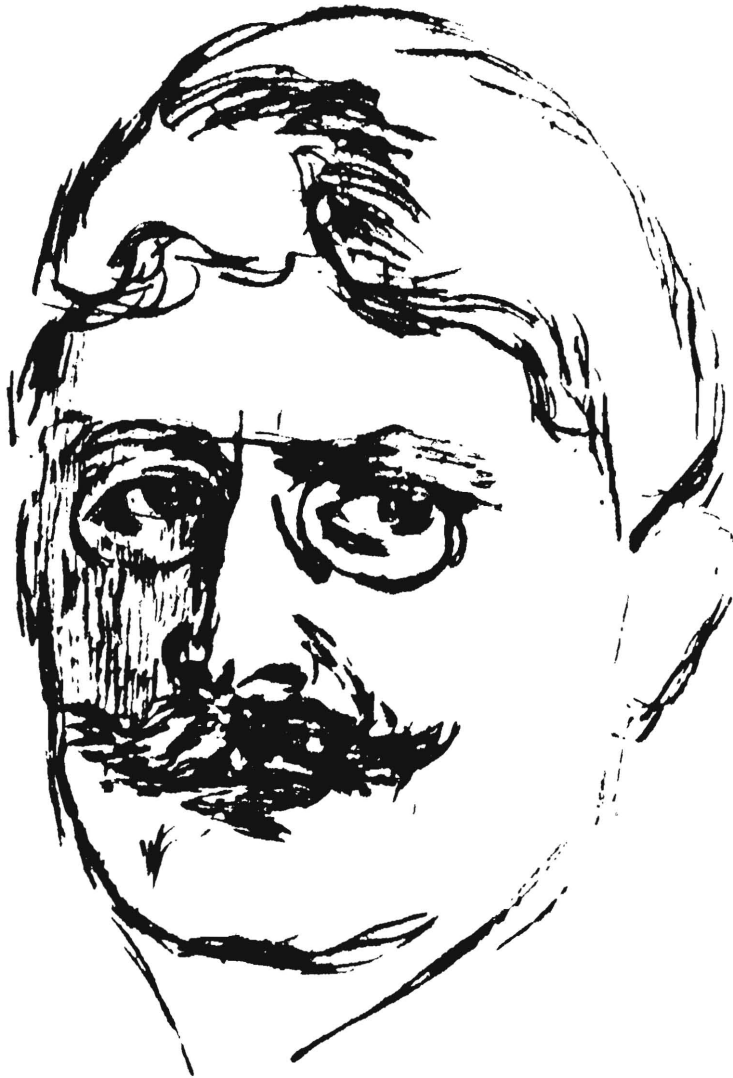


δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

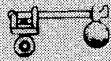
Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1988



LIKE
EZRA POUND,
NORWAY'S
GREATEST
MODERN WRITER,
KNUT HAMSUN,
WAS
LOCKED UP
IN A
LOONY BIN



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

The National Football League strike ended when some players found out their cocaine dealers don't extend credit.

776

Religion is very strange. For 20 years I have taught a course in it and I still don't understand it. I once read in a column in our college paper the following unusual idea. Paul Simon, in his song, "Bridge Over Troubled Water," meant by the words, "Silver Girl," a heroin needle. The full words are something like "Sail on, Silver Girl/Your dreams are on the way." The columnist's notion produced a horse-laugh on campus while I, who may be the most incredulous person in the world, bought it instantly. It is the kind of idea you sort of keep to yourself, however, so I just filed it away. But then one Sunday, many months later, I had occasion to go to church, where I heard the choir sing the song. They ever so sweetly sang their little angelic hearts out. And there was that suspicious name, Silver Girl. Later in the day I mentioned Silver Girl to my sister, who had had a role in arranging the service and in getting me into church. She said she thought Silver Girl was God. I thought, Hmmmmm . . . Silver Girl = God? I pondered my sister's answer. It occurred to me suddenly that people never do consider very deeply where they get their religious ideas, ideals and symbols. What evidently matters is some aesthetic whole. But above all, there is endless socializing.

619

Wish they'd bring fatso Archie Bunker back in a new TV series. Ethnic jokes can be hilarious and truth-telling. But stupid race-sensitivity killed all that.

088

Because of the heavy rains last fall and the resultant spillages and leaks of raw sewage into the waterways that empty into the Pacific, Los Angeles beaches were closed for about a week by health authorities. No surfing, no swimming, no jogging or strolling. All those white property owners who ran as far as they could, whose homes are electronically protected against the marauding minorities, whose police forces are as racially aggressive as they can be within the constraints of the local minority establishment -- all those Jews in Malibu who have clawed their way out of Zoo York are now being inundated by tons of nonwhite and homosexual detritus deposited on the shores of their million-dollar beachfront properties and condos. The effluvia and the stench are waiting the knowledge that the Time of Troubles is at hand. It gives new meaning to the phrase, "The winds of change."

926

Ginsburg probably was less than truthful on his government employment form when he came to the Justice Department. Jews treat résumés as if they are press releases instead of truthful accounts of work history.

201

In the piece about William F. Buckley Jr. (Nov. 1987) the writer wonders about Bill's enormous literary output. I don't think it can be attributed to pep pills. Buckley probably has a corps of researchers and assistants who "block out" his columns, magazine pieces and books. Call it the Rockefeller approach to writing. One of Rocky's biographers says the late New York governor once issued a book under his own name that he didn't write and subsequently never even read. In Hollywood a star tells his agent he has decided to write his autobiography. "The first thing we gotta do, Manny, is hire a writer."

882

I don't know Zip 921, who complained (Dec. 1987) about *Instauration's* editor's blue-penciling proclivities, but I know his type. Over my years in what we laughingly call a "movement," I have encountered endless numbers of people who felt that whatever fell from their typewriter was complete and perfect when, as a matter of objective fact, it was sometimes hardly intelligible. I am not saying this was the case with Zip 921's work, but I seriously doubt that anything he submitted was so brilliant that it could not be improved. Lest anybody think I am criticizing without knowing the facts, please be aware that I have had my own articles, which I thought were complete, severely edited for *Instauration*. In virtually every case the printed version was superior to my own singular effort.

One of the reasons our movement is losing (has lost?) is because of the extraordinary numbers of massive egos who claim to be on our side. They cannot or will not work constructively with others, and so nothing gets done. So many people think they have to be the leader, and so comparatively few are willing to be followers, that we have a plethora of laughable organizations with three or four members instead of a large and potentially powerful group. What we need is an effective statewide or national group with one leader and hundreds or thousands of people willing to work, rather than talk, for the salvation of our race.

317

To Zip 124 (Dec. 1987), who advocated the emphasis of love for our race over hatred for our enemies: I agree with you on the need for that emphasis, if only to blunt the "hater" label which the ADL and the media so love to attach to any manifestation of white pride. But we must also be able to cite the biblical statement that there is "a time for love and a time for hate." Given our natural altruistic bent, I don't believe that we would hate any group -- except for the fact that that group is trying to destroy us. Sadly, many of us won't heed the biblical injunction even then.

229

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□ It is noticeable to me that the Spanish, although further removed from us racially than the French, are friendlier, at least to British tourists. Perhaps we have the natural rapport of opposites. In the case of the French, it is my belief that there is a natural antipathy between us that can be seen throughout history. We have quarreled in Europe, in Africa, in Asia and in the Americas. We are now quarreling at the Common Market. When in Spain we stopped at wayside cafés, it was usual for the locals to smile and sometimes say a few friendly words. In France, however, we mostly encountered scowls or, at the best, cold indifference. It was also noticeable how these establishments would rip you off, charging between £6 and £7 (about \$10) for a small snack for three. My wife says the trouble is that we have beaten them too often, but I suspect that the relationship is rooted more in natural biological incompatibility than in historical consciousness. It is noticeable that the best of the current crop of French leaders, Jean-Marie Le Pen, is a Nordic. I have also observed that their police and military contain many more Nordic types than the national average.

British subscriber

□ September 1987 marked the 200th birthday of the Constitution. But something far more important was seen on the nation's TV screens during that month than the parade of pols, preachers and VIPs standing in front of historic buildings and mouthing platitudes. In Washington (DC) the Bork hearings were taking place and for those who have learned to read not only between the lines but also behind the lines, they were quite a show.

For one thing, the founders of the Republic were dead set against the religious oaths of office that were used in England and some colonies, where a candidate was required to state that he adhered to the teachings of some true church. In the Bork hearings, the Judge who would be Justice was forced to swear allegiance to the Holy Trinity of liberty, equality and minorityism. These abstract divinities hold that all groups are inherently equal in all important respects and that any observed differences must be the result of "racism," "sexism" or "somethingism." When Thomas Sowell, a black follower of F.A. Hayek, pointed out that affirmative action programs actually work against, not for, black students by placing them in colleges for which they are not qualified, a hush fell over the room and Jewish pseudo-Republican Arlen Specter began to savage him.

In the days of Earl Warren, the Court of Last Resort gleefully overturned century-old precedents, such as *Plessy v. Ferguson*. Now that the damage has been done, the Nauseating Nine have enshrined *stare decisis*. What Norman Lear really had against Bork (who wasn't all that hot anyway) was the latter's occasional lapses into Majorityism.

973

□ Re excreta and politicians, I was reading in a back issue of *National Review* an article describing a Cuomo visit to a Bronx synagogue. I quote, "A synagogue is a place where Jews go to worship God and where politicians go to worship Jews."

641

□ Be nice when you write, says the "Nice Right." Would you believe there are rightists who still think nice, polite letters can sway politicians, maybe even the masses? Win them over? Wake them up? Never! It won't work. In the first place, 98% of people are not in the least affected by nice letters filled with fine facts and neat logic. They are affected only by emotion. If they do manage to grasp a few influential facts, they forget everything the minute a snake-oil salesman has at them or watch, glassy-eyed, the boob tube for more than two shakes of a dog's tail.

Canadian subscriber

□ Let's stop kidding ourselves that Jews got us in the mess we're in. No doubt, they have aggravated and accelerated our decline, but it is our own grasping greed, superfluous guilt and stupendous stupidity that is destroying us. The large active traitor element has combined with the even larger apathetic element to form an invincible juggernaut of decline. When a race begins to doubt itself and question its every action, the stage is set for the last act.

617

□ Your mention of "waist and ankle chains" used on Bob Miles (Sept. 1987) was interesting. Such chains are prohibited as restraints under international law (United Nations Declaration on the Protection of All Persons from Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman, Degrading Treatment or Punishment, Article I, Section 1; United Nations Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners, Rule 33). While some might argue that such law is not applicable in this country, federal courts have declared that international law is indeed a part of U.S. law. Decisions rendered in 1980 (*Filartiga v. Penaralra*, 630 F.2d 876) and 1984 (*Filartiga v. Penaralra*, 577 F.Supp. 860) cite previous decisions back into the 1800s to prove that international law has always been recognized in this country. It's too bad that "our" government can't be held accountable for the civil rights violations it commits on whites.

456

□ The only trouble with the Majority is that it still carries along missionary baggage, not a survival or siege mentality. Even in South Africa only a portion of the Majority types have developed anything approaching the Jewish activist state of mind. The Majority is ethnocentric only to the extent it defines everybody else as "ethnic."

208

□ Interesting to hear in the aftermath of Hess's death that Churchill confined "many of the dukes" to their county seats. Every action in America has a race angle and every action in England has a class angle. If British Fascist Oswald Mosley had been a duke instead of a mere baronet, he would not have been jailed in WWII.

929

□ Instauration has been quite enlightening. Awareness is a funny thing; after a while one wonders how anybody can miss the things that Instauration has taught us to see!

