

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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JANUARY 1988

MAJORITY RENEGADES OF THE YEAR



THE INFORMERS

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

The new edition of the Random House Dictionary of the English Language pronounces it "in-store-ation." I've always pronounced it "insta-ration." The new dictionary also has the word, "instaurator."

902

Talk to any "serious" liberal and you'll be amazed how his unthinking, reflexive dogma comes out in no time at all. I was shooting the breeze with a clergyman friend, about 32, raised in relative luxury and known for his concern for the underprivileged. Our topic happened to be classical music from early America. He'd heard some and liked it because it's so "non-elitist" -- meaning, I suppose, it has earthy, folksy qualities compared to European music of the same period, which is more reminiscent of "royal courts and chapels." He denied he'd meant the word elitist "that way," but before I could point out that the folk connection is as strong with Josquin as it is with Billings, our conversation shifted to grocery shopping. We live on the edge of a ghetto. My friend feels the A&P brass sell the inner city clientele short with poor staffing. I suggested the long checkouts and inefficiency were the fault of the store's help, which come from the neighborhood. My friend pooh-poohed this idea. I then asked if he'd ever complained about service or inquired about the store's hiring policies. He hadn't, of course, but it's so easy to write the store managers off as fascists or victims of same.

070

Bess Myerson! The first Jewish Miss America and -- is there an inevitability about it? -- the first to face a criminal trial.

119

Happy New Year!

As a New Year's present to those subscribers who believe (perhaps correctly) that Willie and Marv lower the tone of *Instauration*, the cartoons will be omitted in this issue. The editor promises, however, that the magazine will be back in the tone-lowering business next month.

In his 1960 campaign for a congressional seat, Bob Dole played the Prohibition card, a still potent force in western Kansas. If he makes it, will we be calling his wife, Elizabeth Dole, "Lemonade Liddy?"

419

Holocaust revisionists should carefully monitor requests for amnesty under the new immigration law. Could be that some of the missing Six Million, who came here illegally years ago, are finally coming out of their cellars.

802

Having lived in New York most of my life, I had begun to despair of the survival of the white race. The past seven months, however, I have been living in Clearwater (FL) and have been amazed to see young white couples (blond hair and blue eyes in most cases) with tow-headed children in tow. If whites are still reproducing at this rate outside the big cities, maybe there is still some hope.

335

This Bork -- married to a Jewess, then an ex-nun -- sports a beard! And the liberals gave up on him? Bork should tell Ted and his boyfriends to next time check the tide tables.

923

Of Swiss origin, I deem myself not a perfect Nordic, sad to say, but I have been living and thinking Nordic since I became a man and put away my childish things.

959

Liberals believe that each individual is precious. Even if he is a schizophrenic. Or a homosexual. Or a Communist. Or a rapist. Or a murderer. They can't deal with people in groups. Classify the insane as a group and liberals would probably call it crazyism and tell you it's almost as evil as racism.

032

I have a friend who says he has converted several people to our side. He found that if he uses the term "dark force" instead of Jews, Commies, Mexicans, Negroes and other assorted unwanted, he gets a more positive reaction. "Everybody knows," he told me, "at least subconsciously, who the dark force is, so why not call it that?"

577

I just got through reading a hatchet job on David Duke in *Southern* magazine (Oct. 1987). It brought to mind the warning that *Instauration* is always making -- that any effective and successful Majority activist will have to be "as pure as the driven snow." I can take the general sniping at Duke's peccadillos with the usual grains of salt, but certain of the direct quotes (albeit no doubt taken out of context) are mildly disturbing to me and very disturbing to my wife: "Oh, no," she exclaimed, "not another Gary Hotpants!" If nothing else, that article ought to sober up Duke to some important truths: either he keeps his narcissism in check and his pants buttoned or he's going to lose a lot of votes that would otherwise be his. We need a Majority leader who is handsome and has a high IQ, but also one who espouses Majority family values. The latter, Mr. Duke, is just about as important as the former.

787

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□ The Third World immigrants and refugees are having children under financial conditions that no normal white American would put up with. The young white, his parents' example in front of him, feels he cannot start a family until he has financial security and independence. To do differently would make him a failure in the eyes of his father. But the refugees I see come from backgrounds of acute dependency and cultural handicaps. There is no stigma attached to their not "making it." Financial difficulties and hard times simply do not postpone their marriages and children as such problems do with whites, because nobody feels the humiliation a white person would. As our nation's living standards drop under the migrant swarms, young whites are too bewildered and scared to burden themselves with a family. They put their lives on hold for years as they wait for the better job and higher income. The white will opt for the nice car and the single life, for he could not bear to have his father see his grandchildren raised with less than what was given him.

54

□ Instead of trying to find a cure for AIDS, researchers should be looking for a genetic cure for homosexuality. This would "kill two birds." Of course, something which eliminated gays -- not living ones, but future ones -- would immediately be labeled "genocide" by you-know-who.

103

□ How much better a world it would be had the Ayatollah been imbued with the amiable skepticism of Omar Khayyam. I'll grant the zealotry of Khomeini's messengers of death would be hard to match on the battlefield. But then you could throw in a few angels to even things up a bit. Oh, Voltaire, if you're in the wings, please come center stage.

128

□ This Italian man came here from Italy to find an American girl to marry. After he had found her, he wrote to his mother in Italy. His mother became very excited and told him that if he married this American girl, when she got mad, she'd call him a dago. What's more, she wouldn't speak Italian or know how to cook Italian food. The son wrote back to say that the girl was not like that at all. She had learned to cook the food he liked, and even learned to speak his language. She promised him she would never call him a dago, as long as he never called her a nigger.

945

□ The Los Angeles Times had a piece on Petra Kelly, a leader of the Greens in Germany. She is the product of her mother's first marriage to a Pole. She later adopted the Kelly name of her stepfather. Her original name was Lehman.

900

□ I was thinking about your Majority Renegade of the Year. Maybe we should have a multiple selection. The Ten Greatest Renegades of the Year, accompanied by a short bio of each. There are so many it's just plain impossible to narrow the choice down to one.

445

□ How about Gregory Peck for Majority Renegade? The man has all the credentials (Gentlemen's Agreement, To Kill a Mockingbird), assorted liberal and minority causes, innumerable demonstrations and sit-ins from which he has reaped a king's ransom. Behind the handsome, smiling visage leers a race-traitor of the first water. You can do no better than slap him on the January cover.

782

□ Arab Americans do not have dual citizenship. They are not in America to exploit America. There are no Arab-American Boesky's, Wiesenthals, Kissingers or Pollards. Arab Americans do not rape the American taxpayer and steer foreign policy against U.S. interests. Arab Americans do not control what appears on our TV screens and in the press. They do not use the OSI to send American citizens to Russia, Yugoslavia or Israel for trial and/or execution.

288

□ The liberal asks, "Why do we exist?" He provides his own answer: "To help others." So why does the Negro exist? To give liberals a reason for living?

332

□ There was a piece in the Safety Valve several months ago by a woman. She told about having to endure sexual ridicule from two black males at a swimming pool where she was relaxing after work. She described herself as a moderately attractive blonde. Her story was that no white male made any attempt to assist her. I asked myself if I wouldn't have also copped out, knowing there was a good chance of a physical confrontation. After a lot of mental pussyfooting, I decided -- shamefully -- "it all depended on the situation." I hope that woman is reading now for I have done something to get rid of my shame. I offer my advice to readers:

Learn how to fight. Seek out a martial arts studio. Most people live close to one. If not, get one of the many good books on hand-to-hand fighting. Get in shape. Scrap it up a little. Get hit, get knocked down, learn how it feels. Learn how to punch and kick and keep control during a fight. This gets you well set for a real-life confrontation. I hear the question. Where will I find the time? Do as I did: sell your TV. I have lived without a TV for several months. Deprogram your TV mentality and you can think straight. I know what I'll do if I run into a damsel in distress. I'll help her. Any outcome, win, lose or draw, will be better than the shame of turning aside.

275

□ In your first Talking Numbers item (Sept. 1987), your math's wrong. Three percent of the \$5.1 million spent on cancer research is \$153,000, not \$15,000.

542

[Editor's Note: An even worse mistake was made in the October issue in regard to the number of Jews in the world. The percentage of Jews in the world population was given as .003%, when it should have been 0.3%, which is 0.003: $5,026,000,000 \times 0.003 = 15,078,000.$]

Mail Delay

Instauration is delivered to the post office on or about the first of each month, a target date seldom missed by more than a day or two. From then on it's up to the Postal Service. In September the magazine was swallowed up in the Christmas catalog mail, which caused a delay of a week or so. The October issue was held up for three or four days in the post office because a new mail clerk didn't know how to handle it.

Whenever the magazine is a few days late, we receive a few letters of complaint. We ask for forbearance. Sooner or later Instauration will beat a path to every subscriber's door.

Those impatient subscribers desirous of receiving Instauration "on-the-dot" will simply have to cough up the extra \$10 a year for first-class mail, which practically guarantees delivery by the third or fourth of the month, if not earlier. Those who stick to third-class mail must continue to wait for two to three weeks, or longer, if they're Midwesterners, three to four weeks if they're Farwesterners.

Each issue of Instauration, it might be added, is truthfully dated. The January 1988 issue is mailed at the beginning of January. Some magazines with circulations vastly greater than ours are mailed in January, but dated March.

At any rate, it's nice to know we are not the only publishers who have trouble with the mail. In November, a gossip-loving friend who subscribes to People received two consecutive issues of the magazine on the same day.

□ Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, the black psychologist whose bogus "scientific data" (exposed by Carleton Putnam) was used by the Warren Court in its Brown desegregation decision, is a sadder and (maybe) wiser man these days. He thinks "color is a psychological infection that human beings can't deal with." Does Louis Farrakhan know his ideas are diseased? Clark says he doubts that today the Supreme Court's ruling on Brown would be unanimous. He also doubts that those who helped him assemble all that stuff about black and white dolls would still be in agreement with him. The schools in New York today, says Clark, are more segregated than they were in the 1950s. Don't expect him to draw the obvious conclusion, however. The Clarks of this world have too much emotional capital invested to come clean about their bankrupt concept of race-mixing. Even the Prohibitionists admitted defeat in 1933, but Clark and his crowd will hold out to the end. They don't even care if they lose their reputations. They've made a good living as intellectual snake-oil salesmen.

566

□ Renegade of the Year is George "The Snout" Shultz. He's twice as smart as his boss. So his sellout of his own people is twice as reprehensible.

