the U.S. and other countries, including its own. Televised antiwhite propaganda has now been reduced to some occasional dated "file footage" of white police chasing black "youths" down the street. And, for the most part, the incessant, daily hate campaign against South Africa has lost much of its punch, lacking the carefully edited grabbers that the major "news" stations specialize in.

Until the South African government proclaimed the State of Emergency and drastically curbed the flood of mendacious propaganda, the major networks in the United States had taken a page from the book of Orwell. It will be recalled that in 1984 everyone participated in a "Two Minute Hate" each day, a mass venting of spleen at a televised image of an underground opposition leader. With the likeness of the villain before them on the tube, the brainwashed slaves of Oceania booed and hissed and worked themselves up to a fever pitch. Then, suddenly, the image of Big Brother flashed on the screen and everyone was suffused with warm feelings of love and gratitude. A carthartic emotional purge was effected.

Rather, Jennings, Brokaw and Koppel and their producers have been running the same kind of Punch and Judy show for the purpose of inciting raw hatred against the South African government and the white citizens of that beleaguered land. With an expression of actual *physical* pain on their hollow faces, they'd intone the latest atro-

city tale from South Africa. One almost expected them at any second to announce that South African police or soldiers were bayoneting babies or raping nuns. (We can expect eventually to hear variations on these themes, as long as the news manufacturers believe it will play in Peoria.) By the time a picture of Botha or some other Afrikaner leader appeared, one could almost hear a sizable portion of their vast airhead audience jeering and screaming. But the hatemongers never stopped there. The Orwellian cycle had to be completed and thus was projected the benevolent visage of Bishop Tutu, our Big Brown Brother. Tutu oozed words of love and justice, in contrast to the hateful slime thrown about by the vile Botha. And throughout every town and hamlet of Hamburgerland one could truly *feel* the release of tension that the gentle Tutu had engendered in the square-eyeballed and brain-dead populace of these United States.

The propaganda techniques of the American news industry are subtle only to elephants, differing from the techniques of the Soviet Union more in degree and presentation than in substance. In Russia, propaganda is presented as news; in America, news is presented as propaganda. The sneering nastiness with which Koppel, for instance, "interviews" a South African government official contrasts with the pathetic and hilarious deference he shows to the Soviet agent and ANC leader Oliver Tambo, an interview that was about as probing as a pious Catholic journalist might conduct with the Pope.

Most of the American and European "journalists" covering South Africa are actually professional antiwhite propagandists, who specialize in the manufacturing of "incidents," provoking riots, orchestrat-

ing hatred against the police and the army, and carrying out similar activities for their paymasters. And it is virtually certain that some of these haters and self-haters are also gathering information for the CIA.

South African government officials should cease making themselves available for American TV interviews. The old saw that "you can't beat an editor in his own newspaper" applies here. They should also discontinue releasing casualty figures resulting from the imposition of order on the land, unless they can work out some sort of deal with the American television industry, say, that the latter would daily broadcast the number of white American victims of black crime.

If South Africa is ever again foolish enough to allow apostles of hate disguised as objective journalists to run around loose, they can be certain that American consumers of the "nightly news" will again be entertained by a juicy "Two Minute Hate."

VIC OLVIR

Ponderable Quote

I've always said I always wanted to be, and do to this day, a song-and-dance man. I'd love to entertain people. The old straw hat and cane. I think that would be a great way to make a living.

Walter Cronkite,
Washington Post,
July 29, 1986, p. C4



Blondes Are Back

Southern blondes are back on the fast track of the Miss America Contest. Eight out of the ten finalists were WASPish damsels whose Nordic racial traits and blondism were so pronounced they could have been sisters. You could hardly tell the winner, Miss Tennessee, from the others.

For this year at least there were no token Hispanics, no lesbian mulattoes, no moon-faced Orientals among the top ten. Was it a return to the good old days or was it just a one-shot counter-blow at the aesthetic enormities of recent contests which had quotas for dark pigmentation and non-Nordic faces and bodies?

Affirmative action has seeped into every nook and cranny of the American social order, but when it creeps into beauty contests, confusion and idiocy reign. You can preach to Majority members that everyone is born equal, and most of them will be naive enough or polite enough to believe you. But when you tell them tumescent lips, fuzzy hair and flat noses are beautiful, even the most wimpish are likely to object.

It so happened that the only contestant to badmouth the new Miss America was a self-proclaimed feminist, Molly Pesce of Florida (a state that is only geographically Southern), who let loose a sour grapes racist attack on Kellye Cash, the winner, accusing her of being "country" and a "non-aggressive Southern belle."

What Ms. Pesce really meant was that Miss America and the other finalists were much too Nordic for her minority taste buds.

One More Notch

The culture enrichers are at it again. The people who decade after decade have deprived Americans of the presence of the greatest European artists -- conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, pianist Walter Gieseking and singer Kirsten Flagstad, to name three -- are renewing their campaign to deprive us of the best Russian artists. First it was the Bolshoi Ballet, now it is the Moiseyev dance company.

Five minutes after the Moiseyev dancers began a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on September 2, a tear gas grenade exploded, forcing 4,100 spectators and folk dancers to rush outside for air. When four ambulances arrived, twenty-six people had to be treated for tear gas irritation. All the while, across the street from the Met, hundreds of Jewish students milled about in protest because the Soviet Union will not permit a mass exodus of Jews.

The Jewish Defense League proudly claimed responsibility for the deed, and one more act of Jewish terrorism was added

to the FBI computer -- the computer which has recently shown that Jews are now America's leading terrorists.

Naturally there were no arrests, as there have been no arrests in the killing of such Jewish targets as Tscherim Soobzokov in New Jersey, Alex Odeh in California and Ismail Faruqi in Pennsylvania.

Oriental Servomechanism

Everybody, even liberals, knows that whites can handle liquor better than American Indians. Now it appears that the Indians' close relatives, the Mongoloids of East Asia, have a defense against alcohol that is genetically based.

Many Orientals have a so-called "flushing effect," which consists of facial blushing along with a sense of nausea and discomfort after more than a few drinks. This response is apparently linked to an enzyme. As a result, Orientals, unlike Indians, are practically forced to drink in moderation.

Among Orientals, drinking is regarded as something very positive. It is thought to "strengthen blood" and improve digestion. It is a focus of social and ritualistic events and a standard item of the daily diet. That Orientals have a racial resistance to excess amounts of alcohol is overlooked by the bureaucrats of the World Health Organization, who have called for a worldwide campaign against alcoholism and recommended that governments, irrespective of their country's racial composition, adopt draconian laws to discourage the consumption of hard liquor, wine and beer. Based in Europe, these functionaries have before them only the example of whites, not a very good example, since some whites, the Irish and Russians in particular, get drunker faster, more thoroughly and more habitually than, say, Italians and Greeks.

Someday, when the ban on forthright discussions of racial differences is lifted and liberal bigots and minority racists are boot-ed out of the halls of academe and the sewers of the media, it may be possible to identify the genes for alcoholism and engineer them out of existence.

Crippled Dolls

It had to be. It could be smelled in the malodorous winds of change. Mattel, the minority-owned toy company (is there a Majority-owned one?), is putting out a line of five physically handicapped dolls, each with a different and distinct disability, complete with canes, crutches, braces, wheelchairs or whatever. The dolls retail for \$45-\$50. The company promises that all profits

will go to organizations for handicapped children.

Disabled dolls for a disabled civilization. May we wait with bated breath for the Mongoloid Idiot Doll? *Warum nicht?*

Anything for a Laugh

When Kinky Friedman, onetime leader of the Texas Jewboys band, ran for justice of the peace in Kerrville (TX), he garnered 917 votes. The winner got 2,002. So now Kinky has turned to writing mystery stories. They contain such immortal dialog as, "Keep on your toes," a character in a saloon mouths to another barfly. The latter replies, "Why? Did they raise the urinals?"

Another Friedman stroke of genius is his song, "They Ain't Making Jews Like Jesus Anymore." His favorite joke: "I just bought a Jewish Cadillac. It stops on a dime and picks it up."

Kinky's tasteful talents once earned him a tour with Bob Dylan, the Chosen folk singer and Talmud student.

Nightmare World

When a wiser race of the future disinters our American civilization, one hopes it will stumble across a preserved copy of *Newsweek* (Sept. 15, 1986). It gives a pretty good idea of what is happening to the country. On page 74, critic Peter S. Prescott mentions in passing "the terminal degeneracy of Western civilization." The rock music piece which follows just as casually begins, "These are ugly times, fraught with trouble and weirdness . . ." Pages earlier, David Lynch's new movie, *Blue Velvet*, provokes the headline: "nightmare tour of home-spun Americana." Glancing down the page, one catches words like

dark animal world that lives below the angelic surface of middle-class life . . . discovers a severed ear . . . violent and erotic nether world . . . A masochist in a constant state of arousal, Dorothy is also the slave of a diabolical figure named Frank . . . bizarre sexual rituals . . . obscenity-spouting, drug-inhaling Frank . . . kinky, abusive Freudian psychodramas that have to be seen to be believed . . . [the movie] will be attacked, argued about and cherished for years to come.

Then there are the articles about the "crisis at CBS," and Israel Firster Laurence Tisch's looming takeover. (It loomed, see Satcom Sam next issue.) In one of these, Bill Moyers admits that "In meeting after meeting [at CBS News], *Entertainment Tonight* was touted as the model -- breezy, entertaining, undemanding."

Again, there is the review of Louis Auchincloss's latest novel, *Diary of a Yuppie*, about young fast-lane types who believe that to "avoid crime [is] the sole moral imperative . . . the rest is cant." Ah well, concludes the reviewer, the author hasn't

forgotten that "the ruthless usually win."

A short review of *Wild Town* notes that Jim Thompson's book "ends after a relentless, roller-coaster ride through the lowest of lives." (Just your usual "psychotic ex-con." Soon to be a major motion picture by David Lynch, no doubt.)

If all that isn't sufficient incentive for mass suicide, consider this taste of things to come from the laudatory spread on actor Jeff (*The Fly*) Goldblum -- he of the very dark complexion, goggle eyes and thoroughly Jewish physiognomy: "Goldblum, 33, is off in London, playing another scientist, James Watson, in a BBC film about the discovery of DNA." ("We all have equal faces now!" as Jean Raspail might have written.)

The preceding is just a sampler. Virtually the entire issue presents a case for the "terminal degeneracy" of which Peter S. Prescott writes. And, through it all, the names of Jews, wimps and queers are sprinkled heavily on almost every culture-mulching page.

Dim Scenario

Let's assume that tomorrow Reagan ordered the entire U.S. Air Force to swoop down and reduce Libya, Syria or Iran or all three to a pile of rubble. It's doubtful if more than a handful of voices in Congress would be raised in protest. Though the act would be incontestably unconstitutional, illegal and even criminal, there wouldn't be a chance in a million of starting impeachment proceedings against the President.

That's how bad things are getting. Any congressman who chooses to oppose any foreign policy measure, legal or illegal, that works to the advantage of Israel knows from sad experience that he would lose all his Jewish PAC money in the next election and his opponent might find himself with one of the best-financed campaigns in the nation. Moreover, this incumbent would stand a fair chance of seeing some front-page stories about his "anti-Semitic tendencies" in the leading news organs of his home state.

If there has ever been a political and propaganda setup favorable to getting us into a war, it is the present one. No matter what Reagan does -- and he's liable to do anything that is considered to be in the interest of Israel -- no one or at least no one who matters will criticize him. This in effect gives Reagan *carte blanche* to go to war in the Middle East without even bothering to notify Congress, let alone obtain its approval, as the law of the land requires.

Reagan has to wage a desperate fight to get a few bucks for his Contras. He can't even send a military adviser to El Salvador without loud howls of pain from hundreds of congressional throats. Yet he can do what he did to Libya with hardly a murmur from Capitol Hill. Indeed, as far as can be ascertained, only two senators mildly dis-

sent -- Lowell Weicker and Mark Hatfield.

Thanks to massive Jewish financial contributions to congressional election campaigns, isolationism is stone cold dead. For more than a century it was the backbone of the immensely successful foreign policy which led the U.S. from triumph to triumph in international relations. Today it is no more. Even the memory of it has moldéred into dust.