762

□ AIDS, along with herpes and chlamydia and a host of other recent contagions, as well as bejel, an extremely virulent and medication-resistant form of syphilis prevalent in the Middle East and now just beginning to appear in the U.S., have thrown a spoke in the wheel of the lib-min agenda and by themselves could be enough to nullify the goal of our final eclipse. No matter what the media state, no matter what the polls say, people are running scared, at least whites are, and are severely limiting their sexual contacts. The effect of those incurable sexually transmitted diseases, plus the ever increasing understanding by white women of the damages caused by all forms of birth control, is causing an agonizing reappraisal on the part of whites toward the whole notion of sexual freedom. The end result will be that whites will gravitate toward that which they perceive to be safest, which is their own kind. This, I believe, is the real reason behind the hysterical media reaction to AIDS and the effort to downplay its seriousness. It is still treated as a sexual behavior and hygiene issue, when the real issue is media loss of control of the minds and beings of whites everywhere.

264

□ One glorious part of aging is that I no longer have to pretend that I read every (or any) word in the *New York Times*!

100

□ Instauration might mention sometime Daniel Inouye's beholdenness to the Stalinist boss of the International Longshoremen's Union, Harry Bridges, for his Senate seat. Just as L'il Ol' Harry Truman owed his seat to the gangster, Pendergast.

921

□ Was Ginsburg a set-up? Did Reagan and Meese know he was going to fail? Ginsburg is a Friedmanite neoconservative rather than a Helms-Falwell social conservative. Then why did Jesse push him? Something fishy here.

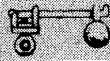
899

□ Among such Nobel Prize luminaries as Kissinger, Begin and Tutu was a gentleman by the name of Egas Moniz (1949 co-winner), who developed the charming medical technique known as the prefrontal lobotomy.

606

□ What Instauration has to do is cause the Majority to lose faith in humanity, which means to stop believing that all other races are both willing and able to put aside their primitive ways and become *de facto* Americans. The Japanese were dehumanized very successfully during WWII, even though they, of all nonwhite peoples, have proven able to out-WASP us in many ways. The Germans, who are more like contemporary Americans than the British, have magically been transformed into Huns twice. The Japs and the Krauts have been accepted back into the human race (for the moment), whereas the Arabs and Iranians are now the irredeemable subhumans. Somehow the Fundamentalist sky-pilots cannot see the obvious similarities between themselves and the Aya-tullah.

878



□ Instauration has noted the bizarre names which blacks give their ubiquitous young'uns (June 1982, p. 18). A physician in Montgomery swears that he had as patients a set of twins in Jackson (MS) who were called luh-MAHN-juh-low and uh-RAHN-juh-low. The two names sounded typically black, but they were spelled "Lemonjello" and "Orangejello"! Of all the black names I've come across, the classic is that of a young black female with the fabulous moniker of Formica Dinette! I didn't catch her last name, but it should have been Kitchens. No matter how well upwardly mobile blacks learn to mimic white speech, most still change D to T in words like administration and phrases like "red (phone) line." In the local K-Mart the call goes out for someone to pick up the "ret line." A black recently informed me that the city "at-ministration" was planning a campaign to reduce the numbers of "rabit rabbits and ra-coons" in outlying areas.

361

□ The Irangate report, naturally, didn't attempt to dig into Jack Anderson's charge in the Washington Post (Jan. 28, 1987): "Millions of dollars in profits on the Iran-Contra arms deal are unaccounted for, and some of the money was diverted to Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service"

329



□ I recently moved here from a small town. Although I read about the minority problem for many years, this is the first time I have lived in a large city and been exposed to minority "culture." My neighborhood has the highest concentration of blacks in the Kansas City area. When I was shopping for apartments, the one major factor emphasized by landlords was safety, which is paid for in the form of higher rents and an outrageous security deposit (to keep out "undesirables"). Although I do not live in the inner city and am only two miles from the countryside, the stores in my area often have bars on the windows and are very suspicious when you pay by check. All the gasoline stations require prepayment before you pump, and the service provided by the slothful Negro sales people in stores makes me wonder how they stay in business. I need say nothing about the crime rate -- walking or jogging alone at night even along busy streets is a risky venture. In sum, even a hardened Instaurationist like myself has been surprised at the impact minorities have had on our lives. It's nothing you can really experience until your own life has been affected by the consequences of forced integration. The most tragic thing is that it leads me and other white residents of this country to be angry at blacks -- not at the integrationists of all races who are the people responsible for this state of affairs. The racism the pious humanitarians decry will only end when whites, blacks and other races are free to decide their own destinies. De-integration and racial separation are the only means to achieve this freedom.

676

□ If we are being forced to accept members we don't want in our clubs, how soon will it be -- extrapolating the trend further -- till we are no longer allowed to sit exclusively with a group of friends at a restaurant table?

919

□ Here at Rutgers, Asian students are so numerous they are no longer classified as a minority group and no longer receive preferential treatment in obtaining student housing and financial assistance. In the not too distant future, when white students are truly a minority group, I wonder if they will be so classified and receive such perks as preferential housing and loans. I think we all know the answer to that one.

089

□ Combat duty will be the acid test for feminism. Until there is a wall on the Mall in Washington inscribed with the names of 50,000 women and eight men (reversing the genders of the Vietnam Memorial) killed in one of our foreign adventures, feminism will not have come of age. Maybe the first place to start is the coming war in the Philippines, where U.S. stooge Cory Aquino is proving her incompetence. I remember asking my own mother what she did for the troops in WWI. "I knitted mufflers," she replied. I'm getting my knitting needles ready for action!

550

□ Organized religion (to me, exploitation of Christ) is mostly myths, some helpful, others dangerous. Sanctimonious expediency is a game played by men of ill will, misleading, defrauding devout Christians nationwide. The bell tolls for captive religionists.

830

□ Did our corrupt politicians give a damn when 80% of the public begged them to implement capital punishment? Did they give a particular hoot when about 80% of all Canadians and 90% of white Canadians implored them to halt the alien invasion (for that's what it is) of this country? Does anyone actually believe this traitorous gang, which sold out Canada years ago, is now about to change spots? Do you actually think these disgusting creatures are about to heed our wishes and respond positively? Can you imagine these turkeys crossing their real, hidden bosses to risk the fat pay and pensions they voted themselves? Have you never watched them perform in their Ottawa House of Horrors?

Canadian subscriber

□ Instauration is a refreshingly open and versatile counterpoint to the amorphous establishment that its readers clamor against. Part of the charm and integrity of the publication is that its heresies take aim at some of the cherished notions of its supporters -- complacency is not to be the lot of the Instauration reader. The journal provides contact information for many organizations, but confers official blessing on none. It encourages contact and debate within the confines of its letter page, but neither fosters nor encourages the formation of any Instauration "groups." This policy of detachment is meet in view of the singleness of determination that the production of a quality publication requires and in view of some of the ridiculous or even dangerous complications that can arise from extracurricular entanglements with elements of the right wing. It is with some trepidation that one perceives a growing association between Instauration and the campaign of David Duke for the presidency. This impression is based on not one, but several mentions of the campaign in the publication's pages and the fact that the campaign offers The Dispossessed Majority condensed version alone of all the world's works to those making a contribution of some substance. Admittedly, this is a meager basis for any clamoring fear and by no means inappropriate given each party's interests -- and from one's own minuscule pinnacle of experience one does not presume to lecture the editor in the ways of politics. No damage has been done, nor does one seriously expect any. There is just the lurking feeling that Instauration's basic policy is a good one and that it should remain pristine and above the fray -- leave the vicissitudes of ephemeral politics to others. Now to confound the editor with this bit of cheek, Mr. Duke's campaign material makes some of the right noises, but on the whole makes for a thin and gaseous gruel. What are the chances for an incisive interview appearing in our favorite monthly wherein the Ducal policies are queried in detail?

750

□ Today thousands of blacks in Canada and the northern states aspire to play world-class hockey. To date none has made it. Boxing is raw strength, animal instinct and savagery. Not the milieu for an advanced people conditioned to fight with computers. (Alpine Slavs and Southern Italians make better boxers than Nordics.) Ice hockey calls for intense and prolonged concentration. Regretfully, Americans as a whole do not appreciate the fine points of the game. Rather, they turn out to see the violence which, sadly, sells tickets. Accordingly, they deprived themselves of the recent thrilling Canada Cup competition. In this incredibly stirring drama, starring the best from Russia and Canada, hockey was at its very finest -- super-fast, clean and rough. Strategy shifted constantly. Two nations with their contrasting sports philosophies were brought down to the final deciding game. Canada was lucky enough to come from behind and win.

Canadian subscriber

□ My brother graduated from a Brooklyn high school, which put out a monthly magazine, one issue of which had a cartoon consisting of nothing but a blank space. The caption read, "This is a picture of an Ethiopian playing Old Black Joe on the black keys of a mahogany piano." All it evoked was some chuckles. No screams about bigotry, race hatred and the like.

113

□ The appearance of "Willie" and "Marv" each month still elicits a yelp of pain from this reader. There is a solution to the controversy that would be in the Instauration tradition of critiquing our own kind and would provide some relief to anti-cartoon sufferers, yet not infringe on admirers. Let Instauration induct into its cartoon gallery an Anglo "Ken" or "Bob," replete with blow-dried fair hair, three-piece suit and briefcase. It being twice as constructive to pillory our own destructive attitudes than those of other groups, the addition of Ken would provide a necessary balance. To those glancing at Instauration for the first time, it would neutralize the impression given by the current cartoon duo that the periodical is nothing more than a low-brow minority putdown. Please let us hear from a benighted Ken each month.

042

□ How would I characterize the students at my school? Hmmm! Well, I'd say they are not very intellectual. A full third of them do not know the meaning of the word, apartheid -- not only freshmen but seniors. One thing about them is that they are white racist to the core, to the very innermost little recesses of their being. They dislike blacks with all their souls. What little racial disdain is left over is for anyone or anything that has the slightest good thing to say or do for blacks. A student I was talking to recently stopped the conversation and would not proceed until I had substituted the word "nigger" for "Negro." For these students all the brainwashing in the world has not made a dent. It's been water off a duck's back. These students are also wise to the Jewish problem. They aren't intellectual and it's tiresome talking to them. But it's nice to know they're out there.

920

□ My sex is basely used in every ignoble way by disreputable men. The breach between us is ever widening. Foolish, foolish women not to see they are losers. But so many male wimps in this era are losers, too.

038

□ In Canada today the best examples of mute inertia of the masses are to be found in the political show trials of James Keegstra and Ernst Zündel. Both these good and decent men were convicted and crucified in the controlled media before they came to trial.

Canadian subscriber

□ I look forward to each issue of Instauration like a child waiting for Santa Claus. Not only am I reassured that there is a spark of hope for our race (albeit faint), but your mag provides me with ammunition for my verbal and written attempts to aid the fight for our survival.

601

□ How many of you out there are aware that about ten years ago the federal courts ruled that all Jewish prisoners are entitled to kosher food? Jewish inmates are the only group to get such special treatment. They have their own kitchens, food, cookware and utensils. Much more money is spent on Jewish prisoners to give them a higher quality and greater quantity of food. Jews probably comprise about 3% of the federal prison population and almost 0% of the state, county and city prisoners (New York City and State excepted). There are almost no Orthodox Jews in jail, much less any Jews who adhere to any kind of kosher diet. Nevertheless, once in prison, Jews quickly "get religion" and flock to the kosher kitchen.

411

□ I'm surprised Instauration doesn't see more value in the Libertarian Party, especially since ex-Republican Ron Paul is now its candidate for President. Sure, libertarians are overly concerned with monetary freedoms and never mention the word race except in the context of opening up U.S. borders. But stop and think for a minute. Instaurationists and libertarians both want a meritocracy rather than the current mobocracy. In a libertarian government there would be no preferential minority hiring, no anti-discrimination laws and no forced busing. I honestly feel libertarianism would cure 90% of our racial problems.

101

□ Take the dopiest white you can find -- so long as he is not simply retarded -- and put him on an island with the most intelligent black you can find. The white might be trainable for nothing more than janitorial work, a nerd with a baseball cap down over his ears. It is assumed he is so backward he has not heard of civil rights. As for the black, he might be a math teacher in a leading university. What would happen to them on the island? Within a month the black would be cringing along behind the white, saying, "Yawsuh." But if the white was a middle-class white! Touché! He would then be following the black around the island.