Canadian subscriber

☐ Renegade of the Year? The lynch mob that hanged Judge Bork. This gang all but openly fronted for the Negroes (rather than the Jews), which is an ominous new development. 100

☐ I propose a new monthly column for Instauration, "How I Came to Be an Instaurationist." 545

☐ Why should the Pope have to "mend relations" with any group, Christian or non-Christian, concerning President Waldheim? To the best of my knowledge, Waldheim is a Roman Catholic, and John Paul II's reception of him should be of no concern to other than Roman Catholics. As for Waldheim himself, Austrian friends of mine consider him a sleazy, cheap-john politician. Nevertheless, there are certain aspects of his case, normally overlooked or played down, which need to be taken into consideration. He was born in 1918. During the war years he was in his 20s. As a lieutenant in the German army he was a subaltern, not responsible for the content of the papers that crossed his desk. He was in no position to disobey orders. Otherwise, he would have been taken out and shot. Waldheim was no more of a war criminal than any other of the many thousands of lieutenants in either the German or the Allied armies. Despite the pronouncements of our armchair moralists, obedience to orders is a fundamental part of military discipline and it is a valid justification for a soldier's actions (Cf. St. Augustine, *The City of God*, Book I, Chapter 21). The Austrian elections in which Waldheim was chosen president were a purely domestic matter. Outside interference was quite uncalled for and the Austrians' response in electing Waldheim was understandable and justified. The U.S. government's action in refusing Waldheim permission to enter this country was a cowardly cave-in before utterly unwarranted minority interference. He had broken no U.S. law. When the Pope received Waldheim, the latter was making a visit, not merely as a Roman Catholic, but as the head of a state which has diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Was the Pope to follow the disgraceful example of the U.S. and refuse to admit Waldheim to Vatican City? 148

☐ Instauration is the only magazine I read from cover to cover as soon as I get it, and never fall asleep. 113

☐ Last week I took a chance and introduced a wealthy friend to Instauration. He was truly amazed to read what he thought no one but himself even dared to think. 775

☐ Thank you for telling us about *The Rise of the Mediocracy*. Like most books worth reading, it was not on the open shelves. It came to me via interlibrary loan from the University of Illinois. 606

☐ I wonder at times how many of our readers understand the essential importance of Instauration. For 12 years it has painstakingly chronicled the decline of the American Majority. When the time comes for historians in the future to write of events happening now, they will be able to turn to these pages and find out there was a remnant who knew exactly what was happening, who tried to warn their fellow citizens and who (probably) were ignored -- if noticed at all. The winds of change are not favorable. We may have lost the mandate of heaven and the time is short. 119

☐ In October black boxing promoter Don King was featured on a New York radio show. He spoke of a promising white Canadian fighter in his stable, Matthew Hilton. Because whites are a distinct minority in the fight game, many people erroneously believe that blacks and Hispanics are naturally superior fighters, though it is a fact that their skin is denser and cuts less easily and their skulls are thicker, giving them greater imperviousness to head shots. King declared, concerning Hilton, "He may be white, but he can fight." Can you imagine the explosion that would be triggered if a group of white corporate leaders and businessmen were interviewed on a radio talk show and were discussing a Negro in one of their organizations who was laboring his way up the ladder. Then one of them exclaims, "He may be black, but brains he doesn't lack." 089

☐ What I do mind about Mexicans in the language debate is their failure to know the nuances and colloquialisms of the American language. Try ordering a hamburger rare and hold the lettuce in southern California. They get the hamburger part, but you can never be sure about the rest. 914

☐ A young college friend applied for an interview with the CIA and had to run the gauntlet of a horde of circa 1960s screaming, crazed, placard-carrying hippies. Thankfully, there was a small counterdemonstration. I have been giving my young friend "therapy" sessions each night to help him work through the trauma of his high-school brainwashing. He is slowly unloading his burden of guilt and beginning to show some signs of self-esteem. Like many kids his age, he used marijuana experimentally at age 14 (eight times). However, he had enough moral strength not to take it up as a chronic habit. As soon as I feel he is ready for Instauration, I'll show him some back issues and let him spread the gospel. 708

☐ While I agree with Instauration that the man who saves us will have to have started out as a saint to avoid the peephole smears, he will have to be devilishly smart to outwit the minority Machiavellians. 806

☐ I had a hearty laugh when Instauration published the stamp of the now famous Rabbi Revel (Oct. 1987) at precisely the right level of magnification. Some may say that the rabbi has a Star of David on his face, but it seems to me that his beard is infested with lice, one of which is visible in the hairs of his beard. 142

☐ Allan Bloom is your typical University of Chicago geek -- windbag, Talmudic and dogmatic, narrowly educated. He seems not to have heard of the English philosophical tradition -- Bacon, Hume, et al. -- which still dominates American education. The Nietzsche-Heidegger philosophy was brought here by German Jews who co-opted (read: stole) it for their own purposes. Hannah Arendt, a student of Heidegger, got all her ideas from this crowd. Bloom has got it all wrong. He is blaming the consumers for buying cars from Detroit. He should blame the manufacturers for a shoddy product. The same holds true for education. His dopey colleagues set the standards; the students didn't. He ain't about to take on the affirmative action boys. Most of his faculty colleagues who came on board this way are only qualified to teach women's studies and black history. That's what they majored in, so that's what they teach. 076

☐ Yale is like San Francisco in 1979. Then the chief of police attended a gay ball, just as Benno Schmidt attended the ball last spring that drew 1,000 fruits. The police chief left when the straights lost confidence in him, and an Irishman with six kids got the job. Many straights felt the departing chief was also a closet case. They've started thinking the same thing about Schmidt. 934

☐ Who wants seasonal Mexican labor when our universities are filled with students who could work off their loans by engaging in a little hard labor? Chairman Mao knew pointy-headed intellectuals needed a respite from their classes. 667

☐ John Nobull rightly savages British historian Correlli Barnett for his silly comments on Rudolf Hess (Oct. 1987), yet Barnett remains one of my favorites. His *The Collapse of British Power* (1972) is a stunning documentation of why the UK bought the farm. No one who finishes that book will ever again look at England in the same way. 320

☐ Louis Farrakhan, who spoke recently in Los Angeles, received some of his greatest applause when he deplored the awarding of compensation to Japanese Americans sent to relocation camps during WWII. He added there has been no compensation for those who suffered from slavery. I think he's edging toward an Instaurationist position. 928

☐ Please get me a date with the Westphalian peasant girl on the October cover. 457

□ I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the monthly report from Britain in the Elsewhere section (Oct. 1987). Here it is stated that Tyndall "collected money to put up 50 British National Party candidates. When the election was announced, he decided not to run any of them. This has caused bitter disruption and the secession of several of the BNP branches." The facts of the matter are that when the appeal for money to fight for the 50 seats was made, it was quite clear in the appeal that, if it should not succeed in meeting its target and the contesting of the 50 seats should not be possible, the money raised would be allocated to another fund for the acquisition of a headquarters office premises. As for the secession of branches, there was not one. Two individuals defied my directive that the party would not fight and stood as candidates using the party name. They were immediately expelled. I have not had one single resignation in sympathy with them, although there was a certain amount of grumbling from the area of the country where they operated. The decision has come to be accepted by everyone except these two, and there is an overwhelming consensus of agreement that the party benefitted greatly from the money saved.

John Tyndall

□ The Safety Valve attracts me in a special way because through it one may perceive the mentality of the common American, quite unique in the world.

Argentine subscriber

□ The local fishrag is thrown in the yard in the early morning, page 1-A emblazoned with numerous black faces, brown faces and stories about the poor forgotten and downtrodden of East Austin. On the radio on the way to lunch I hear Rabbi Tannenbaum break the news: Rudolf Hess is dead! "Weep no tears for this man -- he was a monster!" Strange way to "objectively" report the news at noon. The mail comes in the afternoon. Time arrives, with its cover full of slanting eyes, a paean to the "Asian-American Whiz Kids." People is under it in the pile, with Joan Rivers' vulpine mug and the story about her suicidal husband. A double "tribute" this time. On the evening news, Injun Dan drones on about Israel, Israel and more Israel. AIDS. Blacks. Jews. The Pope. Hispanics. Stories that call racial pride in black children "black pride" and the same in white children "racism." A whole month of this goes by. Then finally Instauration arrives in its little white wrapper. Thank you, Instauration. I regret to say you are the only news from outside that crosses our doorstep that is of, by, about and for my own race. All the other journalistic feces -- print or broadcast -- are for them.

787

□ In all honesty, Instauration conflicts with my religious convictions and sets up stress reactions in me. So I do not care to subscribe to it. On the other hand, Instauration is just about the only literate, reasoned, anti-Semitic publication I am aware of. I regard Jews as enemies, but I do not wish to deprive them of life, liberty or limb. Neither do I want them messing up my life or anyone else's.

988

□ I just watched Jewel in the Crown on PBS. I missed it the first time around. After the final episode Tim Piggot-Smith, who played Merrick, talked about his character, who is, in my opinion, a tragic figure. Tim didn't see it that way. To his way of thinking, Merrick was a racial supremacist, an S&M homosexual child molester who finally came out of the closet. A man who welcomed his own death. Rubbish. The Indian police corps never attracted the Eton-and-Oxford type. Merrick did the dirty work of imperialism while his "betters" looked the other way. Normal people are not attracted to that work. As for his fruitiness, that is not unknown among Brits. Almost without exception, the British characters were presented as screwballs and lowlifes. Paul Scott, who wrote the Raj Quartet, is the bird who fouls its own nest. I shall not read his works. Merrick, the policeman, was shown torturing prisoners. When the French army in Algeria used torture, officers were asked why a civilized nation was still doing this. The answer: "Because it works." Liberals who are shocked by the British use of torture should direct their attention to the Russians: They use it, too. Poor Merrick! He was only doing his job.

913

□ I have enjoyed Instauration and have learned a great deal about things that had puzzled me over the years. One situation that continues to puzzle me is why female Gentiles will go to bed with a Jew so much quicker than a Jewess will go to bed with a Gentile.

244

□ I have been noticing the latest style in women's swimming suits and the way they are made. One wonders how the new styles will be able to trim any more off and still make a pretense of covering the private parts. Something that was previously reserved for private observation is now put on public display. Could this be a reason for our race not producing many offspring anymore? Sex and nudity are displayed so often they have now become commonplace. Perhaps to some men all this is no longer stimulating and they have become burned out. Before shorts came into style, women were still fairly well covered and had that feminine mystique about them. There was very little exposed flesh, and the mystery of women was very intriguing. What you didn't see, except for occasional glances, was possibly more stimulating than when it all came off. Maybe the original framers of society knew what was needed to keep our race procreating and virile and set forth a code of morals to accomplish this end. The old morals are now outdated, but they sent out wave after wave of white people to create some brilliant pages of history.

109

□ Whatever happened to Terry Waite?

207

□ I am convinced there is such a thing as luck. Luck can change foolishness into success or wisdom into complete failure. Perhaps the white race will have some luck. That is about all that can save us.

300

□ You finally mentioned the Jewish community papers (Oct. 1987). About time! One cannot underestimate the important role these little-publicized publications play in Jewish networking and troublemaking. The blacks have them too. Why not the whites? If the ADL keeps "hate files" on us, I move that Instauration maintain a "hate file" on the Jews by keeping files of these community papers.

778

□ The word "conservative" is often misapplied. To "conserve" means to keep in a safe state or to avoid destructive use. A "conservative is one who wishes to maintain rationally established tradition and social stability." It has been stated that a revolutionary begins as a liberal, but after the revolution has been won he becomes a conservative; that is, he wishes to preserve the new order of political regime he has helped establish. This is not a proper use of the word conservative. Such a person actually has changed from a revolutionary to a state policeman. He has not become one who is seeking to honor and maintain longtime traditions and mores. He is not seeking to define, conserve and enhance values. He is merely seeking to save his group's new political power. Supreme Court Justices Rehnquist, O'Connor and Scalia are not "conservatives." Their primary accomplishment has been to eliminate some of the rights of criminal defendants prescribed by the Warren court. They have not attempted to reverse the rulings of Brandeis, Frankfurter, Black, Douglas, Warren and Marshall. These people are merely supercops for the liberal establishment.

771

□ Time for a collective award for Renegade of the Year: the sitting senators from the Old Confederacy, who know they must win 90% of the black vote to be reelected. They can win even if they receive only 40% of the white vote. Now when Jesse Jackson and friends say, "Jump," they respond, "How high?"

770

□ Zip 021 considers revisionism useless. He lives in the world of today only. Apparently he doesn't worry about the past. Dear Zip 021, don't you realize that you personally have a background and a past, which rules your present and which foreshadows your future? How often do we listen to gossip and when we investigate, we are sometimes surprised that what we heard was wrong, distorted or at least a half-truth? The same occurs with the life of an entire people. Zip 021 needs to know the truth of his people, needs to know its history, which is sometimes distorted, needs to know the truth of the past, because without it, he can't make the right decision. Revisionist history is indispensable for a person who actively wants to participate in political life.

440

□ Ted Koppel of ABC's Nightline looks like a pudgy high-school bully with that Howdy-Doody hairdo. Does he have an upper forehead? Only "Dr." Kissinger escapes the rude probing. Then it's groupie time.

