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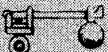
VOL. 12, NO. 8

JULY 1987



ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION
AND THE END OF INNOCENCE

Safety Valve



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

I'm no longer a conservative. As far as I care, they can all go where Jim Bakker is going.

111

I hope those who think that homosexuality is a blip on the screen and not a major deviation will read ballerina Gelsey Kirkland's autobiography, *Dancing on My Grave*. If ever an art form attracted the sexually bent, it's ballet, which Ring Lardner called "baseball for faires." The villain of Gelsey's book is the late George Balanchine, whose faggish attitudes toward women led him to demand his leading ladies look like little boys. No breasts, no curves, no sex appeal. His ballerinas were forced to starve themselves. They became speed freaks (he fed them amphetamines), suffered from anorexia, bulimia and irregular periods. In short, they became neuters for art. You'd think the Zoo City Public Health Department would have shut down Balanchine's company because his regime harmed his employees. Nobody need die for art's sake. Even President Nancy's boy couldn't hack it in ballet. I myself have little interest in paying money to see a group of male sissies and female freaks entertain me. Who says gays can't kill? Just look at contemporary ballet.

703

The new bugaboo holding back black college students is the "subtle racism of whites on campus." That's a new twist. What about the 46% of the student slots at places like UCLA that have been hijacked from white applicants and given to minorities in the name of affirmative action?

787

The columns of *Instauration*, including letters to the editor, at times welcome -- nay, would hasten -- the collapse of our present sick society; the sooner the better, so a healthy, wholesome society may be rebuilt upon its ruins. I certainly agree with this as an ideal. But how do you expect to do it? This global war against white nations and their collapse is the prelude to overt, outright, openly acknowledged one-world government. Do you think we will be allowed the opportunity to rebuild? Do you know of any people who, once enslaved, ever regained their freedom?

774

I must raise a mild objection to the conclusion of John Nobull's column (May 1987) on the way the U.S. conducted its operations against Germany at the end of WWII. I agree that the basic motive was probably revenge, but the idea implicit in Nobull's words is that the German supply system was deliberately broken down -- and the war prolonged -- to create vast numbers of dead to be photographed as extermination victims. This is carrying the conspiracy theory too far! I can believe that the extermination myth was created during the war to diabolize the Nazis and sanctify the Jews, but the existence of hundreds of thousands of corpses to photograph when the camps were opened was surely serendipity, not the result of a conscious plot for that specific purpose!

229

The article (Feb. 1987), "Marxism vs. Darwinism," is a masterpiece, as is the poem by V.O. in the March issue. Very, very good! I also like the pieces by Robert Hall. By the way, it's encouraging to see more contributors willing to sign their names.

010

The short story in the January issue is the poorest thing ever to appear in *Instauration's* pages. Weak in itself with its meretricious O. Henry-type ending, it is weakened further by the cheap obscenity. How is it possible to sully the pages of the only magazine fit to read -- up to now -- by inclusion of all the common vulgarisms? As you know, I've been a loyal long-time supporter; but, as much as I hate to say it, I will stop reading *Instauration* if the four-letter words continue to appear.

953

The Catacombs item, "Seizing a Vocabulary" (May), should promote a breakthrough. Clearly, the way ideas are expressed, the language as well as content and temperament, is all important. Father Ernest Rueda, in his book, *The Homosexual Network*, spends a great deal of time exploring the homosexual "ideology" and the way in which words and ideas have been twisted and perverted by that movement. The fags do not complain because society doesn't approve of specific revolting practices they may enjoy; they speak instead about "human rights" and "dignity." Our editor also clearly understands the importance of vocabulary and the method of attack in such situations. (See "Morality as a Weapon" in *Ventilations*, a most unfairly neglected book.)

What we need perhaps most of all is a coherent, concise, positive manifesto making our points on the racial destruction of the Majority. Never mind the long-winded blather and the sidetracks onto laetral and fluoridation, the Constitution, taxes and the Council on Foreign Relations, Jesus, anti-Semitism, revisionism and Communism. We need a short, definitive statement on the right of our race to continue to exist and evolve, in language the whole world can understand and can hardly dispute without being clearly dishonest and hypocritical. I can't claim the ability, but someone out there has to have it.

302

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)

\$15 student (sent third class)

Add \$10 for first class mail

\$34 Canada and foreign (surface)

Add \$15 Europe (air)

Add \$20 Elsewhere (air)

Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.

Please advise us of any change of address
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

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Remaining "always restrained and gentlemanly," as Zip 424 suggests in the May Safety Valve, is the surest way never to stop our slide to racial extinction. When someone is beating the hell out of you with murder on his mind, you either fight back or you die. Wimps only win in the movies, and you know who makes the movies. One of the major reasons we have fallen so far is that "proper" and "respectable" people didn't want to be remembered as "impolite" to the mob that was crying for their blood. Of the group of nine nurses taken prisoner by mass murderer Richard Speck back in the 60s, only one -- who happened to be a Filipina -- wanted to fight back. The others were sure they could "reason" with him. Guess who was the only one who survived the ordeal.

223

I had a surprisingly dismal feeling when reading the letter from Zip 900, who spends thousands of dollars a year and much of his time promoting the Pace Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. I have immense admiration for this man who is willing -- unlike so many in the movement -- to put his money where his mouth is. But I was saddened by his championing of such a foredoomed project.

I have read Pace's book and respect his position, but the fact remains that amending the Constitution to get rid of nonwhites simply cannot be accomplished. Can anyone seriously imagine the Pace Amendment passing a single state legislature -- even if it could by some miracle get through the House and Senate by a two-thirds vote -- with all the might of the media and every minority and leftist pressure group vowing political (and probably physical) death to any pol who dared speak well of it?

Even supposing it should become part of the Constitution, could it ever be enforced? Does anyone seriously doubt that every judge on every bench, all governors, mayors and other politicians and bureaucrats would block every attempt at enforcement? Illegal aliens are clearly in the U.S. in violation of the law, yet 99% of the establishment is content to let them stay, and so nothing effective is done. How much more intense would be the feeling to let "American" minority members remain, whatever the Constitution said!

Until those who enforce the Constitution really believe in it -- and that hasn't been the case for generations -- it makes absolutely no difference what it says. It is simply an old piece of paper which will only be interpreted for the benefit of our enemies and for our further enslavement. As Dr. Revilo Oliver pointed out almost 20 years ago, the most cogent argument against the Constitution being our salvation is that it is today impossible to restore the Constitution by constitutional means.

229

After reading Instauration's excellent piece on AIDS (April 1987), I think the whites in Black Africa should leave instanter. You couldn't pay me to go there.

988

"When Will Majority Activists Ever Learn" should be Instauration's motto.

776

John Demjanjuk, adrift in a sea of phantoms, must somehow confront the hysterical imaginings of a group whose existence depends on its persecutors. When such persecutors are rare, they have to be invented. Jewish communal leaders depend on them. The social cohesion of Jewish communities is largely a response to such perceived threats. Without demonic characters lusting for Jewish blood the drift toward assimilation might have ended Jewish identity. No, there will never be an end to war crimes and war criminals. Someone will always be guilty of the unthinkable. The special status of a special people must never be forgotten, and anything which reminds them of who they are is acceptable. Occasionally an innocent Gentile is sacrificed to this end. Yet religious Jews and Christians will perceive no injustice. They will see it as a manifestation of Jehovah's will, as carried out by those who are God's agents on earth.

113

How many Instaurationists have noticed the striking contrast between the sustained and emotional media campaign about Austrian President Kurt Waldheim's supposed past as a "war criminal" on the one hand, and the all but total media silence about Israeli premier Yitzhak Shamir's well-documented terrorist past on the other? Long after the damage had been done by the electronic and print media in spreading the slanderous charge that Waldheim was involved in wartime atrocities against Jews, the Israeli government had to quietly admit that the allegation was unfounded. By contrast, even during Shamir's recent red-carpet visit to the U.S., the television networks, major newspapers and weekly news magazines maintained an instructive silence about Shamir's undeniable role as a political murderer during the 1940s.

687

The Korean and Vietnam wars ended in negotiated settlements. MacArthur said that in war "there is no substitute for victory." Truman and Eisenhower had different ideas. McNamara and Westmoreland kept saying, "We are winning." Politicians and soldiers seem to be working at cross purposes. American soldiers can't be motivated unless offered victory at the end. Yet the politicians have a different agenda. That's the real malaise suffered by the Vietnam vet. His military leaders promised victory, but his politicians had already ruled that out. Something to keep in mind when we have our next foreign adventure.

912

The towers of our masters are beginning to shake -- not yet crumble, but at least shake. Our masters' resilience, their protean adaptability are, of course, millennia-learned and the time for victory rolls is very far off. But at least ordinary people are beginning to grumble, to make (sotto voce) hostile remarks and tell anti-Jewish jokes far more often and unconstrainedly than has been possible for decades. I persevere (not by choice) mingle daily with the megapolitan public and I hear the susurri which just may be the rising of the wind.

913

I'm afraid Zip 949 (May 1987) has let his wishes get ahead of realities. My question -- what good can it possibly do to pursue revisionism? -- is based purely on a practical consideration: We do not have the ability to reach people and make them believe, or care about, the truth.

My experience tells me that virtually no one who lived through WWII is capable of changing his lifelong beliefs about the satanic Nazis and Saint FDR. Twelve angels swearing the revisionists are correct will make no impact. As for those who cannot remember WWII, they think of all that as ancient history and could scarcely care more about FDR's perfidy than they care about Henry VIII's womanizing or Torquemada's excesses. Their minds are hopelessly cluttered with the pro-Jewish propaganda Zip 949 mentions and we have not a chance in a million of breaking through with truth.

John Toland's Infamy -- hardly the work of a hardcore revisionist -- is enough to convince any thinking person that the U.S. government, if not Roosevelt himself, deliberately provoked the Japanese to attack at Pearl Harbor. That's why it has disappeared from the bookshelves and has never been reprinted. As a "respectable" historian (with a Japanese wife), every one of Toland's works is available at almost any bookstore in the country -- with the sole exception of Infamy. The powers that be needn't have bothered with this particular act of censorship, though, because so few people today are willing to read a thick book on a serious subject.

Fact is, we shouldn't need revisionism -- we have enough current truths staring us in the face. If the average American isn't upset enough by the Liberty incident, the Israeli role in the Iran arms scandal, the Pollard case and Jewish/Israeli use of Congress to loot the U.S. treasury, how can anyone believe he will react to something that happened (or didn't happen) two generations ago?

As I said in my original letter, I support revisionism because I want to know the truth. But until someone comes up with a way to break through the minority barrier around the minds of most Americans, it is purely a personal crusade and has no wider application as a tool for the greater good of our race. If Zip 949 could come up with a practical way to disseminate the truth uncovered by revisionists, that would be the real contribution to our salvation.

021

If you have your eyes peeled in my town, you can't go out in public without seeing an AIDS victim. We saw one last night at a cafeteria -- ghastly, awful, with red hematomas all over his neck and face, sitting there with his male lover eating off plates to be used later. I hope their dishwasher uses hot water! Just as you can't rely on the police for protection from crime, we can't rely on government and public officials to protect us from AIDS. They are more concerned with protecting the "rights" of AIDS carriers and getting them largesse from the public trough for their expensive hospital care. I have talked to many people who have had an AIDS carrier at their workplace who has refused to quit. He prefers to remain in close proximity to co-workers.

607

Safety Valve

I have to take issue with the itinerant subscriber in the February issue. I, too, was in Edinburgh last summer and must ask him just which Edinburgh he was in. The one I visited, the capital of Scotland, was filled to the teeth with aliens. Certainly there are still a number of native Northern Europeans in the city, as indeed there are throughout Britain. But how could he have missed the various dark threads which run through the tartan? One section of the city was totally Chinese -- the stores, shops, kiosks. I can't see how he failed to notice these various evidences of "de-Scotification." It is rather like failing to notice the weeds in one's garden. But I did enjoy the part about the exhibition of "The Enterprising Scot," with the different alien groups attempting to pass themselves off as the genuine article. Unfortunately, I missed this circus, but I can just imagine the captions that went with each: the clans Mac-Wong, MacMbutu, MacRajneesh, and that most esteemed and ancient of them all, the clan MacGoldberg.

782

I walked out of the Catholic Church 47 years ago. I see Christianity as a bastard offshoot of Judaism based largely on sexual repression. Making a mystery and sin out of sex, the clergy was able to capture the superstitious nature of the masses and live in sloth and luxury ever since.

481

WILLIE



Dat Donna bimbo make Jesse de Democrat front-runner. I hopes some more Donnas be makin' him president.

Re that Supreme Court decision, 6-3, in favor of sexism in hiring. Were you really surprised? Those decisions from a bunch of doddering old senile, geriatric lawyers are especially galling to me as a young, 31-year-old white male. They affect me directly. Over the past 10 years I have seen my future go up in smoke as I have been economically dispossessed to accommodate less intelligent, less skilled women and minorities. Working for incompetents is no fun. My wife has a Negress for a boss. I have a Mexican. Both of us have two college degrees. Both our minority bosses have no college education whatsoever. We and other whites like us more or less serve as their collective brains in our duties "to make them look good." Ironically, my wife, while doing similar work to mine, gets paid \$8,000 more a year. Living in modern-day ZOGostan with the Nogood Nine and Ronnie Reagan screwing up my life has made me battle with women and minorities for a piece of a rapidly shrinking economic pie. I have smoldering resentments against not only racism and sexism but also agism. I work myself to death for reduced wages so the minorities can have more kids, and old white liberals can draw more Social Security from the sweat of my brow. Had Reagan been anything but a two-bit yes-man for our Handlers, he could have appointed two 35-year-old white individuals with a pro-Majority consciousness to the High Court instead of female/ethnic/special constituency party-liners. "Letting Reagan be Reagan" is like letting Boesky be Boesky.