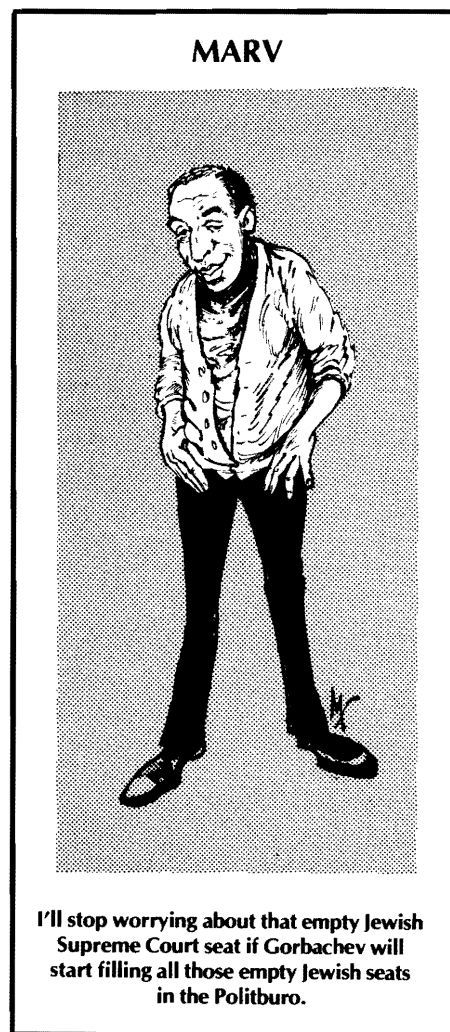
332

□ Not three, but all four of the "white rights" candidates for the St. Louis School Board were announced members of Metro South Citizens Council and they took three (not four) of the four open seats on the board (coming in first, second, fourth and fifth out of ten candidates). Yes, it was a real victory, not a "surprise." The Citizens Council members in the St. Louis area knew what they were doing, and it was not their first such election victory in recent years. I grant, however, that it may have been a surprise for the untutored. Many of the active local Citizens Councils have now joined with a dynamic new national organization, the Council of Conservative Citizens (P.O. Box 9683, St. Louis, MO 63122), which is reaching out to organize the millions of Americans who basically agree, particularly on racial issues. Once recruited, then the in-depth educational process can begin.

630

□ Is racism so bad? For me, white racism is simply a part of a good self-image. Academics and mediocrats say to minorities that a good sense of ego is healthy; maybe they are trying in a coded way to promote minority racism. One can hardly function as a human being without a good self-image. But part of this positive thinking, or egoism as one could call it, is one's racial self-concept.

114



KNUT HAMSUN

INTERVIEWER: And what in your opinion is the tragic element of our epoch?

CÉLINE: Stalingrad. There's catharsis for you. The fall of Stalingrad was the end of Europe. There's been a cataclysm. Its epicenter was Stalingrad. After that, you can say that white civilization was finished, really washed up.

(Excerpt from an interview with Louis-Ferdinand Céline in *The Paris Review*, June 1, 1960.)

AMONG THE MANY thousands of white intellectuals and artists imprisoned, executed or hounded into exile by the Allies' march across Europe in 1945 was one of Norway's most gifted and celebrated writers, Knut Hamsun. Like Céline and Pound, Hamsun exercised an immense influence on Western literature, yet because of his political and racial views he is rarely, if ever, acknowledged or even mentioned in the literature departments of America's vast educational system. Although a smattering of his work has been printed in English by mainstream publishing houses, a thorough scouring of used book sources is usually required to uncover any copies of what should be available in every bookstore.

Despite his relative obscurity today, the cultural establishment has no doubt about Hamsun's literary achievements. The celebrated Jewish writer, Isaac Bashevis Singer, lavishes him with praise:

The whole modern school of fiction in the twentieth century stems from Hamsun They were all Hamsun's disciples . . . even such American writers as Fitzgerald and Hemingway.

Hamsun's famous work, *Growth of the Soil*, earned him the Nobel Prize in 1920 and has been unabashedly compared to the *Iliad* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. H.G. Wells called it "wholly beautiful" and placed it "among the very greatest novels I have ever read." Rebecca West said of Hamsun and *Growth*:

He is a very great man indeed. From the very first chapter one knows that here is one of the creators, one of the Prometheans who have stolen fire from Heaven. He has the Godlike qualities that belong to the very great, the completest omniscience about human nature

Hamsun is usually best remembered for his gliding, lyrical prose and the graceful, petal-like unfolding of his characters' inner selves. His love stories, *Pan* and *Victoria*, are among man's most moving and beautiful literary achievements, complex and delicately woven, yet seemingly produced with the simplicity of a single stroke. The economy and poetry of his writing -- even in translation -- makes his contemporaries' works appear almost turgid and verbose by comparison. Unlike earlier Western novelists,



Hamsun gives his characters multi-faceted personalities that lack the traditional dominant characteristic given more conventional literary heroes or villains. André Gide suggested that Hamsun was superior to Dostoyevsky. Thomas Mann wrote that no one was ever more worthy of the Nobel Prize. Even such disparate authors as Hermann Hesse, Henry Miller and Boris Pasternak were admirers. Miller admitted Hamsun was "the author I deliberately tried to imitate, obviously without success."

Hamsun's climb to the pinnacle of Western literature is all the more remarkable given the nearly complete lack of formal education and his enormous personal difficulties. But his genius was colossal, and his soul hardy and deep. He was born Knut Petersen in 1859 in the Gubdransdal valley of central Norway. At age four he and his family moved north to a farm called Hamsund, from which he later derived his pen name. Leaving school in his early teens, he moved to Christiania (now Oslo) when he was 20. For the next ten years he lived in extreme poverty while dreaming of writing novels. To survive, he sold his physical labor where he could and saved enough money to visit America, where he worked on farms and road crews. When a doctor told Hamsun he had tuberculosis and less than three months to live, he borrowed from friends and returned to Christiania to die. Fortunately, his health steadily improved, despite the gloomy prognosis, and he began work on *Hunger*, his first successful novel (which was not to be published until much later, in 1890, the year he turned 31). When fully recovered, he went again to the United States and worked on farms in North Dakota and as a streetcar conductor in Chicago. Disillusioned with America, in 1888 he left for Copenhagen, where his literary career began in earnest.

In 1889 he published *The Cultural Life of Modern Amer-*

ica, a book of unflattering insights about the New World which contrasted sharply with the optimistic, rose-colored picture painted for Europeans by America's overseas admirers. Hamsun complained that American women had too much influence, "painting works of art until two o'clock, reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* until six o'clock, and strolling in the evening until eight." He criticized literary heroes Walt Whitman ("He can write, of course; but he cannot feel.") and Ralph Waldo Emerson. He referred to American Negroes as "black half-apes" and accurately depicted America's racial dilemma as one in which

[C]ohabitation with the blacks was forced upon the people. Inhumanity stole them away from Africa where they belong.

After *Modern America* and *Hunger* were published, Hamsun's literary output continued through the end of WWII with the publication of more than 20 novels, three short-story collections, one book of poetry and at least five plays. Among his most popular books (most available in English to persistent second-hand bookstore browsers) are *Mysteries*, *Pan*, *Victoria*, *Under the Autumn Star*, *A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings*, *Growth of the Soul*, *The Women at the Pump* and the trilogy, *Wayfarers*, *August* and *The Road Leads On*.

In 1985, Berkeley Books of New York City decided to publish two thirds of the above-mentioned trilogy. *Wayfarers* and *August* came out in a paperback edition under a two-part single title, *Wayfarers*. The reader isn't told that "Part Two" of this edition is actually *August* or that this work is part of a trilogy ending with *The Road Leads On*. Taking such liberties with the structure of a work of art like this is analogous to publishing *Faust* without Act V, or displaying just two panels of a triptych by Hieronymous Bosch. Apparently, *Road* has fallen -- or rather been shoved -- through the memory hole. Instaurationists will immediately know why. *The Road Leads On* was described as follows by Hamsun's biographer, Robert Ferguson, in *Enigma, the Life of Knut Hamsun*.

Lacking in genuine inspiration, the novel subsists on bad temper, ugly and unconvincing scenes of violence, and racial slurs on Jews

But, Ferguson goes on to admit,

[D]espite the artistic failings of *The Road Leads On*, the *August* trilogy was a sensational success, breaking all sales records for Gyldendal [Hamsun's publisher] in Norway between 1927 and 1933.

Hamsun's politics, like the politics of many another Northern European cultural giant, was at odds with the Jews. As Ferguson puts it (as if surprised), "Hamsun's fascism was a genuinely held political conviction . . ." So was his racialism. As early as the 1890s Hamsun's racial consciousness was alive and kicking, as evidenced in a letter to a friend in which he referred to himself as a "Germanic soul." Hamsun favored a homeland for the Jews "so that the white races would avoid further mixture of the blood." He doubted, however, the homeland would

be secured "as long as England and France continue to annex colonies they have no need of." He described Konrad Simonsen's Nordacist book, *The Modern Human Type*, as "the most marvellous book I have read in these corrupt times."

After 1910, according to Ferguson, "All of his novels . . . carry in varying degrees of prominence a political message: namely that what passes for 'progress' in the modern world is in actual fact a failed and pretentious experiment which, by distancing ordinary people from their roots in the land, corrupts them."

Towards the end of a brief and unhappy first marriage in 1908, Hamsun met in Christiania the love of his life, Miss Marie Andersen, 26, an actress. She had been selected to perform in a play of his staged by the National Theatre. At their first meeting, Hamsun, though usually reserved, was so enchanted he blurted out, "My God, how beautiful you are!" Hamsun, a tall, broad-shouldered Nordic with an intense, sensitive countenance, apparently had a similar effect on young Marie. Within days they were engaged to be married.

Their deep feelings for each other are revealed in letters exchanged during the year they waited for Hamsun's final divorce decree from his first marriage. In one, Hamsun's obvious eloquence and affection might explain how he was able to charm and win Marie so quickly:

God above, how happy you have made me. Just to be allowed to sit by you and take your hand and look at you is a joy greater than I have ever known before. These are just poor stupid words; maybe I'll be able to express myself better tomorrow. Even then they would only be the same wretched words. But as time goes by you will find out how much I love you, now and forever. Thank you, thank you for all the sweetness you have brought into my life.

Eventually, Knut and Marie settled down on a farm purchased with royalties from his writings and raised a family. His books, translated into several languages, including Russian and German, sold well. The civilization his works enriched repaid the favor. He was famous and revered, though he never forgot the poverty and struggle of his early years. He often sent money anonymously to struggling young writers.

Then came war.

As patriotic Norwegians, Hamsun and his family were devout in their efforts to protect Norway from English and Russian designs. In 1940 the Red Army invaded neighboring Finland, and England violated Norway's neutrality twice, first by attacking a German ship in Norwegian waters, then by mining the fjords. Just as Winston Churchill was ordering his troops to land in Norway, Hamsun published in the Norwegian National Socialist newspaper, *Fritt Folk*, a plea for help.

The Bear in the East and the Bulldog in the West are lying in wait for us. We are their prey. The fact is that quite a few of us live in hope that Germany will protect us

On April 9, Norway's government collapsed and the king and his ministers fled to England, along with the Jewish president of the Storting (Norway's parliament), C.J.

Hambro. Vidkun Quisling formed a new government with the help of the Germans, whose army rapidly occupied Norway after repulsing an English invasion attempt at Narvik. From this point forward, the fate of Hamsun's reputation in Western literature was sealed. Over the next five years he wrote some two dozen newspaper articles for which Jews would never forgive him. In many of them he praised Quisling ("a thinker, a constructive spirit") and urged patriotic Norwegians to unite. In other pieces he merely philosophized:

Just as our lands in an earlier time belonged together . . . as we spoke the same language and shared the same basic needs in life, so a new and rich golden age of culture will dawn, based on a Germanic vision of life here in Norway and in Norden. The preconditions are there. This is not prophecy but firm wisdom, an historical intuition. It is a deep consciousness of the known and the unknown, rooted in a brotherhood of blood. We are all Germans.

In 1943, Hamsun visited Joseph Goebbels in Berlin and was so moved by the courtesy and warmth with which he was received, he decided to send the fiery propaganda chief the Nobel Prize medal he had won in 1920.