104

THE INFORMERS -- MAJORITY RENEGADES OF THE YEAR

IN LOOKING AROUND for the Majority Renegade of 1987, Instauration found no dearth of candidates. Subscribers sent in various nominations, many of which duly appeared in the Safety Valve. The press was full of public figures who at one time or another in 1987 curried favor with the media by attacking any Majority member or any Majority organization rash enough to defend the white race. But many less prominent people did even more damage. They were -- and are -- the informers. True, some of these were not Majority members, just people masquerading as such. But most were bona fide Americans of European descent. And there were so many of them that rather than name one person Majority Renegade of 1987, Instauration decided to name a whole category.

Below are just a few recent or ongoing examples of the informer's art:

- In Denver, in return for immunity, an ex-groupie of The Order testified in great detail about the doings of four defendants charged with violating the civil rights of radio talk showman Alan Berg, a spiteful, ex-alcoholic Jewish lawyer from Chicago who once had to have a brain operation to cool his fevered mind. Actually, Berg was murdered, but because the evidence is thin, the accused were prosecuted under the more inclusive, easier-to-prove civil rights charge, which carries a maximum life sentence. Zillah Craig, whom the media described as an ex-mistress of Robert J. Mathews, the slain leader of The Order, took the stand against the defendants, one of whom was her own mother. Mr. D. D. Parmenter, a member of The Order, also ratted on his former colleagues, fingering them for just about every crime in the book. His squealing didn't seem to faze him, nor did the violation of his solemn oath, even though the ratting added 150 years (that's right, 150 years) to the already obscenely long sentences handed out to Bruce Pierce and David Lane in the 1985 trial of The Order in Seattle. Parmenter knew his own sentence would be considerably reduced as a result of his treachery. Richard Scutari and Jean Craig, incidentally, ended up being acquitted in the Denver trial.

- In the Howard Beach trial in Queens (NY), Robert Riley, one of the young whites accused of chasing a black hood across a crowded freeway to his death, is "singing." And he is singing in harmony with a gang of blacks gathered outside the courthouse who warned the judge and jury of a "long, hot winter" if the defendants were not severely punished.

- In Arkansas, the Feds geared up for a sedition trial involving Richard Butler of the Aryan Nations, Robert Miles, the elder statesman of white activism, and 13 others, including Pierce and Lane, who have already received such long sentences that they may never get out of jail -- until they're carried out on a slab. Stool pigeons, entrappers and other assorted Majority renegades and snitch artists are expected to provide most of the damning evidence at the sedition trial.

- In North Carolina, a district attorney is looking into the deaths of three men in a raid on a porn shop and homo hangout in January 1987. Rumors are circulating that it was the work of some members of the severely depleted White Patriot Party, whose founding father, Glenn Miller, is now behind bars after pleading guilty to a grab-bag of charges. The press has reported that Miller himself is ready to "talk" (see below). Meanwhile, it has been fairly well established that a former White Patriot member has

informed authorities that the adult bookstore murders were not the work of gangsters fighting over pornography profits, but of white racists who wanted to teach pornocrats and homosexuals a lesson.

- In San Francisco, five members of the Committee of the States, a tax protest group, were found guilty of threatening the lives of Internal Revenue agents. Most of the testimony against them was provided by two members of the group, who agreed to "cooperate" with the prosecution in return for lighter sentences.

- Some informers manage to crawl to the top of the organizations they seek to destroy. This is the case with Andy Oakley, who is now peddling a gruesome, overwrought exposé of the Nazis and the Klan. Oakley claims he got to be leader of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Illinois while he was gathering material for his book-length polemic. One or two other Klan leaders, active or retired, in the South and in Pennsylvania have been in touch with the FBI almost from the moment they donned their sheets.

- Louis R. Beam Jr., 41, did the impossible for seven months. Indicted for sedition last April, along with 14 others who were either already in jail or quickly rounded up, Beam took off for Mexico with his new wife and seven-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. It was not until early November that the Mexican police caught up with him in Lake Chapala, an expatriate American colony near Guadalajara. In the course of the surprise arrest, while her husband was wrestling with an undercover Mexican policeman, Sheila Toohey Beam, the fugitive's 20-year-old wife, shot and critically wounded the cop. She obviously thought he was an intruder. After a brief stint in the Guadalajara jug, the gutsy Irish lass was released and put on a plane to Los Angeles. The child has been returned to her mother in Dallas.

Press reports have indicated that Glenn Miller will testify against Beam. If this turns out to be true, the profession of informing will have reached a new high -- or rather a new low.

Curbing Informers

Like most organisms, informers grow best in fertile soil. But there are no soil test kits available to identify and measure the nutrients best suited to this particular "plant." Informers depend

1. It was revealed at the 1985 trial of The Order that members were required to take an oath, significant parts of which included: "I, as a free Aryan man, hereby swear an unrelenting oath upon the green graves of our sires, upon the children in the wombs of our wives, upon the throne of God Almighty, sacred be His name To join together in holy union with those brothers in this circle and to declare forthright that, from this moment on, I have no fear of death, no fear of foe, that I have a sacred duty to do whatever is necessary to deliver our people from the Jew and bring total victory to the Aryan race.

"I, as an Aryan warrior, swear myself to complete secrecy to The Order and total loyalty to my comrades And furthermore, let me witness to you, my brothers, that if I break this oath, let me forever be cursed upon the lips of our people as a coward and an oath breaker"

2. Pierce, Scutari, Lane and Craig were sentenced to 100, 60, 40 and 40 years, respectively, in the trial of Order members in Seattle. At the trial, half of the 20 or so Order arrestees gave evidence against those to whom they swore "total loyalty." It is instructive to compare the length of the jail sentences given Order members to those handed out to left-wing or Jewish radicals who resorted to equal or even more excessive violence.

on such intangibles as economics, envy and ambition for their growth and well-being -- items totally unrelated to the organic and inorganic matter that makes for healthy cabbages and peonies.

Informers do not draw their nourishment from the earth and sun, as vegetables and flowers do, but from the marketplace, as stocks and bonds do. How goes it with the economy, unemployment, inflation and politics? These are the factors that most affect the peaching and squealing industry.

If a group is trying to peddle an ideology totally opposed to that of the reigning establishment, if a lot of money is in circulation, if the establishment is firmly in the saddle, then it is fair weather and good sailing for the informer. He will be handsomely rewarded for his underhandedness. He has little or nothing to fear because the establishment will protect him and his victims will be far too weak to exact revenge or effectively rebut his slander.

When the social order is breaking down, when riots, sit-ins and mass dissension are on the rise, when political power wobbles back and forth from one party to another on an almost daily basis, the informer's job becomes more difficult and touchy. The group he informs against is likely to be too numerous and too well organized for every member to be jailed or silenced. Some of his targets may even take it into their heads to punish their betrayer. Moreover, a besieged and divided government is in no position to crack down as hard as it would like on one group of "subversives," since other groups may pose a more immediate threat.

Today the Majority informer, who has been enjoying a seller's market for most of this century, is doing better than ever. No time in history has been as propitious to the betrayer of Majority activists as the present. The U.S. government, practically every political party, large or small, and the national and local media are in unanimous agreement on one and only one point -- racism is the most heinous of all crimes when practiced by whites and the most forgivable and understandable of minor faux pas when practiced by minority racists and white renegades.

In today's mental climate, the Majority activist has little chance of being heard, less chance of being noticed and no chance of being taken seriously. Nevertheless, informers gravitate to the few extant Majority activist groups like photons to black holes. Financed and backed by powerful government agencies and affluent private watchdog organizations, the informer can easily and quickly climb to a position of authority in the infiltrated group, both by serving as a paymaster and by becoming a fountainhead of tactical ideas. Then, after he has preached violence and spearheaded the commission of some violent act, thereby leading his lambs to the slaughter, he will conveniently drop out of sight and only reappear at the trial. He has, of course, been granted immunity. Without fear of prosecution he will pour out all he knows and often much of what he doesn't know about the "seditious" acts and thoughts of his former associates.

Today, the Dow Jones average for informers against Majority activists, which has been climbing since the birth of the B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League in 1913, is at an all-time high. This is demonstrated by the fact that whenever two activists get together, chances are that one of them is or will become an informer. The professional or full-time informer is already in the pay of the government or the ADL and will only quit the scene when he has sufficiently compromised the group he has joined. The amateur or potential informer won't start to sing until he can sell his services at a high enough price or, once rounded up and jailed with other members of the group, he is offered immunity or a reduced sentence for exaggerating the alleged crimes of his comrades, the people who took him in and trusted him.

Anyone with a modicum of gray matter will find it rather easy to identify the professional informer. His real résumé, not the one he bandies about, will often reveal a long succession of short-term jobs. He will have moved constantly from apartment to apart-

ment, from rooming house to rooming house, from city to city. He will probably have joined other right-wing groups which, somehow or other, went under while he was a member. A few phone calls or letters to his previous bosses and landlords will usually turn up some surprising memory lapses.

When an informer spills the beans, his souped-up exaggerations and accusations will multiply in proportion to the amount of "inside" information he was able to pick up while he belonged to the organization. The more said to him, the more he will embellish the horror tales he will routinely pass on to the FBI or put in his book of "confessions" or include in his testimony on the witness stand. In order to keep the informer's or potential informer's imagination on hold, it is prudent to restrict the size of his mental file or computer data base that he maintains on the group and its activities. Otherwise, members will soon be reading long-winded defamatory stories about themselves in the New York Times and the Washington Post.

Informing, it must be understood, can easily be turned into blackmail. If the FBI and the ADL don't pay enough, the informer may try to provide a supplementary income for himself by shaking down the individual or individuals he spies upon. Loose talk may allow him to gather information that can actually put the loquacious activist in his power. Take the case of a Majority activist who, using a pseudonym, has been working and organizing on the qt and has children attending school in town, where everyone thinks he is a retired army or navy officer. Because he has invited the informer to his home several times, the latter knows his address and knows about his children. What could be more damaging and humiliating to the family if the informer suddenly let it be known that the town is harboring a dangerous Nazi? Swastikas would soon be decorating the family's mailbox or front door. The children would come under attack in the classroom. Neighbors would forget to say good morning. The wife, who had always been nervous about her husband's involvement in "racial politics," might have a breakdown and sue for divorce. The informer, of course, is quite aware of all these possibilities and of the lengths his victim might go to avoid them.

No more than the barest details about your family, your social and business connections should be made known to other members. Anyone who keeps asking for personal information should be as doubly suspect as anyone who keeps proposing acts of violence in a country where your own people, befuddled and bemused by a half-century of liberal and equalitarian indoctrination, will turn you over to the police as fast as any unassimilable minority member will.

Another point: When an informer shows his true colors and betrays some other group, but not your own, don't think that puts you and your organization in the clear. Once an informer, always an informer. The man who betrays one group will sooner or later zero in on another group. Informing is in his blood. It's the way he gets his adrenaline pumping. The man who betrays Mr. X today betrays Mr. Y tomorrow. By talking to or communicating with or meeting with a known informer, you are engaged in a very cowardly business and you are hardly any better than an informer yourself. Every informer should be treated as a social outcast, not just by the people he has informed against, but by everyone with whom he tries to come in contact.

One more precautionary step. If you are a Majority activist, it follows that you should only be interested in organizations composed of Majority members. The B'nai B'rith does not accept non-Jews. Why should a Majority group accept nonwhites or part-whites? By part-whites are meant individuals whose cultural and racial background is radically different from that of average Americans of European descent. Most of the latter fit the prescribed physical norm, and some Mediterraneans from southern Spain, southern Italy and Greece are Majority members in spirit.