Mind-Raping the Very Weakest

During a 1973 seminar of the Childhood Education International Association, Harvard scholar Dr. C.M. Pierce observed, "Every child in America entering school at the age of five is insane, because he comes to school with certain allegiances to our founding fathers, toward our elected officials, toward his parents, toward a belief in a supernatural being, toward the sovereignty of this nation as a separate entity . . . It's up to you as teachers to make all of these sick children well; by creating the international children of the future."

It is not known whether Louise Derman-Sparks was in Pierce's audience of 1,000 that day, but she seems to have imbibed a similar universalist message from some source. As a teacher at the elite children's school affiliated with Pacific Oaks College in Pasadena (CA), Derman-Sparks is preparing an "anti-bias" curriculum for preschoolers in the two-to-five set. She previously wrote an "anti-racism" curriculum for college students, and is planning "anti-prejudice" curricula for grades one through 12.

The truth is that Derman-Sparks is herself one of the most prejudiced, closed-minded individuals in the state of California, as a quick glance at her rhetoric shows:

We have to change social practices [she told *Los Angeles Times* reporter John Dreyfuss]. People in this country live with a system that started by taking land from native Americans and developed through slavery and exploiting the Mexicans of the Southwest and the Chinese who built our railroads. To a great extent, our economic base came from exploiting minorities, and I think it still does . . .

We want to teach children not to prejudge people or to base judgments on stereotypical information.

The woman has probably rattled off such "stereotypical information" a thousand times without once being challenged with any of the obvious questions. For example:

If America's economic base was derived "to a great extent . . . from exploiting minorities," why is it that Northern European societies the world over, including many with no historic minorities and extremely limited resource bases, uniformly share our

high standard of living? (Isn't unjustly accusing white Americans of racial exploitation in itself "racist"?)

"Our goal," says Derman-Sparks, "is to raise kids who don't have any social bias[!!!], and to raise kids who can be social activists. Preschool is just the beginning of the process."

"Kids don't live in a vacuum, you know." But, oh, how creatures like Derman-Sparks and C.M. Pierce wish they did!

Criminal Genes

When crime runs in families, what's at fault? Environment, bad luck, pure coincidence? Or are a couple of genes at the bottom of it? Let's examine two recent cases.

Nevell Johnson Sr. was set for life after receiving \$250,000 in cash and a comfortable annual income in a \$1.1 million settlement from the Miami City Council after a policeman had shot and killed his son, Nevell Jr., a black petty crook. Young Johnson had a stolen pistol in his waistband when confronted by a Miami policeman in a video arcade. The cop said he had to shoot him because Johnson was reaching for his weapon. The death of Johnson and the subsequent acquittal of the policeman sparked two of Miami's worst black riots.

Last August, Nevell Johnson Sr., despite his secure and comfortable economic status, was arrested when he bought 20 bags of marijuana from an undercover cop. A search uncovered cocaine and a sawed-off shotgun in his 1986 Cadillac DeVille. Released on bail, Johnson was arrested eight days later when he sold \$10 worth of cocaine to another undercover cop.

How about the tendency toward crime in the Wideman family? John Edgar Wideman is a famous and successful black author. Brother Robert is serving time in a penitentiary for second-degree murder. In early September, Jacob Edgar Wideman, the 16-year-old son of John, was charged with the murder of a camping roommate, Eric Andrew Kane. Kane's race was not specified.

In both the Johnson and Wideman families there were no economic reasons for crime -- the reason usually given to excuse black lawbreaking. The elder Johnson had all the money he needed, yet he deliberately turned to crime. As for the Widemans, one brother went straight; the other did not. Hereditarians would say the young Wideman shared more of his uncle's than his father's genes.

Ponderable Quote

Honesty is the most important thing in being an anchorman. If you can just fake that, you've got it made.

Walter Cronkite, May 1986

WASPless Plutocracy

Business Week announced that Victor Posner was 1985's highest paid executive (\$12,739,000). A few months later *Forbes* came out and claimed that the U.S. Midas of the Year was Lee Iacocca (\$11,499,000). In June a registration statement with the SEC nominated a different candidate, Aaron Spelling (\$15,700,000), the producer of low-IQ TV programming like *Dynasty*. Whatever the truth, there were no WASPs in the top trio of 1985 opulence. One reason for Posner's riches was divulged in Miami where, while basking in the glory of taking home more greenbacks than any other American, he was convicted of evading \$1.2 million in income taxes between 1975 and 1979. But all these huge incomes turned out to be peanuts when compared to what some Wall Street speculators made in 1985.

Corporate raider Ivan Boesky* was stated to have netted \$100 million by *Financial World* magazine, which put him at the head of a list of Wall Street's ten richest. The others were:

George Soros,** \$93.5 million
 Michael Milken,* \$50 million
 Jerome Kohlberg,* Henry Kravis* and
 George Roberts, \$50 million each
 Jeffrey Tarr, \$30-\$40 million
 Robert Wilson, \$30 million
 Asher Edelman,* \$25-\$30 million
 John Mulheren,** \$25 million
 Morton Davis,* \$25 million
 Michael Steinhardt,* \$20-\$25 million

One asterisk indicates an almost certain Jew; two, a probable Jew; none, a possible Jew.

Court-Enforced Shoddiness

The Klein Construction Co. fired its subcontractor, A.N. Ebony Co., for failure to pay its bills and for inferior concrete work in the expansion of Chicago's O'Hare Airport. It happens, however, that A.N. Ebony was a minority company, and all its shareholders black. The upshot: A.N. Ebony sued Klein to force it to live up to its original contract.

Incredibly, Judge Roger Kiley ruled in favor of the plaintiff. Despite the shoddy and unacceptable workmanship, despite the shady business practices, Klein was ordered to keep Ebony on as a subcontractor. The court's reasoning was one for the books: A.N. Ebony, ruled Kiley, is a minority firm. Chicago has a firm policy of implementing affirmative action goals (read quotas). Obviously, most minority subcon-

tractors have little experience in whatever they are supposed to do, so they cannot be expected to live up to specs. Klein was culpable for not taking these mitigating factors into consideration when signing up Ebony.

To put it another way, as the U.S. enters the Orwellian Age, a Majority company must expect bad work and questionable business practices from minority subcontractors -- and it must also expect to put up with these defects or suffer the judicial consequences.

Black Policewomen

What is the effect on whites of towns and cities hiring increasing numbers of black policewomen? In Houston it has been deleterious. Two white females, Tammy McCloskey and Julie Turcola, not necessarily of the highest social class -- in fact, they were topless dancers -- were stopped by police officers and arrested for public drunkenness. When the arrested ladies objected, there was some scuffling, in the course of which Tammy was thrown to the ground and hogtied, whereupon her strapless evening gown descended and exposed parts of her anatomy whose exposure was usually reserved for her dancing routines. A lot of street people were milling around during the hogtying.

In jail, Tammy and Julie had an even more hectic time when they fell into the clutches of policewomen Diana Franklin, Daisy Prince and LaShena Bradley. Bradley was charged with kicking Tammy, Prince and Franklin with ferociously kicking and punching Tammy and Julie. All this occurred in the bullpen in which the white women were thrown with 25 other female lawbreakers. Julie was stomped so badly she ended up with a collapsed lung and a cracked rib. The three black jail guards were suspended and charged with violating Tammy's and Julie's civil rights.

At least in Houston whites still have civil rights.

From Sioux to Jew

Will the hype ever end? El Al Airlines wanted a little publicity to boost its falling revenues, so it got hold of a self-advertised young Jewish Indian brave named Little Sun Bordeaux and flew him to Israel with his mother, Armalona Greenfield, a self-advertised Jewish squaw, for his bar mitzvah. He arrived to the clicking of hundreds of cameras, dressed in full Indian regalia, some of which was probably made in Taiwan. His mother, who fancies redskins, having married at least two of them,

claimed he was a descendant of Sioux Chief Crazy Horse and would himself be chief someday. If, as seemed more likely after he visited the Wailing Wall, he didn't choose to be a chief rabbi.

Joe American Horse, the chairman of the Oglala Sioux tribe, said that he had never heard of Little Sun and that Crazy Horse died at age 30 without offspring. And Little Sun's Indian grandmother had remarked in an earlier newspaper story about him that it was "all a pack of lies" -- not necessarily the first pack of lies, it might be added, that has emanated from the sources that are now promoting Little Sun.

The Last Straw

Two French brothers, Felix and John Murat, came to Miami to write books, raise bees and establish a perfume business. Intellectuals, they were certain there was nothing better than writing, bee-keeping and creating exotic fragrances under the beaming south Florida sun. *Quelle blague!* The Murat Perfume Co., which started up in 1945, has been burgled 18 times, most recently last August when \$150,000 in cash, perfume and perfume oils was stolen from their warehouse. "We are ruined, really ruined," wailed Felix, now 90. He and brother John, 83, agreed it was useless to go on.

In one of the break-ins, back in November 1982, Felix was almost beaten to death by Spanish-speaking thugs. He spent three months in the hospital and the following year convalescing. It was during one of his visits to the hospital, where he still had to go to be treated for his previous injuries, that the bankrupting burglary took place.

UPI Goes Mexican

United Press International is the second largest wire service in the U.S., feeding news and what passes for news to 150 papers and 3,300 radio and TV stations. It hasn't earned a nickel since 1967 and was recently taken over by Mario Vázquez Rana, a mysterious Mexican press lord. Last February, Loret de Mota, while writing an exposé of Vázquez Rana's questionable business practices, disappeared. Later his body and that of his secretary were found in his charred Mercedes on a deserted road in western Mexico. The Mexican government reacted quickly and somewhat inexplicably by having the two bodies immediately buried in two unmarked graves. In a self-serving post mortem, Vázquez claimed that Mota had been drinking heavily. He neglected to add that the dead man had been one of Mexico's leading temperance crusaders.

Vázquez Rana is very buddy-buddy with two former Mexican presidents, Luis Echeverría and José López Portillo, as well as the current president, Miguel de la Madrid.

UPI, which has always catered to the liberal predilections of the fourth estate, is likely to become even less objective now that it is controlled by what is essentially a clique of corrupt foreign politicians.

Reuters, it might be added, the third largest news service in the U.S., was founded by Jews and is now British owned. Only the Associated Press, the largest wire service, keeps the flag flying -- but not too defiantly.

Abe Goes Too Far

Sometimes Jews get so carried away by their Jewishness and by their political ambitions that they insult their most avid Gentile boosters. In the recent Democratic primary race in New York State, Abe Hirschfeld, a Zoo City parking lot tycoon and a candidate for lieutenant governor, publicly accused his fellow Democrat, Governor Mario Cuomo, of the crime of the century -- anti-Semitism. The occasion for this uncouth outburst was that Cuomo's preferred candidate for the job, Stanley Lundine, had said Hirschfeld was unfit to be governor (in the event Cuomo in 1988 became the Democratic nominee for president and in the less likely event he won the election).

The Polish-born Hirschfeld retorted that Lundine's comment was inspired by Cuomo because "I'm Jewish and I have an accent." This in turn triggered Cuomo's remark, through an aide, that Hirschfeld's statement was "a blatant and ugly attempt to try to win favor with Jewish voters in the primary." Even Mayor Koch was outraged (in confused English):

Abe Hirschfeld does a great disservice to the public when he falsely charges anti-Semitism simply because he doesn't have the argument to support merit. [If Hirschfeld were elected] Cuomo not only couldn't leave the state, he couldn't leave the room.

Cuomo's supporters stoked the vendetta fires by leaking a story that Hirschfeld's daughter, Rachel, had become a born-again Christian -- a sin in the eyes of many Jews almost as heinous as anti-Semitism.

When a covey of top-ranking rabbis chastised Hirschfeld for his loose tongue, he said he was only joking. Joke or not, New York Democratic voters chose Cuomo's man, Lundine, despite the millions of dollars spent by Hirschfeld on TV.

Uncle Right

Clarence Pendleton, the chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, is the most unpopular Negro in the Western hemisphere. Worldwide, he comes in a close third behind the man-eating Idi Amin and ex-Emperor Bokassa. Liberals and black racists bellow "Uncle Tom" at the top of their lungs at the mere mention of his name. A few of his words of wisdom tell

why. At a recent meeting of the anti-busing National Association of Neighborhood Schools in Little Rock, Pendleton told the white audience:

This nation cannot stand another generation of illiterates, and if you don't give the schools back to the neighborhoods, that's what you're going to have . . .