To the Minister of the Reich, Dr. Goebbels,
I wish to thank you for all the kindness you showed to me on my recent trip to Germany. I cannot thank you enough. Nobel founded his Award as a reward for the most "idealistic" writing during the recent past. I know of no one, Minister, who has so idealistically and tirelessly written and preached the case for Europe, and for mankind, year in and year out, as yourself. Forgive me for sending you my medal. It is quite a useless thing for you, but I have nothing else to send.

Goebbels politely declined to accept the medal if it was meant to honor him solely for his own endeavors in peace and war. "I see it rather as an expression of your solidarity with our battle for a new Europe, and a happy society," he replied.

Nineteen forty-three was the year of Stalingrad, and white civilization teetered on the brink. Two years later Europe's armies lay in slaughtered pieces across the landscape, some of its finest cities in flames, and its people thrown into the abyss of starvation and misery as the Russians ravaged Berlin. Jews had reason to celebrate: Hitler was dead. In Norway, Knut Hamsun penned his last newspaper article, an obituary, which appeared in the *Aftenposten* (May 7, 1945):

ADOLF HITLER
by Knut Hamsun

I am not worthy to speak his name out loud. Nor do his life and his deeds warrant any kind of sentimental discussion. He was a warrior, a warrior for mankind, and a prophet of the gospel of justice for all nations. His was a reforming nature of the highest order, and his fate was to arise in a time of unparalleled barbarism which finally felled him. Thus might the average Western European regard Adolf Hitler. We, his closest supporters, now bow our heads at his death.

Eleven days later, the triumphant Allies, with blood and snow still spattering their boots, threw his wife and sons into prison and sent the 86-year-old literary giant to a nuthouse. More than 40,000 other Norwegians were treated similarly, all having been made criminals by the malinger government in exile, which in 1944 in London had invented an ex post facto law prohibiting membership in the National Socialist Party after April 1940.

For 119 days Hamsun was "examined" by the Allies' handpicked psychiatrists to discover just what sort of mental aberration might have caused him to commit the treasonous act of opposing the Allies' invasion. The psychiatrists concluded that even though Hamsun suffered from unspecified "permanently impaired mental faculties," he was fit as a fiddle for trial. In a report to the higher-ups, they also concluded that Hamsun possessed an unusual capacity to endure the most stressful punishment; that he was extremely sensitive and had great powers of empathy; that he was extremely generous and was fanatical and exact in paying back even the smallest debt. They made a point of noting Hamsun's "absolute honesty."

When he was dragged into court, the judges also noticed Hamsun's steadfastness. Asked to explain his numerous newspaper articles during the war, he replied:

[M]y articles are there for anyone to see. I make no attempt to slight them, to make them less than they are . . . On the contrary, I stand behind them now as before and as I always have . . . [I]t is said now that I was betraying my country. I was a traitor, it is said. Never mind. But I did not feel it to be so at the time, did not deem it to be so, nor do I deem it to be so today. I am at peace with myself, my conscience is completely clear.

After the court had politely listened, it concluded there was insufficient evidence that Hamsun was actually a member of the National Socialist Party, but confiscated his wealth, thereby consigning him to abject poverty for the rest of his life.

During the bitter cold night of February 19, 1952, Knut Hamsun, 93, died in his sleep, dressed in rags, all but forgotten.

Ponderable Quote

The type of Jew who won't marry anybody but another Jew doesn't exist here [in Hungary]. I married a gentile . . . and my two sons married gentiles. We're not ashamed of being Jewish, but I'm personally happy there have been so many mixed marriages in my family. One day they'll be able to climb out of this thing. We've gone through so much humiliation that I don't want my children to ever have to experience that. Through intermarriage, we will be cleansed of our Jewish blood. In a couple of generations, there won't be a trace of it.

Lilly, a Hungarian Jewess,
This World, Oct. 11, 1987

IDENTICAL TWINS NO LONGER IDENTICAL

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN (Pauline Esther Friedman) and Ann Landers (Esther Pauline Friedman) being identical twins, it was hard to tell who was who when they were young. Today it is easy. What with their derrière tucks, thigh slims, eye and face lifts and other monkeyings around with their original physiques, few of the sisters' exposed body parts remain as nature intended. The biggest difference is their nostrility. Ann had her nose bobbed. Abby left hers untouched because her husband, millionaire Morton Phillips (liquor, pressure cookers, military hardware) prefers it long, pendulous and Jewish.



Abby and Ann. Note the nasal difference.

The combined worldwide circulation of the Abby and Ann columns is approximately 200 million, which means a lot of people have received a lot of advice -- good, bad and perverse -- from two college dropouts whose own private lives have been nothing to brag about. Ann herself has been divorced, after assuring her readers for years that her marriage was made in heaven. Abby's two children, Eddie and Jeannie, have both been divorced and the latter spent five years on a psychoanalyst's couch. Jeannie's second marriage was to radical lawyer Luke McKissack, the friend and protector of Black Panthers. The best man at the wedding had "a foot-wide Afro."

Both Abby and Ann claim to receive some 15,000 letters a week. If so, it seems strange that, without notifying their readers or their newspaper syndicates, they both have reprinted -- with slight modifications -- letters they had published a decade or so before. Almost any other columnist in the land would have been fired for such chicanery. Unabashed, they continued to pump out their quippish responses to notes from the lovelorn -- a rat-a-tat-tat of stuff and nonsense that grew more political, more leftist, more equalitarian and more Jewish as tempus fugit.

That Abby has almost as many shoes as Imelda Marcos didn't dampen her repetitive compassion for the poor and downtrodden. That Ann told her daughter, Margo, a Brandeis student, to date only Jews, did not stop her from counting and recounting the horrors of racism. While Abby was decrying and denouncing the Vietnam War, her husband's company, National Presto Inc., was producing 105 mm. shells to keep the conflict boiling. Later, the firm was accused of making \$11 million in excess profits out of its defense contracts. Ronald Reagan's Department of Justice gave Mort the withheld money and paid him interest on it.

Ann's entry into the political big time was smoothed by Hubert Humphrey. Whenever she needed some serious legal advice, she'd call up Supreme Court Justice William Douglas. Ann's first column appeared in the Chicago Sun-Times in 1955 (it had been started 13 years earlier by the original "Ann Landers," a Gentile). The first Dear Abby column appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle in 1956. From then on the competition between the twins was fierce and bitchy, including a ten-year stretch of cold and total "no speak."

No one but people of taste and intelligence can argue that the Friedman twins don't have it made. Both are multimillionairesses and, in the case of Abby, her husband is even richer than his wife. The sisters have had a private audience with the Pope. They have spent a weekend at Walter Annenberg's Palm Springs dream palace. They have attended White House dinners and are honored guests at Israeli fundraisers. Close friends include such high candle-power celebrities as ex-Senator Birch Bayh, Senator Mark Hatfield, Walter Cronkite and Art Buchwald, not to mention Rosalynn Carter. They were among the loudest supporters of the ERA and the loudest opponents of Anita Bryant, the gun lobby and Jerry Falwell. Talking up sex at the drop of her chapeau, Ann once posed this question in her annual teenage survey: "Even though you are straight, would you like to go kinky to see what it's like?" The glow of the two Miss Lonely Hearts became positively sunlike when Armand Hammer personally delivered one of Ann's anti-nuke columns to Leonid Brezhnev.

Instaurationists who wish to learn more about the life and lifestyles of Friedman & Friedman are referred to *Dear Ann, Dear Abby* by Jan Pottker and Bob Speziale (Dodd, Mead, 1987).

Ponderable Quote

It is characteristic of politicians to be frightened of every possible slight against minority groups.

Former U.S. Senator S.I. Hayakawa

The Bicentennial of the Constitution Is History -- What Was There to Celebrate?

A GOOD ARGUMENT could be made that "Honest" Abe Lincoln and his Union Army overthrew the Constitution. The issue of whether states could leave the union was settled on the battlefield, not in the courtrooms.

Most businessmen who enter a partnership are careful to draft into their agreement provisions for termination. The fact that this was not placed into the Constitution indicates that it was a poorly conceived document, not a work of genius. This is not a minor oversight, but a major and glaring omission. More Americans died for this error than for any other federal folly.

The states were supposed to be "sovereign," but retained none of the key powers that constitute sovereignty. They could not control the flow of either people or goods across their borders. Their powers to issue money were limited compared with those of the federal government and now are nonexistent.

To pretend that any part of the judiciary is "independent" has got to be the biggest joke ever. Independent? From what? Judges are appointed and approved by party politicians and paid out of funds appropriated by same. This is the definition of an employee, not an independent person.

Lincoln's coup d'état could have been reversed by later military or political action. But the two-party system has pervaded every level of society from local to national and could not be removed or reformed without destroying the whole governmental apparatus.

One person, one vote, has become the law of the land, partly by judicial fiat. Derided by many Founding Fathers as "mob rule," it has the simple logic of arithmetic behind it and little else. If only intelligent or wealthy people can vote, won't they exploit the dull or the poor? It would be foolish to think otherwise. So if everybody can vote, nobody exploits anybody, right? Wrong. Completely wrong! When every last citizen who can breathe can vote, the role of exploiter is transferred from the former privileged class to a new one: those who can manipulate the minds of the dull-witted masses.

Tremendous power has been transferred to the media and the educational establishment. Since most people cannot think or reason, even many who do fairly well on IQ or other standardized tests, there is great influence to be gained by those who tell them what to memorize.

The Constitution attempted to limit the ability of the President to start wars -- a wise, legal provision that has been successfully undermined by political maneuvers that should have fooled no one. Fort Sumter established a great tradition in American politics. The trick of getting the U.S. into a war is to force the other side into firing the first shot.

The shift to the left in American politics engineered by

the ruling class is no result of any ideological conviction. For one thing, this helps to maintain the illusion of a political debate. The Left needs the "rich and powerful" for a scapegoat. Otherwise, the Soviets and Chinese are stuck with the embarrassing truth that socialism doesn't work.

Since the demise of the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., the "civil rights movement" has degenerated into an Establishment weapon against the middle class. Today black Americans seek self-determination through the uncoordinated efforts of a million daily actions that thwart the system. King proved to be more useful to the ruling elite as a dead hero than as an active and independent leader.

Millions of people have visited the National Archives in Washington to see the mummified remains of the Constitution, sealed in inert gases. Like the corpse of Lenin, the entombed document is the source of legitimacy for a multinational empire. Ours tries to unite a multitude of diverse peoples under the rubric, "American," just as Moscow does under the "Soviet" designation.

America is governed through the IRS, as Russia is ruled through the KGB. The IRS is distinctively American as a "money police," whereas the KGB is a more conventional brutal secret police. Money is the way Americans relate to one another and to other peoples and, in fact, to everything in the universe. Money is the measure of all things and is better than anything else because it has perfect liquidity. So the income tax was enshrined in the XVI Amendment not merely to raise revenue, but to give the government control over the only thing that counts: the flow of money. All major transactions of every kind are now recorded instantly on IRS computers. The country is wired from border to border and coast to coast.

There are some real limits to government power, other than the paranoia of the media. For one thing, there are the "gun nuts." They are a little bit crazy, impossible to control, and otherwise utterly undependable in every way, but at least the politicians fear them. Sometimes a few of them go berserk and try to start a revolution, only to meet with total apathy and disdain.

A more substantial threat to the system is the growing number of ethnic enclaves. After WWII blacks were used as shock troops to break up the white ethnic neighborhoods in the big cities. This also helped some of the politicians' supporters sell automobiles and suburban houses. But the blacks set about establishing really impenetrable city-states. In many areas a number of Hispanics have done the same. These people have thwarted the rule-by-money scheme, because they have little income.

The government has tried to smash the black city-states through a number of "civil rights" laws and policies. The goal was to disperse blacks throughout the country, thereby eliminating their political power and independence.

This has largely failed. Blacks are taking over major jurisdictions, including some of the old Democratic political machines. What the black city-states lack is economic self-sufficiency, so their situation is ironically like that of the Bantustans in South Africa.