But when individuals differ too much from the Majority biological stereotype, be careful. Nothing is more personal than race. Nothing gives a person a greater impetus to betray an organization than age-old envy reawakened by some inadvertent racial "slight." By adhering to some fairly strict physical qualifications for membership, you may lose a few good recruits, but you may avoid a lot of future grief. It was a Thomas Martinez who first blew the whistle on The Order. It was a Greek who murdered George Lincoln Rockwell.

WASPs are the safest risks in one respect. They no longer have close and active attachments to their European homeland. On the other hand, they are not the best fighters. They are the Americans who have been most removed from the racial struggle and hence are least stirred up about it. Generations of the good life make people soft. The exception to this rule is the poorer class of white Southerners. As for the Central and Eastern Europeans and most Italians, they are likely to be less assimilated into the Majority culture, but are fast coming around. In many ways they "know the score," especially about the Jewish and Negro problems, much better than the brainwashed, wimpish liberals and conservatives of Northern European descent.

It goes without saying that the security tips outlined above are too strict to be followed to the letter. But the more closely they are followed, the longer those who follow them are going to stay out of trouble and remain free to carry on the struggle. The time is not far distant when the mere mouthing of a "racist" opinion in public may land a person not just in an FBI or ADL computer, but in a small room with an exposed toilet and a lot of bars. Jail sentences for thought crimes are already being meted out to radical right-wingers in Britain, Germany and France.

Whatever happens, we have to get our bodies and brains in tip-top shape if we are going to have a chance in the coming racial free-for-all. As conditions worsen for Majority activists in some ways, they will improve in other ways. More repression means radicalization, and what our people need above all is to be radicalized. But radicalization is like a sleeping volcano. The pressure builds and builds, but year after year nothing happens. Nobody notices a thing, not even a wisp of smoke from the crater. The preliminary shocks are only detected by the most perceptive and the most prophetic. Then all of a sudden comes the blast. Time was not on the side of Mount St. Helens. Time was merely working geologically, and there was nothing in heaven and earth that could have stopped what happened. Time is not on our side. Time is politically neutral. But time is ticking -- and the more it ticks, the sooner will come a real opportunity for racial deliverance.

All the laws, all the federal agents, all the informers in the world will not stop the coming racial confrontation. It is building, building, building, and we need to prepare, prepare, prepare. First we ourselves must learn what to do and then we must teach others what to do. And our first lesson should be how to stop falling into the traps that myriads of informers are setting for us. Some of us, unfortunately, will be forever tricked. Some of us will be persuaded to act prematurely. Those who do so will pay a large price, but their actions will not be entirely ineffective. We need both wisdom and courage to lead us into the future. Those who acted too soon had little wisdom, but much courage. Wisdom sheds light, but courage may shed a brighter light, and may be an ever greater dispeller of the darkness that has all but extinguished the once radiant spirit of the most interesting of races.

LITERARY NUGGETS

S O MANY BOOKS are being published each year that there is simply no way that critics, even the battalion of critics employed by such gigantic media agglomerations as the New York Times, can keep up with the outpour. Because of the glut it often takes Instauration years to unearth one of the very rare volumes that gives the American Majority a break. It takes us even longer to catch up with items in the book trade that apply directly to our publication.

It was only last August we learned that a fairly well-known Southern author had written an unpublished novel some years ago in which the wavering hero finally sees the light in the last chapter by being given a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority* (the title was barely camouflaged by being shortened to *The Dispossessed*). When another character explains the contents of the new-found gospel, he actually uses some of the DM's quotes word for word. Needless to say, it will be a year of Sundays before the manuscript ever finds a publisher.

We also recently learned that another manuscript kicking around publishers' offices deals in part with the fascination of its principal character for Instauration. The magazine, mentioned constantly by name, is not treated too favorably, but its arrival each month is considered an important event and its contents are discussed in a not altogether hostile manner. The protagonist's subscription

to the magazine is meant to show his ambivalent attitude toward the inveterate liberalism of his family and friends. Whether this manuscript will ever find its way into print, even though the author is a successful Northern writer, is highly doubtful.

Not quite so difficult to come by are two literary nuggets that have broken through, almost miraculously, the Chinese Wall of contemporary Western censorship. One such miracle is a newly published book by Saint Loup (the pseudonym of French author Marc Augier). Entitled *Götterdämmerung*, it describes the last agonizing months of the Third Reich as seen through the eyes of a pro-German Frenchman. The chapters on life in Berlin during the crushing Allied air attacks are unforgettable. The writing is so vivid that the reader actually lives through the hellish times along with the Berliners. The book also contains a particularly moving account of the daylight flattening of Hildesheim, a treasure house of medieval architecture. Since there was no reason whatsoever to bomb this town, the unsuspecting inhabitants were caught off-guard and incinerated by phosphorous bombs.

Before he ends his semi-autobiographical wartime meandering in Italy, where he writes the obituary of Mussolini's Salo republic, St. Loup recounts an interview with a mysterious SS officer whose grandiose plans for a united socialist Europe under SS leadership are, of course, shat-

tered by the German defeat. The last Saint Loup sees of him is when he climbs aboard one of the few remaining transport planes with his staff and flies off into the night. Destination? Perhaps Tibet.

Interesting as it is, Saint Loup's book seems to stray a little easily from the factual brutality of WWII to rosy daydreams of delayed victory (50 to 100 years delayed). Another drawback is that the book, despite its title, is in French. Even so, it is worth mentioning because it forthrightly and courageously discusses matters that Jewish watchdog organizations have made taboo in present-day English and American literature. Readers are constantly reminded that, if there was a Holocaust by Germans, then there was a much greater Holocaust of Germans.

Saint Loup has also written and published several other novels, all from a pro-German or at least a neutral perspective. They are just as well written, just as absorbing and just as apocalyptic as their anti-Nazi counterparts, which continue to flood the book market in this country. Someday some doughty soul ought to translate some of Saint Loup's books, as well as the works of other French writers of right-wing philosophical and political tendencies -- writers such as the late Drieu la Rochelle and Robert Brasillach and the living Alain de Benoist. Only Céline, the most violent member of this school, has been translated and commands some attention on the English and American literary scene. But his two anti-Semitic classics, *Bagatelle pour un massacre* and *Écoles des cadavres*, remain proudly untranslated.

A Nazi literary classic that has somehow evaded the Argus eyes and blue pencils of the ADL and has been translated into English is *Michael*, a novel by Josef Goebbels. It's a surprising piece of work considering the later career of the author -- a sort of desentimentalized 20th-century *Werther*, which like its presumed model ends in the hero's death. There are pages, too many pages, of soul searching, of requited and unrequited love and of praise and dispraise for Christ. But *Michael's* (Goebbels') alienation is finally cured when he attends a grubby little political rally where the speaker's "blue eyes strike [him] like flaming rays." Rather than waste time in fruitless intellectualizing, the hero finally goes off and gets a job in a coal mine. He dies in a cave-in.

After the Nazis began to exert some power in Germany, but not before, *Michael*, which was written in 1919-20, was accepted by a publisher. It eventually ran through 17 printings. It proves that Goebbels had a lot more going for him than a gift for propaganda. Certainly he was a far deeper and more highly articulated (and articulate) human being than most of the British, American and Russian leaders who wanted his scalp. He admired Goethe as much as Nietzsche, preferred Beethoven to Mozart and had a strong affection for Van Gogh and Dostoyevsky. (Nevertheless, we can never forgive him for making his five children join their father and mother in that gruesome family suicide in Hitler's bunker.)

Goebbels was someone who would have been called a ball of fire in any country in the world. He represented the radical, anti-capitalist wing of the Nazi Party and, if he himself had been the Führer, he might have concentrated on building National Socialist at home instead of exporting

it in the form of Panzer divisions. It was his boundless energy and indomitable will that kept Germany fighting long after any other country would have collapsed into chaos.



Josef Goebbels with Der Boss

In a sense, Goebbels was a tragic paradox, an Alberich type of German, small, lame, dark, who gave his life to make a country of Siegfrieds. He was a Ph.D., an intellectual if ever there was one, but no one hated eggheads more. He beat them at their own game against insuperable odds, but only for a while. Was the short-lived triumph worth the final defeat? Most Nazi leaders would probably have said so, but Goebbels would have said it loudest. Better to shake up the world for a decade or two and exit with a bang than muddle along for threescore and ten and then wimp out.

Götterdämmerung can be ordered from Ogmios Diffusion, B.P. 42-05, 75221 Paris Cedex 05, France. The cost is 78 francs (\$13). Add \$2.50 for postage and handling. *Michael* can be ordered from AMOK Press, P.O. Box 51, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276. Price: \$6.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. Discounts on quantity orders.

Unponderable Quote

During the Middle Ages, everybody was middle aged. Church and state were co-operative. Middle Evil society was made up of monks, lords, and surfs . . . Some were sitters and some were drifters. They roamed from town to town exposing themselves and organized big fairies in the countryside.

An excerpt from student papers compiled by historian Anders Henriksson and reprinted in several U.S. publications

THE CHIEF TORTURER FINALLY GETS HIS JUST REWARD

IT TOOK 13 YEARS and 127½ days to do it, but the people of Utah finally got the first of the "hi-fi murderers" executed. Pierre Dale Selby, the black runt from Trinidad who made a lingering hell on earth for several fine Utah families, died in almost heavenly fashion at the state prison, at 1:12 A.M. on Friday, August 28.

When, back in February 1983, Instauration reviewed a searing account of the hi-fi-case -- Gary Kinder's *Victim* -- many hundreds of thousands of dollars had already been wasted on countless levels of courtroom appeals and thousands of pages of trial transcripts. All on behalf of two men, Selby and his black partner, William Andrews, whose guilt in the brutal torture-murders had been 100% certain from the outset.

The legal waste, in Selby's case, continued until the very end. Hours before the lethal injection, huge teams of defense and prosecution lawyers were plotting their last maneuvers. The Utah Attorney General's office had placed a team of 15 attorneys and their staffs on full alert to respond to whatever new appeals the Selby team might file. On the night of the execution, the prison hired nearly 100 extra security and support personnel, including several "quick deployment units," to handle any disturbances either inside or outside the prison. All this in a conservative white state where 91% of those polled wanted Selby dead!

The gruesome accounts of April 22, 1974, can be hastily recapitulated, although a rereading of the Instauration review of Kinder's book is strongly recommended. The grotesque little Negro, Selby, and his sidekick spent three to four hours in the basement of an Ogden, Utah, hi-fi shop, forcing their five white victims to drink Drano while shooting and raping them, jamming pens into their ears and otherwise comporting themselves like world-class fiends. Cortney Naisbitt -- blond, brilliant and 16 years old at the time -- was one of the two victims who miraculously survived, though "reduced to a heaving, clammy, rubbery-blue, unrecognizable hunk of meat with tubes and hoses hooked in everywhere." After months of agony, Cortney came around, "a withered, infection-ravaged, yellow-skinned creature" whose "pain and frustration were sometimes so great that he would scream, 'Goddamn,' continuously for 24 hours. Those who struggled to pull him through one crisis after another often wondered if they were creating a monster."

Today, Naisbitt's mind and body still remain in tatters. Almost every night, he wakes up screaming, "Not a gun! Not a gun!" A recent job in computer programming failed when he kept confusing fellow workers with the killers. Cortney recently moved to Seattle to get the special therapy needed to keep his constant pain "within bearable bounds."

Dr. Byron Naisbitt, his obstetrician father, who also lost his wife, Laura, to the Drano and the bullets, says that the family's anguish has been endlessly compounded by official indifference:

The people who committed these crimes have been fed, clothed and given medical and other care for 13 years. The victim has been left to struggle on alone.

It's almost cruel in itself that the execution of these killers was delayed for 13 years while appeals have gone through the courts

If the state had spent less money on the futile appeal hearings, they might have some money to help rehabilitate victims like Cortney

But nobody cares if Cortney is fed or clothed or given medical care.