These aren't good times for whites. Despite hearing numerous arguments to the contrary in Instauration, we aren't about to have any more children (beyond one). I don't want any daughters coming home with blacks or Hispanics. The report in this morning's paper saying over 50% of the first-graders in Texas are Mexicans tells me all I want to know about my future.

787

A white student in a British Columbia high school, who snatched the turban off an East Indian, was required by the principal to stand before 750 members of the student body and recite: "Better the pride that resideth in a citizen of the world/Than the pride that resideth when a colorful rag is unfurled." It is surprising that a Canadian boy would be forced to denounce his own national flag.

Canadian subscriber

Chinese spies for China, Jewish spies for Israel (300 cubic feet of documents!) and now a black and an Indian -- for their own racist reasons. Marine spies in the very American Embassy in Moscow. How the hell is replacing 24 Marines with 24 more -- with the same high percentage of minorities -- going to make any difference? America is so penetrated it's a joke, a planet-wide laughing stock. And say no more about the white mecca of the USSR. Any country that will send out a white female "swallow" to seduce a black American grunt ain't no racial Shangri-la.

400

Douglas Olson, super! Read his masterpiece ("Trend," January 1987) with a twinkle in my eye.

038

I don't feel I need to find out what Thelonious Monk's IQ was in order to enjoy his music, any more than I'd need to know if Willard Gibbs could boogie in order to appreciate his work in vector analysis and thermodynamics. Am I the only Instauration reader who enjoys your magazine but who finds that our great black artists such as Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Sidney Bechet and Louis Armstrong speak directly to his heart?

870

Two corrections, please, for your February issue. The Hindenburg burned at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Lakehurst (NJ), not Lakewood. The Los Angeles school board member referred to is Roberta Weintraub, not Weinberg.

926

By handing Demjanjuk over to the Israelis for trial in Jerusalem for crimes allegedly committed against citizens of various European countries, the U.S. government implicitly accepts the Zionist claim that the Jews of the world are first and foremost not to be regarded as citizens of the countries in which they reside, but rather as members of a supranational Jewish nation. The Jews demand this special status when it serves their interests, while simultaneously demanding all of the rights and privileges of citizenship in the countries they inhabit. An analogous situation would be if Italy, for example, were to claim the right to try American citizens accused of crimes committed in the United States against American citizens of Italian ancestry.

713

A couple of months ago I went to Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry. The overwhelming majority of people in the hotel were white, tending toward overweight, though their children were quite handsome. The actual performance ran from 7:30-11:00 P.M. with no intermission. It was a live radio broadcast complete with commercials. I mentioned the conspicuous absence of minorities to my escort. He grinned, "Yeah, it's kinda like a white Motown."

272

One of each chromosome pair comes from daddy (which one is a matter of chance), one from mommy. There is a certain amount of crossing over, whereby one piece of mommy's chromosome changes place with the corresponding piece of daddy's. So fractional numbers of daddy's chromosomes may be passed down by you. Thus it would be true to say that your genetic information comes, on average, equally from all your 2^n ancestors n generations back -- about 1/1,024 of you from each of your 1,024 ancestors 10 generations back. If it were as Zip 200 thinks, none of that information would have come from any of them! I oversimplify, but not so much as he.

714

One day, 25 years ago, I was a student passing through a wooded area of Columbus (OH). Between the city and the Ohio State campus is a maze of canyons, a little bit of scenery in the middle of the urban sprawl. Two groups of boys, one black, the other white, had positioned themselves on a slope amid the trees and confronted each other by hurling large rocks. They hooted like New Guinea warriors. I felt I had dropped back in time several million years to witness a war between Australopithecus and Paranthropus for possession of the savannah. I passed by without intruding into their little game, but a quiet voice said to me in the depths of my mind, "Someday this is going to be very big!"

Time, much time has passed. There have been many years when it seemed nothing whatsoever was going on. I have grayed a bit waiting. Then this year two strange stories suddenly cropped up in our campus paper:

#1. A black male was talking one night with his girlfriend in the lobby of a dormitory. He was approached by two white male students who regaled him with racial slurs. The black departed the building, but then returned half an hour later with 10-12 of his friends. Not finding his original "assailants," he and the other blacks went randomly to dormitory rooms and dragged out whites. One white had a fractured jaw and several were sent to the hospital.

#2. One snowy day three blacks were happily building a snowman in front of their apartment. Three white students approached and proceeded to pulverize their artwork into snow atoms. A fight immediately erupted. Fists flew for a very long time, time enough for about 50 students to gather round as spectators. They stood passively watching the fight, and only when the police arrived did the fight break up. The police captain reported to the campus paper, "This is your basic white-on-black racial thing."

619

Like most readers, I have OD'ed on AIDS stories, but I read Instauration's closely.

940

Why should we deport to Soviet Russia (of all countries!) a Balt whose own people by the tens of thousands were tormented, killed or sent to Siberia by Communist commissars? It was one of Stalin's most ruthless acts. What business is this of ours anyhow? And why always "Nazi" criminals? How about the Red commissars who killed 15,000 Polish officers in the Katyn forest? Are we sure that some of them are not sunbathing in California today?

329

Phyllis Schlafly, although a sort of Miss Goody Two-Shoes of the right, does have an eagle eye for the nonsense in the current AIDS indoctrination. Surely she's correct in thinking that grade-schoolers don't need to know the body mechanics of infection. Surgeon General Koop, who looks like a 19th-century whaling boat captain, has muddied the waters by saying AIDS is a public health, not a moral, issue. Mrs. Schlafly has brought some common sense to this problem.

803

Poor Mr. Campanis! His entire life -- 44 years of hard work with the Dodgers -- down the drain! Have you ever noticed how our enemies are always raising the penalty stakes for uttering the truth? Koppel's entrapment worked again. It has come to that, folks -- an utterance of no more than five seconds cancels out one's entire career. The First Amendment can be hazardous to your health -- and pocketbook.

877

I found out about Instauration when someone read my "controversial" letter in the local paper and sent me a copy.

308

Zip 327's otherwise insightful ruminations on females (April 1987, p. 3) still fail to explain one phenomenon seen everywhere on metropolitan streets these days: attractive white females arm-in-arm with unattractive and no doubt affluent black males. She also does not explain how my attractive white wife has stayed with me, since I don't consider myself a "powerful" male in the economic sense.

880

Have you ever thought of a correspondence course on white racism? For a nominal fee the student could be taught how to combat minority racism, how to form small political and fund-raising groups. A big undertaking, I agree, but a bigger victory would follow if some seeds were planted.

113

That so-called conservative columnist, who previously led the pack of media maulers against Joseph Sobran for putting in a good word for Instauration, never forgets, never forgives and never forbears. In a letter published in Commentary (March 1987), the Zion-first, America-last hate sheet of the American Jewish Committee (a glossy-paged fountain of subtle anti-WASP fulminations), Stephen Chapman, that furious fury of unforgiveness, repeats that Sobran's main crime was to "salute" Instauration, "an execrable publication that derides the Holocaust as a Zionist myth and tirelessly preaches the superiority of the white race."

In his letter, Chapman also goes after William F. Buckley Jr., who is severely chastised for not firing Sobran from his job as senior editor of National Review. In the classical manner of Judas, Buckley did dissociate himself from Sobran, but only verbally.

Chapman is such a stridently word-twisting revanchist that one wonders about him. Who is this guy with the bulbous nose and tumescent lips? Why is he so neurasthenically upset about one small, critical voice in a monotonous verbal wilderness of liberalism, Marxism and newstyle and oldstyle conservatism? He actually passes for a conservative. If any reader knows anything about this free-speech despiser, he should tell Instauration. Needless to say, I am most suspicious. Money, race, some kind of mental imbalance, a specter or two in the closet. One or more of these items -- and certainly not "compassion" and "sensitivity" -- could easily be the real motive or motives for Chapman's intemperate and repetitive blather.

342

The first things I read when Instauration arrives are "Willie" and "Marv." But if the current racial build-up continues, they may have to move over for another cartoon character, "Kim." The Chinks and Indians are slowly pushing blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites out of strategic Zoo City neighborhoods. On the subways, buses and trains all I hear these days is Chinese and some Spanish. The blacks, Hispanics and white people are either reading comic books, carrying radios or have Walkmans strapped to their heads, tapping out a rock beat with their feet or fingers. Not so the Orientals. They are in business suits (the women, too) and carrying briefcases. They all look smug, well fed and superior. So how about a contest for artistically inclined Instaurationists in some future issue to produce an Oriental cartoon figure? He could be constantly chiding Willie and Marv about how their time has run out!

100

Before you Aunty Sems get too overenthusiastic about Gore Vidal because he has uttered a few truths about the neocons (emphasis on the last syllable), you should know that Vidal, not a very WASPish name, has lived faithfully and fulsomely with a faggot named Howard Austen for 28 years. Austen, who bears a good WASPish name, though a rather misleading one in his case, is a Jew from Norman Mailer's neighborhood in Brooklyn.

352



A few purrs about the Liberty. Rolling thunder about the Stark. We are the masters of emphasis.

FEARLESS DARWINIST SPEAKS OUT

THE FOUR "GREAT BRAINS" of modern times, the four men who have done most to change man's view of himself and the world, are often considered to be Marx, Darwin, Freud and Einstein. Marx remains a saintly figure throughout most of the globe (China, USSR, Eastern Europe, a sizable chunk of Western intellectuals). Freud's halo, though slightly tarnished, still glares balefully in what passes for art, literature and the social sciences in the so-called Free World. As for Einstein, his reputation is higher than ever. He is everyone's supergenius, and well he should be since any physicist who dares to question relativity puts his career on the line.

Being the only non-Jew in the crowd, Darwin has had some difficulty in remaining a member of the quadruplet. His racial affiliation is obviously a severe disadvantage in this age of anti-tolerance. Although Jews have always been curiously ambivalent about him, many of his loudest champions have been of the Jewish persuasion, in part because Darwinism, though the founding father himself was a Christian, is a very handy tool for spreading the gospel of irreligion and, if used tactfully, can be an effective weapon against Christianity.

From a purely scientific standpoint, Darwin's overwhelming effect on modern thought quite overshadows the work of the Jewish triad, none of whom seemed willing to test his doctrines in the laboratory or spend decades accumulating and sifting through evidence before publishing his papers. A great many of the institution-toppling thoughts of Marx, Freud and Einstein simply popped out of their heads like rabbits out of a hat. They were content to leave to others the immense and exasperating work of proof or disproof. Experimental science, in the great tradition of Galileo and Newton, was simply not for them.

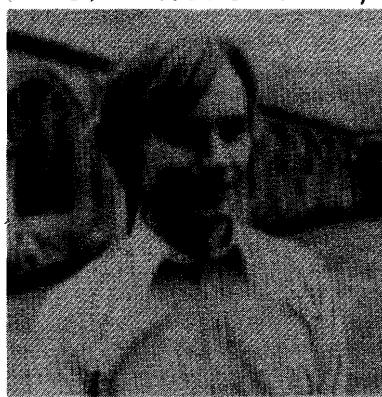
Darwin has been under fierce attack from the religious right ever since his *Origin of Species* was published in 1859. The left, on the other hand, has usually held him in high regard. Marx tried unsuccessfully to dedicate *Das Kapital* to Darwin. But there have been some anti-Darwin lapses, the most notable being Marxist dabbling with Lysenkoism during the reign of Stalin. In those heady days of Lamarckian revivalism, the Kremlin treated Darwin as disparagingly as Jimmy Swaggart treats him today.

Many Jews have viewed Darwin as an interloper in their exclusive Holy Trinity of psychoanalysis, communism and relativity. They have long realized it would be a great boost to their collective ego to prove Darwin wrong. Not by creationism or any religious argument, of course. This would only strengthen Christianity or at least the fundamentalist version of same.

Almost predictably, Stephen Jay Gould, who has been waging an intellectual war of attrition against early-day Majority anthropologists and latter-day Majority psychologists, has headed the present-day left-wing attack on Darwin by claiming he had evolution all wrong. Darwin, says

Gould, is a gradualist, whereas recently uncovered fossil evidence demonstrates that evolution moves in spurts -- by what Gould calls punctuationism. Gould's unwarranted charge amounts to nothing less than a scientific or semantic foul. Darwin never specified a slow and steady pace for evolution. Indeed, he left that question open. But because he didn't come out and publicly state that the speed of evolution changes over time, Gould and his partner, Niles Eldredge, have stepped in and are trying to take the credit for refining and redefining evolution to the point where they become its creators and Darwin is reduced to a minor figure who missed the evolutionary bus.

Much of this is pure humbug, which is one reason the media have fallen for it. Needless to say, the scientists who have rushed to defend Darwin from his left-wing attackers have not been numerous. Creationists are much easier prey for the media than a Jewish quasi-Marxist who has won the plaudits of the liberal-minority coalition for trashing Majority anthropologists and who by means of clever press relations has been accepted as chief interpreter (vulgarizer) of modern evolutionary theory to the masses.