You'll buy all the Urban League tickets, because you think we won't call you bigots. Anything you can do to keep us from calling you a bigot, you're going to do . . . how long are white folks going to be docile? White folks, y'all got to stand up and be counted.

Pendleton may be an Uncle Tom to the integrationists and race blenders, but to sensible educators (a few are still extant) he is Uncle Right.

What is shameful about the situation, however, is that whites, as Pendleton charges, are so afraid of "making waves" that they have to have a Negro tell them to fight the liberal intolerance and minority racism that is severely hampering their children's education.

Westward Ho!

Did the Vikings ever penetrate further west on the North American continent than Newfoundland? Russell Fridley, director of the Minnesota Historical Society, says no. Roger McLeod, a Massachusetts physicist, says yes. He bases his controversial stance on pre-Columbian stones in New England, the Midwest and eastern Canada, which, he opines, were quarried in a manner unknown to the Indians, but well known to Scandinavian sea rovers in the Viking era. McLeod also claims that he has discovered certain similarities between American Indian and Scandinavian words and that he has noted cryptic messages on runestones, particularly the notorious Kensington stone in Minnesota, which has been almost universally denounced as a fake.

As for the stones, McLeod says they were cut by iron tools and contained bore holes and slots that were characteristic of the work of Viking quarrymen. He even said he found similar stones as far afield as Machu Picchu, the Incas' Peruvian Shangri-La.

Beyond a doubt the Vikings were great voyagers. If some Norse bands could fight their way down Russian rivers to the Black Sea and Constantinople and engage in naval battles in the Mediterranean, while other bands were making it to Iceland, Greenland and Newfoundland, why couldn't they have gone further -- west to the Great Lakes, for example, or southwest to Peru via the Amazon?

Positive answers to such questions are the stuff that myths are made of, the myths that build morale and pride in a group of people who are at present in dire need of morale and pride. We are speaking of low-spirited Majority members who are either

the direct descendants of the Vikings or who are related to them by belonging to the Nordic race.

Another Good Guy Trashed

Instauration has often commented on the eagerness of minority literati to turn Northern European good guys into bad guys, both in the U.S. and elsewhere. The latest such attempt is Michael Rosenthal's *The Character Factory* (Pantheon, New York, 1986). This 335-page tour-de-force of character assassination tries to reduce Robert Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scout movement, to the level of a perverted bigot.

The following is only a partial list of Rosenthal's put-downs: when a schoolboy, Baden-Powell fell asleep in class; although the youngest Major General in the British Army, he was a military disaster and shot himself in the leg; instead of being a hero of the siege of Mafeking in the Boer War, he screwed up his command; he was a bully who had two of his soldiers shot for no particular reason; he didn't marry until he was 55; he was a homosexual and an empire firster; he invented Apartheid; he excluded class prejudice; worst of all, he was an anti-Semite.

In short, Baden-Powell, the man who wrote more than 50 books and who founded an organization that instilled a love of nature and good works in the hearts and minds of hundreds of millions of youngsters on six continents, was a monster.

Female Sex Preferences

From a recent issue of *Savvy* magazine: "Every year for more than two decades, research psychologist Sruily Blotnick and his staff have asked comparable groups of women the question: 'Would you prefer to be a man?' . . . In 1965, 6% said they would so prefer. In 1975, the figure jumped to 17%. It peaked at 21% in 1977. By 1985, there had been a complete reversal of this trend, with only 4% saying they would rather be men." The rise and fall of strident feminism parallels the poll results.

Farewell, Cholly!

Unfortunately, after all these years, Mr. Bilderberger and his column are leaving us. Whatever the reaction to his writings, positive or negative, Cholly always made us think -- and that was no mean task. As he quits these somewhat overworked fields for lush pastures, we wish him all the best.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Mere Talk, Act III, Scene II. Lord Hainfeld's office in his publishing house -- a large room furnished in execrable taste, with a mixture of modern art on the walls and a number of asymmetrical objects on the flat surfaces. The colours clash. Hainfeld, short and pot-bellied, with everted lips and bulging eyes, is sitting with Hysteria at a table.

HAINFELD. I just haven't had time to talk to you about this, what with all the speculation over the past week or two.

HYSTERIA. You know I decided to have the Ice Queen worked over. It had quite an effect on Anthea, you remember? (Hainfeld smiles. He remembers.) Well, in this case, as you also know, it went wrong.

HAINFELD. Did you get onto our contacts in the Met?

HYSTERIA. Of course, but after looking at the evidence they didn't really feel they could go ahead. The trouble is those photos -- and the lack of fingerprints. It would mean explaining the circumstances to colleagues in lower degrees of the Craft, and they might leak them, even to people outside the Force.

HAINFELD. She must have told someone, who then organised the break-in.

HYSTERIA. One obvious possibility is her friend Chloe, who has been seen around with a barrow-boy. But he seems to be in the clear -- any number of people are willing to swear he was in Greenwich at the time. Of course, it may have been some of his friends.

HAINFELD. How's Chandra?

HYSTERIA. OK, considering. He and his friends suffered damage where it matters most to them. One good thing -- Chandra's now started writing a novel about how Indians in Britain are forced to live in fear. It has a gentle Kashmiri girl in it who is gang-raped by members of the National Front.

HAINFELD (smiling knowingly). That bit should ring right, anyway.

HYSTERIA. I must say I'm rather relieved. He was previously working on a novel about that young black from Notting Hill Gate who was set upon by fascist thugs and almost blinded. The trouble is that the reading public is insufficiently sensitized to the West Indian predicament.

HAINFELD. The escape of the Ice Queen must have hit you hard. You were planning a little sexual activity yourself, I believe.

HYSTERIA. Why not? It's time she was made to see things from a female point of view, instead of just pleading wordlessly for male protection.

HAINFELD. Never mind. I've found a very interesting substitute -- Elise.

HYSTERIA. The one at the finishing school in Gstaad? She's

pretty young. It'll have to be handled carefully.

HAINFELD. Yes, but the mother is willing to play ball. Monty told me -- seems she has heavy gambling debts and is desperate to keep her daughter at the finishing school, so that she can marry well. I want you to negotiate with her. Monty will give you the details later. (Pause.) Well, that's all for now. (Hysteria goes out. After another pause, an obsequious doorman comes in.)

DOORMAN. Mr. Montague Burston to see you, my Lord.

HAINFELD (striking a pose). Show him in. (Enter Monty, exit doorman.)

HAINFELD. Well, what's new?

MONTY. Before I start, are you still interested in the school-girl?

H. Yes, I want you to put Hysteria onto the mother.

M. It's a cinch. Goys will do anything to maintain their respectability or to make money. What I can't understand is why Cynthia didn't come round. She had everything it takes -- ambitious, individualistic, no money, no protection.

H. She has a fascist boyfriend.

M. I see. The one in Supine's firm?

H. Yes. We'll settle with him soon. How's the take-over situation?

M. You know what happened. Their stock price was bumping along the lows, and we were buying small lots at a time through nominees so as not to upset the market. Then the price began to rise. The word was that they had set up a holding company and were siphoning off their profits through transfer pricing. It was thought this must be because a take-over was imminent. So we just waited. Memories are short and punters are impatient, so we expected the price to drop. But it didn't. There was persistent buying.

H. Have you found out who it was? I've checked with all likely parties on both sides of the Atlantic -- no result.

M. The buying was done through Canadian brokers, but the orders were given in Switzerland. So far we've drawn a blank.

H. Sounds too sophisticated for Supine.

M. Yes, it may be a counter-bid, but we can't get anything out of Supine. His wife is stiffening his backbone, I think -- though he did apologise on De Vere's behalf.

H. That's not good enough.

M. What do we do? Do we just drop the baby for a while?

H. And wait how long? It'll be another ten months before the next balance sheet is presented. This is holding up my time-table. We must go ahead and make an offer.

M. What if the other side makes a higher one?

H. Go one better. They must be speculators, so they



wouldn't have any real use for the company at these prices. On the other hand, we can strip the assets and also eliminate a competitor.

M. One problem is that apparently De Vere's editing is what makes these books sell.

H. Yes -- nasty sub-Leni Riefenstahl stuff, mostly about Africa. It sends a subliminal racist message: "Look how much more fascinating people are when they keep their group identity." The back-to-nature message is dangerous, too. When I get hold of the company, I'll publish coffee-table books with titles like *The New Africa*, *Hybridisation in the Wild* and *Animals in Society*. If De Vere apologises he can edit them -- for a while. If not, we'll make him and Supine carry the can for siphoning off the funds.

M. Do I make a bid now?

H. Yes, but see *Hysteria* before you go. I want the girl from Gstaad.

M. Let me have her afterwards. She'll make a nice present for a birthday.

H. By all means. A once-off job leaves her mother in a position to blackmail me. If the girl becomes a whore, then her reputation can be backdated in an article or two.

M. Not to worry. I'll fix it.

H. Shalom. See you on Friday. (*Exit Monty by the side door. Enter Doorman.*)

DOORMAN. Sir Michael Cohen to see you, my Lord.

HAINFELD. Ask him to come in. (*Enter Cohen, exit Doorman.*) Hullo, Mike. What's new? Don't worry about the De Vere boy. We'll deal with him.

COHEN. The Board has sent me along to discuss something much more important -- the big picture.

H. I'm playing my part.

C. Of course, but we're worried about the withdrawal phenomenon.

H. What do you mean?

C. For a start, too many educated goys just looking after their own interests and not paying any real attention to ours.

H. It's this damned lily-white private schooling. It allows them to ignore the trend. Sensitised masters are being infiltrated, but the objective situation still isn't changing much.

C. That's all long term, though Labour can be relied on to remove some of the financial props. No, we're much more worried about our own people. You know what I mean?

H. I can guess. Ineffective anti-Semitism is what they need. Otherwise, they lose their peculiarity and sink into a sea of goyim.

C. Just so. We want you to emphasise Jewish issues. Never mind how abrasively. If any goy reacts we can always make him feel like a swine -- or ostracise him if he doesn't backtrack. What matters is that Jewish issues should preoccupy them so that they have no time for their own interests; and our people must be destabilised a little to keep them in line.

H. OK, you can count on me to stress Jewish issues more actively. I can see that multiracial liberalism is not enough.

C. Yes, because some goys are so gullible they actually believe in it -- and then they begin to make moral judgments about us.

H. You don't think there's any real danger of a goy back-

lash?

C. You'd never think so to see how demoralised they are. But any mental vacuum is dangerous. There's fascists only too ready to fill it. It's only a matter of time till the whites become a minority.

H. We must make sure any backlash comes too late to make any difference.

C. Just so. The general plan is to put pressure on the Soviets to release more Jews, then create confrontations with the growing nationalist movements in Western Europe, so that we destabilise Jews there as well as goys. Some of the Jews will go to Israel, some to the United States.

H. But will many choose to stay -- both in Russia and Western Europe?

C. They are destined to be the victims of the future -- useful emotional capital. Of course a lot of goys will be killed as well, but we needn't worry too much about that.

H. What will be the next stage?

C. We'll bring about a multiracial government in South Africa, after which it will be the turn of Australia and New Zealand.

H. And after that?

C. As you've probably guessed, we'll force Russia into war by cutting off loans and technology. Then she'll have to attack and overrun Western Europe and Japan. The important thing is that the goy intelligentsia should be liquidated. Meanwhile, in the Middle East we'll defeat the Arabs and occupy the whole Fertile Crescent, as well as the oil fields.

H. Won't that mean occupying land with too many Arabs on it?

C. We'll liquidate them or drive them out, just like we did when we created Israel -- only on a much bigger scale. Those few that remain can provide cheap labour, those that flee will be hopeless refugees whose hatred will serve to maintain cohesion among our own people.

H. What about the Americans?

C. Oh, they'll respond to the idea that the war is their manifest destiny. In any case, the whites will be in a minority by the late 1990s, if all goes well. We can hold the rest of the world to ransom with North American food supplies, once Western Europe and the Ukraine are out of the equation. Millions will die of hunger, but that will only make the survivors more anti-white.

H. What if the whites begin to react in the States?

C. We've been pretty successful at defaming any goy who tries to put it all together, and we haven't been particular about the methods we use.

H. I should hope not. This isn't some sort of game. This is for keeps.

C. We will rise over them like oil on water.

H. As always. They are like children. In fact, the Greeks said just that of themselves. But sometimes they turn on us.

C. They will always do that in desperation, until they are interbred with the schwartzes, and then it won't matter much any more what they do.