Compare the fate of Pierre Dale Selby. Unlike Gary Gilmore, fumblingly executed by Utah's firing squad in 1977 in a scene which made the chief prosecutor wince, Selby died like any unneeded puppy being put to sleep. In his last hours, he could still laugh with visiting friends, something the surviving Naisbitts could not do for years.

At last came the gentle strapping onto a gurney, the needle's insertion, and the almost soothing sequence of fatal drugs: first, a sterile saline solution; then, sodium pentothal, to induce unconsciousness; more saline (so that the drugs would not interact); Pavulon, to paralyze the lungs; more saline; and finally potassium chloride, to stop the heart. Nine journalists on hand were struck by the tranquility of the procedure -- so unlike Florida's increasingly routine (but not routine enough) executions by electrocution, where the killer's blood temperature is heated to boiling, smoke curls from his skin, and witnesses often become nauseated. Selby was dead before some of the observers had even realized the drug sequence was underway.

Even a liberal reporter had to confess that the "execution [was] unusual but not cruel." Yet with more than 20,000 murders occurring in the U.S. each year, the real cruelty is that execution remains so "unusual." Maybe by executing 5,000 killers a year we could save 5,000 innocent lives a year. Wouldn't that be a sensible and logical trade? Let's try it for five years and see what happens. But whether we execute 50 or 5,000 a year, let's not keep the future Cortney Naisbitts waiting more than 13 years for a taste of justice.

Ponderable Quote

The Arabs are more stately than the usual Israelis. People say Israel is an egalitarian society, but it's just rude.

Peter Ustinov

WHAT MUST BE DONE

I WOULD LIKE to see in the masthead on page two: "Instauration is published monthly by the Instauration Education Institute, an organization devoted to the preservation and expansion of the American way of life."

The Communists in the 1930s were very inventive in naming their front organizations, tossing around such words as liberty, freedom, education and democracy. More to the point, education is really America's religion, except in Los Angeles, where the automobile is the true faith (we work on our cars on Sunday morning instead of going to church). The word education triggers an automatic response from the reader: either a "bunch of windbags contemplating their navels" or "talkers and thinkers, not doers." That's OK by me. It neatly separates us from activism, which has hard going when everyone and his brother is on a produce-and-consume kick and nobody gives a damn for anything or anyone except himself.

The masthead should also state that subscribers' names are never sold to any other publication. No one wants to be receiving application forms from crackpot, heavily infiltrated groups in their mailbox. We all know how nosy postmen are.

Above all, we need to create a new vocabulary. Our own language has been stolen from us. An all-white basketball team is racist, an all-black team is not. The British are more precise. They call it positive discrimination. Freedom of association has become a code word for racism. Our enemies have us coming and going. If a white uses the word "nigger," he could lose his job. Blacks mouth that word constantly among themselves.

We have lost the ability to communicate with one another because our language is controlled by our brainwashers. We must invent code words to express our thoughts and ideas precisely and coherently. How many WASPs know that the acronym was first used by New York Jews to slur the dumb, obsolete and former rulers of the country? Remember that when you hear someone describing himself as a WASP.

WASP mentality needs to be changed. I would mark the years 1964 to the present as the time of the Jewish ascendancy, for which the WASP must bear part of the blame. Time and again, I saw WASP business owners sell out to Jews with full knowledge that their "loyal and hard-working employees" were going to be subject to a dose of Jewish business practices. Although loyalty should be a two-way street, the WASPs took the dough and ran -- all the way to retirement in Florida or Arizona. No Polish or Italian owner would ever do this to longtime employees! The WASP businessman loves money so much he'll sell to the highest bidder. The Jews cracked his code, and in exchange for pots of dough, he double-crosses his workers.

I remember living in almost all-white Dodge City, where WASPs were very liberal. Indeed, they blamed anti-black agitation in the big cities on ethnics, not their fellow WASPs. You can always be liberal in a town that has one (that's right -- one) black family out of a population of

15,000.

Business is business. I can understand that. What I can't understand is the almost total takeover of cultural institutions in such a short period -- from all-WASP to predominantly Jewish in five years.

Let's take the art museum of a major Midwestern city. A friend of mine was the museum's director of publications. He didn't make much, but the working conditions were nice. He was the "bookish" type and got along well with the board of directors. He was also, alas, a terrific snob. Within five years his all-WASP board gave way to Jewish control. An aggressive Jewess was appointed to oversee his work. She forced him to hire her granddaughter as his assistant. He responded by taking early retirement and drinking himself to death.

Before he died, he said the WASPs should have seen it coming. They should have reached out to the German, Irish and Polish elements in the community, put one member of each on the board, thereby diluting the oncoming Jewish onslaught. Some of his fellow WASPs, he told me, were so dumb they actually believed that only the Jews (of all the ethnics) were interested in culture. Jewish propaganda works. Even today you have people who believe that when Hitler kicked out the Jews all the art, literature and philosophy of Germany left with them. No Jews equals no culture.

Perhaps I'm too harsh. The Jews targeted the WASP overseers of our cultural institutions and their money got them in the door. Lots of WASPs did mistake their true intentions. No Pole or Russian would make that mistake. I therefore recommend, following Robertson's advice, we use the term, Majority, as a racial designation. It is fuzzy and inclusive, unlike WASP, which is definite and exclusive.

There is, however, a larger issue at stake. The small-town Protestant needs to be educated about the racial problem. No big-city Pole needs such education. I'd rather have the Pole in my foxhole than the Dodge City WASP. And I frankly don't give a damn if I'm told he is not yet assimilated and only on the way. At times like that the WASP liberal is the one who is unassimilated. I know my Polacks. They'll fight. I'm not too sure about the WASP liberal.

Who, then, are Instaurationists? In my view, an Instaurationist is one who understands the basic dynamics of race, who knows that at this point in history, racial attitudes remain pretty well fixed and that a society which ignores this is doomed to chaos and eventual destruction. If you understand the importance of race and racial attitudes in society, then you are one of us. If you don't or if you reject these basic truths, then you are not one of us. Maybe only whites can be Instaurationists, but our goal of racial separation will have great difficulty succeeding unless we secure the cooperation of black and brown separatists. We have to turn them into Instaurationist fellow travelers. The day is long since passed when whitey alone can dictate to the lesser breeds.

912

A little something to tickle the fancy of our Scottish subscribers

Wha's Like Us? *(Damn Few, to Tell the Truth!)*

The average Englishman, in the home he calls his castle, slips into his national costume— a shabby raincoat— patented by chemist Charles Macintosh from Glasgow, Scotland. En route to his office he strikes along the English lane, surfaced by John Macadam of Ayr, Scotland. He drives an English car fitted with tyres invented by John Boyd Dunlop of Dreghorn, Scotland, arrives at the station and boards a train, the forerunner of which was a steam engine, invented by James Watt of Greencock, Scotland. He then pours himself a cup of coffee from a thermos flask, the latter invented by Dewar, a Scotsman from Kincardine-on-Forth.

At the office he receives the mail bearing adhesive stamps invented by James Chalmers of Dundee, Scotland. During the day he uses the telephone invented by Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh, Scotland. At home in the evening his daughter pedals her bicycle invented by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, blacksmith of Dumfries, Scotland.

He watches the news on his television, an invention of John Logie Baird of Helensburgh, Scotland, and watches with interest an item about the U.S. Navy, which was founded by John Paul Jones of Kirkbean, Scotland.

He has by now been reminded too much of Scotland and in desperation he picks up the Bible only to find that the first man mentioned in the good book is a Scot, King James VI, who authorized its translation.

Nowhere can a foreigner turn to escape the ingenuity of the Scots.

He could take to drink, but the Scots make the best in the world. He could take a rifle and end it all, but the breech-loading rifle was invented by Captain Patrick Ferguson of Pitfours, Scotland. If he escaped death, he might then find himself on an operating table injected with penicillin, which was discovered by Alexander Fleming of Darvel, Scotland, and later given an anaesthetic, which was discovered by Sir James Young Simpson of Bathgate, Scotland.

Out of the anaesthetic, he would find no comfort in learning he was as safe as the Bank of England, founded by William Paterson of Dumfries, Scotland.

Perhaps his only remaining hope would be to get a transfusion of guid Scottish blood which would entitle him to ask:

"Wha's Like Us?"



THE SIEGE OF

SOUTH AFRICA (III)



FROM MY FLAT in Cape Town, I look down on St. George's Anglican Cathedral, where Bishop Tutu was "enthroned" as archbishop and head of the Anglican Church in South Africa in September 1986. A great number of people from all over had failed to arrive. Since the weather was cold and drizzling and only a small knot of people was visible, the show was much of an anti-climax. As far as I know, the only person of note to appear was the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie, the head of the Church of England. The ceremony was not long, and after the dwarfish Tutu had clambered down to the floor from his high throne and departed to his palace in Bishopscourt, his every remark became front-page news in the local humanist (meaning anti-Christian) English-language press. In apparent emulation of the Pope, whom he no doubt wishes to exceed in fame and power, he soon began his globe-trotting tour.

That his addiction to politics is stronger than his attachment to Christianity can hardly be doubted; indeed, it is questionable whether Tutu is a Christian at all. "Some people thought there was something odd about Jesus' birth; it may be that Jesus was an illegitimate son," he has said. Elsewhere he has stated that the Holy Spirit is not limited to the Christian Church because it shone through the South African-born Mahatma Gandhi, a Hindu -- and also, it might be added, a man of color. Tutu, it need not be emphasized, is very color sensitive and is always accusing whites of racism, while stressing his own. "Thank God I am black. White people will have a lot to answer for at the last judgment," he has decreed. (Could it be for the sin of making him an archbishop of a white Christian church and giving him a palace to live in?) From the way he speaks it would seem that he expects to occupy an exalted position at the last judgment, certainly higher than that of God's son, who was only an illegitimate white man.

Tutu is really no more than a typical Marxist cleric. "I am a socialist. I hate capitalism . . . If the Russians were to come to South Africa, most blacks would welcome them as saviors . . . the West can go to hell." He keeps saying that he supports the objectives, but not the methods, of the African National Congress. He also says the day may well come when violence would be necessary. Instaurators may recall his remarks that it would be easy for black domestic servants to administer arsenic to white infants. But do they know that he also said (South African Sunday Times, Jan. 26, 1986): "Is it not surprising that the black Resistance has not yet blown up a school-bus with white children? They are the softest targets." Returning from Lusaka, where, in March last year, he met the top members of the African National Congress, he dropped this little verbal gem: "Oh! It was all good. They called me Comrade Archbishop!"

One would have thought that the man would be transparent to everybody, surely to President Reagan, whom he called a racist and whom he wants replaced by a Democrat. Nevertheless, he still reaps a political and financial harvest in the United States, where he urges disinvestment as the best way of destroying the South African state, regardless of how badly it will affect his own people. He demanded that Americans sever all ties with South Africa because "hundreds of children are being detained without trial for demonstrating or speaking out against racial separation policies." After only three weeks of such twaddle last year, he

returned with \$500,000, half of which will be used to offset a deficit in his diocese, which is attributed to a drastic drop in contributions from white Anglicans. He will also need 45,000 rand (\$22,500) to pay for his son's Alfa Romeo car and lavish credit card expenses. He has already shelled out the 600-rand fine imposed on the Anglican dean of Johannesburg, who was caught by the police while having homosexual fun in a car with a black man. As for the brutal police treatment of children, one wonders why Tutu is always quite silent about the hundreds of ghastly ritual murders of black children that take place every year in Black Africa.