Richard Dawkins

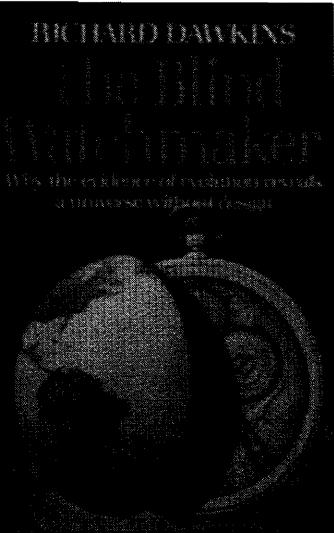
In his most recent book, *The Blind Watchmaker* (W.W. Norton, NY, 1986), Richard Dawkins has the courage to dissect Gould and Eldredge neatly but not bloodlessly by demonstrating that they are little more than ego-tripping hangers-on to Darwin's coattails. If anyone's faith in Darwin has been shaken by the

double whammy now being thrown at him by both the religious crazies of the right and the minority racists of the left, it will be restored after perusing Dawkins' intelligently written and often witty book. Interestingly, some of Dawkins' most cogent writing consists of putting down British Bishop Hugh Montefiore, who has been attacking Darwin with what the author calls the Argument from Personal Incredulity. Because the bishop finds it hard to believe that something as complex as man can evolve from simpler life forms, he excommunicates, as it were, the totality of Darwinism. Dawkins points out that Montefiore's critique is old hat and démodé as ether and phlogiston. The bishop, not too surprisingly, happens to be a converso.

One big strike against Darwin in the clouded eyes of the media is his belief in racial differences. Dawkins recalls Darwin's reply to a critic who thought that racial blending would rule out natural selection. Musing over the fate of a white man shipwrecked on an island inhabited entirely by Negroes, Darwin felt that the white would probably be-

come their king and that his mulatto descendants would be much more intelligent, at least for several generations, than the pure blacks. In the end, however, Darwin knew that the white genes would be swamped.

In Chapter 7 of his book, Dawkins introduces a topic new to the writer of this article and perhaps to most Instauration subscribers. IQ, a measure of human intelligence, has given birth to EQ (encephalization



quotient), a measure of mammalian intelligence. EQ, standardized at 1, is obtained by a complicated logarithmic process of comparing brain weight with body weight. *Homo sapiens*, according to Harry Jerrison, an American expert on cranial matters, has an EQ of 7; hippopotamus 0.3; rat 0.8; squirrel 1.5. Herbivores, as might be suspected, have a lower EQ than carnivores.

DNA, RNA, genes, chromosomes, species selection, sexual selection, natural selection, sociobiology -- to be au courant in these all-important subjects, you can't do better than let Richard Dawkins be your consultant. There are few intelligent voices left in the world and few of these are willing to speak out. One such voice belongs to Dawkins, who is not a social scientist, but a world-class Oxford zoologist. He knows whereof he speaks, and he is less fearful than his book-writing colleagues about holding back the core of his wide-ranging knowledge.

The historical maneuverings

ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION AND THE END OF INNOCENCE (I)

THE IMMIGRATION REFORM and Control Act of 1986 is one of the colossal hoaxes of American legislative history, a deliberately designed hoax whose sole purpose is to pacify the increasingly dispossessed and practically disenfranchised segment of the American population that is rapidly being transformed from a bare majority to a minority. Speaking precisely, that large group *is*, or was, America.

Under the iron grip of the social, emotional, economic and historical forces that have long been loose in the U.S., the nation as a whole can do *nothing* to "save itself." Every attempt to "do something" will end up having the opposite effect. So it is with this new immigration law.

It will be instructive to first examine the different heartbeats of the two principal nations involved -- the U.S. and Mexico, and to delve a bit into their respective histories. In so doing it is not intended to downplay the legal and illegal immigration from virtually every country in the world, and certainly from every benighted Third and Fourth and Fifth World scrap of land in the universe. However, most of the illegal immigration occurs on the southern border, and most of that -- over 90% -- is Mexican.

Imagine an entire nation taken over by the Mafia! Such an imaginative leap provides a fair idea of the political/social process in Mexico. Corruption and peculation in high and low places exist everywhere, in all countries. But in Mexico corruption and peculation are not matters of shame, not something to be rooted out. Rather they are the very essence of the system. In Mexico, corruption is institutionalized; the system would break down without it.

One goal of the 1910 Mexican Revolution was to end the dictatorial regime of Porfirio Díaz. The 1917 constitution prohibited a president from succeeding himself, thus ending permanent one-man rule. But its ultimate effect was to transfer absolute power from one man to one party (the Institutional Revolutionary Party or PRI) and to instill in the minds of each new president and his cronies that they have but six short years to loot the country.

Virtually all Mexican presidents solemnly promise to clean up

their country's corruption. This is an election ritual. The current presidente, Miguel de la Madrid, made "the moral renovation of society" his chief campaign plank. He started out by jailing a few top bureaucrats, but halfway through his administration, which ends next year, corruption had reached the office of *el jefe* himself. Mexico's "war on drugs," instigated by Reagan, is basically a farce, all show and motion, very little action. There is serious money to be made in the drug trade, and some members of de la Madrid's administration and other high-ranking politicians are clearly up to their armpits in the traffic in marijuana, heroin and cocaine. Large-scale national fraud, particularly in northern Mexico, has been a common practice of the PRI under the leadership of the "Moral Renovator" in Mexico City.

Since Mexican politics is a reflection of the minds and hearts of the Mexican people, it is not likely to change. As Alan Riding comments:

Mexican officials find difficulty in admitting -- above all to foreigners -- that corruption is essential to the operation and survival of the political system. But the system has in fact never lived without corruption and it would disintegrate or change beyond recognition if it tried to do so . . . the pledges of incoming administrations to clean up corruption invariably look naive or cynical six years later.¹

Demagogic, vote-hungry U.S. politicians (not to mention many clerics, "liberal" and "conservative" pundits, ethnic lobbyists and other assorted do-gooding gofers) would have us believe the mestizo armies that have been invading this land for generations need only a few civics classes and perhaps a visit or two to a suburban shopping mall to become "good American citizens." Harken again to Alan Riding:

1. *Distant Neighbors: A Portrait of the Mexicans* by Alan Riding (NY, 1985).

Probably nowhere in the world do two countries as different as Mexico and the U.S. live side by side. As one crosses the border into Mexico from, say, El Paso, the contrast is shocking -- from wealth to poverty, from organization to improvisation, from artificial flavoring to pungent spices. But the physical differences are least important. Probably nowhere in the world do two neighbors understand each other so little. More than by levels of development, the two countries are separated by language, religion, race, philosophy and history. The U.S. is a nation barely 200 years old and is lunging for the 21st century. Mexico is several thousand years old and is still held back by its past.

Riding also points out that in Central and South America

pure blooded Europeans still comprise the ruling classes. Mexico alone is truly *mestizo*: it is the only nation in the hemisphere where religious and political -- as well as racial -- *mestizaje* took place; it has the only political system that must be understood in a pre-Hispanic context; and its inhabitants alone are still more Oriental than Western.

Speculating on the Mexican mix of "ritual and disorder," Riding explains why this people, even if they lived among us for decades, could never adjust to the nervous, driving civilization of the gringos.

The mechanical efficiency, punctuality and organization of an Anglo-Saxon society seem purposeless [to the Mexican] . . . he interprets the world in accordance with his emotions. In an environment of apparent disorder, he can improvise, create and eventually impose his own personality on events . . . the future is viewed with fatalism, and as a result, the idea of planning seems unnatural.

The concept of "time" is often one of the keys to understanding a people. In Mexico appointments, though pompously arranged with all the polite niceties, are rarely taken seriously and all too frequently broken without notification. This occurs on all levels of society. (In certain cases it is a sign of rudeness to arrive on time.) American businessmen working south of the border must quickly learn that when a Mexican secretary states she will get something "right away," it could mean a half-hour, a day, a week, a month, or longer. *Mañana*, as spoken by a Mexican, does not necessarily mean tomorrow. It simply means "not today."

Below Mexico's micron-thin laminate of Western civilization, there is pure primitivity. To Americans who have lived in close contact with them for long periods, Mexicans are children, not excluding those who are educated and are in the upper financial brackets. Their love of bright colors, the flatness of their mural art, their love of horseplay, their inclination to break into song at the slightest provocation, all reinforce strongly the perception that this is indeed a different world, the other side of the moon. The most popular television shows in Mexico are American cartoons. *Disneylandia* is probably the favorite American destination for the Mexican tourist, child and adult alike.

A primitive people is almost always a highly fertile people. The Mexicans are no exception. Because nothing in Mexico is accomplished with Northern European efficiency, accurate population figures are impossible to come by. But it is certain that in the last half-century the introduction of Anglo drugs and sanitary methods has drastically cut the Mexican death rate, particularly among infants. As a result, the Mexican population has skyrocketed.²

When Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1821, its population was less than 7 million. By 1910 it was 15 million, 17

million by 1930, 35 million by 1960, 72 million by 1980. Come the year 2000, there may be close to 150 million people jampacking the country.

As with all primitive people, the "extended family" is the norm in Mexico. Proud of their strong sense of family, Mexicans view the American family as weak and unstable. Yet the Mexican family, on inspection, can hardly be termed a pillar of stability. Alcoholics Anonymous of Mexico estimates that severe alcoholism has touched just about every Mexican household. (Anyone familiar with the country knows the effects of alcoholism on Mexicans. Indian genes have never been able to handle liquor.) As with black Americans, many Mexican families are headed by a woman, the father having long since disappeared into the 761,604-square-mile country's vast stretches. "Millions of Mexican women," writes Grace Halsell, "cling unthinkingly to the Roman Catholic teaching that it is a woman's duty to propagate the earth -- even if one does not have food for those [one brings] into the world."³

Many Mexican men who can afford it keep a mistress on the side. Whereas an American in a similar situation might well be shocked or angry if his girlfriend announced that she was pregnant (and might rush her off to the nearest abortion clinic), the Mexican Lothario is made deliriously happy by such news, even if he has no intentions of supporting the child. Impregnating a woman is proof of his manhood. If his girlfriend uses some method of contraception, he will plead with her to have "just one baby" for him.

Although we hear much about the pumping oil wells, the true economic foundation of Mexico is a pre-Columbian agriculture, which cannot adequately provide for the runaway population growth. The land is often overfarmed and abused, while the transport and storage system can only handle part of the harvest (25% of perishable farm products spoils in warehouses or in the back of trucks before reaching the market). Even the massive use of DDT, which is banned in the U.S., has done little to improve the productivity of the agricultural sector.⁴

Because almost 45% of the Mexican population is under the age of 15, the economy cannot begin to create enough industrial jobs or employment in the urban areas to accommodate those who will shortly be entering the work force. Many of the jobs that do open up in agriculture go begging. Mexican peons now understand that they can head north -- often with their entire family -- and earn ten times as much as they could in their motherland.

Mexican schoolboys grow up knowing a lot more about the Mexican-American War (1847) and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848) than their American counterparts know of the War Between the States and Appomattox. For generations Mexican politicians and journalists have reminded their countrymen of the "lost territories" north of the big river.

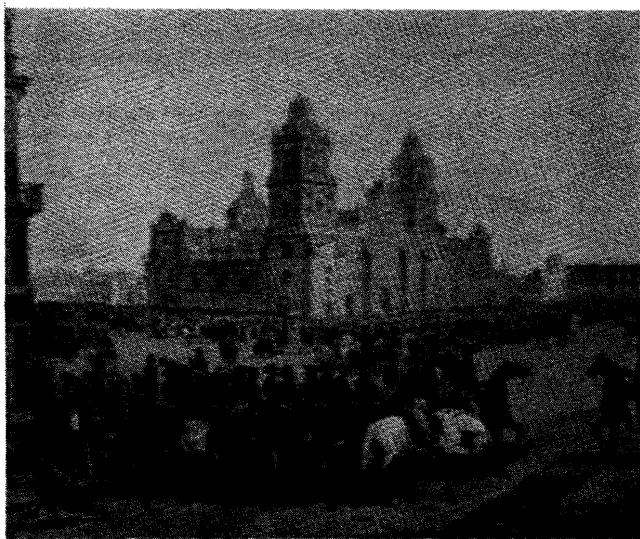
The war against Mexico, waged in tandem with the usual moralistic cries of outrage that Americans seem to require as part

2. This is yet another instance of the enormous destructive potential of Western science when it operates under the worn-out and irresponsible "humanitarian" values that have had wide currency in the last few hundred years. These values may be beneficial when applied exclusively within the group that created them; applied outside it, they become disastrous. In the next century Western science will assume its proper place, as a servant of Western politics, stern, hard and authoritarian -- the politics and science of domination and survival.

3. *The Illegals* by Grace Halsell (NY, 1978).

4. Several years ago angry American farmers demonstrated on the border, complaining that Mexican winter vegetables -- soaked in dangerous DDT -- were being exported in large quantities to the U.S., to the detriment of American agriculture and the health of American consumers.

of their battle gear, was in fact that pure expression of Western imperialism known as Manifest Destiny.⁵ It was what one might expect when two entirely different races and cultures opposed one another. All honor codes (still generally operative in white-versus-white 19th-century battles) were pretty much suspended for the duration. But because it allowed white Americans to settle over a million square miles of valuable land, this war, while "unjust" in the moral sense, was historically and organically more justifiable than the ideologically tilted bloodbaths fought in this century.



U.S. Army entering Mexico City, Sept. 14, 1847

When the war ended with an American victory, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, together with the earlier annexation of Texas, stripped Mexico of over half its territory -- an area that now includes California, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and slices of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and Oklahoma. The residue of bitterness and resentment this left in the hearts of some Mexicans can be perceived in an antiwhite diatribe written by two Chicana militants:

The biggest lie, the root of all the other lies, is that the Anglo belongs here and we are the immigrants -- that this country with all its wealth should be the property of the gringo, and we are foreigners in his land. The gringo has called Mexicans "wetbacks" because there is a river that draws a so-called border between Mexico and the U.S., and people have often crossed it by swimming or just walking. The gringo forgets about his own great swim across the Atlantic Ocean, when our ancestors had already been here for centuries.⁶

After the U.S. land grab, the Mexicans who were already living in the conquered territories (80,000 in 1850) automatically became American citizens. Until WWI there was more or less free movement between the national borders. Mexicans who felt like migrating north did so without a second thought, often coming in the last century as seasonal laborers, to return to their homes in the off-season. Unquestionably, "a profound migratory drift from Mexico was underway before 1900; it would not be until the

5. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, Tocqueville opined that one day the U.S. would swallow Mexico and disappear.