Many "civil" rights and other "rights" that could not be pushed through Congress were accomplished by judicial fiats. In previous generations the interstate commerce clause in the Constitution had been abused to the point of absurdity to extend federal power. With Earl Warren and some other judges, it was "no holds barred." Logic and consistency went totally out the door, yet somehow the myth of constitutional government has survived.

Actually, the Constitution was effective for about as long as the Founding Fathers expected, say 70 years. What they did not anticipate, however, was that it would degenerate into an empty facade used to cover a reality of intrigue, conspiracy and corruption. Selective prosecution has become a way of life in America. People at all levels, from the poor house to the White House, are targeted for exposure, investigation and arrest for purely political or ideological ends. A Nixon can be driven from office for a relatively minor offense; those with blood on their hands are honored.

The Constitution has survived as a symbol, not as a functioning law, for one good reason. The alternative is pure chaos. As a collection of individuals whose common bonds are purely legal and monetary, Americans would be totally lost without laws and regulations and, especially, without acceptable currency. The illusion of the coinage system has been preserved, despite a precipitous drop in the value and hence usefulness of the coins. Constitutional

government survives as a sham, just as the quarters, copper clad with layers of white cupro-nickel alloy, look superficially like the silver coins of 1964 and before. The real value is long gone.

The only lesson here is that all institutions are of very limited value. All that counts in the world is personal integrity. No system can be devised that will make people better than they want to be.

The dollar is now the ultimate cement of American society. In 1944 more than half the world was brought under the direct control of American money power. U.S. currency became the international medium of exchange, used and desired even by the Soviet bloc. Has this power been used wisely?

The cost of ruling the world and keeping its citizenry content has proved too great for the American money empire. The banking crisis, the federal deficit and the balance of payments problems are not the results of recent bad luck, but the inevitable consequences of total mismanagement by both government and the private sector. There is only one solution to the resulting money problem -- most of the debt must be defaulted or repudiated. Raising taxes enough to balance the budget, let alone pay off the debt, would shut down the economy almost totally. When you run a country long enough like a banana republic, it becomes a banana republic.

Americans are ill prepared for the collapse of the dollar and the suspension of constitutional rights. The U.S. was the world's most stable country for many years. It has been able to get by on bluff as the stability melted away.

Preparing for the future means learning to cope with instability. The less you have to rely on government, the better off you will be. (Ask any vendor who sells to Uncle Sam or an academic who applies for grants.)

Ask for your "constitutional rights" only as a last resort when every other strategy has failed. Guarantees of all sorts from governments are never honored during times of crisis, the one time they are really needed.

This article, slightly edited and partially condensed, was published in Critical Factors (Oct. 1987), a frank, uncensored, unfearing monthly analysis of financial, economic and political events in America and elsewhere. It specializes in offering constructive alternatives an individual should adopt to survive the negative slide into leftist authoritarianism. Subscription is \$125 a year (12 newsletters plus irregular bulletins). Write Critical Factors, P.O. Box 3639, Gaithersburg, MD 20878-0639.



A British tax collector is tarred and feathered while the Boston Tea Party proceeds in the background.

Ponderable Quote

If Adolf Hitler had never been born, our letters to the editor column would be empty. Few correspondents can write about any topic, from Ronald Reagan to the local planning commission, without invoking the Third Reich.

Joanne Jacobs, columnist,
San Jose Mercury-News

FOUR-STAR SATIRE

WANT TO KNOW what life in New York City is like these days? Go not to Zoo City. Read not about the latest speculations of the corrupt Jewish plutocrats and pols that run the town. Gasp not and gulp not at the gold-plated yuppies and their corporate raider bosses on Wall Street.

No need for any of that eyestrain or physical exertion. All you have to do is pick up a copy of Thomas Kennerly (Tom) Wolfe Jr.'s Manhattan-trashing bestseller, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. The reviewers call it the author's first novel. That may or may not be. To the average reader, however, it is a magisterial study of the mean manners and mortifying mores of a once great city now sinking into a racial morass.

Almost no typical Zoo City denizen is left out: the obscenely rich Jew with the itchy South Carolina mistress, the millionaire WASP bond salesman who dives from the heights to the depths when he runs afoul of a sharp black preacher, a sharper bunch of Jewish judges, district attorneys and landlords. Wolfe indulges in none of the racial pandering that usually accompanies any objective portrayal of minority members. A bad Jewish or Negro character is not balanced by a saint-like Jew or black. Almost everyone, except an Irish cop or two, is bad, bad, bad.

The plot, tricky as it is, unravels hitchlessly. A materialistically minded WASP who thinks he is the height of respectability and believes he is safely insulated from the megalopolitan riffraff takes the wrong freeway exit. He, his part-time mistress and his Mercedes end up in a Harlem no-man's land, where he is stopped by two Negroes. The white couple drives off in panic, inadvertently running down one of the blacks. Relentlessly and suspensefully, the New York City establishment zeros in on the culprit, strips him of his job and his unaffordable Park Avenue apartment, shakes up his marriage and makes him a pathetic cog in the crooked criminal justice system -- in short, ruins his whole glitzy existence.

One of the main agents of the undoing of Wolfe's anti-hero is a corrupt British hack writer who is trying to score points with a sensation-mongering Jewish press lord by following leads provided him by a left-wing Jewish press agent. The characters are perfectly drawn, as are the courthouse and prison scenes, the cocktail parties and the cynical political and financial machinations involved at every level of the narrative.

The first issue of *Instauration* (Dec. 1975) reviewed *The Painted Word*, Wolfe's sardonic putdown of the racket known as modern art. A few years later he celebrated the astronauts in *The Right Stuff*. Still later he took on the box builders of modern architecture (*From Bauhaus to Our House*). With *Bonfire of the Vanities* he becomes a social historian, who tells us more about New York and New Yorkers in the late 20th century than 10,000 issues of the *New York Times*.



Tom Wolfe

Wolfe, a Virginian by birth and a Yale Ph.D., managed to get away with his sweeping attack on the New York establishment, perhaps because he himself, the clothes-horse owner of a million-dollar dwelling, is now a member of it and is married to someone with a Jewish name. The mixed match may have a positive side. Only an insider could write so authoritatively

and accurately about the Zoo City scene. Wolfe's fiction is fact -- all fact -- from page 1 to page 659.

Savonarola lit the first bonfire of vanities back in 15th century Florence when the fanatic preacher believed *la dolce vita* was getting out of hand. Whereas Savonarola consigned the Florentine vanities (the useless luxuries of a corrupt lifestyle) to a public burning, Wolfe relies on the crackling flames of words to reduce to cinders the suffocating materialism and crass animalism which are the vanities of his day.

He succeeds admirably. If nothing else, his emetic but utterly convincing depiction of what is going on in the world's most repulsive city may force other writers to come down to earth and start filling their novels and short stories with the awful truth about what Wolfe, in a previous work, called "cultureburg" and which sane Majority members would never call "Our Town."

Although there's a laugh on practically every page, the underlying tragic theme is not merely the decline of the WASP, but the humiliating end of the WASP. Caught up in a hostile and alien genetic milieu, the WASP is a sorry creature when he tries desperately to beat his enemies at their own game, when he tries to become what he isn't, when all his good qualities evaporate and all his bad qualities take center stage. Repeated a million times throughout the land, inside and outside Zoo City, the WASP's downfall is high tragedy that often comes off as low comedy. With incredible literary finesse Tom Wolfe, the Juvenal of our times, steers a middle course between the two extremes that strikes just the right note.

THE SIEGE OF

SOUTH AFRICA (IV)



AS INSTAURATIONISTS know, there has been a General Election in South Africa which has shown a marked swing to the right. No one ever questioned that the ruling National party would win the election; in fact, it took 123 of the 166 seats. The upset was that the Progressive Federal Party lost six seats, keeping only 19, and was replaced as the official opposition party by the Conservative Party headed by Dr. Andries Treurnicht. The Conservatives gained five seats to win 22, the first time there has been a right-wing or Afrikaner opposition. The 22 seats actually outnumbered the combined leftist seat count of 21, if the one seat of the New Republican Party and an independent seat are included. Moreover, as Dr. Treurnicht pointed out in the House of Assembly, while the election produced 1,075,000 votes for the National Party, the Conservative Party garnered 550,000 votes, which presented a very different picture from that of the number of seats gained. It is estimated also that the right could have gained another ten seats or so if the Conservatives had combined with the Herstigte Nasionale Party under Mr. Jaap Marais, which won no seats, but did win a sizable number of ballots.

The Conservative Party stands for outright and unmixed white rule, as in the days of the late assassinated Prime Minister Verwoerd. It rightly believes anything else will soon prove fatal. To properly assess the political potential of the Conservative Party it has to be realized that it is only three years old, has no money or media support and little professional organization -- rather like Mr. Smith's Rhodesia Front Party when it came to power in what is now Zimbabwe. It is quite certain that the PFP is a party of the past. It was helped on its way, incidentally, by photographs of Mrs. Suzman embracing Winnie Mandela, and by the typically Jewish promise that if her party came to power it would remove the ban on Communists. In return, PFP-supporting newspapers, whose job is to incite nonwhites to revolt and reduce whites to gloom and despair in the face of a host of gibbering racial spectres, showed the usual photographs of Dr. Treurnicht snarling, or rather the same snarling photograph over and over again. When his party dislodged the PFP, the Cape Times displayed a big front-page color photograph of the Conservative leader with completely bloodshot eyes. Most voters in South Africa are so naive they don't yet realize that photographs can be "fixed" according to taste.

What the election results demonstrate is that large numbers of Afrikaner Nationalists have gone over to the Conservative Party and that their place in the National Party has been taken by large numbers of English-speaking South Africans. The voting shift also showed that people in this country want security and Apartheid instead of the turmoil caused by reform from the inside and American pressure from the outside. P.W. Botha has been watching this drift to the right for some time now, and in his pre-election speeches he was largely concerned with reassuring the "drifters." This is something the foreign press and politicians have not understood. Treurnicht had openly warned President Botha that if he should bring blacks into Parliament his strongest resistance would come from his own people. "We warn him, don't do it," the

Conservative leader told a packed meeting in East London.

The press believes that Botha, because of the present trend, has swung his party strongly to the right and as a result has become its captive. (The press should be reminded that the NP was always meant to be a party of the right.) Although Treurnicht has correctly stated that the policy of the modern National Party is characterized by deception and stealth, President Botha intends going on with his reforms. Treurnicht has also pointed out that, if South Africa continues on the road of power-sharing, then the country is on the way to becoming a Third World state. It was for this reason, Treurnicht said, that many foreigners had lost confidence and were withdrawing their investments. They feared black control.

Apartheid has now been swept away except for the Group Areas Act, which is its very linchpin. On this subject, P.W. Botha has been decidedly equivocal, saying one day that the Act must remain and the next day that it is not a "holy cow" -- by which he means a sacred cow. His ministers, however, are more apt than he is to let the cow out of the barn. Dr. Dawie de Villiers, minister of the Budget and Welfare, repeated that the Act was not a "holy cow" and that it would have to be revised. Nor does Foreign Minister Pik Botha care for Apartheid, saying, "I am not prepared to make war for Apartheid and I am not prepared to sacrifice my fatherland for pure, naked, nasty racism!" This means that he is violently opposed to everything the National Party has ever stood for and that since he is sailing under false colors he should be a member of the PFP. Pik Botha has also told whites that they live far too well and pleasantly, adding that this is unfair to the blacks, who also contribute to the economy. Of Nelson Mandela, he said, "A martyr is far more dangerous than a fanatic." Since moderate black leaders will not negotiate with the government for a new constitution unless Mandela is freed, "He should be made to face the scrutiny of the press," meaning that the professional terrorist should be set free whether he renounces violence or not. He added for good measure that people who did not support the government's reforms should leave South Africa and find a country where there was "white domination" [sic]. On a more holy note, he reminded us that we are, after all, God's creatures, a statement that must certainly include chimpanzees as well.