Not too many months ago, Tutu traveled to Maputo, Mozambique, to meet the newly installed President Chissano. A local newspaper quoted him as saying, "The time for violence has now come" -- as if the South African "comrades" had tremendous reserves of power and hadn't been exerting their utmost violence for the past two years. Tutu, who is clearly a traitor to his country and should have had his passport taken away a long time ago, thinks he is too famous to be arrested. He is undoubtedly right. But one redoubtable South African white, Brigadier Theunis Swanepoel, the chief for several years of a crack paramilitary fighting force operating against SWAPO terrorists in South-West Africa, and who has had undisclosed dealings with Tutu in the past, has minimal reverence for him. Having received information that the archbishop, during a trip abroad, had threatened to have him liquidated, Swanepoel let him know, "I am not looking for trouble, but if you want it, come and the same will happen to you as in the past. But, Tutu, this time they will carry you out feet first." This matter was handed to Tutu's lawyers, but nothing more was heard of it.

Tutu's triumphant progress around the world did run into some trouble in Australia, where he had gone mainly to protest against a recent Aussie "rebel" cricket tour of South Africa. He wanted the players to be rigorously punished. "They must be treated like pariahs," he intoned. Bruce Ruxton, president of the Returned Services League, regardless of the shrieks of protest from the newspapers, accused Tutu of supporting terrorism, saying he was nothing more than a "modern-day witch-doctor dressed up in the garb of a churchman. I don't believe the majority of Australians expect a man of the cloth to support the sort of thuggery, looting and murder that is being perpetrated in South Africa by Soviet-backed national liberation groups like the ANC." The British press joined in the attack upon Ruxton by describing him as a half-baked extremist, and in doing so incidentally disclosed that he actually had a lot more to say, such as that the white race must learn to stick together and that no coloureds should be allowed into Australia.

Oliver Tambo of the ANC had a much rougher time of it than his friend Tutu when he visited Australia. At the very outset he had to vacate a packed hall of about 1,500 students in Melbourne's La Trobe University when they hurled abuse at him and started blocking exits. It was Mr. Ruxton again who had got the ball rolling by recounting the ANC's activities. Australian foreign af-

fairs specialists tried to contradict Ruxton by claiming they did not know of the ANC's close connections with Moscow, its violence against civilians and its encouragement of necklace murders -- which can only possibly mean that these "experts" had conspired to keep the Australian people in ignorance of such matters. On his arrival in Perth, Tambo was greeted by scores of tire-wearing demonstrators and shouts of "murderer!", while in Sydney the mayor and 27 councillors boycotted a civic reception for him. All of these demonstrations were aggravated by Tambo's refusal to meet Mr. Ruxton in a televised debate. Tambo's critics would certainly have been more active if they had known about the latest refinements in necklacking, in which the victim's genitalia are cut off, the eyes gouged out and the brain scraped out, for which little delicacies the witch-doctors pay well. It remains only to be said that the hosts of both Tutu and Tambo were the Anglican Church of Australia and Prime Minister Bob Hawke.

With regard to Tutu's anti-Jewish speeches in America and South Africa itself, which Instauration reported but which the local press completely hushed up, it is to be noted that he made amends, or tried to, by making a pro-Jewish oration a little while ago. This was reported in the newspapers.

The archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Runcie, said in London on his return from South Africa that he "understood" black violence and supported the leadership provided by people like Nelson Mandela in the struggle for a black South African state. He denied that Tutu was a Communist, just because he had asked the West to side with the ANC (as Runcie himself does), and said that, on the contrary, Tutu was a man of peace. Runcie called upon the world's leading economic powers to bring South Africa down with "targeted sanctions," by which he meant banks and gold. He wrote to Mrs. Thatcher that the claim of the South African "police state" to be Christian was sheer blasphemy and that Britain must show itself totally opposed to a government whose arrogance, illegality, militarism and unconcern for the poor justify its isolation. Having visited the shantytown of Crossroads, he felt that he was looking at the inevitable result of South African government policy. No doubt Tutu had refrained from informing his fellow archbishop that the Crossroads squatters were illegal immigrants who could not be persuaded to do anything for themselves and who insisted that the reviled white man should do everything for them. In reality their encampment was the inevitable result of the reckless overbreeding which afflicts the whole of Africa and which no one can do anything to stop.

"Liberals" and their like are fascinated by social "sore spots" and are always looking for them. In South Africa they concentrate on Crossroads or Soweto. They are like visitors to America who would go straight to Harlem, condemn it as an example of criminal white neglect, and then go home without having looked at any other part of the country. As it happens, Runcie, who appears to have donned the mantle or chasuble of the late Red dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, is not popular in his own country, least of all with Mrs. Thatcher, because of his behavior during the Falklands conflict, which he and his church had much opposed and were afterwards equally reluctant to celebrate as a victory. The government had wanted the usual Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral, but didn't get it, though prayers were offered for the Argentine dead!

The fact is that the Church of England ceased to represent the English people a long time ago. As far as I know the last patriot was Dean Inge, whom Bernard Shaw respected for his ability to make fools of the socialists. But this takes us back to the last century. Today, although the Anglican Church claims to have 70 million adherents worldwide, it must be counting 40 million or so native English, who only belong to it nominally. Religion is moribund in Northern Europe, so the churches look to places like Africa for future expansion, however unrecognizable their creeds might

become in the process. But no matter how devout a church may be, it still needs money. The Church of England cannot hope to match the wealth of the Church of Rome, but it does possess property and stocks worldwide valued at over £2 billion and it does not intend to surrender a shilling of this, even in blasphemous South Africa. Most of this Anglican treasure is invested in multinational companies like Shell, which is said to "underpin Apartheid."

Winnie (Nozano) Mandela, who is living in a luxury mansion built in the Soweto suburb of Beverly Hills (one of the suburbs never shown on foreign television), has been back in the news again recently. She was pelted with soft-drink cans, litter and sand when leaving the Cape Town Supreme Court after attending the trial of her friend, the wealthy "socialite" Mrs. Lindi Mangaliso, who was convicted of murdering her husband.

What the cunning Lindi did was to hire two men to stab her spouse to death in the bedroom while she "slept" next to him. Lindi is the daughter of a leading member of the ANC, hence the Winnie contact, and when Winnie emerged from the court, after testifying in her friend's behalf, she was pelted by a mob of black women before her limo arrived and whisked her away. Why the women pelted her I don't know, though it would probably not be for any reason that would occur to white people. What the trial did show, however, was what kind of people belong to Winnie's circle of friends.

Incidentally, both Nelson Mandela and Tutu were named honorary citizens of Florence at a ceremony at the Palazzo Vecchio. Florence, the city that witnessed a flowering of genius unequalled since the days of the Greeks, has sunk as low as the West in general. Quite forgotten by the Florentines were the gifts of money so generously bestowed upon the city by white South Africans after the disastrous flood a few years ago. The ingratitude is comparable to that of the city of Warsaw, which refused South Africans permission to commemorate the air crews who gave their lives in suicidal low-level bombing attacks on the Germans during the 1944 uprising of the Polish Resistance. The surviving airmen tend to wonder whether they fought on the wrong side.

To be continued

Mailer's Racism

There you felt on a gut level that William Buckley was representing everything you didn't like in your college experience. All the rah-rah baloney, the genteel and gentile power structure, the martini set and the Madison Avenue grey flannel suits. Buckley represented the empire, and Mailer was challenging the empire as a hip, ethnic street fighter. That was extremely appealing to me. There was no doubt emotionally about whose side I'd be on.

Abbie Hoffman, as quoted in
Mailer: A Biography by Hilary Mills,
p. 292

I still wasn't politicized, but Norman's writing had something to do with the change in me. He made you realize the possibilities of radical thinking and radical action. Some of the things in *Advertisements* gave me the idea that he was almost sponsoring a minorities' revolution in this country against the WASPs, especially by blacks, Jews, and Italians. Themes of that kind attracted me to him.

Edward de Grazia, as quoted in
Ibid. p. 313

Free the Poor Pollards

If you're thinking about getting into the spying business, don't! Majority members convicted of espionage go to jail and stay there. No one on the outside gives a damn about them -- and rightly so. But when minority spies are caught, they stick to the news like miracle glue. We still keep hearing about the guiltlessness of Dreyfus, the Rosenbergs and other assorted Jewish spies and yet-to-be-proved Jewish spies. We may soon be hearing more about the Pollards, who were found guilty of turning over huge piles of U.S. secret documents to Israel. Jonathan got life; his wife five years. Ely Rosenvieg, the rabbi who "counseled" Jonathan Pollard during his trial, has kicked off the "Free the Pollards" movement with a tearful apologia in the Jewish Press (Oct. 2, 1987), in which he described Jonathan as a victim of "grave political excess and sheer human brutality."

The rabbi placed a great deal of the blame for the Pollards' fate on the press, "The prevalent media profile of a brooding, emotionally misshapen turncoat totally misrepresents the facts." Jonathan is "the image of a sensitive writer and promising scholar, an eminently qualified civil servant, a devoted family man, and, I submit, a proud, though misguided American."

Jewish racism really runs deep when a rabbi can try to turn a sleazy spy into an unfairly persecuted paragon of virtue, a sort of 20th-century Job. But the rabbi doesn't stop there. He attacks former Secretary of Defense Weinberger and Attorney General Meese for prejudging the case publicly, and goes hard and heavy on Joseph diGenova, the prosecutor, whom he accuses of sensationalism. He mentions the judge, Aubrey Robinson, only in passing, but leaves the distinct impression things would have gone better for the Pollards if a few Jews had been included in the detection, arrest, prosecution and sentencing.

What's more, says the rabbi, Jonathan wasn't a dangerous spy. No, sir! And he didn't "effectively sell out the U.S."

Rather, it seems that he selectively disclosed otherwise unobtainable reconnaissance and other important tactical intelligence information relative to the Near Eastern Asia region in support of Israel's military defense strategy [H]is case is replete with mitigating circumstances that clearly suggest not only the blatant injustice of his outrageously excessive sentence, but also the impropriety of misleading and extraneous political vituperation, and the media's glar-

ing inattention to the case's distinguishing features. It inexplicably threw the case into the same bailiwick with all the other spy cases of recent vintage (e.g., Walker-Whitworth, Pelton and Lone-tree). Pollard acted dishonestly, as he readily admits, but it may be argued, not disloyally. His case lacks the betrayal motif invariably present in a case of espionage and certainly common to the other cases to which Pollard's is unjustly compared [T]he irresistible commands of justice cry out for an open-minded, seriously thorough and impartial rehearing.

So let the above casuistry be a warning to all future spies. If you're not a Jew, you'd better hurry up and convert. If you're not spying for Israel, you better drop what you're doing and become a Zionist spy. Then if you get caught and thrown in jail, you'll have powerful rabbis working for you, both in public and behind the scenes. Your "unjust" punishment will be constantly hashed and rehashed in the media, in Congress and in the churches and synagogues until that happy day when your prison gates fly open and you are put on a plane to Tel Aviv and welcomed as a national hero.

Turnabout Is Fair Play

"He speaks so lovingly of books that you wish you could watch him read. Although he has large hands befitting a man of more than 200 pounds and a 6-foot, 2-inch frame, you imagine he must turn the pages with a special gentleness." This is how one awestruck reporter established the cultural credentials of Edward J. Perkins, current U.S. ambassador to South Africa. Perkins is black, or as he would term it, "a person of color." His wife is also a person of color, a different color. She is the former Lucy Chein-mei Liu of Taiwan. Perkins spends a lot of time traveling around South Africa condemning minority rule and attending anti-apartheid gatherings, while exuding sophistication from every pore. State Department officials give him high marks for his expert intrusiveness.

Such blatant U.S. endorsement of foreign meddling offers a tantalizing opportunity to the beleaguered South African government. Is turnabout fair play? Suppose a few dynamic "Native Americans" were to be-

come South African citizens, then sent back here as diplomats? Many Amerindians would jump at a chance to avenge their race's sufferings -- past and present. Their activities could be even more exciting than the latest barrage of Holocaust documentaries.

From chronic double parking to inciting to riot, South Africa's redskin emissaries could cause all kinds of mischief under protection of diplomatic immunity (in what Indians feel is their own land). They'd also enjoy what might be termed a moral grandfather privilege. Their ancestors, like Perkins' in Africa, were hanging around long before the whites arrived.