H. We control the destiny of the world.

C. Yes, because we are continuous in time, but they will sink forever in a sea of minorities.

H. See you at the conference -- next week, in Jerusalem! (*They give each other a warm double handshake. Exit*

Cohen, leaving Hainfeld in his lordly pose. Enter Doorman.)

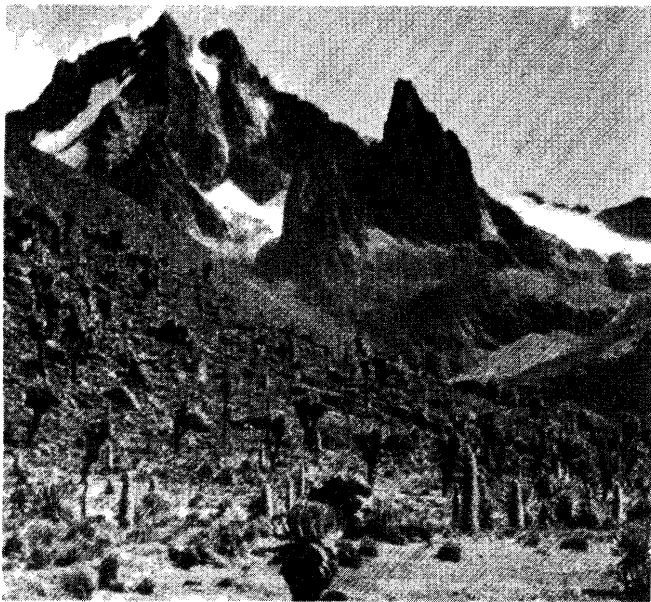
DOORMAN. You are needed at the House, my Lord.

HAINFELD. I'll be over in ten minutes. Tell them.

DOORMAN. Yes, my Lord. *(Exit Doorman. Hainfeld smiles to himself.)*

* * *

I am sometimes asked why I find Africa so exciting. Well, I don't want to give the impression of following in the footsteps of that old pseud, Hemingway -- though he had a far better command of English prose than I have. But the green hills of Africa really do exist, standing amid the semi-desert. On Mount Kenya the giant groundsels stand like huge two-branched candelabras and the mountain lobelias like silver-green maces. Africa is exciting, partly because of its wonderful wildlife, partly because the native tribes fall to some extent into the same category. The air on the high plateaus is thin and invigorating. The marshes and islands down on the coast are menacing and mysterious.



Mount Kenya

Above all, the whites are so much more alive and handsome than in Europe or America. I am thinking of women who can shoot and run a farm singlehanded; of a Briton and a Pole going up Mount Kenya like gazelles; of a white Kenyan who flies into Uganda in the worst of weathers, with the country in a state of endemic anarchy; of a young Briton, also a pilot, whose work takes him out to the distant airfields where he may not be able to land because of elephants or wildebeests on the runway; of a Belgian who flies in and out of Zaire during the rains, when no surface vehicles can make progress along the remains of the roads his people built. I met that Belgian briefly, with a Kenyan girl in tow, and the way she looked at him reminded me of Milton's Garden of Eden. He is a skydiver, amongst other things, and recently fell ten thousand feet to land in an African thorn tree. Those thorns are a couple of inches long, and he spent four days in the hospital having every last one of them painfully extracted. That's the sort of thing

young men ought to do -- keeps them out of mischief.

I am not claiming that the whites of Kenya are highly literate -- the libraries just aren't big enough -- but they are fairly well read and quick to grasp a point. Also, they are less brainwashed than the gormless millions who sit at home in England gaping at the goggle-box. I even found one who saw the significance of the fact that the Norfolk Hotel in old Nairobi, the meeting place of the settlers' leaders, was owned by an influential Jew named Bloch. On the other hand, there was another Englishman, a fat fool on a visit, who spoke insultingly to a Polish Count at dinner about alleged Polish anti-Semitism. The Pole replied with considerable truth that the (pre-WWII) ghettos were so large in Poland because the Poles accepted the Jews when no one else would.

It is common for Kenyan families to send their boys to British public schools and their girls to Australia. One member of the family at least has a Kenyan passport, while others have British and Australian ones. Different accents in the same family lead to lots of harmless joking of the Bruce-and-Sheila variety. I heard of one old Kenyan in Australia who wanted to buy a pick-up and was puzzled when asked whether he wanted a light model. The salesman of course meant a late model.

One of my most vivid memories of Kenya is of a game drive in an open-topped Toyota land cruiser, accompanied by a bright young Australian-educated Kenyan girl. I spied a big orange and black leopard crouching low as it crossed the trail, and we stopped the car to find ourselves looking straight down into its yellow eyes. He lay there for a while showing his yellow-to-white underbelly and looking bad-tempered. Leopards can be up with you in a split second, and I would dearly have liked to get down and close the roof, but the young lady was excited because she had never seen a leopard that close. So I had to stand up there airily as though I hadn't a care in the world. Then she suddenly said, "Watch out -- you're looking him in the eyes. He's getting restive." And he was. I hastily averted my eyes and felt considerable relief as he crept off through the undergrowth.

What makes white Kenya so much more alive is the virtual absence -- at least on the social level -- of those dreary little British and American stay-at-homes who take all the oxygen out of the atmosphere -- with their media-manipulated derivative ideas, their instinctive distrust of anything noble or aesthetic, and their self-righteous moralism.

Of course, the realities of Africa can be pretty hideous. We are all familiar with the distended bodies of the starving people in Ethiopia, but how many of us know what American satellite pictures reveal -- that the green surface cover of the country, which was 40% of the land area in 1900, has now dropped to 4%? The people have literally destroyed their habitat and are now entirely dependent on the Western aid which enabled them to proliferate in the first place. What do we do now? Congratulate ourselves on our humanity or feel guilt because we made it possible?

A German I met at a party in Tanzania, who specialises in trapping wild animals, told me that the Kenyan government was now officially against the killing of wild animals, even to the extent of opposing necessary culling (cf. the

ridiculous Western attitude to any seal culling). But in Cameroun the situation is different. The government has divided all the hardwood forests into exploitation areas, which it is selling off to the highest bidder. The unfortunate lowland gorilla is being chased hither and thither and killed indiscriminately. The Intercontinental Hotel in Yaounde has gorilla steaks on its menu and the hacked-off hands of gorillas are sold to tourists as curios. This is the sort of thing that makes me feel ill. Let us never meet a Camerounian diplomat without mentioning it, and ostracise any tourist buyer who encourages the trade. As for the mountain gorillas of the Ruwenzori Mountains, they are now utterly unprotected because the courageous Fawcett lady who studied them for years has been murdered by poachers.

The Duke of Edinburgh has done an enormous amount of good as president of the World Wildlife Fund by protesting against the extinction of species (see, for example, his foreword to *The Doomsday Book of Animals*, which describes animals already extinct). The *National Geographic* also did a fine thing in its issue of May 1986 by publishing an article on the Serengeti, showing massacred elephants, a lion caught in a poacher's wire, and describing how the black rhinoceros is being driven into extinction because its horn is prized for dagger handles sported by the posturing savages of North Yemen. The article also shows the wicked rolling eye of the Cape buffalo, which is probably the most dangerous animal in Africa where man is concerned, and is increasing in numbers as the predators are wiped out. At night on Mount Kenya, Cape buffalo rubbed and banged themselves against our huts.

Since the abortive 1982 Air Force putsch, Kenyan President Moi has been unsettled. This is not just because he has enriched himself. No African denies he would do the same in the same position. No, it is a matter of tribal interests. The Masai are demanding power in relation to their numbers, and the Kikuyu are unhappy at losing power. In fact, there has recently been a meeting of old Mau Mau members, which is a bad sign. The Mau Mau was a particularly revolting movement. It was dreamed up by Jomo Kenyatta, one of the Africans lionised in England by the Fabians between the wars. He made himself notorious by his public defense of the practice of cliterodectomy (all savages mutilate themselves). No Fabian objected. Mau Mau rituals involved the drinking of menstrual blood and semen, consuming feces and putrefying flesh from graves, communal copulation with sheep, donkeys, dogs and goats, and burying people alive. Such practices are relatively rare in polite society, and this may explain why they are not much stressed in histories of African "freedom fighters." The first oaths were administered in 1950, when the members began to grow their characteristic dreadlocks. In 1952 came the first acts of violence and the emergency continued until 1959. As usual in such cases, the settlers (including Louis Leakey, who played a manly part) won the battle, but the government then sold them out. Incidentally, I saw a Mau Mau leader called the Leopard, who is now a driver for one of the country clubs. He was a Kikuyu, like all the Mau Mau, but looked astonishingly European.

At independence, the population of Kenya was 9 million. It is now 25 million, and 40% (officially 30%) are

unemployed. Some Kikuyu manage to grow cash crops like coffee, tea and mangoes, especially under Mount Kenya and along the Tana River. But the average village is a poor sort of place, with a stall selling Seven-Up, Fanta or local beer, and perhaps an aptly named "butchery" harbouring countless flies but little meat. The streets are full of men with nothing to do. In Nairobi, one sees the hands of prisoners poking through the wire netting of police lorries on their way to over-filled gaols. I would say that these were storm signals. The odd thing is that one gets to like many Africans for their childlike qualities. The trouble comes from expecting them to set up a modern state, capable of supporting all those extra millions.

Trend-Setting Ads Culled from California Newspapers

NINTH EDITION JUNE 1986

Gay Areas
Worlds First Gay
Yellow Page
Telephone Directory

Let's Put The Fun Back Into Being Gay!

WITH SPECIAL WOMENS SECTION

GAY AREAS TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
1629 Pine Street, #201
San Francisco, CA 94109

CHANGE
your **DK BROWN EYES** to
LT. BLUE or GREEN
Totally New!!
Near & Far Contact Lens Center
L.A. or Valley (818) 344-2330

Aaron Spelling was a lowly Jewish scriptwriter who, with the help of two lowlier Jewish scriptwriters, Richard and Esther Shapiro, has become the most powerful TV producer in Hollywood by the simple trick of pandering to the lowest tastes of the artistically emasculated American public. At present the Shapiros are suing him for \$40 million, claiming they own 40% of his pot-of-gold shows, *Dynasty* and *The Colbys*, two series which are supposedly the property of Aaron Spelling Productions, which Aaron is taking public in the hope of adding an additional \$90 million to his swelling coffers.

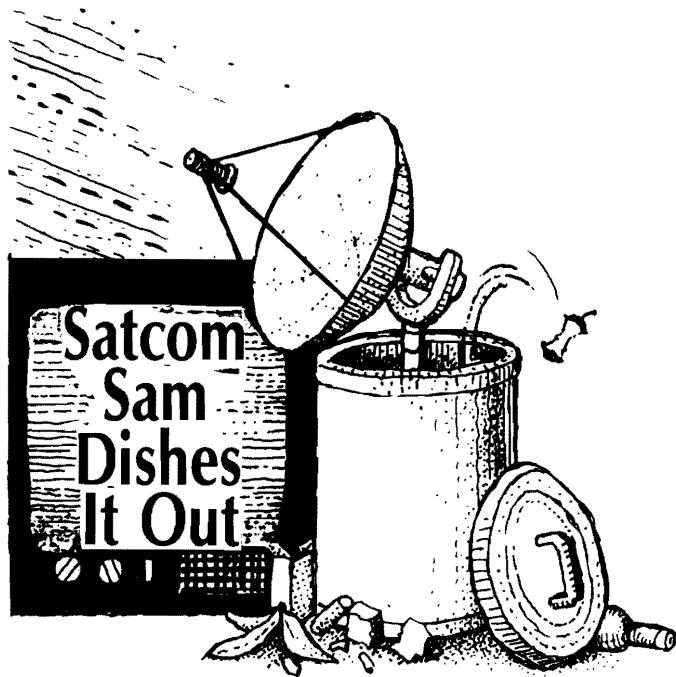
In one sense, Spelling is not the common garden-variety big-time Jewish producer. He's been married to the same platinum blonde for 20 years, Candy by name, not an unusual one for a model. She drapes \$4 million worth of jewelry on her person when she goes partying, and when she and Aaron go to New York, they ride in their private railway car with steward, chef and a maid and nanny for daughter Tori, 13, and son Randy, 7. Their California home, which they bought from Bing Crosby for \$10 million, has been given a \$15-million facelift and now occupies an area almost the size of a football field. The house boasts a Gone-With-the-Wind double staircase, installed by Candy after she was epatée by the movie. Come Christmas and the vast lawns are covered with artificial snow. The ice in the indoor skating rink, however, is made from real water. When the Spellings tire of doing figure-eights, they can amuse themselves in their indoor bowling alley or stroll over and feed the wild animals in their private zoo.