6. *Viva La Raza* by Elizabeth Sutherland Martinez and Enriqueta Longeaux Vásquez (NY, 1974). In fact, there is no archaeological evidence whatsoever that the American Southwest, which some Chicano activists call Aztlan, was ever the original home of the Aztecs.

present century, however, that one could properly speak of massive Mexican migration to this country."⁷

The mestizo *Völkerwanderung* -- which will have volcanic consequences for America's and the world's future -- had two distinct phases in this century. The first began around 1900 and lasted until the onset of the Great Depression. The second started with WWII and will probably stop after the next economic and social collapse. It is quite possible that, in the chaos and confusion to come, the end of Mexican immigration will bring down with it that scrambled concoction of anonymous plutocracy and equalitarian propaganda that now encapsulates the entire meaning of the term, "the American Republic."

Some idea of the extent of this migration in the first three decades of the 20th century can be gained by noting that in California alone the Mexican population increased from 8,000 in 1900 to about 37,000 in 1930. As the Anglo consolidated and developed the territories he had won in his imperial march to the Pacific, the material benefits that accompany Western technical civilization proved exceedingly attractive to the landless Indians and mestizos of Mexico.

The attraction, however, was two-sided. Intercontinental railroad companies and big Western ranchers and farmers found this large, willing and very cheap source of labor south of the border to be irresistible. Railroad, mining and agricultural interests regularly sent agents into Mexico to recruit peon labor. This fatal flaw of the white man has been a principal factor in the undoing of earlier high civilizations.⁸

The labor "needs" of WWI combined with the Mexican Revolution, which broke out in 1910, were tremendous catalysts for Mexican migration northward. Hundreds of thousands came in legally under special exemptions, while equal numbers crossed over illegally. Wages in the wartime U.S. seemed like a king's ransom to the perpetually impoverished Mexican masses.

Then, as now, many white Americans were concerned over the scope of the invasion. The "Burnett Law" of 1917 attempted to frighten the illegals out of the country, and the economic downturn of 1921 prompted passage of another immigration law. Both provided many exemptions for transborder laborers. The much disputed 1924 Immigration Act set national quotas for legal immigration, but Mexico was not included in the quota system, due to the economic power of those who waxed fat by exploiting the mestizos.

This hypocritical omission spurred the restrictionist Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio to speak out publicly:

The Senate yesterday very definitely adopted the policy of restricted selected immigration . . . Now what does it amount to if we shut and padlock the front door . . . yet leave the back door open? . . . Mr. President, upon what theory shall it be said that applied to Englishmen, for example, only two per cent on the basis of the census of 1890 can come in, and yet as to Mexicans . . . practically without education and largely without experience in self-government and, in most cases, not at all qualified for present citizenship or for assimilation . . . say, in effect, "As many as you please . . . ?"⁹

7. *Immigrants -- and Immigrants*, Arthur C. Corwin, editor (Westport, CT, 1978).

8. See *White America* by Ernest Sevier Cox. It is sadly ironic to witness people romanticizing about the planter aristocracy of the antebellum South. A short-sighted group that would implant a cancer from Africa in our midst to satisfy their desire to live as "gentlemen" has few of those qualities that characterize a true aristocracy. For an excellent discussion of what constitutes the latter, *The Quest for Human Quality* by Anthony M. Ludovici (London, 1952) is recommended.

9. Corwin, *op. cit.*

The early years of the Great Depression provoked a backlash against the illegals. Ignoring the federal government, states and cities frequently raised money to send the Mexicans back. In 1932, Michigan repatriated 1,500 wetbacks. In 1934, Ohio paid the train fare for 300 illegal Mexicans, some of whom were working in the steel mills and depriving American citizens of jobs. The city of St. Paul repatriated some 400 aliens who were living off the dole that could barely satisfy the needs of hungry and jobless citizens.

A large number of Mexicans went home on their own initiative, in part because the Mexican government at that time had set up a repatriation program, with promises of free land and job opportunities for returnees. Up until the late 1940s, when Mexico still seemed able and willing to handle its rapidly growing population, the attitude of the Mexican government to the northward flow of its impoverished countrymen was noticeably ambivalent. On the one hand, politicians were embarrassed because they could not provide for their own people and had allowed them to fall into the clutches of gringo capitalists. On the other, they believed that members of "La Raza" (The Race, sometimes called The Cosmic Race) had a perfect right to immigrate to the "lost territories."

The left-nationalist President Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-40) agonized over the problem of his Mexicans residing in the hated land of the *Norteamericanos*. He sent government officials to U.S. barrios to tell the sojourners and squatters they were wanted and needed in the motherland. Unfortunately, his well-intended ingathering was not sufficiently funded.

In all, about a half-million Mexicans left the U.S. in the 1930s, voluntarily or forcibly. Some returnees (perhaps as many as half) were seasonal laborers who would have gone home anyway, only to return later. If the American reaction had been based more solidly on racial/cultural motivations rather than on economics, Washington would have assisted Cárdenas's resettlement project and oversubscribed to a fund to return the last mestizo sheep to the Mexican fold.

Manpower shortages in WWII again encouraged the "free enterprisers" to look longingly across the Rio Grande. In no time, these longings produced the "bracero" program, which allowed up to 200,000 Mexican agricultural workers to come to the U.S. each year on a contract basis. Instead of private companies running the show, the American and Mexican governments supervised the program. While protecting the rights of the laborers, the program was designed to discourage illegal immigration by providing an orderly mechanism for the surplus labor of Mexico to be usefully employed on American farms.

As a spokesman for the National Agricultural Workers Union put it in 1952, the bracero program

acted as a magnet drawing hundreds of thousands to the border from deep in the interior of Mexico. When the Mexican worker arrives at the border and finds that he cannot be accepted as a legal contract worker . . . it is a relatively easy matter to cross the 1,600 miles of practically unguarded boundary. Once in the U.S. there are always employers who will hire them at wages so low that few native Americans will accept.¹⁰

American employers actually preferred to skirt the controls and red tape of the federal control program by hiring "freelance" wetbacks, while the bracero program ended up using large numbers of "dried-out" wetbacks, illegals already in the country, rather than those newly recruited in Mexico.

During and after WWII, the Immigration and Naturalization

Service (INS) and the Border Patrol (created in 1925) acted as agents for recruitment of Mexican labor, illegal and otherwise. "These agencies," wrote one researcher, "opted for a virtual open border allowing indiscriminate entry of any Mexican seeking work in the U.S. and lobbied intensively with Mexico to obtain border recruitment centers which would reduce grower recruitment costs and attract thousands of Mexican farm workers to the international border."¹¹ The State Department was also instrumental in pressuring Mexico to go along with this plan.

The idea behind this recruitment was to subvert the Mexican government's blacklisting of certain states and areas, which in Mexico's view trampled on the basic rights of the peons. Texas was viewed with particular hostility by Mexico, and probably with good reason. The farm, ranch and railroad barons of Texas had long considered cheap Mexican labor as one of their most valuable "natural resources."

With Texas chiefly in mind, a Mexican magazine in 1945 had this to say:

In the U.S. they despise us. They call us greasy and dirty and do not consider us worthy to associate with them . . . North Americans are waging a war against Germany and against the ideas for which Germany is fighting, one of which is the superiority of the Aryan. But that group of North Americans who despise the Mexicans has become seduced by the racial ideas of Germany.¹²

To prevent wetback labor from entering areas of the U.S. deemed "discriminatory," the Mexican government, against American objections, sent troops to recruiting posts -- in Juarez in 1949 and in Mexicali in 1954. Arthur Corwin describes the repercussions of a brawl at the Mexicali-Calexico border:

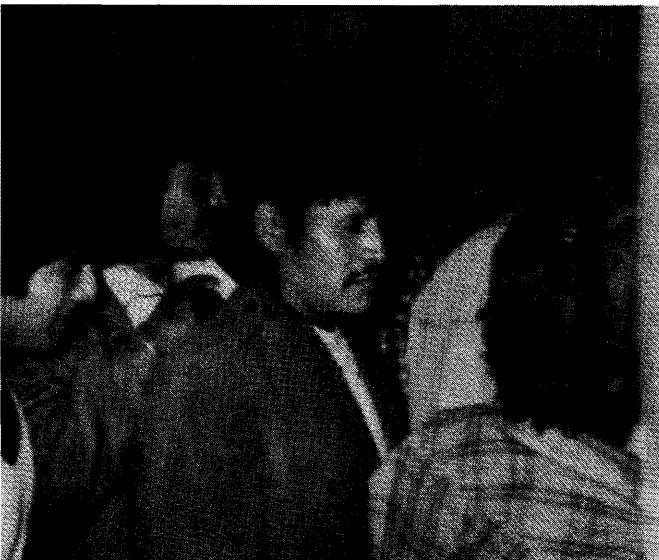
In the melee at Calexico, aspiring braceros fought like caged animals against Mexican police and border guards in an effort to cross over and sign up with waiting contractors. Such confrontments led to a serious diplomatic impasse. Mexico, unable to control wetbackism, could only back off from attempts to gain more supervision over the program.

The spectacle of brother against brother, photographed by the national press, was enough to convince Mexican officials that a constitutional government could not forcibly detain the migration of surplus workers. Likewise, the Mexican public was shocked and sobered to see photographs of La Raza struggling to reach the outstretched arms of Anglo immigration officers, as if one were reaching for the promised land . . . ! Since then the government has made no further show of force and, in effect, has left the matter of border migration control -- not without mixed feelings -- to the American Immigration Service . . .

For many years now, Mexican authorities have tacitly approved large-scale illegal immigration. To assume they will "cooperate" in any way to halt it is wishful thinking. First, the bigwigs in Mexico know that illegal immigration to the U.S. acts as a safety valve, by giving the discontented something to do other than plot revolution or conspire against the hegemony of the PRI. Second, the illegals send home \$3 billion a year, which accounts for about 10% of Mexico's total export earnings -- a sum greater than that generated by the profitable tourist industry. Third, wetbacks in America are vital links in the distribution of illegal drugs from Mexico, a trade that lines the pockets of PRI politicians and

11. *Anglo Over Braceros: A History of the Mexican Worker in the United States from Roosevelt to Nixon* by Peter N. Kirstein (San Francisco, 1977).

12. *Ibid.*



Apprehended illegals waiting to be bused south

PRI-connected businessmen.

In 1954, in response to heavy pressure from Big Labor, Eisenhower's Commissioner of Immigration Joseph Swing launched "Operation Wetback." Within a year, more than a million illegals and "contract skips" had been herded back across the border, another chapter in the great game of opening and closing the cheap labor faucet. In 1964, American labor and Chicano activists (declaiming about "slave labor") managed to bring an end to the bracero program. In no way, however, did this end the lust of white employers for cheap mestizo muscle. Hereafter, "braceros" entered the country illegally.¹³

VIC OLIVR

The second and concluding article will appear next month.

13. It is not just "big business" that craves peon labor. Restaurants, car washes, small contractors, dog kennels, junkyards, career women (who need maids and nannies while they're out earning a Yuppie income), and many other individual entrepreneurs have tapped into this supply of docile and dirt-cheap labor.

IN JEWISH 'HISTORY' FACTS COME LAST

In 1985, the media were full of stories about Dr. Josef Mengele's demonic behavior. U.S. News & World Report (June 24, 1985) stated that he enjoyed "giving candy to children he tossed alive into ovens while he hummed Mozart and Wagner." One of the strongest rebuttals to this grotesque atrocity-mongering appeared in the Fall 1985 issue of the Journal of Historical Review. The author, Mark Weber, cited in passing a syndicated column (Washington Times, July 9, 1985) in which Jeffrey Hart ventured to observe: "My own historical hunch is that much of this kind of thing is mythology, concocted as a kind of metaphor . . . I doubt the story that he killed a woman by crushing her throat with his boot. It will be a long time before scholars sift the fact from the fiction about Mengele."

Hart was onto more than he may have known when he spoke of "mythology" and "metaphor." A Jewish psychoanalyst named James Hillman, trained in the Jungian school, recently stated at some length that the "Jewish approach to history" treats facts somewhat cavalierly. Hillman's remarks appear in the book, *Inter Views* (Harper & Row, 1983), which consists of a series of conversations he had in 1980-81 with the Italian writer Laura Pozzo. In chapter 5, Pozzo reminds Hillman that he had once argued that Freud had come to the realization that his (mainly Jewish) patients had been "inventing" many of the "facts" that had flowed out of their memories during their sessions on the couch.

"His case histories have to be read as a new style, a new genre of literature," Pozzo suggested.

HILLMAN: Now Freud was Jewish and, I think, when he made that discovery about his patients inventing the "facts" in their memories and he used a Biblical metaphor, "Tell it

not in Gath . . .,"* he was putting himself in touch with the Jewish approach to the facts of history.

"Is it different from the Christian?" Pozzo wondered.

HILLMAN: Freud made a Jewish move with his case history: he deliteralized it. The Jewish approach is the *story* and the variations on the story. History is a series of images, tales, geographies, figures, lessons. It's not so much fact . . . You could say that the redeemer is the imagination itself.