Childish words such as these bring to mind General Constand Viljoen, who was forced to retire from the army for having described Pik Botha as a traitor. Viljoen's punishment was quite unfair because no one can be blamed these days for being unable to distinguish between a South African traitor and a South African liberal. The terms have become synonymous. As for the "moderate" blacks that liberals and Nationalists such as Pik Botha keep going on about, the libs and Nats must surely know, if they were born and bred anywhere on this continent, that a black is a moderate only when he lacks the power to be otherwise. This also applies to the famous "moderate" Chief Mangosutho Buthelezi, who modestly told Americans in San Francisco that if he used his

"vast power to back violent revolution, it would tear South Africa apart." On more sane occasions, however, he agrees with King Goodwill Zwelithini of the Zulus, who detests Anglican and Catholic political priests, that whites are too strong to be fought militarily. (Buthelezi's key adviser, by the way, is Mr. Rowley Arenstein, who was struck off the roll of attorneys because of a law which prohibited Communists from practicing.)

Regardless of Pik Botha's wishes, South Africa is still a white-dominated country. The question is what motivates the Nationalist politicians in their resolve to "share" power? Perhaps Mr. P. du Plessis, the minister of Manpower and Public Works, stated it best when he said that if white South Africans (they are not just South Africans any more, be it noted) were not prepared to share the country's wealth and prosperity they would lose everything, just as the Tsarists had lost everything in Russia. He evidently believes that the Russian Revolution was the work of Russians. He clearly is unaware that the Tsars had been pressing for great reforms in Russia for 50 years before the revolution took place, and that it was these reforms, coupled with disastrous military defeats at the hands of the Japanese in 1904-5 and the Germans in WWI, which really undid Tsarism. In the same context, I call attention to the reformist sultan, Selim of Turkey, whose New Order, based on the French Revolution and by which he tried to modernize his savage country, cost him his life at the hands of the Janissaries in 1807, who threw him from the top of a tower. Aside from such examples of the dangers of reform, Mr. du Plessis must remember the Shah of Iran and his American-prompted reforms, which caused his fanatical people to rise up against him and chase him from the country. (On second thought, he was probably foredoomed because he dared style himself the King of the Aryans.)

Conversely, let Mr. du Plessis consider the non-reforming civilizations that lasted, historically speaking, for all time, such as the Mesopotamian, Egyptian and Chinese. These regimes gave their people a sense of permanence and belonging, with everything mapped out for them so that simple folk did not need to think or struggle for a living and revolution never entered their heads. With "the laws of the Persians and the Medes, which change not," the people knew where they stood. All they had to do was produce food or follow their trades and obey and even worship their fair-skinned rulers. Similarly, whereas the mighty Roman Empire perished with reform, the unchanging Eastern Roman Empire, though far less powerful than the Western, lasted a thousand years, and the gold solidus, the coin later known as the bezant, held its value for seven centuries -- history's most stable currency. And let us not forget the Catholic Church or the Jews. Have they lasted through the ages because they were constantly reforming and changing? Today we live in an age of liberal uproar, of constant change. The liberals, whose god would be Heraclitus if it weren't for Karl Marx, are political Whirling Dervishes and their media are Howling Dervishes. They rule the West, which is why South Africa has started whirling too.

To put it bluntly, there is no good reason why South Africa should change in any way, and every reason why it should not. Apartheid is not a problem; it is the solution to a problem. Its supposed horrors are nothing compared with the very real horrors of racial integration. Yet the National Party government has never, since the time of Verwoerd, defended Apartheid; it only promises to abolish it. The NP's carefully selected leftist ambassadors overseas have only been sent out to apologize for it, not to uphold it, so they lose out in every debate. Played skillfully, Apartheid would give them a very strong hand, full of aces and trumps. It is not that they actually misplay it, but that they refuse to play it at all, though anyone with an iota of brains must know that South Africa cannot survive without it. In fact, the white race cannot survive anywhere in the world unless it dominates, though the only other whites who are aware of this are the Russians, who have the yellow myriads at their back. The National Party government not only

desires to abolish Apartheid, but wants to abolish white rule altogether. If power is to be shared, who will make the decisions and rule? Can anyone believe that "guaranteed minority rights" will be guaranteed? Can anyone imagine the Americans rushing to the aid of an oppressed white minority? And what madness is it even to consider accepting the rule of the most incompetent race on earth? "It's their numbers" people commonly say. But numbers of what? Necklaces?

The South African armed forces are immensely powerful, well organized and well led. They are far superior to any other army in Africa. Does the government intend that instead of hitting back, the soldiers should hand over all their arms to the blacks? For surely this is what black rule would entail. The government does indeed restrain the armed forces from obtaining outright victories over such enemies as SWAPO in Namibia and from destroying the main ANC bases in Zambia. The government believes in fighting no-win wars, just like the Americans in Korea and Vietnam. It was the same with the Rhodesians, who even stopped their army from striking at enemy bases in Mozambique for fear it would cause a world outcry. Where is Rhodesia now?

It should be understood that the combined African and Western war against South Africa (sanctions are a form of war) is not a political war but a racial war, a war against the white race. This is shown clearly enough by the fact that very few words of concern for the fate of the whites in South Africa has been voiced, least of all in the West itself. This means that there is no political solution to the situation. The blacks are not fighting for their rights. They are fighting purely for power, and no doubt they have American assurances that they will get it. But South Africans should recognize they have little to worry about, apart from their ruling politicians. Not only is there no internal African threat worth mentioning, but there is not much of an external threat either. South Africa is not the Falkland Islands. Not only Europe but America can be ruled out as constituting a military threat. Given the racial constitution of South African cities, America would never be allowed by its rulers to bomb them. Nor should it ever be forgotten that South Africa, in Lord Chalfont's words, "is for all practical purposes a nuclear power." It was not for nothing that Mr. Vorster said years ago that if South Africa ever found herself with her back to the wall, she would unleash utter devastation. Nevertheless, in view of America's unrelenting hostility, it is necessary for South Africa's safety and well-being that American influence in the country should be finally eliminated.

If it came to it, South Africa could enter into an agreement with Russia, declaring herself neutral and no longer leaning to the West. The Russians, to be sure, have always played as sordid a diplomatic game as the Western nations, but they are not racemixers and do not go on their knees to blacks. In fact, they are strong believers in Apartheid. It is not widely known to South Africans that General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev suggested to a group of American congressmen that the United States solve its race problem by setting up separate states for blacks, Puerto Ricans and other minorities. This, he explained, is what the Soviet Union does for its largest and most distinct nationality groups, giving them either their own republics or their own regions.

There is still time to put a stop to the suicidal rot that has set in. Establishing power sharing or even black representation on some kind of sub-parliamentary council will take plenty of time. Which blacks do you talk to? Who are the black leaders? How do you get the tribes to cooperate with one another? Taking into account cultural differences, relative numbers, conflicting interests and divergent political objectives, how do you go about forging a single political system in South Africa? The question is not, as the West insists, how democracy can exist in South Africa if blacks are excluded, but how it can exist if blacks are included.

There is time to spare but none to waste. As matters stand I repose my faith in the military. I cannot conceive our officers and

men will ever surrender their arms to blacks under any circumstances. I have always liked the uncomplicated and forthright soldier. For this reason I wish to quote Brigadier Theunis Swanepoel, who stood for the Conservative Party in the last election and deliberately chose to run against Pik Botha. He lost because South African voters are as incapable as any others in their inability to think for themselves. They are guided by names and labels, not by issues. Like purblind pedestrians, they can never see the bus coming until it runs over them.

Questioned by the press shortly before the elections on why he had decided to enter politics after almost four years of comfortable retirement, the brigadier replied that his motives were anything but financial.

I have always been a politician on the battlefield but politicians in Parliament stopped me from what I should have done. They prevented me from wiping out SWAPO and the ANC, and if I can get into Parliament I will once again give the security forces the power to do what they were trained for . . .

If the government goes on like this, South Africa will be under Marxist rule within five years. I know what I am talking about. The government is not serious about exterminating the Communists. What sort of a democracy is this? We have the world's best security forces and all I ask is to remove the chains from them so that we can give the terrorists one deadly blow.

Brigadier Swanepoel went on:

I do not agree with the National Party's idea of reform. I do not think Nelson Mandela should ever see the outside of Pollsmoor. I would like to clean up some of our neighboring states. I think the UDF, AZAPO and the whole lot must be jailed.

He had a simple answer to the question of dealing with the ANC:

I don't talk to the ANC except over the barrel of a gun. If I cannot destroy them, I'll chase all the little men like Oliver Tambo and Joe Slovo right back to Moscow. I have broken the likes of Bram Fischer, Goldreich, Wolpe -- you name them. And for Joe Slovo, I have this message: "You have tried to eliminate me in the past, but your henchmen never survived to report back to you. This will happen again in the future, should you have any similar ideas."

We have fought with silk gloves for too long now and terrorists outside our borders must be hunted and treated like wild animals . . . Law and order can only be restored by untying the hands of the security forces. Some of the best leaders in this country are in command of the security forces. Politicians should allow them to make their own decisions and do their jobs properly.

It is always refreshing to hear a man talking.

Inmate Contradicts Rape Figures

Instauration's article about homosexual rape in prison (June 1987) made six points:

1. More men than women are raped each year in the U.S.
2. 26,000 men are raped daily in U.S. prisons.
3. Both the raped and the rapists are overwhelmingly heterosexual, since rape has more to do with aggression than sex.
4. Only one in 10 raped prisoners reports the crime.
5. One in five prisoners are raped while in prison.
6. There are an estimated 175,000 sex slaves in U.S. prisons.

I am a 35-year-old WASP who has spent more than a dozen years behind bars. Since I am what prison regimes deem a disciplinary problem, I have been transferred to a dozen different state and federal prisons. I can honestly state that in all the years and in all the prisons I have been in, I have direct knowledge of only three cases of homosexual rape. I have never heard of a white prisoner raping anyone. The rapist is always a Negro or an Hispanic. Of the three prison rapes I know of, the victims were, respectively, white, Hispanic and Negro.

When people think of homosexuals, they usually think of effeminate men or drag queens, the kind that play the female role in a homosexual relationship. In a prison population of 1,000 you may find 20 or 30 queens and possibly an equal number of

closet queens. All races are proportionately represented in these categories.

We are told that many of the men who chase after the queens are heterosexuals who are forced by the male prison environment to consort with homosexuals for sexual gratification. Men that consort with homosexuals are homosexuals or bisexuals themselves -- in or out of prison. A Mediterranean inmate does not have sex with another inmate because no women are around. He does what he does because he is a born homosexual.

There are many more masculine homosexuals than effeminate homosexuals. This is my estimate by race of the percentage of prisoners of this type.

1. Nordics. Somewhere between 5-10%. Accuracy is difficult because members of this group are more apt to try to hide their perversion.
2. Mediterraneans. 10-15%. They are slightly more inclined toward such behavior and less inclined to conceal it.
3. Negroes. Probably between 90-95%. Most blacks openly boast about indulging in homosexual behavior.
4. Hispanics, close to 80%. Cubans, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans are about equally represented.
5. American Indians and Eskimos. I've only observed about 60 prisoners of this group. All are homosexuals.

The large number of masculine homo-

sexuals in prison explains why they are constantly on the prowl for new queens, an activity that triggers a lot of prostitution. The pressure is high to recruit new queens -- and cowardly types sometimes yield to such pressure. But this is not rape.

INMATE GAMMA

Note: In regard to the figures disputed by Inmate Gamma, they were supplied, as the June article noted, by an anti-rape prison group called Posrip, P.O. Box 246, Napa, CA 94559. We have asked Inmate Gamma to write to this outfit and see if there is some explanation for the wild discrepancy between his figures and theirs. If we hear anything further on this matter, we will publish it. We're sure that Instauration subscribers would like to know the truth about homosexual rape in prison. Is it a vast and sordid 24-hour-a-day orgy, as Posrip indicates? Or is it something that can be considered a minor prison aberration, as Inmate Gamma would have us believe?

Ponderable Quote

We are paying too much attention and giving too much support to Israel. We need to be more evenhanded. Right now we give Israel \$3 billion a year.