The Shapiros are not exactly broke either. Persian rugs litter the tile floors of their Spanish hacienda in Beverly Hills, and costly French paintings prettify the walls. Esther is the Shapiro who dreamed up licensing *Dynasty* doodads, which brings in a respectable supplemental income. A congenital jet-setter, she flew off to Paris to comfort Rock Hudson in his desperate end days. Husband Richard, a fairly quiet type for a Hollywood "intellectual," is a second-generation American. His father was a Russian-Jewish tailor who found his way to Los Angeles. Esther's father was a Turkish florist; her mother was a Greek. What kind of Turk and what kind of Greek was not specified in the bio the Shapiros have released to the press.

Meanwhile, the lawyers for the Spellings and the Shapiros are girding their loins for a terrific legal battle that ought to mightily reduce the fortunes of both plaintiffs and defendant and distribute some of their obscene television profits among another set of parasites.

* * *

Speaking of obscene profits, I watched the U.S. Tennis Open on the USA Network weekdays (Transponder 21, Galaxy 1) and on CBS on weekends and Labor Day (Transponder 2, Telstar 301). The TV sports



people are so greedy that they all too frequently let their string of commercials overlap the first point of the games that followed the commercial breaks. The huckstering is bad enough, especially when you have to sit through a 30-second beer spot for the 20th time, but it is intolerable when you are deliberately deprived of seeing virtuoso serves and volleys by the likes of Becker and Lendl.

There seems to be no end to the number of cheap commercials the viewing public will put up with. What in the world will our descendants think of us for accepting an utterly tasteless culture in which an underarm deodorant pitch not only blacks out some sensational tennis, but is allowed to interrupt a high point in an absorbing drama by, say, Bernard Shaw, as has happened on the Arts and Entertainment network (Satcom 3R)?

Give me PBS, no matter what. Even *Sesame Street*, with its incessant preaching that white children must love everyone of every color -- and marry everyone of every color when they grow up -- is better than most of what is on the commercial networks. Commercials can reduce a Shakespeare play to the level of a soap opera. Better a minority-slanted sermon on PBS than a Majority-slanted show on a commercial network. (But is there any such animal as a Majority-slanted show on any network at any time?)

Better Sonia Landau, the chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which funds PBS, than Laurence Tisch, the new master of CBS. The former funnels money into a liberal-leaning network that permits only very brief introductory and closing plugs for corporations which help pay the freight for the programs. Tisch is the money man at the top of a liberal-leaning network that pollutes the air with patent-med-

icine and hemorrhoid commercials. Yet the audience goes out and rewards Tisch's company for the grotesque assaults it mounts on human ears by buying huge amounts of the products it advertises.

I mentioned Sonia Landau in the preceding paragraph. Her husband is John Corry, a TV critic for the *New York Times* (a conflict of interest?). Corry is a sly type. Listen to this little gem of evasiveness taken from his new monograph, *TV News and the Dominant Culture* (The Media Institute, 3017 M Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20007):

[T]elevision does not consciously pursue a liberal or left agenda, although it does reflect a liberal to left point of view. This is because the point of view is fixed and in place, a part of the natural order This intellectual and artistic culture . . . is rooted firmly in the political left, where it finds its own closed frame of reference.

As Corry sees it, TV is left-wing because the culture is left-wing. It might be equally true that the culture is left-wing because TV is left-wing, since TV is the dominant force in today's culture or what passes for culture. Certainly Dan Rather and company must *consciously* pursue a left-liberal agenda. If they pursued it unconsciously or simply picked it up piecemeal from their surroundings, they might slip up from time to time. Dan and his colleagues never do.

Corry does make some persuasive points, however. No one has watched more TV news programs. The grueling experience has taught him that video reporters either ignore good economic news or immediately qualify it with a downside "but." In regard to foreign policy, it's OK with Rather, Brokaw and Jennings to approve wheeling and dealing with Communist regimes, but woe unto him or her who has a good word to say for non-Communist dictators like Marcos or Pinochet. Corry, rightfully, was not impressed by Morley Safer's staged tearjerker from Vietnam when he had a GI set fire to a thatched hut with a cigarette lighter in front of CBS cameramen.

Not surprisingly, Corry found that the people at PBS were even more liberal than their counterparts in the commercial networks. Still, as I said above, I have been so over-commercialized I prefer almost anything without commercials to anything with.

At one point, Corry really went off the deep end. What threw him off was Israel, which, wrote Corry, presumably with a straight face, is presented on TV as "the oppressor, rather than one of the oppressed." Although his incredible statement might impress his bosses at the *New York Times* and earn him a hug and a kiss from wife Sonia, it is conclusive proof to Instaurationists that when it comes to the Zionist paradise, mediamongers are willing (or can be coerced) to stand truth on its head. Except for a few days at the height of the invasion of Lebanon, when Jewish planes

were reducing Beirut hospitals and refugee camps to rubble, TV has glorified Israel in direct proportion to its crimes.

* * *

The *MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour* for June 5 had a segment on Israeli spying that featured George Carver and Joseph Churba as guests. The former gent was with the CIA for 25 years and served as special assistant to three CIA directors; the latter, a longtime *bête noire* of America Firsters, who now edits a rabidly anti-Libya newsletter, was once the Defense Department's senior intelligence official for the Middle East

Churba put forth the official Israeli line, as expected. The Jonathan Pollard spy case was the "rare exception" of a "renegade group" and "heads have rolled in Israel" as a consequence. Israel remains America's "most precious" and "most enduring" ally in the region, and "dark forces work in the corridors" of government are overblowing the Pollard case. So many times did Churba mention "heads rolling in Israel" that visions of 1793 danced in viewers' brains.

CIA man Carver dispensed with such offputting rhetoric and stuck to what he knew.

JIM LEHRER: It's been suggested that Israeli intelligence has people within U.S. intelligence -- not the Pollards of this world, but others who just automatically give everything to Israeli intelligence. Is that true?

GEORGE CARVER: Well, here you're getting in a very fine line between operations and leaks. One of the first jobs I had when I was made Deputy for National Intelligence in 1973 was presiding over an extraordinarily close-held review of the situation in the Middle East in the wake of the '73 war. I discovered that copies of the drafts were leaking to the Israeli embassy even faster than they were getting to me, because I was chairman of the committee. I discovered this --

LEHRER: And this was all CIA people involved?

CARVER: This was CIA, Pentagon people, NFC people and State Department. A very small handful. And the way I discovered this was not by any great counter-intelligence. In what I considered somewhat an excess of chutzpah, the Israeli embassy would call up and complain that they took exception to paragraph two or the second sentence of paragraph three was not factually accurate and paragraph four in its entirety was overstated. I thought that was going a little far.

Joseph Churba partly redeemed himself with one candid observation at the end. Lehrer asked if the U.S. also spied on Israel and Churba replied: "We try to protect our interests, Jim. But I assure you that it would be extraordinarily difficult for us to mount human operations against Israel, given the extent and number of Israel supporters in the U.S. and the leakiness of our society. That would get out with the speed of light, as all of us know."

Talking Numbers

0 1 47 11 5 3 9 7 2

A recent Roper Poll indicated that 46% of Americans are not tired of hearing about the Holocaust; 40% are. 49% of those surveyed want the government to call off the hunt for Nazi "war criminals." 40% are content to let the witch-hunters of the Jewish-run Office of Special Investigations keep on hunting.

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More than 60 million Americans watch TV soap operas. The sex breakdown is 80% female, 20% male. The *Soap Opera Digest* has 4 million readers.

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Against the stern objections of American Jews, who might have objected more successfully if they had known more about it, 459 German scientists and engineers were brought to the U.S. after WWII in Operation Paperclip. Without their expertise, we might still be trying to land men on the moon.

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According to the *Guinness Book of Records*, the world's highest IQ ever -- 230 -- belongs to a 39-year-old mother of two, Marilyn Mach von Savant of St. Louis. Her own mother came from Turin, Italy; her father from Germany. By an extraordinary coincidence -- or was it? -- her paternal grandmother's last name was Savant ("wise or learned man") before she married a Herr von Savant.

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Last December 11, the Dade County (FL) School Board awarded the construction contract for Overtown's Booker T. Washington Junior High to the black-owned 3-W Corp. Inc., even though the firm's bid exceeded the estimated cost of the project by \$7 million. Board Chairman Robert Renick observed, "We're saying to the [black] community that this is a monument we want you to have. I don't care what it costs. I really don't." (*Miami Herald*, Dec. 12, 1985, p. D1)

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Blacks and Hispanics account for 37% of current American male AIDS victims; 73% of female victims; 81% of childhood cases.

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Mordechai Levy says that his Jewish Defense Organization (JDO) has a current enemies list of 45 people, called "Operation Wipe Out," which circulates only to members. The previous list, "Operation Clean Sweep," included the name of Alex Odeh. (*Village Voice*, Dec. 17, 1985, p. 43)

In the next 10 years the Labor Department expects the number of corrections officers to increase by 49%.

#

22% of 181 kidney transplants in the District of Columbia in 1985 were for the benefit of foreigners. The average wait for foreigners was 16 weeks; for American citizens, 41 weeks. 200 to 250 American kidneys were exported overseas last year.

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Britain has \$3.5 billion invested in South Africa. If it imposed sanctions, it is estimated up to 250,000 British jobs would be lost, plus 100,000 black jobs in South Africa.

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In fiscal 1987, the federal government will pump an estimated \$425 million into the District of Columbia.

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A 4-month study of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio programs showed 45% of the political news had a left-wing slant; 36% neutral; 18% right-wing.

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26% of the blacks and 4% of the whites flunked the latest Georgia Teachers Certification Test.

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The Gay Games held in San Francisco in August had some 3,500 competitors in 17 sports.

#

1,200 city governments in the U.S. have no black employees, though black employment in city governments is twice as high as it is in the overall black work force.

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Although Mozambique only voted with the U.S. 5.9% of the time in the last session of the UN General Assembly, it received \$30 million in American aid.

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In a *Washington Post* poll (Aug. 5, 1986), 64% of those interviewed wanted to reduce or eliminate aid to Israel. Only 30% wanted to keep it at its present \$3.5 billion annual level or increase it.

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Gerry Grinberg is a Jewish refugee from Cuba who has the American dealership for Piaget (Swiss) watches. He admits that an \$18 watch keeps as good time as the ones he sells for \$10,000 to \$1 million.

In 1935 the population of Latvia was almost 76% Latvian, 10% Russian, nearly 5% Jewish, more than 3% German, 2.5% Polish, 1.4% White Russian, 0.1% Ukrainian. In 1979, Jews were down to 1.1%. Germans were practically non-existent. Latvians dropped from 1.4 to 1.3 million. Russians were up from 206,000 to 821,000.

#

One-quarter (23,000) of the inmates found alive by Allied troops when they liberated Belsen died in the next 2 weeks of typhus, dysentery, starvation and/or spiritual and physical exhaustion. 17,000 expired before liberation and were burned or buried in mass graves. 40,000, including 18,000 Jewesses, were evacuated from Auschwitz to other camps. (Source: Douglas Botting, *From the Ruins of the Reich*, Crown, NY, 1985).

#

British Jews claim their number has decreased to 340,000, down from 400,000 a few years ago. Two out of three live in London or Manchester.

#

Americans gambled \$177 billion in 1985, 15 times the amount they gave to churches, twice as much as they spent on higher education and more than half of their annual food budget.

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50,000 Jews are born in Israel each year; 60,000 non-Jews.

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The "secret" category of U.S. defense spending has risen in 6 years from \$4.6 billion to a proposed \$22.5 billion.

#

Black Americans live highest on the hog on Long Island, in Miami and Columbia (SC), lowest in Milwaukee, Newark and Buffalo.

#

West German doctors performed their 100th heart transplant on May 26, 1986. The success rate has been 80%.