Compare the Jewish "deliteralization" of history to the Christian approach of such "fine and subtle" minds as Ernest Renan and Albert Schweitzer, who nonetheless sought the "historical Jesus" -- that is, "engaged in this ridiculous [to Hillman] business of proving or disproving their religion with historical 'facts.'"

The Jewish texts, said Hillman, were never "literalized into a credo, a dogma that must be believed."

POZZO: It [the Biblical story] only has to be retold . . .

HILLMAN: It has to be retold, that's the whole business of the Midrash [rabbinical commentaries], it has to be retold and it has to be twisted -- like what we said about Bach, that he left no form as he found it, he had to make his own twist to the form that he got -- to my mind that's Jewish thinking.

POZZO: Jewish thinking often seems "twisted" to Christians. Freud, for instance.

HILLMAN: But you're not deliberately twisting things, just

* The censorial twentieth verse of the first chapter of II Samuel continues: "Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised exult."

to be perverse. It's more that in order to give the story a new twist, you have to be in touch with your own pathology because that's where the twist comes from. To be true to the story doesn't mean not to twist it. It means don't forget to tell the story. But not always in the same way, with the same meaning: that's just fundamentalism, sticking to the exact same version . . . Like [the question asked by Jews every Passover: "Why is this night different from all other nights?"] The whole story has to be told again, in every detail, all the images, even to the taste of bitter herbs, and the pathological horrors with little twists depending on the teller.

Pozzo then suggested that Hillman's conception of Christianity was really one of Christian fundamentalism. In Italy, she said, Christians were traditionally much more "detached" from literal beliefs and historical facts: "A 'good Christian' for us doesn't have to read the 'good book,' as you call it in America. Besides, there is a long Christian tradition of reading the Bible as having four levels of truth, not just one, the literal fundamentalist sense."

Hillman conceded the point: "I do equate Christianity with moralistic fundamentalism." Still, he felt that the "allegorical style, playing with the words and twisting the meanings, begins with a Jew, with Philo of Alexandria."

In *The Jewish Mind* (1977), Raphael Patai makes these essential points about what "history" means to most Jews:

- Whether or not what the ethnohistory of a nation tells about the past is historically true is of minor importance compared to the function it has in molding and shaping the national character.
- Jewish ethnohistory, in contrast to that of all other peoples, had a sacred character.
- Characteristically, as against hundreds of sages whose religious discussions have been preserved in the two Talmuds, and as against dozens of apocryphal books, Midrashim, and Hellenistic Jewish literary products, the works of only one Jewish historian, Josephus Flavius, have survived from antiquity; and even they escaped oblivion only because of Christian interest in them. From Josephus to the *Shevet Y'huda* of the Ibn Vergas, for about a millennium and a half, during which the Jews had a phenomenal output of religious and secular literature, they produced not a single historian.

This absence of Jewish historiography expressed not just a lack of interest in history but a denial of all value to its study. Typical in this respect was the view of the great Maimonides, who held that to occupy oneself with history was "a useless waste of time." If the greatest mind of medieval Jewry had this attitude toward history, one can easily imagine what thick cloud of historical ignorance must have cast its shadow over the minds of the less learned. The fact is that almost complete ignorance of post-Biblical Jewish history and lack of interest in it remained characteristic of the Jews until the Enlightenment. Even Moses Mendelssohn and the period of Jewish Enlightenment "had little use for historical thought" . . .

- In the yeshivot, the Talmudic academies, which to this day are centers of traditional Jewish studies as they have been pursued for many centuries, all non-halakhic [non-legal] material contained in the Talmud is treated with much condescension as mere "agad'ot," non-serious exercise of fancy, which can as well be skipped or glossed over.
- A . . . crucial difference between Gentile and Jewish

ethnohistory is that the former emphasizes external history, while the latter concentrates on inner history . . . Religious movements are the prime examples of what inner history is about; the transformations of human life they brought about dwarf the effects of the greatest military conquests.

- The inner history was the record of Israel's enduring chosenness.

• [The historians of the Bible] did not write *Kulturschichte* (cultural history) or *Geistesgeschichte* (intellectual history) . . . but concentrated on *Religionsgeschichte* . . . All the historical events they presented were for them nothing but illustrative material which made manifest the fateful consequences of the people's and its leaders' behavior in the innermost sanctum of inner history -- their self-subordination to the will of God.

With regard to this last point, one might recall what Spinoza said: the Jews, whenever they think something, say that "God" told them.



David and Goliath -- the story, not the truth, is the important element in Jewish tradition.

What Patai writes and what Hillman says are of the utmost importance to every revisionist historian of the present day. It is true that many Jews have been partly "Westernized" or "modernized" since the 1700s, yet, as John Murray Cuddihy shows in his classic study, *The Ordeal of Civility*, Western ideals of objectivity remain totally alien to many Jewish social scientists.

The urgent question raised by Hillman and Patai concerns Jewish *historians* and some of their Gentile disciples. Does the idea of "nothing but the facts" really mean anything to them? Coming from a tradition which stresses the necessity of adding a transformative twist to any important story as a means of understanding it (Hillman), and which regards literal fact-gathering (the inductive method) as an absurd "exercise of fancy" (Patai), how completely have most Jews changed?

Elie Wiesel, the greatest of the Holocaust story-tellers,

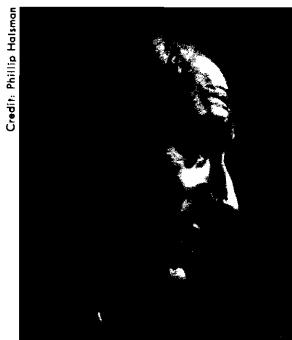
ELIE WIESEL IS THE FOREMOST JEWISH STORYTELLER OF OUR TIME.

In SOULS ON FIRE he now offers an outstanding work of the historical imagination.

—Emil L. Fackenheim

ALIVE WITH THE UNIQUE MAGIC OF ELIE WIESEL'S PERSONALITY. SOULS ON FIRE is a highly personal and beautiful book.

—Abraham J. Heschel



Credit: Philippe Halsman

Is this headline a case of truth in advertising?

tells his Jewish audiences that "art for art's sake" is strictly off-limits to Jews. All Jewish art must serve Jewish interests. In this, as in most other respects, Wiesel closely follows Jewish tradition. But consider that an important part of the tradition is that "history for history's sake" -- i.e., history as all Westerners know it -- is likewise forbidden to Jews. The recollection of the past must always serve Jewish interests. Memories which harm those interests -- however much they may serve a wider human interest -- must be discarded, indeed, must be psychologically repressed. A failure to practice such positive-thinking about past Jewish conduct and motives constitutes "sin," and delays the coming of the Messianic Age. This too is traditional Judaism, a tradition greatly respected by the newest recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize.

As Patai comments, "Jewish ethnohistory, in contrast to that of all other peoples, had a sacred character." As Cuddihy writes, the Jews to this day have a hard time distinguishing between secular and sacred realms. It is the lingering "sacred" character of most "secular" Jewish thinking which needs to be fully comprehended if non-Jews are ever to come to grips with the Jewish influence in their midst, an influence which -- among other things -- resolutely prevents the Western world from understanding its own recent past.

Antic Politics

Reasons for the abrupt retirement of Gary Hart from the presidential race became clearer toward the end of May, when the National Enquirer published pictures of Hart's skimpily clothed yachting companion sitting on his lap and giving him an affectionate squeeze. The ex-presidential candidate seemed in seventh heaven, although the pose somewhat belied his protests that his relations with Donna Rice were platonically businesslike.

Hart is one of the flakier types that turn up now and again in the power centers of the Democratic Party. Though twice separated from his wife (we predict a much longer if not final separation after Mrs. H has inspected the Enquirer photos), and though it was known he had indulged in long spiritual seances with a weirdo Indian squaw, he came close to winning the Democratic presidential nomination in 1984. Any campaign front-runner who goes off on an overnight cruise to Bimini with a silicon-enhanced blonde party girl, and who allows her to sit on his lap for a photo opportunity, is either off his rocker or has a political death wish.

The upshot of all the juicy philandering is that the new Democratic front-runner is Jesse Jackson. This is the kind of news that warms the cockles of Republican hearts. Mario Cuomo, the logical successor to Hart's abandoned lead position, has dropped out for mysterious reasons (did he fear

another Ferraro scenario?), though he might possibly be persuaded to rejoin the race. So, God forbid, might Fat Face, whose womanizing record makes Hart look like a eunuch.

Then there is Michael Dukakis, the Greek with the Jewish wife, whose appeal to the minority vote is based on bloodlines and who has a special attraction to liberals for his attempt to clear the names of those two notorious oldtime murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti. Dukakis is also distinguished for his advocacy of a homosexual rights bill, which he is trying to jam through the Massachusetts legislature.

Bruce Babbitt, the former governor of Arizona, has no other reason for running beyond getting his name known so he can charge higher legal fees after the campaign ends. The principal plank in his platform seems to be his opposition to Evan Mechem, his successor as governor, who revoked Babbitt's minority-massaging declaration that made Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a state holiday over the objections of the state legislature.

Richard Gephardt, the red-headed congressman from Missouri, stands an inch or so taller than the rest of the lowly pack because he is not afraid to push protectionism, the only way out for an industrial country that is becoming increasingly minorityized and therefore increasingly non-competitive.

Joe Biden, an Irishman with a glib tongue, is the Democrat to watch. He has the biggest war chest, which means he has the most Jewish support. Kentucky's Senator Albert Gore, a latecomer to the race, rushed to New York right after his announcement to hustle Jewish moneymen. He'll be on his way to Israel any day now.

So much for some of the Democratic candidates. As for the Republicans, Bush is currently out in front, though the media are working overtime to bring him down for his vague ties to Irangate. Paul Laxalt, a Nevada Basque and a former gambling casino owner, hasn't a chance, even after settling his multimillion-dollar libel suit against the McClatchy newspapers. Alexander Haig has even less chance, in spite of his popularity in Jewish circles for giving the green light to Israel's invasion of Lebanon in 1982. Senator Bob Dole, Bush's greatest worry, launched his campaign by introducing a bill that would ban PLO offices in New York and Washington. Not to be out-Zionized, Jack Kemp has said he will consider appointing Jeane Kirkpatrick his secretary of state if he makes it to the White House. He will want her to "clean out the Arabists in the State Department."

All of which proves that in the 1988 election, as with many others in this century, the candidates will put as much effort into winning Jewish money as they put into winning non-Jewish hearts and minds.

Andy the Obstructer

Almost every black mayor of a major city is in trouble -- crime, scandal, conflict of interest, budget deficits, you name it. But Andrew Young, the purest of the pure, the ordained minister, one of the original apostles of the divine Martin Luther King Jr.,? Andrew Young?

Andy's problem with the law is obstruction of justice. The Negro establishment of Atlanta, being a tightly knit group, doesn't appreciate having its leading light come under media attack. It all started when Julian Bond's estranged wife, presumably in a jealous fit, blew her cool and accused her husband of being a regular cocaine sniffer and, even worse, having as a regular female companion a convicted dope dealer, one Carmen López. Mrs. Bond added that she had once heard Mayor Young did a little sniffing.

There is more than an ounce of truth to this tale, especially since Bond had been followed by his wife and caught in a parked car with Carmen. Whereupon Carmen climbed out and allegedly assaulted her. It was then that Mrs. Bond went to the police.

Her husband made a big splash in the news when he was defeated in the 1986 congressional election by John Lewis, an earthier, blacker and more genuine Negro. Lewis had challenged Bond to take a drug test, but Bond refused on the excuse it was an invasion of his privacy. His refusal may



The Apostle Andrew

have been the principal reason he lost the election.

Young was in Japan when he heard of the trouble brewing in his bailiwick. He proceeded to put a call through to Mrs. Bond in which he gave her certain instructions which, he explained later, amounted to no more than a few words of advice from a friend and a "pastor." But after the call, the law enforcement agents assigned to investigate Mrs. Bond's charges were mysteriously transferred, and Mrs. Bond herself tearfully recanted her story. It looked very much as if the mayor of Atlanta had personally interfered in a police investigation of

drug charges. It was not long before the Republican U.S. attorney, Robert Barr, impaneled a grand jury before which both Young and Bond were forced to appear.

Does Bond take cocaine? Probably yes. Has he been intimate with the lady cocaine supplier? Possibly. Did Andy Young throw some sand in the gears of justice? Probably. Will he be prosecuted? No, Barr didn't find enough "evidence." Next year's Democratic convention is going to be held in Atlanta, partly as a sop to the black vote. Demo leaders didn't want to nominate a presidential candidate in a city whose Democratic mayor was tried for the same crime that put the kibosh on the Democrats' arch-enemy, Tricky Dick.

Blacks, much more racially united than whites in these touchy times, are in a better position to keep coverups covered up. Most blacks, in or out of the ghetto, have long since adopted the Mafia habit of silence known as omertà. No one knows nothing. If certain blacks should talk, Andy would get into real trouble. But getting minority racists to squeal on each other is not an easy proposition. Mrs. Bond has already informed the FBI of the multitudinous threats she has received on the phone.

Today it is mostly white activists who blow the whistle on each other. Blacks, perhaps partly for evolutionary reasons, imitate the three monkeys.

Protectionism Forever

There's not much economic competition when country A pays its workers twice as much as country B, when the country A work force is a brawling mass of disparate population groups, compared to country B's homogeneous workers, when the workers of A are known for their absenteeism, drug addiction and carelessness about quality while the workers of B have none of these defects and produce much more per work hour.

It's obvious that in almost any kind of trade rivalry, country B will win hands down. All country A can do is change the rules -- not a very sporting gesture. It has no other choice, unless its people are willing to end up serving cholesterol-loaded hamburgers to each other for the minimum wage.