The first order of business of the Afrikaners' ambassadors would be to demand that America's liberals practice what they preach and give the whole place back to its original owners. Failing that, the befeathered South African diplomatic mission could use news conferences and the talk show circuit to point out that South Africa's

much maligned tribal homelands are remarkably similar to Indian reservations. Both are de facto islands of apartheid. Or the emissaries from South Africa might organize forums where they would contrast their country, where a whopping 20% of the population controls the government, to America, where one unelected judge can raise income taxes for an entire school district.

Pretoria would gain some breathing room as its vengeful tomahawk-carrying plenipotentiaries shot a continuous stream of verbal arrows into this government's cynical human rights crusade. Furthermore, the monster of minority rule creeping through U.S. politics might start squirming under the heat and light of TV cameras, as would the liberal politicians who spawned it.

Wouldn't it be fun to watch Teddy and his pals musing over how to apply sanctions against themselves?

Richard Swartzbaugh Sticks to His Philosophical Guns

In response to Zip 473 (May 1987), I believe that nihilism is an eminently Nordic idea and one, moreover, necessary to the success of the white racial movement. It goes without saying that nihilism was always and still is an elite idea, since most Westerners still have their Christianity, humanism and other religions of comfort and solace. No other people but Nordics have had the strength to live with the idea that the world is without inherent value, that the ultimate basis of our existence is cold empty space, that value is a human invention to comfort mortals in their brief span of existence.

Nihilism is a necessary ideological tool that clears the way so that Nordics can exist unfettered -- indeed so they can exist at all. The Nordic race, as a pure biological datum that is value- and moral-free, is utterly opposed to America's present Christian and morality-bound culture with its institutions celebrating democracy, religion, law and economics. But since we are accustomed to virtually seeing the world through these institutions, our world, unfortunately, is these institutions. Logically, then, to let Nordics be Nordics it is necessary to transform the very world that we live in. Our civilization must be dismantled so that the race can exist.

Beyond the world that we have built up in our fantasies and wishful thinking, the world we understand by the idea of "rule by law," there is a much better world -- a world of facts. The fact, and the trust it inspires, a world invented not by man but by nature, must be the basis of our future.

So Nordic nihilism that it appears first in the tribal religions as the Ragnarok, the end of the world in ice. In this myth or extended metaphor even the gods themselves cannot stop the advance of ice, which is neither good nor evil, but simply preordained. The world not only of earth but of heaven, of human hopes and aspirations, must pass out of existence. The gods are powerless to prevent their own annihilation.

The Nordic bards were atheists. This is a unique Nordic trait -- to live without any god, without ultimate value or ultimate moral standards. To exist in the light of this realization demands an amount of self-discipline almost unknown to any other race. In effect it is precisely this characteristic, the highest human trait of all, that puts the Nordic elite on a higher rung than anyone

or anything else in the universe.

When all Christian and humanistic values have been removed, the Nordic race, not because it is valuable, but because it is necessary, will rise to take the place of such values.

In place of the "ice" of the Norsemen's Ragnarok, we modern Nordics, their descendants, must substitute the notion of race. Race is not precisely the end of the world, only of the human sphere of sweet dreams. It is the purest form of the force of nature, as it blots out all human visions of a social order that includes both man and god.

Nietzsche is the prophet of nihilism in modern philosophy. His thoughts are quite in keeping with the Viking bards and prophets of Ragnarok. We may be thankful to Nietzsche, since without him we would probably be very stodgy human beings.



Nihilist Nietzsche

My reading of Nietzsche may be a bit creative and may offend Nietzschean scholars. I may push him to extremes to fit him in with the rest of my philosophy. Nietzsche did see, however, a clear connection between nihilism and the modern world. He did see nihilism as a result of the leveling of human traits through the agency of industrial democracy.

Nihilism is the consequence, following close upon pessimism, of a moral sentimentality that finally shows its emptiness. It represents the death knell of democracy and modern society as we know it. But it also portends the coming of something superior to man.

I had attempted in my Instauration article (Feb. 1987), which Zip 473 criticizes as obscure, to show that race belongs properly to the realm of valueless facts, not to the human sphere, which is subject to moralizing. Race is of nature, not of man. It is pointless to call race good or evil, only to assert what is true: that race is necessary.

What industrial democracy has done on behalf of race is to consolidate natural forces that would otherwise remain fragmented and isolated. Small families, which are the original biological units, would remain small were they not brought into and in a manner incorporated into industrial democracy as duly authorized "breeding units."

Because such units resist mass organization of the type imposed by modern society, which subjects them to its own invented "higher moral purpose," they sooner or later resolve themselves or coalesce into the massive force we call race. We then enter the Ragnarok of modern democracy.

Nihilism in these terms is the process whereby race frees itself from any rules involving morality and value imposed upon it by modern society and industrial democracy. Since industrialism and its attendant ideas of human equality and the value of human life are a Nordic invention, it is not a matter of great surprise that its opposite force, nihilism, is a Nordic idea as well.

RICHARD SWARTZBAUGH

Ponderable Quote

For the past fortnight my drive has been worn into pot-holes by telegraph boys bearing extravagant offers from newspapers to describe Sir Winston's obsequies. I have of course refused. He is not a man for whom I ever had esteem. Always in the wrong, always surrounded by crooks, a most unsuccessful father -- simply a "Radio Personality" who outlived his prime. "Rallied the nation" indeed! I was a serving soldier in 1940. How we despised his orations.

Evelyn Waugh,
The Letters of Evelyn Waugh,
edited by Mark Amory

All Aboard for Titoism

The first commandment of 20th-century American statecraft is, as Instauration has repeated more than once, that the U.S. cannot win a war without media support. The Grenada operation came off successfully only because it was wrapped up so fast that Dan Rather and his comrades didn't have time to do what they did in Vietnam -- simultaneously undermine the morale of both the folks in the field and the folks at home.

Dan has had plenty of time, however, to demean, decry, disparage and defame the Contras, which means they are as doomed as a bunker full of Hitlers. The recent Central American "peace plan" gives Reagan a face-saving way to sell out the troops he has long sworn to support. We wonder what Oliver North thinks about it. Would he ever have given so much time and devotion to his "heroic President" if he had known in the end the Contras would be left in the lurch as were the South Vietnamese?

Confucius say no man is phonier than a phony hero.

With the possible exception of Costa Rica, which has a relatively small mestizo and Indian population, no Latin American country can possibly establish a democracy that would pass muster in the cataractous equalitarian eyes of the liberal-minority West. Over time, as the centuries have so eloquently demonstrated, Latins in both the Old World and the New, more especially the Latin-Indian mixes in the latter, are either ruled by the military, the land-owners and plutocrats on the dextral end of the political spectrum or by demagogic Jacobins and revolutionaries on the sinister. Today, since the left is overflowing with Marxists in the coils of the Kremlin, and because the media have made the left much more acceptable than the right, the U.S. has tried to woo Latin American leftists by supporting their short-lived and pathetically hypocritical attempts at democracy. This has led the U.S. to give military and financial aid, direct or clandestine, to revolutionary movements -- aid that was only withdrawn after it became clear to even the politically blind that the supported regimes were totally in the Marxist-Leninist camp. On the other hand, right-wing regimes, high-brass juntas, are only supported quietly or semi-secretly for fear of a media backlash and outcries of fascism. Marxist governments, such as Allende's in Chile, were opposed and sabotaged by the CIA, but then the pro-U.S. general who took over is damned and sniped at by the White House

and Congress whenever the liberal-minority coalition turns on the heat.

What all this means is that in the present circumstances it is quite impossible for the U.S. to conduct a sensible and constructive foreign policy toward Latin America. In the long run, despite the gnashing of teeth in the executive branch, Dan Rather and the New York Times have the final say on what the U.S. does in that area.

It should be recognized by all and sundry (even those hardcore economic conservatives and cultural throwbacks known as Reaganites) that Marxist apparatchiks have the edge in Latin American revolutions and coups. They receive immense amounts of help from Castro and the Kremlin the moment they launch a guerrilla war or a putsch, while the U.S. is forced by its media-heeling Congress to pare down or cut off altogether the military and financial aid needed by the government in power to contain the Marxist insurrection. The ongoing Central American "peace plan" is a case in point. The Soviets can keep supplying the Sandinistas during negotiations, while the U.S. is prohibited from supplying the Contras.

Marxists have another great advantage over their opponents in that they can promise the moon to the ignorant and hungry mestizos. They can seize lands confiscated from the rich and hand them over to the poor. Only a little land at first, of course, because they want to keep the bait dangling. All the right-wingers can do is promise land reform, knowing that because their financial support comes largely from the landed gentry, these promises can never really be kept.

So, as is readily apparent, ever since Eisenhower and Kennedy tore up the Monroe Doctrine by allowing Castro to set up a Soviet puppet state in what Harvard-educated JFK called "Cuber," the U.S. has been playing a no-win game in its hemispheric backyard. Any crystal ball, no matter how foggy, must foresee that what U.S. influence still exists in the area will continue to diminish until the day great portions of Latin America are painted Moscow Red.

The only practical way for the U.S. to beat its way out of this impasse is to play the Tito card. All Marxist dictators, blessed as they are with monstrous egos, must sooner or later think about distancing themselves from the Kremlin. No government leader of any political persuasion likes to have to clear every move he makes with an over-

seas boss. The satellite begins to feel if not brighter at least as bright as its Red sun, especially in the matter of local rule. But if the puppet cuts and runs, he knows he will lose the annual subsidy that keeps his nation alive. Since the dollar, although becoming more worthless every day, will continue to be more valuable than the ruble for years to come, this is ever-dangling bait for the second-string dictator to change his mind and throw in his lot with his former enemy. Consequently, instead of hollering about Reds and evil empires, the U.S. President should start to woo Cuba and Nicaragua with promises of vast economic rewards. The wooing ought to be irresistible as the economy of the wooed sinks ever lower into the morass of typical Marxist shortages and black markets.

One further thought: Marxist dictatorships are usually more stable than their anti-Marxist or military counterparts. They are more organized, more repressive, more brutal and more ideological. Few if any countries that have gone Communist have been able to free themselves from their Marxist or Marxist-minded autocrats. Being more tough-minded and more dedicated, these regimes are quicker and more adept at crushing popular revolts.

Since the U.S. mainly wants stability in Latin American countries, it would seem reasonable for it to support the more stable governments, provided, of course, such governments are not the minions of Soviet world revolution.

So all aboard for Titoism! Tito told Stalin to get his men and party liners out of Yugoslavia -- and the Stalinists slunk away into the night. With the backing of the U.S., Castro and Ortega could give the same treatment to Gorbachev. Since the liberal-minority establishment has become the ally of Ortega and the silent aficionado of Fidel, Congress would have great difficulty preventing the U.S. from backing the Latin American Marxist regimes, both those which already exist and those to come.

How could Dan Rather do anything but smile when shouts of "Viva Fidel!" start echoing through the land?

Ponderable Quote

[A] democracy is, among most civil nations, accounted the meanest and worst of all forms of government . . .

John Winthrop, 1642



PLO Shutdown

To get a leg up on their Democratic rivals, Republican presidential candidates Jack Kemp and Robert Dole demanded the padlocking of the PLO offices in Washington and New York. That this was an ironic slap at the First Amendment in the bicentennial year of the Constitution made little difference to two politicians whose political principles are as flexible as wet noodles and as venal as an Ivan Boesky buy order.

Since the Democratic candidates for president will get at least half their campaign money from Jews (if the future repeats the past), they lost no time in jumping on the Republican-propelled bandwagon, along with Jewish congressmen and the multitudinous congressmen Jews have in their pockets.