#

Risks International, a private consulting firm in Virginia, recorded 3,525 terrorist operations worldwide during 1984, of which 2,722 -- or 77.2% -- occurred in just ten nations. India was hit 6th hardest, Lebanon 7th, Spain 8th, Northern Ireland 9th and Sri Lanka 10th. But the top five target countries were all Hispanic: Chile, with 649 incidents (mostly against businesses); Peru with 560, Nicaragua, 312; El Salvador, 277; and Colombia, 233.



"Live Aid" impresario **BOB GELDOLF** cannot be addressed as "sir" because his knighthood, recently bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth, is purely honorary. An Irishman of Belgian antecedents, he was brought up in Dublin, where he was noted for forging his school report cards. In London he had a baby with his groupie girlfriend "to find out whether they wanted to get married." They did. Geldof has raised some \$57 million to help Ethiopians continue to overbreed.

☆ ☆ ☆

MACK WALLACE, a Jewish Texan who prefers a six-pointed star to a lone five-pointed one, had a brilliant idea. Using something called the Council for a Secure America, he got Texas independent oil producers in bed with Northeastern Jewish money moguls. His scheme: Jews would support tax breaks for oil producers if the Texans would opt for pro-Israeli legislation in Congress.

☆ ☆ ☆

Real estate scams have become so routine that they are hardly news anymore. The latest one in Atlantic City cheated 1,200 investors out of some \$82 million. **JAY BOTCHMAN** was charged with being the chief thief in this heist. They claim they are enriching our lives while impoverishing our people.

☆ ☆ ☆

The State of Massachusetts is giving \$250,000 of its taxpayers' money to shysters to defend **20,000 CENTRAL AMERICAN ILLEGALS** seeking to avoid deportation. Public money for lawbreakers!

☆ ☆ ☆

Father WILLIAM O'CONNELL is the second Rhode Island priest to be charged with sexually assaulting boys. He pleaded no contest to 26 obscene acts with minors and was sent to jail for a year. Similar charges are being prepared against a third priest and a monk.

☆ ☆ ☆

Parade magazine has called **RICHARD N. PERLE**, the Defense Department's Zionist zealot, the most powerful man in the Pentagon.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOAN COLLINS, TV-land's favorite slut and the daughter of a London Jew, produced her own mini-series, *Sins*. It won the prize for the Most Loathsome Scene of the Year -- the Nazi torture and rape of the heroine's mother in occupied France.

The crookedness goes from generation to generation. **MARCEL KATZ**, 23, a onetime employee of Lazard Frères, illegally tipped off his father, **HARVEY**, who passed the news on to his father, **ELIE**, that General Electric was secretly getting ready to buy RCA. Harvey was fined \$21 million, the largest amount ever in an insider trading case. The three generation of Katzes also had to return about \$2 million in profits.

☆ ☆ ☆

AARON GOLDEN of San Antonio comes from a long line of moneychangers. Having converted pesos fleeing the Mexican economic debacle into dollars in amounts over \$10,000, a criminal offense if the transactions are not reported, Golden will soon be brought to trial. Some of his deals may have involved drug money.

☆ ☆ ☆

Castro seeded the Camp of the Saints Cuban boatlift with criminals. The Soviet Union did the same with Jewish refugees coming to New York and Los Angeles. Seven of them, often falsely described in the media as the "**SOVIET OR RUSSIAN MOB**," have been arrested in connection with eight murders and various lesser felonies.

☆ ☆ ☆

CAROL WASHINGTON, 28, a black mother from Detroit, stowed away on the cruise ship *Emerald Isles* with her 18-month-old daughter. Back on land, she confessed she had suffocated her illegitimate infant while on the high seas.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **ATLANTA POLICE BUREAU** is recruiting homosexual cops by advertising in gay newspapers.

☆ ☆ ☆

Media giant Knight-Ridder, the owner of the *Miami Herald*, has appointed **MARVIN B. BERENBLUM** senior vice-president in charge of personnel. Berenblum was a senior vice-president of Continental Grain, the billion-dollar company owned hook, line and sinker by **MICHEL FRIBOURG**, the Belgian-born Jew who makes millions in wheat speculation while wheat farmers go broke.

☆ ☆ ☆

The landlord who hired goons to rape, assault and burn out his senior citizen tenants was not a typical slumlord, stated the federal indictment. He was **SAMUEL WEINBERG**, 61, a \$71,000-a-year Brooklyn civil court judge.

Piranha Publishers paid **Senator DAVID DURENBERGER** \$38,375 of the \$50,000 stipend due him for his 1984 book, *Neither Madmen Nor Messiahs*, and his 1986 work, *Prescription for Change*. This windfall plus the money he received for his speaking engagements exceeded the \$22,500 allowed senators each year for "honoraria." Piranha is owned by **GARY DIAMOND**, one of the Midwest's most zealous Zionists and a former columnist for the *American Jewish World*. Durenberger is chairman of the leak-ridden Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Two of his four sons have drug problems. His own problems range from drinking, mental anguish (for which he is getting psychological counseling), an estranged and bitter wife, a vengeful 25-year-old discarded secretary/mistress named Mary Feldman, an arrest at an airport for taking a cab out of turn and refusing to relinquish it when accosted by a policeman -- all this despite a strict Catholic upbringing in a monastic school.

☆ ☆ ☆

Shyster **RICHARD ESSEN**, who specializes in defending drunk drivers, some of them killers, boasts he has never lost a case. He charges outlandish fees, but those who can afford them win the right to drink and drive again, and once more put the lives of sober motorists on the line.

☆ ☆ ☆

God was mugged on a San Francisco street some weeks back. When police found him, he had welts on his nose, was bleeding from the mouth, and his wallet was missing. Later the suspected muggers were arrested, but the muggee (full name **UBIQUITOUS PERPETUITU GOD**) was nowhere to be found. With no one to press charges, the suspects had to be released.

☆ ☆ ☆

When **EMANUEL SHREIBER** and brother **DAVID** were jailed in Britain for dodging £9 million in taxes on various gold-trading deals, Jewish organizations went immediately to work to ensure that the two crooks enjoyed all the special privileges accorded jailed Jews in regard to their peculiar diet and the celebration of their many religious holidays. Meanwhile, the British judge was accused of "insensitivity" for having sentenced the Shreibers on the first day of Passover.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAVID WEINSTEIN is the director of a nationwide campaign to raise \$100 million for the Holocaust memorial museum in Washington. He has already visited 28 governors and expects 40 of them will eventually hold "state dinners" to put the bite on affluent friends and influential cronies.



Norway. Officially only 1,000 Jews reside in Norway. Yet what was the bestseller in that most Nordic of countries last summer? It was *From the Synagogue to Lion Hill*, an autobiography of Jo Benkow, the president of Norway's Parliament, known in Oslo as Lion Hill. The book recounts how Benkow and the male members of his family joined the Norwegian Resistance in WWII, while all the female members -- mother, aunts and sisters -- perished in gas chambers. Sales have topped 150,000 -- not bad in a country with a population of four million.

Britain. From our London correspondent. Gore Vidal's feud with the Podhoretzes was apparently kicked off by an article, "The Boys on the Beach," by Midge Decter (Mrs. Podhoretz) in her husband's magazine, *Commentary*. It came down heavily on gays. Vidal in his counter-article, "Pink Triangle and Yellow Star," in the *Nation* (Nov. 14, 1981), claims Midge's attack was inspired by the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion!* Midge wrote that gays had taken over everything, just as "Hitler said of the Jews." She writes, said Vidal in his snidest and snootiest mood, in a "stilted, gentle, Gentele prose."

Vidal does make a point when he asserts that many verbal assaults on gays have an ulterior motive. In the last Tory conference in Britain, for instance, the great show of moral indignation about homosexuals was definitely a red herring to distract attention from the multiplicitous doings of Jews and other minority groups in Conservative circles.

In his *Pink Toys and Other Essays, 1976-82* (Granada, 1983), Vidal offers so many interesting facts and figures relating to Americans that I could only wish he specialized more in history and less in homosexuality. I quote:

As a politician/writer, Theodore Roosevelt most resembles Winston Churchill and Benito Mussolini. Each was as much a journalist as a politician. Each was a sissy turned show-off. Churchill once confessed that if no one had been watching him he could quite easily have run away during a skirmish in the Boer War. Each was a romantic in love with the 19th century notion of earthly glory best personified by Napoleon Bonaparte, whose eagerness to do his biological duty led to such a slaughter of alpha males that the average French soldier of 1914 was markedly smaller than the soldier of 1800 -- pretty good going for a fat little fellow 5'4" tall.

From March 9, 1965, up to 1970, ninety acts of Congress were held void in whole or part.

As of 1973 the Supreme Court had managed to overrule itself 143 times. Lincoln declared in 1847 that any state has the moral and, implicitly, the constitutional right to govern itself. But, permissive Congressman Lincoln was not then President Lincoln. Finally he put to one side the Constitution. On his own authority he levied troops and made war, took unappropriated money from the Treasury, suspended habeas corpus. When the aged Chief Justice Taney hurled the Constitution at his head, the President simply said that Congress ought now to authorize him to do what he had already done. It did.

[A]t the turn of the century Theodore Roosevelt nicely arranged a war for his President who did not particularly want one. In 1917 Wilson arranged a war which neither Congress nor nation wanted. Since then Presidents have found foreign wars irresistible.

[T]wo major wars -- Korea and Vietnam -- [have been fought] without any declaration of war on the part of Congress.

When Wilson's request to arm merchant U.S. ships was filibustered to death by the Senate in 1917, Wilson issued an executive order arming the ships. Later, still on his own, Wilson sent troops to Russia to support the Tsar, concluded the Armistice of 1918 and introduced Jim Crow to Washington's public places.

As of December 31, 1975, Presidents had issued 11,893 executive orders [although] the Constitution makes no allowance for them.

In 1940 Roosevelt gave Britain 50 destroyers that were not his to give.

The constant search for external enemies by the oligarchy is standard stuff. Our ruling groups indulge in this sort of thing, reflecting Machiavelli's wisdom that the surest way to maintain one's power over the people is to keep them poor and on a war-like footing. Thomas Jefferson thought there should be a Constitutional Convention at least once a generation because laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind, just as a man changes his coat when he grows up.

As Herzen in an unhappy mood once wrote, "Who that respects the truth would ask the opinion of the first man he meets? Suppose Columbus or Copernicus had put to the vote the existence of America or the movement of the earth?" Or as a successful movie producer once put it, "When the American public walks, it's knuckles graze the ground."

* * *

The National Front is in a state of confusion partly because of "plants." Nearly all the previous leaders have been suspended, and a triumvirate of Nick Griffin, Derek Holland and Roberto Fiore seem to be running the organization. Holland is an Irish Catholic and Fiore is an alleged Italian terrorist. A rather unlikely pair to be in the top echelon of a "British" nationalist party. It is perhaps not entirely surprising that Griffin and Co. have thrown all their energies into a campaign for an independent Ulster free of British troops. This, they say, is the only way to keep Ulster British.

One reason for the NF's total preoccupation with Ulster may be fear of the consequences of campaigning on the race issue, now that prosecutions are being brought in on a large scale.

* * *

This year the London Irish held a cultural festival in Roundwood Park in north London. An attendance of 100,000 was claimed, and every kind of Irish cultural manifestation from the musical and terpsichorean to the literary and political was on display.

Having congratulated themselves on successfully bringing Irish culture to London, the festival committee's enthusiasm was dampened by a run-in with Jewry. A Jewish cemetery abuts Roundwood Park, and neighborhood Jews complained that "hundreds of people" from the festival had climbed into the cemetery and vomited, urinated and fornicated beside or over Jewish gravestones. Jews who tried to stop this, it was stated, were threatened with physical harm. After a little arm-twisting, Dermot Hogan, on behalf of the festival committee, admitted the complaint was justified.

It is curious how an element of violence seems to trip up every Irish attempt to put on a "prestigious" event in London -- "prestigious" having become a cliché in Britain's Irish press. It does not apparently occur to these expatriates from the Emerald Isle that the use of such a word in connection with places like Roundwood Park, a slummy part of London, is laughable to anyone who knows his way around the British capital.

* * *

Listeners to BBC-Radio 4 couldn't believe their ears. On the Sunday program, *Breakaway*, in the course of cynical comments about the social status of people attending the Henley Regatta, this verbal blockbuster bobbed up:

There obviously cannot be any snobbery these days at Henley. If they'll let in a little fat Yid from Liverpool, they'll let anyone in.