So protectionism it is, and protectionism it will be unless and until country A breaks up and is reorganized into separate, independent regions, one or two of which will

have the brawn and brains to beat the Japanese at their own game -- a game which they originally stole from the U.S. when it was a thriving country of Northern Europeans instead of a multiracial sinkhole.

There are some good points to protectionism. It tends to loosen the economic ties of one nation to another, tends to draw races apart, instead of together, builds up regional cultures and helps prevent the world's peoples from becoming one, all-conforming brown mass. Isolation, which demands self-reliance, brings out the best in people. Internationalism dissolves everyone into a worldwide equalitarian soup.

As for foreign trade, the less of it the better -- and whatever is necessary should be reduced to barter, so the bankers can be shut out of milking what should be simple transactions of so much steel for so much coffee. Barter also makes an end-run around the international money system, in which speculators make millions juggling

currencies while producers have to sell their products on the foreign market at a loss.

The day must end when commodity speculators who have never grown an ear of corn and can't tell a tassel from a stalk can make more money in one day gambling on corn futures than the man who grows the corn can make in a lifetime. Some fast-buck artists have made fortunes on grain futures at the very time that Major-grain farmers were going bankrupt.

There's a lot of evil in so-called free trade, which opens the door wide for money jugglers, rapacious middlemen and various species of loan sharks. There is a lot of good in protectionism. It tailors foreign trade to the national interest, to worker capabilities, to an economy independent of foreign dumping and trade squeezes. Another name for protectionism is self-sufficiency. Let every country in the world make and grow as much as it can for its

citizenny. Nothing is worse than one-crop or one-product countries, which must depend entirely on foreign buyers and foreign markets for their very survival. The man who must rely entirely on others for his existence is only half a man. The same may be said for countries.

Whatever one thinks of protectionism, it is the trade policy that guided the U.S.

economy through most of the 19th and a good part of the 20th century. It was the trade policy responsible for the record-smashing economic growth that transformed 13 dependent colonies into the richest and most productive nation on earth (as of the 1950s). It's easy to advocate free trade when most of the industrial world is recovering from world wars or is in the grip

of depression. It's impossible to practice it when other countries make better products for lower prices, when the country in question in a few decades changes from the world's largest creditor to the world's largest debtor nation, and when the country's trade imbalance is running at a rate exceeding \$10 billion a month.

The German Homestead Movement of the 1930s

Few Americans know -- or are allowed to know -- anything about the road building, housing construction and land improvement achievements of the German Labor Service in the Third Reich. The ignorance is even more overwhelming in regard to another social initiative which was perhaps the most characteristically German of all the Labor Service projects -- the Supplementary Farming Homestead (Kleinsiedlung) Movement.

The Homestead Movement, simply put, was a large-scale effort of the National Socialist government to assist working-class city dwellers to obtain small plots of land near their urban homes for the purpose of growing vegetables and raising small farm animals. A secondary motive was to provide a recreational outlet for demoralized Germans from the debilitating effects of industrialization, defeat in war and the economic ruination caused by the Weimar Republic's efforts to pay the war reparations demanded by the Versailles Treaty.

Land settlement, however, was not a unique idea of the Hitler regime. European social planners had long been advocating urban homesteading. The planned towns of Alfred Krupp's iron and steel works, built in the 1870s at Essen, incorporated farming plots. By the turn of the century the Prussian government was encouraging similar holdings near the large cities, which were already badly overcrowded with farm workers seeking the new jobs opening up in industry.

When WWI came to an end in 1918, the entire European farm economy was in a state of disarray. In Germany, most cities were unable to provide housing for families streaming in from the countryside. With most German building materials confiscated by Britain and France and with capital being drained away to pay war reparations, the Weimar government was powerless to remedy rapidly deteriorating urban conditions. By the mid-1920s, parts of Berlin and some other large cities could almost be described as unlivable. Crime, heroin addiction, rampant vice and family breakdown were only a few of the consequences of the urban collapse.

In 1931, Chancellor Brüning, faced with soaring unemployment and near starvation

among large segments of the German population, initiated the first national supplemental homesteading program. The arrival of National Socialism two years later greatly expanded the effort. By the mid-1930s Germany had well over three million homesteads in place, ranging in size from a tenth of an acre to as much as 12 acres. The National Socialists' early enthusiasm for this "back to the land" movement was understandable. Urban crowding was viewed as the prime cause of Germany's mammoth birthrate slump -- from 40/1,000 in the 1870s to less than 15/1,000 in 1933. Hitler felt that as long as Germans had no link to the soil, patriotism (traditionally tied to the notion of land) would continue to wither.

Economic conditions, however, also played a large part in the National Socialists' promotion of mini-farming. Food supplies continued to be a nagging problem because of the international Jewish boycott of German exports (begun in 1933).

Participants in the Homestead program had to show proof of German nationality, Aryan descent, "political reliability" and good character. Also, one or more family members had to indicate some familiarity with farming methods. The amount of land the state handed over depended on the needs of the family, quality of the soil and climactic conditions. Studies reckoned that the produce value of these mini-farms could boost the income of the typical in-

dustrial worker by as much as 25%.

Like many of the Hitler era programs, the Homestead Initiative survived WWII. In the years of reconstruction, these family plots often made the difference between insufficient and sufficient nutrition, just as they had done in the early 30s.

Today the alert traveler passing through Germany can find countless supplemental homestead plots scattered through the suburbs, alongside industrial plants. Tended by careful hands in the workers' free time, these farmsteads provide fresh air, fresh vegetables and the smells, sounds and serenity of the countryside in the shadow of urban smokestacks.

A typical homestead may be roughly the size of a tennis court. The center will be jammed with vegetables -- Rosenkohl (Brussels sprouts), Radieschen (radishes), Möhren (carrots), Kopf Salat (lettuce). The perimeter, colored with flowers, will often have a hedge for privacy. More often than not, the plot will contain a brightly painted toolshed. More ambitious homesteaders may have a small flagstone terrace, grape arbor, even a goldfish pond.

In West Germany, where land has become so scarce, homestead plots have taken on an almost mystical importance, a mystique that would have surprised and pleased their National Socialist promoters. German roots have been returning to the land in a new and deeply meaningful way.

Unobserved (or So I Think) I Spy an Historical Cat

Sleek stands he
and sly, with blazing eye
peering through burning grass
at Alexandria, sniffing
at Caesar's blood on marble floors,
watching men die at Lepanto
and Tours. Bored with
the clash of swords, thrusting spears,
incense of gods, and the low moan
of plague and war, he yawns. Then holds

the earth in place
with measured steps;
survives, slides
through history's stained
and tangled threads

to come to rest at last in my fat chair
pressing that insolent face and form
to a cool window pane to stare
at shades outside, struggling in a storm.

V.O.



Poopsheet Racism

For years now minority racism has been a federally certified institution in this country -- some of it certified by the Supreme Court. But it was a surprise to most people to learn that antiwhite slurs have now been set in print and subsidized by a state agency. Not many of us know that anti-racism doesn't lead to racial equality; it leads to black, brown and yellow racism. Even fewer of us know that ending anti-Semitism doesn't lead to equality for Jews; it leads to Semitism.

The written legitimization of antiwhite racism referred to above was discovered in a New York State affirmative action training manual. On one of its 28 pages, in plain black and white, is the shocker, "All white individuals are racists." The entire passage read, "In the United States at present, only whites can be racists, since whites dominate and control the institutions . . . even if a white is totally free from all conscious racial prejudices, he remains a racist, for he receives benefits distributed by a white racist society through its institutions."

Responsible for this classic example of the art of racial depreciation was Carolyn Pitts, the State Insurance Agency's black affirmative action officer, who is on the public payroll at \$39,782 a year. On further investigation it was found that a similar racial statement had received the approval of the State Civil Service Department and had long been considered the department's official policy. Continuing the detective work, literary sleuths found that the original text had appeared in a booklet put out by the National Education Association back in 1973.

Carolyn Pitts has not been fired. How many white heads would have rolled for much less serious "crimes"? Indeed, some black and Puerto Rican politicians actually defended the training manual and said all the hullabaloo about racism was in itself racist.

And so it goes.

Demonic Preacher

A fireball incarnate was Rev. Walker Railey of the First United Methodist Church of Dallas. No one spoke out more righteously and more dramatically against racial prejudice than he. So when his wife was found beaten, half-strangled and in a coma on the floor of the Railey garage, the media leaped to the obvious conclusion: Those horrible white racists were at it again. Assigning some of their best operatives to the case, the FBI pored over the threatening letters that Railey said he had received as the result of his sermons. To the Washington Post and the New York Times

it was an open and shut case.

Then a few days later Railey himself, after police had asked him to drop in and explain some "inconsistencies," was found unconscious on the floor of the hospital room where his wife was on a life support system. He had swallowed a handful of pills in a suicide attempt, leaving a note saying he was possessed by "demons."

On closer examination of the poison-pen letters, G-men discovered they had been written on the typewriter belonging to the office of Railey's church. When Rev. Railey recovers -- he is now in a psychiatric hospital -- he will have some explaining to do. Some Dallas insiders are already claiming that Railey not only wrote the letters himself, but actually tried to kill his wife to build his case against those hated white racists.

In many ways, the Railey affair is worse than the larcenous and lascivious behavior of that other "fallen" evangelist, Jim Bakker. Railey's house of God (seating capacity 6,000) was one of the ten largest Methodist churches in the U.S. The preacher was not only notorious for his denunciation of whites, he praised and advocated miscegenation and in the process must have stirred up his congregation to commit a few mixed marriages. Almost his every public word was devoted to attacking and degrading his own race. In sum, here is a man of the cloth who is the very personification of evil, who stoops to the most despicable political tricks, whose malice is immeasurable, who makes a profession of bearing false witness and who may actually have had a hand in attempted uxoricide -- all in the name of liberalism and equalitarianism.

Railey's religious denomination is the same one that produced a pornographic movie in San Francisco some years ago. His bishop, a Methodist of national standing, was Finis Alonzo Crutchfield Jr., who succumbed to AIDS in May.

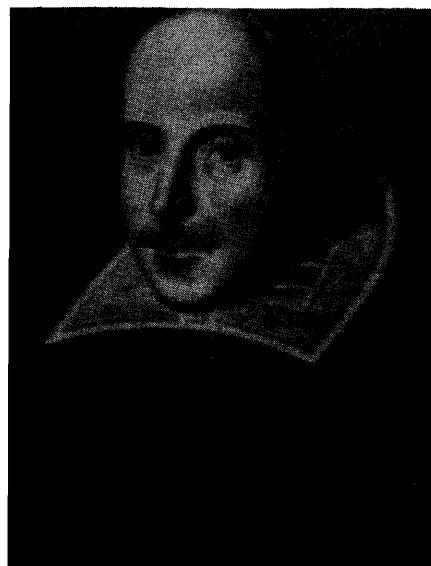
The Railey affair is just one of many such attempts in recent years to do a number on Majority activists. Instauration has reported quite a few, including one last month involving Ian Kremer, a Tufts University sophomore who claimed he was attacked by a gang of whites irate about his outspoken denunciation of campus racism.

Fortunately for the Majority student, witnesses at the scene of his alleged beating came forward to state that no such event had occurred at the time he specified. Nevertheless, Kremer's only punishment was probation, which means he can continue his courses as a junior, if he should decide to return to Tufts. The college administration also promised him that his anti-Majority hoax will not become part of his permanent record.

Pornographess

Erica Jong, the Jewish queen of smut, has outdone herself in her institutional battle against Western culture. Her newest novel, *Serenissima*, is a raunchy perversion of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare himself appears as a character in the book, and the author has him happily participating in hetero- and homosexual orgies, in one of which a nympho nun named Juliet gives birth, then chokes to death on her own vomit. Another episode in Jong's tasteless tour de force features a Christian massacre of Jews. Jessica, the WASPish heroine of the piece, announces at one point, "Being a Jew would be so cozy. They seem to have more blood, more poetry, more sensuality than my people."

This is how Shakespeare ends up -- in the lubricious book of a Shylock-loving Jewess. Is this how all Western literature will end up?



The Bard is sullied by Jong.

Catholics, Jews and the KKK

In his recently published collection of sermons and interviews entitled *Dare to Believe*, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger, born Aaron Lustiger, the son of Polish-Jewish shopkeepers, does not share the traditional Catholic view that Jews are either to be converted or combatted as heretics and pagans. Instead, he elevates the Jewish religion to a kind of co-equality with the Christian faith. In the quaint terminology of the Cardinal's intellectual needlepoint, the Jews occupy "the original mansion in our Father's house" and Christians "another mansion." Such a skewed religious perspective is sure to gain support from the likes of liberal Rabbi Jakob Petuchowski of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati,

who has long been beating the intellectual drum for this relativistic "one is pretty much as good as another in the eyes of God" approach. Conversely, it is sure to draw fire from the shrinking circle of conservatives in French Catholicism.

Rabbi Petuchowski, by the way, has recently confessed that the Jewish religion has pretty much abandoned any serious research for religious truths and is more interested in political matters. In somewhat the same vein, the 50-member administrative board of the U.S. Catholic Conference came to the conclusion last March that Roman Catholics who join the Ku Klux Klan or other groups advocating racism are acting "in violation of Catholic teaching" and committing a sin.

Catholic layman James Farrands of Connecticut disagrees. Elected last fall to be the imperial wizard of the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the KKK, he said he saw no contradiction between his Catholic faith and Klan activities.