Rev. Benjamin Weir,
former hostage in Lebanon



Out-Holocausting the Holocaust

In her bestselling novel, *Beloved*, an anti-white epic drooled over by the nation's trucking book reviewers, black authoress Toni Morrison upgraded the Holocaust count by a factor of ten. She dedicated her novel to "Sixty million and more," letting the figure stand for the death toll of Africans caught up in the slave trade. Based on that ominous digit, "6," Morrison's 60 million includes those who died while captives in Africa or on slave ships plying the Atlantic.

Another whiteophobic Negro novelist, Alice Walker, author of a dirty book called *The Color Purple*, which Steven Spielberg made into a dirty movie, married a white -- Melvyn Leventhal, a civil rights lawyer -- in 1974. Three years later came the divorce. Could it be that Walker is making the whole white race a scapegoat for her marital difficulties with a Jew?

Black Vengeance

David Burke was a Negro criminal who was employed as a customer service agent by USAir and probably kept on long after he should have been let go in order to conform with state and federal affirmative action edicts. The flamboyant owner of a gold Mercedes and a custom-designed BMW, he was a known drug-pusher, a woman-beater, a thief -- yet he still managed to be hired and hold onto the job. He was also the father of at least seven illegitimate children.

Burke was so accustomed to getting away with practically anything that when he was finally fired by his boss, Raymond Thomson, for stealing money from inflight cocktail sales, he plotted revenge -- not just against Thomson, but apparently against the airline and against the white race in general. He could have confronted and shot his ex-boss any time, but he waited until both he and Thomson were 22,000 feet in the air above central California in a Pacific Southwest Airlines jet.

Burke almost certainly shot the pilots, putting the plane into a nosedive that may have exceeded Mach 1 and scattered the remains of 43 people, almost all of them white except himself, over seven square miles of a California valley.

Allen Burke claimed that his brother, David, had been the victim of "years and years of harassment. I'd like to say it was because he was black." According to a friend of the family, Allen had called USAir's treatment of his brother "racial genocide." It was further brought out that brother David had been deeply involved in

the civil rights movement.

What more proof is needed that racism was at the bottom of Burke's wholesale sacrifice of the jetliner's white passengers? One more question: Would this tragedy have happened if affirmative action had not happened?

Formidable Slur

Talk about racism! In the book, *Mixed Blessings*, a study of marriage between Christians and Jews, the authors, Paul Cowan, a Jewish writer for the Village Voice, and his wife, Rachel, a convert to Judaism studying to be a rabbi, tell about a four-year-old boy, the issue of a mixed marriage. One day the lad says to a friend, "I'm half Jewish and half nothing."

Susan Shapiro wrote the review in the New York Times Book Review (Nov. 22, 1987) and accented the above passage for reasons known best to her and the Times readership.

"Half nothing" would appear to be a more degrading racial epithet than "nigger" or "kike." But Majority members have long ago learned to swallow these deliberate insults from the pens of Jews.

We read about the daily humiliations suffered by those who live on the West Bank without realizing that this country that once was ours has now become a cultural West Bank for all but a small fraction of its inhabitants.

Posthumous Damnation

Every once in a while the all-powerful Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (aka the all-powerful Sons of the Covenant) slips a gear. It happened during the lifetime of the much esteemed Yale professor of humanities, Paul de Man. When he died at the age of 64 in 1983, superliberal, super-ethnic Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti dubbed him a "tremendous light for human life and learning."

Now, almost five years after his death, de Man turns out to have written a hundred or so articles for an anti-Jewish, pro-Nazi Belgian newspaper in 1941-42. One of his pieces contained these two sentences:

It shows the strength of our Western intellectuals that they could protect from Jewish influence, a sphere as representative of the culture at large as literature. Despite the lingering Semitism in all our civilization, literature showed that its essential nature was healthy.

Actually what de Man wrote was totally wrong and myopic, but he used the words

"Semitism" and "Jewish influence" in the wrong context and was thus forever suspect, forever susceptible to eternal damnation, should his words ever get out.

De Man, who came to the U.S. in 1946, eventually evolved from a collaborationist columnist into one of the world's leading "deconstructionists," that is, a leader of that weird international cult which maintains total skepticism toward the ability of language to impart truth.

For his activity on behalf of linguistic nihilism, the academic establishment gave him great rewards. But if the ADL had known what he had written 40 or more years ago, when he was 21, he would never have gotten a Yale professorship and would probably never have acquired any post higher in the academic community than that of teaching assistant at Podunk Junior College.

Native Anthropophagites

Now that Indians are called Native Americans and are the good guys on TV and Hollywood horse operas, it comes as a shock to learn that their ancestors were not the noble redmen that liberal-minority historians and movie producers have been chatting up in recent decades. Last summer a team of archaeologists unearthed three sites, two in Utah and one in Colorado, with all sorts of broken and mutilated bones belonging to the long-extinct Anasazi tribe. The butcher-type markings on limbs indicated that cannibals were at work. Tim White, a physical anthropologist at the University of California (Berkeley), is laboring over 700 bone fragments recovered from the digs. By piecing them together he hopes to determine how the people eaters went about their gruesome job of killing, cutting, dismembering and cooking.

Crude cuts and marks on the skulls of some victims indicated they had been scalped before being broiled or boiled. This finding throws another damper on the racist fantasies of left-wing and Marxist social scientists who have been trying to pin this ignoble practice on Europeans and have had the unmitigated gall to say that Indians never scalped a soul until they picked up this noxious habit from marauding white men.

Outlawing Us

There's nothing wrong with racial stereotyping per se. It all depends on who is the stereotypist.

If Instauration speaks of "the [black] race's passion for song, dance, sex and spectacle," that is evil and leads straight to Auschwitz.

If Greg Tate speaks of the same Negro passions approvingly, as he did in the Vil-

lage Voice (Sept. 22, 1987), that is fine and dandy. Tate, you see, is black and has a racial waiver. In another Voice article three weeks earlier he charged that New York City was "ruled by white supremacists."

If conservatives warn Anglo-America against the "emotionalism" of Latin Americans, as they sometimes do, that is the sort of loose thinking which leads straight to yellow stars and pink triangles.

But it's quite all right to write of "the seven announced Democratic presidential candidates [courting] the Hispanic vote with Latin fervor" -- if you are Edward Walsh of the Washington Post.

How silly of us! All these years we thought the liberals were tabooing ideas when they were really tabooing persons.

Zionist Fantasia

Human history has a meaning, but only because the Jews were determined to give it one. They are the "pilot lights" whom we all should gladly follow. "The Jews have been great truth-tellers and that is one reason why they have been so much hated." Even the "earliest Jews" more or less knew what the "history of their progeny" would be, and "would find nothing surprising" in the events of the past several millennia. "They always knew that Jewish society was appointed to be a pilot-project for the entire human race."

Such utterly fantastic notions are being greeted with deep respect by most of the major American media. Their proponent, a British journalist named Paul Johnson, formerly edited the trendy, class-warrish New Statesman. Representative was the tawning of William McGurn of the Wall Street Journal staff last May 4: he called Leon Trotsky "a light unto the Gentiles" who had "cast light into hitherto darkened corners." McGurn did find one tiny nit to pick -- that Johnson "exhibits the British proclivity for calling Her Majesty's foes terrorists, in particular Menahem Begin. This charge rests more on disagreeable statements Mr. Begin has made than on what he has actually done."

Now let's hear what a real scholar has to say about Johnson's sordid enterprise. Dr. Jacob Neusner, who teaches Judaic studies at Brown University, wrote for National Review (Aug. 14, 1987):

Most Jews' stories do not get told in this crowd-pleasing rehearsal of ethnic self-love . . . what Johnson tells is not history but a fairy tale, a masque for ideology . . . This is the Israeli version . . . It is an ideology cloaked in colorful narrative, and masquerading as learning . . . a potted history of Biblical times . . . He . . . [decides] which Jews, at any given time, are the history-making ones -- and [ignores] the rest . . . wild confusion . . . a mishmash of topics . . . stunning imbalances . . . selectivity of vision . . . Johnson's general scheme accords with the

prevailing norms of Israeli historiography, as a comparison of this book with Haim Hillel Ben-Sasson's *A History of the Jewish People* will suggest . . . In any case, the book is a best-seller, so it must be telling people what they want to hear . . . Given the state of Jewish cultural politics in America, Johnson is assured of acclaim for his meretricious exercise in pandering charlatanism.

Expandable Poem

*How odd
of God
To choose
The Jews*

So wrote British poet William N. Ewer (1885-1976) in an inspired moment. Later, Cecil Browne, another Brit (or Jewish?) poet, tacked on this stanza:

*But not so odd
As those who choose
A Jewish God.
But spurn the Jews.*

Back in the late 1930s, in one of the left-wing magazines, either the Nation or the New Republic in the U.S. or the New Statesman in Britain, a contest was held for the best second verse to Ewer's poem. One of the entries, perhaps the winner, was:

*And not
To choose
A purer
Führer.*

Eyties Can't Take It

A Maryland ad campaign, concocted by a Jewish ad agency to inform delinquent taxpayers of an extension that still gives them time to pay up and keep the tax wolves away from their doors, was based on the theme, "sure things." Dewey was sure he would beat Truman in the 1948 election; Custer was sure he would defeat the Sioux; the *Titanic's* owners and officers were sure the ship could cross the Atlantic; Al Capone was sure he could beat every rap.

Ah, but there was one "sure thing" that went too far! Italian Americans, who claim to comprise one-tenth of Maryland's population, didn't like the Capone bit one bit. They felt it made them all look like gangsters, especially when one print ad said, "Extorting, Torturing & Murdering more than 1,500 people didn't land Al Capone in jail -- Tax Evasion did."

Quicklike, the Capone segments of the ad campaign were cancelled. Yet the fact remains that the Mafia, Cosa Nostra or whatever you want to call it, is comprised entirely of southern Italians and Sicilians, with an occasional financial and legal assist

from Jewish hoods.

If clean-living, law-loving Italian Americans don't want to be associated with a group that is uniquely Southern Italian and Sicilian in racial background, then instead of whining about guilt-by-association, they should get together and put the Mafia out of business. Who is better able than the occupants of a house to put it in order?

Mister Facade

Barry J. Minkow was the original Horatio Algerstein. Starting his own carpet-cleaning firm, ZZZZ Best, at the age of 15, he claimed to be worth \$100 million by age 21. When not luxuriating in his southern California manse or zipping about in his Ferrari, Minkow was active on the charity circuit. One anti-drug advertisement featured him with the slogan, "My act is clean. How's yours?"

ZZZZ Best made a public offering on Wall Street last December and, despite the young corporation's large debts, Drexel Burnham Lambert was ready to make a deal. "The kid was very persuasive," recalls a DBL executive.

Well, Elie Wiesel can be "persuasive" too . . .

Minkow now stands accused of conspiring with organized crime to run ZZZZ Best as a "front" for laundering drug profits. He is also accused of helping himself to \$3 million from the company till during the month of June 1987 alone, and -- with two other company insiders -- of pocketing at least \$25 million altogether. While stealing the show in the media with tall tales about his business acumen and his public service, he was stealing his company's stockholders blind.

Not for Russkies

If for some inexplicable reason any Instaurationist wants to send a package to the USSR, don't bother if it should contain any of the following forbidden articles:

- Literature and works of art of a religious nature
- Fashion catalogs
- Radio and television receivers, video recorders
- Cameras
- Musical greeting cards
- Cancelled or uncanceled postage stamps and stamp collections
- Watches
- Medicines, vitamins
- Used clothing, underwear, footwear
- Cloth and plastic goods sold by the yard
- Thread of all kinds
- Pasta products
- Toys of a military nature
- Bird down and feathers



Chicago Democracy

Mayor Harold Washington died Nov. 25, 1987. His death and burial received more media attention than that of Richard Daley, who expired after 20 years in office. Lavish praise and glittering generalities appeared in the spoken and written obituaries. Specifics were avoided because Chicago is in a worse fix than ever. At the time of Washington's death a huge tax increase to add 1,700 more parasites to the municipal payroll was before the City Council.