The anti-PLO campaign came at an opportune time for the Israeli lobby because Arafat's boys are seriously talking peace -- and peace in the Middle East is the last thing most American Jews want, though Israelis, being on the front line, so to speak, are more divided on the issue. In general, however, world Jewry goes along with the fire-breathing Ariel Sharon, who fears that peace might return to the Palestinians some of the land and property the Zionists stole from them. It might also mean there would be no more refugee camps to bomb and no more Shatila and Sabra massacres -- the terror Zionists have relied on to keep the Palestinians at heel.

Twelve months ago, Secretary of State George Shultz said the PLO offices would not and could not be shut down. Since his brain is controlled by an on-off switch, he promptly changed his mind when the pressure mounted and agreed to the closing of the Washington office -- provided the Zionist pals would lay off the New York office, whose presence is protected by a solemn U.S. agreement with the United Nations.

The U.S. has information offices in some 40 Middle Eastern countries. The PLO has observer status at the UN, is recognized by 112 countries and has 95 offices or missions scattered throughout the world. Despite all this recognition, despite the fact the PLO is the legitimate government in exile of four million homeless Palestinians, Jews, the race that produced Menahem Begin, concentrate on depicting the PLO as purely a terrorist organization and woe to any American politician or newsman who dares to disagree. The closing down of the PLO office, though not high on the Zionist agenda, dries up one small trickle of news that has not been filtered through the big media.

Jews understand very well that as long as people know only one side of an issue, they'll never know there is another side.

This is the policy that has guided the reporting of news from Israel ever since the blue hexagram* was hoisted over Tel Aviv -- and this is the policy that will continue to be enforced so long as that same hexagram floats over the minds of the man in the White House and the men in Congress.

Test for Neocons

David Horowitz and Peter Collier are two former New Lefties who recently outraged their old comrades at Ramparts magazine by signing on with the neoconservatives. At last report, they were alarmed because George Crockett, the Negro congressman from Detroit, had become the new chairman of the House Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs. This veteran fellow traveler now becomes the key House man on matters pertaining to Nicaragua and the like.

Crockett openly defended the Soviet Union's 1985 murder of U.S. Army Major Arthur Nicholson in East Germany. When the House voted 416-0 to condemn the Soviet attack on Korean Airlines flight 007, Crockett abstained. (Maybe he didn't care for Larry McDonald, his conservative House colleague who went down with the plane.)

A lot of us are suspicious of Horowitz's and Collier's motives. We would be less suspicious if they took a big step *beyond* neoconservatism in their analysis of the problems confronting America. Let them address the following question directly and honestly: *Why* are Crockett and so many other radical blacks vaulting into positions of leadership within the House?

The correct answer, of course, is the black bloc-voting fueled by black racism. While white congressmen come and go, the blacks -- all Democrats, in a Democratic-controlled House -- gain seniority by repeatedly garnering 80 and 90 percent of the vote in their minority-filled districts. With many urban districts now becoming Hispanic, we can expect to see a like number of radical Hispanic congressmen -- all Democrats, naturally -- in key House positions in the future.

If Horowitz and Collier are sincere about fearing the rise of the far left in contemporary American politics, let them address the main root of the problem: minority racism. Otherwise, let them keep silent so that wiser tongues may speak.

* It must also have been floating over the minds of General Foods executives. A six-pointed star inadvertently appeared in the form of a decoration worn by Count Chocula on the new cereal package of that name. The count's medal was quickly whited out.

Dangerous Adoptions

Should parents of one race adopt children of another race? Whites seem to go in for this questionable undertaking with relish. How many pictures have appeared in newspapers and magazines of beaming Nordic couples surrounded by Korean, Mexican, Jamaican, Sri Lankan and god knows what other types of kids? Some minority group spokesmen have objected to these adoptions, but not too loudly. In general, nonwhite families, single- or double-headed, don't go in for this practice. They produce so many children of their own that there's little room in their crowded habitats for someone else's offspring.

What about Jews adopting non-Jews? That's one way of increasing the number of Jews, since the conversion process starts almost as soon as the adopted child can say Yom Kippur.

Such adoptions, however, are not always smooth sailing. Ask Michelle Launders, an unwed Catholic mother who wouldn't consider an abortion because of her faith. When she looked around for someone to adopt her just-born baby daughter, Lisa, her doctor, Michael Bergman, recommended a 46-year-old criminal lawyer named Joel B. Steinberg. For \$500, Steinberg promised to find the little girl a good home. After the child had been handed over to him, unbeknownst to the mother, Steinberg kept Lisa for himself. Also unbeknownst to the mother was Steinberg's addiction to drugs and sadism. He routinely beat his live-in mistress, Hedda Nussbaum, 45, a onetime editor at Random House and writer of children's books. Steinberg eventually extended his brutality to six-year-old Lisa. In November he beat the little strawberry blonde to a pulp.

When the medics arrived to take Lisa to the hospital, where she died three days later of a cerebral hemorrhage, they discovered a 16-month-old boy roped to a chair leg and left to sit in his own filth. Presumably also non-Jewish, the infant was turned over to a New York City foster home.

Joel Steinberg was locked up and charged with murder. Hedda, accused of aiding and abetting a murder, was also jailed. When police picked her up, her nose, jaw and nine ribs were fractured, courtesy of Mr. Brute. Either out of terror or masochism, she refused to bring any charges against him.

Incredibly, a New York educator said Lisa's death should become a topic in the state's mandatory Holocaust studies for ninth and tenth graders. More incredibly, a rabbi joined a Catholic priest in conducting Lisa's burial rites. (The New York Post, ever true to the Zionist party line, did not mention the priest.)

In view of the murderous actions of such characters as Leon Trotsky and Bela Kun in

20th-century Communist revolutions, in view of the role of Jewish gangsters in Murder Inc., in view of the Israelis' treatment of Palestinians and Lebanese, and in view of what Steinberg did to Hedda and Lisa, it doesn't make sense to give further credence to the canard that Jewish lawbreakers are allergic to violence and only go in for financial crime.

History Twisting

Having recently been told that Admiral Robert Peary's Negro servant, Matthew Henson, was the real discoverer of the North Pole, the American public was earlier informed that Eli Whitney didn't invent the cotton gin. The inventor was one of his slaves (Freeman, Jan. 1985, p. 41).

In the long run such history twisting is not likely to be of much help to Negroes. It's what blacks do now and in the future that counts; not what they did or did not do a century or more ago. Present performance is the best eraser of past non-performance, not embroidered myths. Blacks simply cannot talk or legislate themselves into equality. If they never get around to proving their worth with acts, sooner or later their political allies, Jews and Majority liberals, will edge away. Having done little or nothing to improve themselves on their own hook, they will be left at the traditional starting gate -- the last horse out.

Since Instauration believes that blacks cannot make it in industrial high-tech Western societies, separation is recommended. Otherwise, in the economic hard times to come, blacks will need more help than ever from increasingly sorely pressed whites, who will have less and less time for wallowing in guilt. When the welfare spigot is turned off, the inner cities are bound to explode, and in the tumult and shouting and machine-gunning, the very survival of this benighted country will be threatened. Better to spin off a few states to blacks now than to lose all states to chaos later.

More History Twisting

At almost the very moment the 3,000-year-old mummy of an Egyptian lady with "wavy yellowish hair" was arriving in Los Angeles for tests at the Getty Conservation Institute, the Washington Post (Oct. 11, 1987) came out with a full-page article by a black professor of medicine in Atlanta, Charles S. Finch III, declaring that ancient Egypt and all its artistic glories were the products of a Negro civilization.

Professor Finch conveniently made no mention of the daughter of Cheops, Queen Hetep-Heres II, who was not only a white but a blonde. Nor did he allow that statues of the earlier pharaohs exhibited not just Mediterranean but Nordic features. Nor

did he mention that famous warning that the ancient Egyptians put up on the banks of the upper Nile, "No Nubians [Negroes] shall pass this point."

Word Play

First it was a German American with two wives (a Jewess and an ex-nun) and three half-Jewish children. Next it was a Jewish American with two wives; the first a do-gooding liberal, Claudia de Secundy, who confessed her husband was a Robert Kennedy supporter in 1968; the second, a left-liberal blonde doctor named Hallee Morgan who performed a couple of abortions when she was in training. Both of Ginsburg's wives, incidentally, kept their maiden names after their marriage and passed them on to their daughters. With two nominees down, up comes Reagan with an Irish American who has an Irish-American wife and Irish-American kids. It appears Anthony M. Kennedy's nomination will "take." How can Senator Fat Face object to an Ould Sodder like himself?

Nothing was more laughable in all the ballyhoo about the Supreme Court nominations than the media's use of the word "conservative." Douglas Ginsburg, when a Cornell dropout, was the partner-founder of a Boston computer dating service for college students that ripped off its customers so badly the Better Business Bureau had to call in the postal inspectors. Ginsburg's company soon went into bankruptcy and its officers ran off to New York, where the post office reported they "disappeared." Ginsburg, by the way, is the man whom Time (Nov. 3, 1987) called "illustrious," "remarkable," "shy" and "unassuming" -- all in one article.

What did the "conservative" marijuana-puffing Ginsburg do some years later when he descended on Washington with a Harvard Law School degree? He clerked for the left-wingiest justice of all time, the professional Negro, Thurgood Marshall. The last person on earth Marshall would hire as a law clerk would be a conservative, and the last judge on earth a conservative worth his salt would clerk for would be Marshall. Yet the media and the White House insisted Ginsburg, an appeals court judge like Bork, was a true-blue rightist.

Ginsburg's principal booster was Attorney General Ed Meese, who obviously thought his support of someone to fill the Supreme Court's "Jewish seat," empty since Abe Fortas resigned in disgrace in 1969, would put him back in the good graces of the Jews. Jewish organizations have been after him throughout his career and have been exulting in Meese's alleged connection with WedTech, an utterly corrupt minority business scam that has now gone under.

Meese will probably learn to his sorrow

that this type of political massaging never works with an historically unforgiving minority. Nixon tried it unsuccessfully when he made Kissinger secretary of state as the storm clouds of Watergate were gathering.

Dangerous Game

Nothing is more hazardous to a columnist's credibility than crystal-balling some ongoing political story that is monopolizing the nation's headlines. Conservatives are noted for this compulsive habit, this overpowering urge to prove they have 20/20 foresight. When they are right, no one remembers. When they are wrong, their words come back to haunt them.

Jeffrey Hart, one of the few forceful conservative pundits, has built up a lot of confidence in his readers over the years, especially for his courageous and lonely fight against the intellectual terrorists who hold forth at Dartmouth, where he manages to hang on to a professorship.

The following are a few excerpts from Hart's column (Sept. 24, 1987), which was headlined, THE CHARADE ASIDE, BORK WILL GET POST.

Robert Bork will win. That's right, and you read it here . . .

Of course Bork will be confirmed. All the bluster is simply for effect. Senators like Biden and Kennedy will pull the charade of a filibuster, knowing all the time that the votes are there -- in time, not all that much time -- to break the filibuster.

The votes, in fact, have already been counted in advance. The United States Senate has no intention of disgracing itself. Ronald Reagan has given the Democrats a pill they are going to have to swallow, and to mix metaphors, paints them exactly as they are.

On guard, Professor Hart, on guard!

When he comments on news and happenings of today and yesterday, Hart is as intelligent and incisive as any political commentator, if not more so. When he delves into the future, seemingly unable to resist the lure of fortune-telling, he blows it. Most ironically, Hart's talk about "charades" and eventual confirmation might have been right on the mark for Douglas Ginsburg's nomination, had the Jewish candidate been willing to tough it out.

Conservatives and conservatism cannot afford to let their best spokesmen make asses of themselves, especially since most columnists are liberals and always looking for ways and means to ridicule their opposite numbers. Writers like Jeffrey Hart belong to a rare species, which must be nourished carefully. The Andersons and Safires can get away with almost any faux pas. Conservative columnists must be careful not to make the slightest slip.