In the 1920s the Klan was a hotbed of anti-Catholicism throughout the largely fundamentalist and Presbyterian South. More recently, narrowing the focus of its target to Jews and blacks, the Klan, or more accurately Klan ideas, have become increasingly attractive to white working-class ethnics in northern cities whose Catholic parishes have been devastated by swarms of blacks riding in on the wave of the civil rights movement.

NASA Betrayed the Germans

Retiring from NASA after working for the space agency for 30 years, German rocket engineer Georg von Tiesenhausen feels let down. He was part of the Old German Team that put Americans on the moon and was planning to put Americans on Mars when NASA began its purge. Speaking of the manned mission to the red planet, von Tiesenhausen said with a note of regret, "We could have done it. We could have been there two years ago." Of the space shuttle, "We had quality control ad nau-seam. Because of that, we didn't have many failures because of little items like an O-ring . . . I don't think the space shuttle failure would have happened if the German team had still been in place."

Much of the forced exodus of Germans from Huntsville (AL) was due to pressure from contractors to eliminate the ultra-strict German quality control. It was hurting their profits. Said Dr. Bruce Maderis, a former administrator of the Marshall Space Flight Center, "The major objective [of the Germans' removal] was to be able to let the manufacturers, the contractors, control the system. And when they started to contract out, even their final assembly procedures, I could have put a poster on the wall that said

they were headed for trouble." Maderis described the orders calling for a majority of NASA inspectors to quit the plants of the private contractors as "letting the fox guard the hen house."

The beginning of the end of the German dominance of the U.S. space program dated from 1970, when Wernher von Braun left Huntsville for Washington, where his influence and charisma were nil. There was always a slight chance that von Braun would be appointed head of NASA, but as Dr. Charles Seldon, a former White House staffer, explains (and as every Instaurationist knows), "[T]here is a great sensitivity in Washington about racial and ethnic interests."

When it was decided to "de-Germanize" NASA, a hundred or so Germans were in the top echelons of the space agency. They were offered the choice of being demoted or resigning. The older ones chose the latter alternative. The final blow came last year when Dr. Arthur Rudolf, one of the great geniuses of space flight, was forced out of retirement in California and sent back to Germany as a suspected war criminal.

Walt Disney's Hangup

How did Walt Disney, the lone Majority film genius in Hollywood, react to living and working in an industry dominated by crooked unions, degenerate actors and actresses, and uncouth Jewish studio owners and producers? Leonard Mosley, in his book, *Disney's World*, attempts to answer part of the question. Over time Walt developed an acute case of anti-Semitism. When he was down on his luck after WWII, a studio head called him up and offered him the millions he needed to make "Peter Pan" and "Alice" [in Wonderland]. But there was a catch. Disney would have to sell out to his financial angel. "Can you imagine that?" Walt rumbled. "Letting that fat Jew rescue me from bankruptcy . . . just because he made all those crooked millions out of the war."

Although a Republican, Disney would never make any political alliance with such GOP film moguls as Harry Cohn, Jack Warner or Louis B. Mayer. They were Jews. Mosley writes, "He didn't trust Jews . . . nor did he ever employ blacks as studio technicians."

Quid Pro Quota

"Affirmative action" schemes continue to lead to the most fantastic abuses. One of innumerable cases in point is the experience of the Washington (DC) Suburban Sanitary Commission, the water and sewer authority for two large Maryland counties.

In the recent past, the rule has been that when a minority-owned firm could do a job for not more than 10% above the lowest Majority bidder, it would almost automatically get the contract. But even with such breaks, the racial quotas were not being met -- until the gimmick of the minority "desk and telephone operation" was invented.

Now all that "Leroy Jefferson Inc." had to do was hire himself a dozen nonwhites to sit at a desk and haggle all day long. Such a firm did not need to actually stock (much less install) a single item. The WSSC would routinely phone the company and ask for, say, six fire hydrants. Leroy Inc. would then phone the white manufacturer, who would ship it directly to the WSSC. The hefty percentage received by the utterly superfluous minority middleman would help WSSC to meet its racial quota.

No one seemed to mind this arrangement, which undoubtedly permitted many a corrupt white to somehow get a cut of the "action." That is, no one minded until a certain white female broker, who qualified by gender as a "minority," began getting 90% of her business from WSSC. Only then did the commission's vice-chairman, Leonard Teitelman, hit the ceiling and say it all had to stop. And so, last November, some stricter rules were adopted, requiring minority-owned firms to show that they "perform a commercially useful function in the supply process" -- except with those commodities (such as chemicals) which are not generally warehoused during the distribution process. With chemicals and the like, Leroy Inc. can still steal that extra 10 or 20% to its heart's content.

Not good enough! whined Washington's 200-member Metro Minority Trade Association. Why should a few sneaky white females ruin a flourishing "minority enterprise"? "It defeats the purpose of [letting] the little guy come in and take advantage of the market," says Wilbert Wilson. "It's very, very bad."

Persecution Forever

They won't let him rest in peace. The late head of the Romanian Orthodox Episcopate in America (35,000 strong), Valerian Trifa, was hounded like a common criminal for the last 20 years of his life, denounced as a Nazi, stripped of his U.S. citizenship and forced to flee to Portugal, where he died last January while Jewish organizations were working feverishly to expel the sick, 72-year-old archbishop from his last place of refuge.

Now the World Jewish Congress is demanding that the State Department investigate how Trifa's body was returned to the U.S. and buried in his church's cemetery in Grass Lake (MI). The professional avengers are afraid his grave may become a shrine.

Cultural Catacombs



They are not afraid that their unquenchable thirst for revenge may eventually give substance to Trifa's prophecy, "All the talk by the Jews about the Holocaust is going to backfire."

Before he died, Trifa forgave his enemies, who had made his life unbearable for decades. But by forgiving those who don't know the meaning of the word, didn't he actually encourage them to continue their witch-hunts?

Lady of the Lie

Appearing on the *Dick Cavett Show* in 1980, Mary McCarthy (half-Jewish) made her famous allegation concerning fellow author Lillian Hellman (all-Jewish): "Every word she writes is a lie, including 'a' and 'the.'"

It may have been hyperbole, but now that the first full-length biography of Hellman has appeared, others are beginning to see McCarthy's point. Here is what Eric Breindel wrote in his review of William Wright's *Lillian Hellman: The Image, the Woman* for the *New Republic* (March 30, 1987):

Wright finds lies and distortions in lesser known places. In fact he finds them virtually everywhere. Big lies and little lies. Political lies and literary lies. Lies told for self-advancement and self-promotion, and lies told for no apparent reason at all. He comes, gradually, to an unhappy conclusion: dishonesty wasn't just an ancillary, if unpleasant, trait of Hellman's; it was, rather, a principal characteristic of her work and her constant practice in life.

The problem confronting Wright is why anyone would lie so obsessively. And this is his tentative answer:

Perhaps she altered the truth . . . to meet a psychological demand for a less painful reality. There is a significant difference between a person engaged in dishonest public relations and one who is fundamentally delusional. In Hellman's case, she may have worked out a compromise with her psyche: to realize wish-fulfillment fantasies and salve painful truths by revising her history in her memoirs and perhaps thereby forestalling a collapse into psychosis.

Thus Hellman, who was widely proclaimed as one of the foremost female playwrights of her time, lived her life in a twilight world between fantastic delusion and sheer psychosis. So reads the verdict of the man who, "unburdened by ideological baggage," spent years examining every detail of her life. One wonders just how many

of our current cultural heroes occupy precisely the same fragile realm.

Wright is convinced beyond any doubt that Hellman was a Communist for most of her days. He is mystified by the attraction which novelist Dashiell Hammett -- alcoholic Stalinist though he was -- felt for this "ugly" woman, compared to whom Dr. Ruth is Venus de Milo. Hammett's affection, writes Wright, "defies several laws of natural selection." He believes, somewhat Freudishly, she often won her lovers through sexual aggression.

The most revealing of Wright's many anecdotes may be his account of the famous Blackgama ad which featured Hellman, enveloped in mink, beside the slogan, "What becomes a legend most?" Any Iowa grammar teacher could have told Hellman that the slogan was asking, "What garment looks best on a legend?" To Wright falls the painful task of reporting the playwright's own fantastically egocentric construction: "What human raw material is most likely to develop into a legend?"

The Color of Danger

Brent Staples is a pleasant sort of chap who whistles melodies from Beethoven and Vivaldi on his evening jaunts. The trouble is that the women he passes on the street often run from him in a panic, while store proprietors excuse themselves momentarily to return with snarling dogs.

No, Staples is not an updated Elephant Man or Phantom of the Opera. His problem is that he is a large, young Negro male. His essay, "Black Men and Public Space," appearing in Harper's (Dec. 1986), sounded rather like an opus of Richard Swartzbaugh, who once traced America's infatuation with the automobile to the racial terrorism of our public spaces. To his credit, Staples described the frightened women around him as his "victims," a word he refrained from applying to himself.

After dark, on the warrenlike streets of Brooklyn where I live, I often see women who fear the worst from me. They seem to have set their faces on neutral, and with their purse straps strung across their chests bandolier-style, they forge ahead as though bracing themselves against being tackled. I understand, of course, that the danger they perceive is not a hallucination. Women are particularly vulnerable to street violence, and young black males are drastically overrepresented among the perpetrators of that violence.

"Yet," Staples adds, "these truths are no solace against the kind of alienation that comes of being ever the suspect, a fear-

some entity with whom pedestrians avoid making eye contact." Still, he has learned to "smother the rage" of being so often mistaken, and to "give a wide berth to nervous people."

Musical Conquest

An announcer at a Moscow rock concert recently told the audience, "You can display more emotion if you want. Rock back and forth in your seats." Newsweek found it funny; but the near universality of the scene renders it tragic.

Europeans and Asians have often been baffled by their first exposures to African-derived music. In *Criticisms of Jazz* (Barcelona, 1958), musicologist S. Raich wrote that less than 10% of a Spanish jazz audience knew the first thing about exotic music.

The remaining 90% . . . of the house is made up by those magnificent ladies and gentlemen, young ladies and youths who . . . are only anxious to be amused by the spectacle of "an orchestra of negroes" . . . They sit in their boxes, enclosing in their mass the few real music lovers, who are too embarrassed to show enthusiasm or disapproval, and settle down to watch the "show." The blackest, fattest or tallest negroes are given their most favourable attention, as well as their originality in dress, their ties, socks, etc. They do not understand the music they hear. When a musician plays a jocose citation, and some expert laughs, they look at him with astonishment.

Spanish jazz lovers were on the defensive in Franco times, but today's rock hounds are aggressive the world over, pushing all local musical traditions aside.

Thirteen percent of all Iowans will admit to listening "fairly often" to soul music. Blenheim Palace, one of the stateliest piles in England, recently swung to the sticky ballads of Barry Manilow. Its owner, the present Duke of Marlborough, was seen swaying in the crowd.

In the antebellum South, African drum music was banned as a great black unifier. Today it is unexceptional when a leading black musician, Brazil's Milton Nascimento, dedicates his jazzy mass to "the Negroes of Africa, the Africans of America, the Negroes of the world."

It is hardly coincidental that whites are on the defensive along with the music, while blacks and black music thrust defiantly forward. In a March 1985 interview, jazz trumpeter Miles Davis said, "If I had one hour to live, I'd spend it choking a white man. I'd do it nice and slow." He hated "the boys with blue eyes," he explained coolly -- without the smallest fear of concert cancellations.





Jews Arrested -- at Last

Jewish culture enrichers, who by means of stinkbombs, pipebombs, tear gas and threats have been preventing Americans from attending Soviet artistic events in the U.S., are infrequently caught by the police. In May the exception proved the rule. Victor Vancier, 33, a Jewish thug and self-proclaimed leader of the Jewish Defense League, was picked up along with two of his assistant goons, Sharon Katz, 44, and Jay Cohen, 23. Vancier and Cohen were held without bail. Katz was released on \$100,000 bond.

Vancier, also known as Chaim Ben Yosef, was arrested while trying to mail a letter to Murray Young, another Chosen terrorist, who had been arrested earlier and is now out on the streets again after putting up \$1 million in bail money. While Majority activists rot in jail for months because they can't raise \$25,000 bail, a Jewish terrorist comes up with \$1 million almost instantaneously. In his unmailed letter Vancier advised Young to keep quiet and they would all escape prosecution.

The specific acts the group has been charged with are (1) firebombing of a Soviet residential complex in the Bronx in 1984; (2) two bombings of a car owned by Walter Berk, a former head of the JDL; (3) firebombing of a Pan Am loading dock at Kennedy Airport in 1986; (4) firebombing a stage door of the Avery Fisher Hall in 1986 to break up a concert by the Soviet Union's State Symphony; (5) teargassing the Metropolitan Opera House during a 1986 performance of the Moiseyev Dance Company. Twenty people were injured.

It's nice to hear that some Jewish terrorists have finally been rounded up. But when is the FBI going to arrest the murderers of Tscherim Soobzokov, Alex Odeh and the arsonists who burned up tens of thousands of books at the Institute for Historical Review?

Memory Problems

This year the Navy honored Holocaust Day on April 26 (but isn't every day Holocaust Day?) with the aid of a special manual sent to 1,200 Navy chaplains. Prepared by the ADL and the New Jersey Department of Education, it contained an introduction by Admiral John R. McNamara, chief of Navy chaplains, which stated that in respect to the Holocaust, "The time for silence is past . . . [O]ur country has reaffirmed its commitment to remember . . ." Aside from the fact that there has been no "silence" about the Holocaust for at least two decades and that everyone in the West has been forced

to "remember" almost every minute of his conscious life, the time for silence, as the Spotlight pointed out, passed long ago.