About 200 listeners immediately called in to express their outrage, most of them Jewish. The telephone babble didn't quiet

down until it dawned on everyone that the unutterable word had come from the mouth of a Jew, Bernard Falk, the program's presenter, who was talking about himself. Said Falk by way of apology, "I'm Jewish and I'm fat and I'm from Liverpool. I am sorry fellow Jews feel offended."

The Jews who complained that "yid" was allowed to be broadcast by the BBC did not complain when they heard that Lord Barnett, previously known as Joel Barnett, a top-ranking Labour Party official, had been named vice-chairman of Britain's state-owned radio and television network. Nor were there any complaints from the same sources a year or so ago when Lord Young, another Jew, was appointed chairman of the BBC.

* * *

George Waterson, a prosperous owner of a bicycle firm in Manchester, felt so down in the dumps he decided to visit a psychiatrist. To his eternal regret, he chose Dr. Joseph Jaffe, a former mayor of Salford, a neighboring town. Over a period of five years and after some 2,500 injections of a strange substance known as "Jaffe juice," Waterson's mental health went from bad to worse. In fact, his lawyer claimed in a hearing before the General Medical Council in London, his client had become a zombie, his business had collapsed and he was out some \$100,000 in psychiatric fees. This was not all. Jaffe, it was charged, had almost managed to run Waterson's marriage on the rocks by constantly criticizing his wife and by encouraging his secretary to seduce his patient by wearing see-through blouses and tight-fitting slacks. Dr. Jaffe, by the way, presides over the children's service at a local synagogue, where he is affectionately known as Uncle Joe.

* * *

Shirley Scott is back in the news. She is the clerk who was fired by a black-dominated North London council for placing a banana-shaped pen on the desk of a non-white colleague. She promptly filed a claim for unfair dismissal. Soon afterwards, Mrs. Scott, a mother of two, received a dozen or so phone calls threatening her with dire consequences if she didn't call off her suit. A few callers promised to pour petrol through the letterbox in her front door and burn up her entire family. At last report, Mrs. Scott had not shown the white flag.

* * *

Paul Chadeyron, a solicitor and a Cambridge graduate who attended a posh public school, devoted many of his 36 years to helping black youngsters in London. Whenever some of them got in trouble, he would go to their homes and urge their parents, community leaders and social workers to get them back on their feet. He managed to persuade some young crimi-

nals to get religion and join the Anglican Church. He even moved to a sordid London neighborhood, to be near the underprivileged on which he focused so much of his attention.

On the last Sunday in June, Paul Chadeyron, after attending evening church services, was stabbed to death on his way to a friend's home by a gang of black youths, some of whom might well have been previous recipients of his Good Samaritanism.

* * *

Mirela Beehook was 14 when she arrived in Britain from the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. She brought with her many of the exotic voodoo practices implanted in her superstitious mind by witch doctors in her tropic habitat. One day, after dolls stuck with pins had begun appearing on the front porch of her London house, her husband, Ravi, also a Mauritian, returned from work to hear that his seven-year-old daughter, Tina, was missing. Also missing was her white four-year-old playmate, Stacey Kavanaugh. A few days later Mirela confessed to killing both children. Sentenced to prison for life, Mirela will now have the opportunity to practice her voodoo on other inmates.

* * *

Prince Charles has publicly complained -- and been cheered by the media for doing so -- that he never sees any black countenances in Britain's crack Guards Brigade. He can be assured that dark faces will appear under the helmets and bearskins in the not-too-distant future. The Defence Ministry is being forced to adopt a monitoring plan for Guards recruitment. This is not what the British call positive discrimination or what the more semantically astute American establishmentarians call affirmative action, but it is a start in that direction. If it turns out that not enough blacks are being recruited and promoted, then quotas will probably be imposed.

France. Claude Lanzmann, the boorish producer of *Shoah*, is something of a name-dropper, especially when the name is that of Jean-Paul Sartre. Lanzmann can't speak highly enough of the late French existentialist-turned-Maoist, one of whose journals he edited. It was Sartre who once decreed, "Anything is permissible, except that Israel should cease to exist." The extinction of the white race was fine with him, as anyone who read his rabid introduction to Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* would have to agree.

Yet it was not only genocide of the "passive" demographic sort that Sartre sometimes favored. An interview he gave to the French magazine *L'Actuel* -- translated and published in the February 1974 issue of *Ramparts* -- let the skeleton out of the closet.

"Are you in favor of a political death penalty for those who oppose the revolution?" Sartre was asked. (Mind you, Red Parisians and Parisiennes were then convinced that a second French revolution was imminent.) The wall-eyed guru's answer:

Yes. After a revolution, in a country where the bourgeoisie has been dislodged from power, bourgeois who foment riots or who plot deserve the death penalty. Not that I would feel any anger towards such people. It is only natural that reactionaries should act out of self-interest. But a revolutionary has to get rid of a certain number of individuals who threaten it [*sic*], and I can see no other solution than that of putting them to death; people can always get out of a prison. The revolutionaries of 1793 probably didn't kill enough -- thus unintentionally hastening the return to order, and ultimately the Restoration.

The interviewer challenged this, suggesting that perhaps too many had been killed in 1793, that "once unleashed, the Terror draws no distinctions." Sartre was adamant: "It is inevitable that the revolutionary party should end up by striking down some of its own. I consider this to be a historical necessity about which we can do nothing." Again the interviewer appealed for moderation. But Sartre's only concession was to say, "The most one could hope for would be the emergence of heroes capable of interceding to maintain respect for democratic debate between the revolutionary forces . . ."



Bloodthirsty Sartre

At about this time, Sartre was directing three small, but highly influential, Maoist newspapers: *Tout*, *La Cause du Peuple* and *Libération*. His chief mouthpiece was the ostensibly non-Maoist journal, *Les Temps Modernes*, which he founded and for which Lanzmann worked.

Asked by *L'Actuel* about the legalization of drugs, Sartre replied, "Everyone has the right to do as he pleases; the State should



have no jurisdiction whatsoever in this area." On the subject of China's "Cultural Revolution," he opined that it was a creation of the Chinese masses, not the Communist Party elite, and that "a whole series of cultural revolutions" would be needed to prevent the return of "order." The final solution to man's alienation was "a new species of intellectual, a species which tends -- somewhat as in China -- to abolish the division of labor imposed by capitalism." But, he hastened to add, "at 67 years of age I am not about to go and work in a factory. I am still a traditional intellectual."

In closing, Sartre explained "one of the reasons why I was attracted to the Maoists: I believe in illegality."

Keep this rhetorical drivel in mind the next time Sartre's Jewish lieutenant, Claude Lanzmann, appears on TV to condemn Westerners for "standing by" while Jews were gassed.

Switzerland. Push down a waterbed in one place and it will rise up in another. So it is with Holocaust skepticism. As soon as they are fined, fired, jailed or ostracized in one country, Holocaust spoilsports pop up in another. The latest popup is in Switzerland, in the canton of Vaud. There Mariette Paschoud, a history teacher in Lausanne, suddenly expounded on the inexistence of gas chambers. As the media hollered and howled, the state council of Vaud met and ordered an immediate inquiry, pending which Madame Paschoud's history courses were put in charge of a more docile and close-mouthed teacher.

West Germany. Remember that item about the three dummies dressed as Russian officers being driven through a Berlin checkpoint to the West by an East German refugee disguised as a Russian corporal? It made a dramatic news story for the *CBS Evening News* -- and Dan Rather chuckled mightily about it. He didn't chuckle a few days later when the tale, which had cost financially ailing CBS a large piece of change, turned out to be just another hoax. It was all staged by a shadowy character named Heinz Braun who never left the Allied sectors of Berlin.

Still another hoax turned up in the latest book by Herr Professor Doctor Wolfgang Scheffler, one of West Germany's multitudinous Holocaust experts. His newly published *Judenverfolgung im Dritten Reich (The Persecution of the Jews in the Third Reich)* contains a picture captioned, "The way to the cattle cars; and not one of them knew (Würzburg, 1942)," which depicts a number of elderly folks marching along a street under the supervision of a few German soldiers. The reader is given the dis-

tinct impression that a group of innocent and unsuspecting Jews in Würzburg are being marched to the freight train that would take them to the gas chambers of Auschwitz. The impression was totally false. The photograph was not of Jews in Würzburg in 1942, but of French collaborators in Paris in 1944 being conducted out of the city by Germans to escape being massacred by the liberation forces already at the gates of the French capital.

No apology for the fabrication was forthcoming from Prof. Scheffler, who continues to be an "honored" and "respected" member of the "honored" and "respected" Institute for Contemporary History in Munich.

* * *

Speaking of the Holocaust, the latest film on the subject is an ancient 16mm movie now being exhibited in the U.S. and elsewhere under the title of "The Liberation of Auschwitz." It was filmed by a Russian photographer who accompanied the Russian Army with a handheld 35mm camera when the most publicized of all the German concentration camps was overrun by the Reds on January 27, 1945. No shots of gas chambers. Many shots of corpses and piles of cast-off shoes, mounds of human hair and the other standard props. The film included a staged sequence which was shot several months later when the snow had melted and which showed a bunch of well-fed inmates happily welcoming their Red liberators. This "reenactment" was not shown at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trial, which was treated to a censored version of the movie.

* * *

Konrad Kujau, the forger of the Hitler diaries, which *Newsweek* and other media giants originally declared to be authentic, has been released on parole after serving 37 months in jail. He is now getting ready a museum of his forgeries, which can be visited by appointment -- including "samples" of the handwriting of Goethe, Marx, Napoleon and, of course, Hitler.

* * *

Joseph Lapid is a writer, a politician and the former director-general of Israeli radio and television. He speaks for millions of Jews the world over when he observes, "The Holocaust is the only issue for discussion by Jews and Germans. There will never be another."

Lapid was one of a group of Israeli writers recently invited to Königswinter, near Bonn, to discuss literary trends with a group of German writers. But, as Dietmar Kanthak

reported in the Bonn *General-Anzeiger* on May 31, many of the Jews did not wish to speak about anything but the Holocaust.

Lapid found many things wrong with contemporary West Germans. One was their "inability to mourn" -- i.e., for Jews, not for the millions of Germans and others tragically killed in two catastrophic wars.

Another German "vice" was the tendency since the 1970s to find fault with Jews. "To compare the historically unique genocide of the Jews with Beirut or any other event is to make it [Auschwitz] appear harmless," Lapid observed. The more things contemporary Jews are accused of, he added, the less responsibility the Germans will feel for Auschwitz. "But this [German] guilt can never end: not after 40 years, not after 400 years." Consequently, literary portrayals of the Holocaust and World War II must never use half-tones or shades of gray, but only starkest black and white.

Lea Fleischmann shared Lapid's views. How, she asked her German hosts, could a Jew possibly communicate normally (i.e., civilly) in a nation where the modes of thought and behavior which had led directly to Auschwitz had changed not one iota?(!)

Sami Michael joined in the backbiting. Speaking for the Israeli writers as a group, he said they had spent three days performing an "intellectual striptease," turning their insides out for the Germans to view. And what had the Germans done in turn? Remained nearly as silent and unfathomable as a bunch of unfeeling Swedish introverts.

Reporter Kanthak said such a German reaction "was not, perhaps, too surprising," given the readiness of some Israelis to "outline positions and allocate roles. The Germans were on the defensive."

Russia. *Instauration* is always looking hard, perhaps too hard, for signs of the shift from communism to Russian nationalism that began with Stalin's purge of high-ranking Jews, gathered momentum during the German invasion, which Russians called the "Great Patriotic War," and has been further evidenced on and off with the publication of anti-Zionist books, quotas on Jews in higher education, the emigration of Jews from Mother Russia and the works of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

The latest sign that the trend is continuing, though sporadically and hesitantly, is what is happening to the streets of Moscow. The sententious revolutionary names are giving way to the old pre-1917 names. In the bloody, giddy days of Lenin, streets like "Under the Oaks" were renamed "State Farm," "Cooperative," "Machine Operators," "Concrete," "High Voltage" and "Godless" -- not exactly inspiring addresses for the great majority of Muscovites, who have precious little use for Marxism and its ideological baggage. As a start, an

old 17th-century street by the Moscow River, dubbed "Metro Builders" after the October Revolution, has been changed back to "Ostozhenka," an old Russian word that evokes images of meadows and marshes. Two other streets in the Russian capital have recently undergone a similar transformation. Let us hope, for the Russians' sake, that children who have grown up with first names like "Peace-Loving" and "Five Year Plan" will copy what is happening to the streets and be able before they die to sign their many documents with "Ivan," "Andrei" and "Nicolai."