The Jewish gossip columnist, Irv Kupcinet, whose most prominent facial feature permits him to smoke his long, black cigars in the rain, praised Washington as a role model for black youth, ignoring the fact that the mayor had spent five weeks in the Cook County jail for tax evasion and was suspended from practicing law for charging a client an outrageous fee for zilch services rendered. Washington, however, learned something very important while he was incarcerated. There are a lot of potential votes in jail. He and Jesse Jackson have registered a slew of such voters, legitimate or otherwise. Jesse, by the way, cut short his highly advertised trip to the Persian Gulf to attend the funeral. He then tried to play kingmaker, but failed miserably.

After Washington's death, a City Council meeting was called for 5:30 p.m. to choose an interim mayor. Eugene Sawyer, the senior black alderman, was the favorite candidate, but he was so frightened by threats from radical black factions that he made Hamlet seem like a paragon of resolution. A mob of 5,000 gathered in the streets outside City Hall, promising to raise the roof if Sawyer got the nod. The main reason for his unpopularity was that he had the support of most of the white politicians.

The white aldermen backing Sawyer, the lesser black evil, finally got through to their candidate that it was tonight or never. Some of his support had already been scared away. The situation was so tense that cops had to escort the city fathers to the washroom. At times the proceedings recalled the Negro legislature scene in D.W. Griffith's *Birth of Nation*.

Finally, at 4:00 a.m., the vote was taken. Sawyer, who has 13 relatives on the city payroll, won 29-19.

Polanski Redux?

If Instauration had a tradition of naming a minority miscreant of the year to balance its annual Majority renegade of the year, the award would certainly have gone at least once to Roman Polanski, not necessarily for his low-IQ films, but for having forced his repulsive attentions on a 13-year-old Majority girl after his pregnant Nordic wife,

Sharon Tate, had been murdered by the Manson hooligans. Polanski jumped bail in 1976 and hightailed it to France to escape a prison sentence for having sex with a minor. As part of a plea bargain, five counts of sexual abuse were dropped, along with the most revolting charge of all -- supplying drugs to his teenaged prey.

Thanks to Jewish networking (every name that appears henceforth in this short article belongs to a minorityite), not too long after he had arrived in France the Polish-born Polanski became the cinematic toast of Paris. But sooner or later movie folk grow bored and fidgety if they have to stay away too long from the neon palms and stucco mansions of Tinseltown. Polanski now wants back.

Jeff Berg, Polanski's agent, has hired Arthur Gruman, a well-connected southern California pettifogger, to persuade Los Angeles County District Attorney Ira Reiner to look over the case. The idea is to come up with some legal folderol that would allow Polanski, once he had returned, to be given probation instead of the jail term he so richly deserves. Also enlisted in the high-powered rehabilitation crusade is Howard Weitzman, the shyster who got John DeLorean off the drug hook, even though a hidden TV camera showed him collecting money for a cocaine deal.

Polanski's latest film, *Pirates*, was shot in Europe and financed by an Israeli production company. Starring Walter Matthau, it was one of the worst films to hit the screen since the passing of another "great" Jewish director, the vulgarian Cecil B. DeMille. We may expect many more movies of this quality if Polanski's Hollywood friends succeed in skirting the law and bring their hero back to the scene of his earlier crimes, both sexual and cinematic. He intimates his next film will be about the "sense of separation" he felt when he was a Jewish child in the Warsaw ghetto. He is mulling over this tactful and opportunistic project as his pals work overtime to pave the way for his triumphant return.

The Cousinhood

Mario Cuomo, the Democratic Party's great ethnic hope for president, once said there was no such organization as the Mafia. Apparently that mystifying announcement qualifies him as prime presidential timber -- better timber than Gary Hart, who only lies about affairs of the grain.

Sicily recently has seen a widespread purge of Mafia figures in the Mob's original homeland. Of 453 Mafiosos put on trial in Palermo, 338 were found guilty of murder, drug trafficking or other crimes and sent to jail. One of the acquitted defendants was

executed Mafia-style only three hours after his release from prison. Another Sicilian, Francesco Gotti, was also executed at about the same time in the same way. Both dead men had been guilty of talking too much. Gotti was a first cousin of Matilda Cuomo, the wife of the man who said the organization that killed his cousin-in-law didn't exist.

Who's In with Polls and Pols

If ever an opinion poll demonstrated the gullibility of the population at large and the tendentiousness and irresponsibility of the American media, it was the Gallup Poll taken during the height of the Reagan-Gorbachev summit mania. The American people, according to Gallup, picked its favorite icons in this order: Dan Rather, Billy Graham, Ted Kennedy, Ronald Reagan and Jesse Jackson. Gorbachev, who can always get a top job on Madison Avenue if he should ever go the way of Khrushchev, came in sixth with a score of 41% -- two percentage points ahead of Nixon.

Another kind of poll was the guest list at the White House state dinner honoring the visiting Russian delegation. It demonstrates the sort of company the President keeps and the mixed bag of people that comprises the contemporary American elite. Among the 123 invitees were such celebrities as Saul Bellow, Zubin Mehta, Pearl Bailey, Kenneth Bialkin (Jewish wirepuller), Dave Brubeck, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Ruth Bunche (Ralph Bunche's widow), Joe DiMaggio, Chris Evert, Ted Graber (interior decorator), Armand Hammer, John Johnson (multimillionaire Negro publisher), Robert Kaiser (Washington Post media-crat), Max Kampelman, Henry Kissinger, Meadowlark Lemon (ex-Harlem Globetrotter), Richard Pearle (Zionist booster), Maureen Reagan, David Rockefeller, Mstislav Rostropovich (cellist), Dimitri Simes (Jewish anti-Soviet hawk), Robert Strauss, Edward Teller, Caspar Weinberger and George Will.

U.S. government officials at the White House bash included Lt. Gen. Colin Powell, the new National Security Adviser. Powell is the son of Jamaican mulatto immigrants. Although his skin is hardly one shade darker than white, he is widely advertised as a Negro. If a race war should ever break out in this country, both sides are going to be in possession of a lot of top military secrets.

Guilt on Demand

Minority racists are trying hard, very hard, to reduce a certain category of criminal trials in this country to a simple equation. Hold demonstrations and threaten to riot if the jury doesn't come in with a guilty verdict against white defendants accused

of racial violence.

The stratagem worked rather successfully in the Howard Beach case. Three teenage defendants involved in a brawl with blacks, which ended in the death of a cocaine-sniffing hood named Michael Griffith, were convicted of manslaughter, largely on the testimony of one of the white brawlers, Robert Riley, the prosecution's stool pigeon.

The legal charade began when the media made its customary racist mountain out of a street fight molehill, and politicians seeking black votes entered the fray. The fact was, a white named Blum, with connections to the New York City Police Department, ran down Griffith but was never charged.

When whites have a fight with blacks and a black dies, that's a man-bites-dog story for the media. Blacks killing whites has become such a common occurrence in Zoo City that when Negroes get the short end of the stick in a racial set-to, liberal reporters and editors give the rare event big, black headlines.

New York Jews are powerful enough to protect one of their own in a racial trial, as proved by the legal slap-on-the-wrist given Bernhard Goetz for shooting four blacks during an abortive subway mugging. The white ethnics of Howard Beach, mostly Italians and Irish, don't enjoy such political clout, so three of their children had to be sacrificed to keep New York City's Negroes from rioting and taking a toll of white lives in revenge.

The media keep saying that Howard Beach-type trials are good for race relations because they prove justice can be done. Actually they prove the opposite. Such trials show that justice cannot be done. They force whites to reach the unhappy conclusion that they are caught in a racial bind. When whites battle blacks or Hispanics, even purely in self-defense, and get arrested, they are called racists. When blacks do the same, the chances are they will not be called anything and will not be prosecuted for anything. During the Howard Beach trial a gang of Negroes beat up one of the white witnesses right outside the courthouse. No arrests!

Firing Word

If a newspaper can sack one of its top editors on the basis of an unsupported accusation of racism, it would seem this high-handed censoriousness would have a chilling, even a deep-freezing effect on the paper's editorials and the selection of its news items.

John Cotter was the talented and respected metropolitan editor of Newsday, the Long Island daily that is beginning to give the three metropolitan New York papers a run for their money. But at an after-hours get-together in a bar with two Newsday reporters, a man and a woman, Cotter may

or may not have characterized a black newsman, who was not present, as a "dumb f----- nigger." It is not certain he really said this or, if he did, that he wasn't quoting someone else. One of his two drinking companions, however, presumably the one with the skirt, blabbed the alleged statement around the newsroom. In no time, Cotter, although he vehemently denied the charge, was fired. His crime was not to have uttered the seven-letter adjective, but the six-letter noun.

What we have here is one more lesson to newsmen -- and to the rest of us -- that a loose-tongued word or two, even away from the office and over a drink with friends, can cost someone his job, possibly his career. In order to avoid a fate similar to Cotter's, white editors and reporters must learn never to communicate what they really think and feel about race. Never a word in private, not even to their best friends. Never, never, never a word in their news stories.

The next time you read something in a newspaper extolling freedom of speech, try to keep a straight face.

Not Guilty of Guilt

William Raspberry, the Negro columnist, occasionally writes about blacks in a way no white columnist would dare. In his Nov. 4, 1987, piece in the Washington Post, he put these words in the mouth of a cab driver, who was wondering what would happen to blacks if Asian Americans continue their meteoric climb up the American social ladder.

We've been demanding that white people give us a break -- affirmative action, set-asides, special admissions -- because we have been victims of white racism. They've been buying it, too, because they feel guilty about what they've done to us.

But what can we demand from the Asian Americans? They never enslaved us. They never kept us in Jim Crow schools or made us ride in the back of the bus. They haven't done a thing to us to feel guilty about. When we start talking to them about minority set-asides, they'll laugh right in our face.

Don't you see, our whole approach has been built on white guilt. If white people are no longer in charge, their guilt won't matter, and we'll be in a world of trouble.

It is certainly true that no other people in the world except whites and, to narrow it down, Northern European whites, feel guilty about Negro slavery. Negroes themselves have no remorse about having enslaved each other in Africa. (Pygmy tribes can serve as expert witnesses to the utter brutality of Negro slave masters.) Indeed, the only place slavery still exists is in a few remote areas of the dark continent. Ancient civilizations, a couple of them perhaps

more civilized than our own, took slavery for granted and considered it part of the "natural order."

Arabs, who have been among the most active and most venal slavers, have not evinced one drop of guilt for their heavy involvement in the "peculiar institution." Although Asian nations have a long history of slavery, it doesn't seem to trouble their contemporary leaders one whit.

Raspberry's cabbie is so right. It is only the whites who are troubled and especially -- and ironically -- those whites who come from the European nations which were the first to make slavery illegal.

What good can it possibly do for anyone to assume responsibility for sins committed by everyone in the past? And what good does it do American Negroes to use moral blackmail as their principal weapon in their bid for power? The status of individuals and races must be earned, not given. Otherwise, it will never stick.

Pardons by the Bushel

A few more centuries of the present-day spate of reversals of court verdicts and there won't be many Jewish criminals left in the history books. Marvin Mandel's conviction for racketeering and mail fraud committed while governor of Maryland was overturned by a federal judge last November, after one of those permissive Supreme Court rulings. The ex-crook's record will now be wiped clean, though not much can be done about the 19 months he spent in the slammer.

Not so long ago, Leo Frank, the convicted murderer of 13-year-old Mary Phagan in 1913 was pardoned posthumously by the Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles. In a wider historical context Jewish scholars have cleared Jews of killing Christ and placed the blame squarely and uniquely on the Romans.

Today a move is afoot to free the Pollards (Instauration, Jan. 1988) and every year or so a new book or a new play "proves" the innocence of the atom-spying Rosenbergs.

Wanna bet that Americans will soon be hearing about the virtues of Ivan Boesky? Already Murray Rothbard, a wacko Jewish libertarian-anarchist, has written an article defending insider trading as an acceptable and honorable way of doing business on stock exchanges.

Ponderable Quote

The race question sits between what is very difficult to know and what is impossible to say.

Abel Bonnard,
Les Moderés