* * *

Since any move toward nationalism anywhere except, of course, in Israel, is considered a universal no-no, *Instauration* maintains a close watch on Russia's relations with Jews and the Jewish state. In August, when the Western press was full of an upcoming meeting between Soviet and Israeli officials, pundits had a field day speculating about the restoration of Russian diplomatic relations with Israel -- relations that had been severed by the Kremlin during the 1967 Six Day War. Many far-out U.S. right-wingers took the bait and asserted that the meeting would prove that Jews still wielded great power in the Kremlin.

The meeting, held in Helsinki, was scheduled for two days. It lasted 90 minutes. The Israelis demanded a reopening of the immigration floodgates; the Soviets wanted to talk about establishing consular ties and nothing else. Both sides walked out in a huff.

Israel. Shortly after nine members of the black Hebrew sect were convicted of trafficking in stolen airline tickets and phony credit cards in Washington, 14 other sect members in Israel were rounded up in a police dragnet and herded surreptitiously onto a nighttime jet to New York. The operation was designed to escape the notice of the media because, if widely known, it might aggravate the black-Jewish split in the U.S., which first appeared in Jewish opposition to quotas, was hardened by the anti-Semitic remarks of Jesse Jackson and Louis Farrakhan, and exacerbated by the cozy trade and diplomatic relations between Israel and South Africa.

The experience of the black Hebrews in Israel could easily be written up as a lachrymose tale of racial discrimination if it had happened anywhere else but the Unholy Land. Fifteen years ago members of the sect began arriving in Israel with ordinary tourist visas. Today they number 1,500, most of them out in the driest and most sweltering parts of the Negev. They claim more stentoriously than ever that they are 100% Jewish, to the consternation of Rabbi Itzhak Peretz, head of Israel's fundamentalist National Religious Party, who wants all of them deported forthwith.

The black Hebrews, whose messiah is

Ben Ami Carter, a black Chicagoan, are vegetarians, polygamists and shun alcohol. They claim they are the true descendants of an African tribe which went to North America 50 years before Columbus to "serve Gentiles" (presumably Indians). Now, "according to biblical prophecy," they have flocked to Israel. "We are Israeli Zionists," asserts Ben Ami. "Israel is our mother country, Africa our father country."

Rabbi Peretz, whose face flushes and whose beard wags when he hears their claim to be Jews, calls them "impure" and demands their ouster, which the Israeli Supreme Court has approved. The rabbi also disagrees with the authenticity of the Falashas (black Ethiopian Jews) and insults them by demanding that they undergo a symbolic ceremony of circumcision. What's more, he is so ultra-Orthodox that he wants all converted Jews to be so designated on their identity cards. In respect to the black Hebrews, he is getting his way. The Minister of the Interior has announced, "All those clandestine Jews will be deported to the last one."

It's the old story of the location of the Jew deciding the politics of the Jew. Over there it's out with the illegals. Over here Jews play a starring role in making it extremely difficult to keep illegals out.

* * *

The Jewish state is South Africa's most important trading partner, not in amount of trade, though the value of South Africa's annual diamond exports to Israeli cutters and polishers is enormous, but in regard to nuclear technology and weaponry. Israel knows how to make bombs; after all, it has made a slew of them. South Africa has uranium, as basic an ingredient of nukes as milk is to a baby.

Now with all the talk and activity about sanctions, what do we hear from Israel? We hear -- very faintly because of that good old media control -- that Prime Minister Shimon Peres (Israeli radio, August 4) is flatly opposed to sanctions of any kind on his Apartheid friends.

This is an important piece of news. But it is kept unimportant by the most effective of all censorship techniques -- selective silence. The Israel-South Africa connection has always been hard for American blacks to swallow. It would be even harder for them to swallow if it became generally known that much of the trade involved nuclear weapons technology and diamonds. This knowledge would widen the Negro-Jewish rift extensively, particularly in the Democratic Party, whose electoral votes in the next presidential election would be diminished, as would Jewish money flowing into the party's treasure chest.

South Africa. *From a subscriber.* The Afrikaner Broederbond is not very important any more, not like it was in former days. In the time of Verwoerd, when a sudden agita-

tion brewed up in Harry Oppenheimer's English-language press about the Broederbond, the prime minister was called upon to disclose all the secret society's secrets in the interest of democracy. But Verwoerd was not at all ruffled. He said he would be happy to reveal everything about the Broederbond the newspapers wanted to know if, in return, the Opposition would reveal everything there was to know about the Freemasons. There were no takers.

All the top Afrikaner politicians have been members of the Broederbond in the past. The first big split came when Dr. Treurnicht, the head of the organization, resigned, walked out and took all the genuine right-wingers with him. Jaap Marais, in turn, was expelled after his blistering attacks. De Lange, the present head of the Broederbond, has a leftward tilt, which must have all previous members of the society gyrating in their graves.

Cuba. The *Wall Street Journal* (July 9, 1986) says the Cuban population is 35% black or mulatto. We think that figure is on the low side. Whatever the truth, blacks have been moving up in Castro's tropical utopia, though they still account for only two of the 14 full members of the Politburo. They do better in the Party's Central Committee, which after a racial shake-up last February became nearly 30% black when, in a bow to the affirmative actioning of their imperialistic neighbor to the north, black Communists were promoted over the heads of their white comrades.

Back in the days of Batista, who was some kind of a Chinese-mulatto hybrid (he was called "El Indio"), white Cubans had their own clubs, their segregated beaches and blancos-only beauty contests. Today all that is gone with the trade wind, but you can still hear anti-black jokes in Havana back alleys and blacks are forbidden to form organizations based on race.

Castro's tactic was to co-opt black racism by building his revolution on class hatred and bribery. So far his plan seems to be succeeding. Give the blacks who never had much of anything a little more of everything and pay for it by expropriating the white upper and middle classes.

Cuba's blacks were particularly prominent in the expeditionary force that was sent to Angola in 1975 to protect the black Communist regime there. Castro's famous speech that kicked off his African adventure seems to spell out the Cuban Party line on race: "We are not only a Latin nation; we are also a Latin-African nation. We are brothers and sisters of the Africans and for Africans we are ready to fight."

Castro's fighters in Africa are a sorry lot. They haven't been able to put Jonas Savimbi, the anti-Soviet Angolan freedom fighter, out of business. And the Cubans have been careful to run in the safe direction (north) when South African troops invaded the country to retaliate against Angolan-based terrorist raids in South-West Africa.



Nuclear Winter or Nuclear Summer?

Anyone familiar with the tricks and tactics of the media maesters could smell a rat when he started reading about the horrors of nuclear winter. The man in charge of the blitz was Carl Sagan, the headline-hunting astronomer who some years back treated television viewers to long, insufferably repeated profile shots of his nostrility as he piloted his space ship through the heavens.

It all started out fairly innocently. A German scientist, Paul Crutzen, and an American chemistry professor, John Birks, came up with the thought that an all-out nuclear war would propel so much dust into the atmosphere that the earth might be deprived of most of its sunlight, causing a temperature crash that would freeze most living things, including man, into extinction.

It was a very tentative and very tenuous theory, but, in view of its apocalyptic possibilities, worth looking into. Carl Sagan, however, who is more of a showman than a scientist, suddenly embraced the concept of a "nuclear winter" as if it were an established scientific law and, without further ado and with the help of his media cohorts, quickly succeeded in making it a household word which liberal mothers use to scare their children. It was not long until the media barrage resembled the pounding wave we have come to expect in the October of a presidential campaign. Affluent foundations like the Rockefeller Family Fund got into the act, a public relations agency was hired, press conferences were held on a daily basis, and TV appearances of the principal propagandists crowded the airways, one effect of which was more tasteless exposures of the Sagan proboscis. Perhaps the biggest coup was getting *Science* magazine, which previously had at least pretended to live up to its title, to publish a pseudo-scientific article "proving" all the outlandish propositions of the winterists, among whom was counted -- surprise, surprise -- Philip Abelson, *Science's* editor.

So many wild assumptions and horseback guesses were pumped into the nuclear winter scenario that it would take a whole issue of *Instauration* to list them. When a few serious scientists attempted to question these assumptions, the media gave them only a fraction of the space and time lavished on the winter crowd, which had succeeded in getting an article by Sagan himself in *Parade* and in arranging for the great one to appear on (where else?) *Donahue*. Next stop, *The Oprah Winfrey Show*?

Eventually, when the nuclear winter story grew so big it began to have some influence on U.S. nuclear strategy, the National Center for Atmospheric Research was commissioned to look into it. Last summer two NCAR scientists, Stephen Schneider and Stanley Thompson, produced an almost point-by-point rebuttal in *Foreign Affairs*. The essence of the article was that nature's complex atmospheric processes would not act at all as the winterists predicted. Winds would not allow the smoke to concentrate in thick, massive clouds; smoke and soot would combine into heavy particles that would quickly drop to earth; the warm oceans would counteract the expected fall in temperature; in fact, the exploding nukes might actually cause a warming trend in the atmosphere because the smoke particles would absorb heat from the ground and return it by means of infrared radiation.

In sum, the nuclear winter theory is so shaky that the effects of a nuclear war might actually turn out to be, in the best case, a nuclear summer; in the worst case, a nuclear fall. The public, of course, knows very little about this because the media do not work that way. The nuclear winter bogey has been drilled into so many millions of minds by politicians, journalists and politicized scientists that it will take years, if not decades, to drill it out.

No scientist worthy of the name would endorse anything as loaded with hype as the nuclear winter hypothesis. But scores of

so-called engineers, physicists and astronomers have done just that. Sagan and his crew can congratulate themselves on having done a real number on the American people. Their reputation and their scientific standing will be properly judged by better scientists to come, but until then they can compliment themselves on having pulled off one of the most effective propaganda stunts of the century -- one that must have the nuclear strategists in the Kremlin laughing up their sleeves.

It might be added that instead of answering the *Foreign Affairs* article that questioned their chief claims, some nuclear winter advocates, in the traditional fashion of liberal-minority rebuttal, called Schneider and Thompson "fascists."

The Antigen Difference

Antigens in the blood cells trigger immune responses when organ transplants are introduced into a body. The greater the similarity between the antigens of the organ donor and the recipient, the smaller the chance of rejection.

Despite what is written in the Declaration of Independence, whites and blacks are not born with equal amounts of the Aw36 antigen (found in 9% of blacks and less than 1% of whites). Aw36 and Bw7 are so much more common in blacks than whites that they are called black antigens.

If you are black and get a transplant donated by a dead or living white, the chances of rejection are very much higher if the donor is another black. The problem is that blacks don't donate organs in the numbers required to take care of blacks who need transplants. For example, only 3% of organ transplants in the U.S. involve both a black donor and a black recipient. About 50% of kidney patients are black, but only 10% of kidney donors are black. A Gallup Poll showed 77% of whites are willing to donate organs to close relations, compared to 49% of blacks. Some blacks give as the reason for their reluctance the desire to keep their bodies all in one piece for Judgment Day.

Any day now, the fact that the black rejection rate of transplants is higher than that of whites will be described as just one more evidence of racism, while the lower black donor rate will be blamed on slavery or some other form of white oppression.

Hitting Back

In a \$2,750,000 lawsuit against seven "officers of the law," Greg Withrow, the founder of California's rambunctious White Student Union, claims his civil rights were violated, that he was falsely arrested, that he was battered and assaulted, that he was falsely imprisoned, that he was deprived of his property unlawfully and that he was libeled in prevaricating police reports.

A California judge, despite intense pressure from every law enforcement official and his brother, accepted the suit. Those who want to contribute to Greg's legal expenses, which will be considerable, may mail him a check or money order at P.O. Box 41872, Sacramento, CA 95841.

Unponderable Quote

I regret that I was not more critical of the cynical motives of the Soviet Union . . . that I was infected with a hostility that alienated me from this country for years . . . I regret most of all that I compounded the pain of many Americans who lost sons and loved ones in Vietnam. I am sorry for the hurt I did while thinking I was trying to save those lives.

Ex-Weatherman terrorist Tom Hayden,
Chicago Tribune, July 7, 1986