It has not passed, however, for remembrance of the Israeli assault on the *U.S.S. Liberty*. June 8, 1987, the 20th anniversary of the heinous attack, passed with no Navy memorial services of any kind for the 34 Americans killed and 171 wounded in this dastardly attempt to sink a naval vessel of Israel's paymaster and principal armaments supplier. The Israelis wanted to get the *Liberty* out of the way so its special electronic gear would not pick up the military operations that belied Zionist promises not to expand Israel's attack on Egypt to the territory of other Arab nations.

Death of a Scalawag

Erskine Caldwell, the Southern novelist who did more to pour obloquy on the South than any writer since Harriet Beecher Stowe, died at age 83 in Paradise Valley (AZ) in April. His *Tobacco Road*, made into a play and movie, was a favorite of Dixiephobes. A great hater of his roots, Caldwell was a great lover of all things Russian. He was in Moscow with the second of his four wives, Margaret Bourke-White, the left-leaning paparazza, when the Germans marched into Russia. Margaret, by the way, although she tried her best to conceal it, had a Jewish father.

Israelgate

If Jonathan Pollard's espionage was a "rogue operation," as the government of Israel pretends, then why are the Israelis refusing to let Harold Katz leave the Jewish state? Katz, who has dual citizenship (and by definition, dual loyalty), has been invited by the Justice Department to come to the U.S. and tell everything he knows -- which is bound to be a lot. It is believed that the photographing of the copious secret documents stolen by Pollard was done in Katz's Washington apartment.

The Israelis are also most reluctant to let David Kimche, a high Israeli official and Ollie North pal, testify before a U.S. grand jury about his country's part in selling and shipping American military equipment to Iran. Israeli representatives managed to quash a subpoena for Kimche issued by Lawrence Walsh, the independent counsel who is investigating "Irangate."

Since politicians are afraid to talk about that part of the "money trail" that leads to Israel, the facts are only coming out in small doses -- in a few columns or in the middle or end of a few long newspaper stories. As every columnist knows, Mossad skimmed millions off the top and the Iranian-born Albert Hakim, the partner of General Se-

cord, certainly didn't work for nothing.

The Senate and House Select Committees have spent a great deal of time on the money diverted to the Nicaraguan Contras. They have spent no time investigating the American money that goes to the Sandinistas. Some 500 groups in the U.S. have already raised \$30.2 million for the Nicaraguan Stalinistas.

Relativity's Bastard

How slowly the truth comes out about the unsaintly ghosts in the closets of media saints! Albert Einstein, whom Instauration rightfully calls Bombfather, but whom the world calls the apex of the human condition, fathered an illegitimate baby girl in 1901 with the woman who, well after the fact in 1903, became his first wife. Einstein's mother was furious, not only because of the out-of-wedlock infant, but because Maleva or Mileva (the New York Times spells it both ways) Maric, Einstein's paramour, was a non-Jewish Serb. When finally married, Maric bore Einstein two legitimate sons, both of whom are now deceased.

But this is not all the iconoclastic news. No one seems to know the fate of the Einstein baby. The father of the atomic bomb never talked about this act of fatherhood. Neither did Maric, whom he later divorced. All that is known is a letter from a third party stating that the infant had recovered from a bout with scarlet fever.

Einstein's second wife, by the way, fitted his mother's racial and spousal qualifications.

False Witness

One of the chief accusers of John Demjanjuk, now on trial for his life in Israel, is Martin Gray, a mysterious character who first appeared in the press some years ago when he was caught selling fake antiques he had imported from France and Germany. In 1971 his book on Treblinka, *Au nom de tous les miens* (the American edition was called *For Those I Loved*), was published in France. It made quite a sensation, especially since it was ghostwritten by another mysterious character, Max Gallo, who has been accused of having Negro blood.

Supposedly the true story of Gray's experiences in the Treblinka concentration camp during WWII, the book goes into detail about the "death camp" railroad station, which, it so happens, did not exist in the war years. Later, Gitta Sereny Honeyman, of Hungarian Jewish origin, accused Gray of lying through his teeth in an article she wrote for the *New Statesman* (Nov. 2, 1979). She said that not only had Gray never been an inmate at Treblinka, but that he had openly admitted to her that his book was one long invention. He tried to justify

his hoax by saying, "But what does it matter? Wasn't the only thing that Treblinka did happen, that it should be written about and that some Jews should be shown to be heroic?"

Before the Demjanjuk trial began, Martin Gray again resurfaced, telling the press, "I will go to Israel to witness the trial of John Demjanjuk so that future generations will not forget . . . I was questioned about Treblinka. I was shown 40 photos and I immediately recognized Ivan."

Gray, who has such a long memory about Ivan the Terrible, works on the principle that the public has a very short memory about his own propensity for untruth.

Who Is Novak?

Robert Novak is the oddball out among columnists and TV panelists, what with his zealous defense of Reagan, free trade, deregulation, his anti-abortion and anti-Soviet tirades and his total indifference to trillion-dollar budgets and hundred-billion-dollar trade imbalances.

Novak is one of the rare newsmen who has a good word to say for the Palestinians. But when a Majority activist appears on *Crossfire*, Novak nails him even harder than that senile old establishmentarian, Tom Braden. And, of course, the gentleman "on the right" is all for open borders and as many Mexicans and other immigrants as want to come.

Who is Novak? *Insight* (Feb. 23, 1987), the Moonie mag, reports that Robert David Sanders Novak, 56, the son of a chemical engineer, was brought up in Joliet (IL). In 1960 he voted for John F. Kennedy. In 1964 he was such an ardent Rockefeller Republican than an enraged Goldwater fan attacked him on the floor of the San Francisco convention. Novak says he became a stalwart anti-Communist after reading Whitaker Chambers' *Witness*. Raised in a "Jewish home," he is married to a Methodist (his second wife), and confesses he is "attracted to Christianity." A basketball nut, for years he attended almost every home game of the University of Maryland, and was a very close friend of Lefty Driesell, the U of M coach who was forced to resign last year after the death of his star player, slam-dunker Len Bias, from a cocaine overdose.

Spying Grunts

Everyone is wondering how a straight-arrow outfit like the Marines could harbor within its ranks members of that most unpatriotic of all businesses, the spying trade. A report out of Detroit clears up part of this mystery. Marine recruiting agents, working with forgers in high-school administrations, deliberately falsify high-school

grades to fill recruitment quotas.

At Detroit's Pershing High School, some grades were boosted from Fs to Bs. Don Gorence, a teacher for 37 years who went home on sick leave when he discovered the grade-fixing, said 32 grades had been changed. Five of the students involved were accepted by the Marine Corps on the basis of their false transcripts. One of them, who had only 30 hours of school credit, showed a paper declaring that he had graduated with 300 hours. Altogether, 122 Marines have been recruited in the last two years from East Side Detroit schools.

In the midst of all these revelations, two fires broke out in the office of Alma Jones, Pershing High's counseling officer, where all the students' files and transcripts are stored. Jones's signature appeared on several of the false transcripts.

Grade-fixing is a common practice in inner city schools where minority-dominated classes rack up 90% failure rates. Raising Fs to Bs and As makes the school look much better than it should and keeps some star athletes from flunking out.

As for the Marine Embassy guards that caused all the fuss, Sgt. Clayton Lonetree, the Indian, is the target of the most serious charges. Also accused of espionage were Arnold Bracy, the Negro, and Sgt. John Weirick, a white with a previous criminal record. The charges against Bracy were later reduced and those against Weirick dismissed. *USA Today* reported that Roundtree and Bracy were lured into the KGB net because they were minority members. The Russians probably thought they would be putty in the arms of white Mata Hari. The other arrested white, Sgt. Robert Stufflebeam, was not charged with espionage, but with neglect of duty.

As minority racism intensifies in this country, it is not surprising that more and more nonwhites go in for spying. They have been taught in school to hate whites and white history, while their own people are glorified. On the other hand, there are also plenty of Majority male spies around these days, principally because so many of them are losing faith in a country whose laws now openly discriminate against them in favor of nonwhites and females. A country with race laws designed to impair the economic betterment of one group of citizens cannot expect too much loyalty from that group.

Prejudiced Question

Dexter Thomas, tried and convicted for the unlawful possession of a handgun four years ago, was recently granted a new trial by the New York Appellate Court in a ruling that could only be characterized as a legal strategem of the first order. Thomas had

been arrested by three undercover white police officers, whom he "believed" were planning to rob him. To protect himself, he grabbed a handgun he had happened to find earlier that evening in a nearby playground.

The prosecutor couldn't resist ridiculing Thomas's claim that he thought the three whites were muggers. How, he was asked, could anyone be expected to believe that three whites were going to rob a black in the black neighborhood of East Flatbush? Though not one Zoo City resident in a thousand would swallow this fairy tale, the Appellate Court said the question by the prosecutor aroused prejudice in the minds of the jury and ordered a new trial for Thomas, who is already serving 12½ to 25 years for attempted murder.

Ironically, the prosecutor whose question irked the judge was Debra Graves, a black woman.

Jake Bond

Vice-President Charles P. Curtis once observed that "The reason we hate a liar is not his immorality, but his gall in thinking we'd believe him." He might have been talking about the presumably pseudonymous author of *Inside the Third Reich*, a 1977 paperback which Harcourt Brace Lovanovich had the audacity to publish with the words "non-fiction" emblazoned on the spine.

This novel, which bears not the faintest resemblance to a work of non-fiction, chronicles the incredible exploits of the Jewish author, a Mr. Erich Erdstein, who portrays himself as a relentless Nazi-fighter from 1938 to 1968. In this latter year, he informs us, he killed Dr. Josef Mengele in South America.

Compared to Erdstein's 30 years of derring-do, James Bond's career looks like a subplot in *Little Women*. At the tender age of 18, Erdstein wants us to believe, he escaped from the Nazi "invasion" of Austria by simply driving his ritzy 1938 Cord past an SA man at the border and selling it in Italy for a ticket to South America.

Landing illegally in Uruguay, he worked for a few months in a meat-packing plant before finding an easier, more lucrative and traditional profession -- middleman for the sale of jewels, gold and luxury items that had been saved from the clutches of the Nazis by newly arriving Jewish refugees. When WWII started up Erdstein, with no identification papers, got a job with a British intelligence unit that operated out of the British Embassy in Montevideo. This came about after the brilliant, wise-beyond-his-years 19-year-old singlehandedly came up with a masterful plan which tricked the German captain of the *Graf Spee*, then in Montevideo harbor, into scuttling his ship.

Erdstein spent most of the war uncovering nests of German agents plotting Nazi

putsches in countries already favorably disposed to the Axis. One time, after he had "overspent" his blood money, he shared an Argentine prison with Aristotle Onassis (yes, that Onassis) and tricked his jailers into letting him go by the unlikely ruse of pretending to commit suicide.

After the war, Erdstein alternately served the presidents of Uruguay and Brazil as their national security adviser, police official or troubleshooter. He also distinguished himself by battling drug traffickers and breaking up anti-Communist groups, perhaps his favorite occupation.

Having received information from Simon Wiesenthal in 1964 that Nazi war criminals were hiding in his vicinity, Erdstein managed to find Martin Bormann, who slipped through his fingers by accident. The Jewish super agent then destroyed a nest of Nazi refugees in Brazil, finding, shooting and killing Mengel.

The really shameful thing about all this is not that some paranoid author has created a book-length wish-fantasy with himself as the hero, but that a "respectable" house like HBJ would insult the intelligence of the American reading public by claiming his wild falsifications were "non-fiction."

Our Ebony Press

Last autumn, the first issue of the revamped Washington Post Magazine dared to feature two articles highlighting the underside of black life in urban America. The result was months of demonstrations against the Post, which included the dumping of hundreds of thousands of copies of the magazine on the newspaper's doorstep. Black ministers collected the offending publication at their Sunday services, while teachers in some Washington public schools asked students to bring in copies. One black man sent his five children door-to-door, collecting 3,000 copies.

The predictable result was that the Post, already saturated with articles praising blacks, doubled its customary overkill. Even Cathy Hughes of radio station WOL, who led the black protest, was forced to say of the December 21, 1986, issue of the Post magazine, "It's more than 40 pages and it looks like Ebony magazine; almost every story is about blacks." Joseph Laitin, the Post's "ombudsman" (P.R. man), called this perhaps "the highest compliment ever paid to the magazine," and agreed that it did indeed look like Ebony. But he neglected to say that the "Metro" section of the paper that same day had also been devoted nearly 100% to the hopes and fears of blacks as blacks.

Incidentally, in the same column where he described the Post's new Ebony look, ombudsman Laitin referred casually to "white rednecks." The week before, he had called a Washington cop a "blue-shirt honky." Nor was he being ironic or clever

in any way. Words like these -- and "gringo," "cracker," "hillbilly," "kraut" and others -- flow unceasingly from the pens of most Post writers, including its "community relations" man, who is paid to be "sensitive."

Few of these racial slurs reach the eyes of the European readers of the International Herald-Tribune, which bills itself as a daily compendium of the most important stories in the New York Times and the Washington Post. It is really nothing of the kind. The paper is very heavily slanted toward the major *international* news stories. The few domestic American stories which are featured seldom include puff pieces about the "greatness" of blacks and Jews, individually and collectively. Yet such stories pervade the stateside Post and Times almost every day of the year. Consequently, the sophisticated European reader who imagines that by reading the IHT he is gaining a true picture of the present-day U.S. is in fact being duped. He could read it faithfully for a year and never gain an inkling of the virulence of minority racism here.

This misrepresentation is a serious matter because, at newsstands in many European cities, the only English-language dailies available are half a dozen from London, the fluffy, liberaloid USA Today, the one-track, Jewish-controlled Wall Street Journal, and the IHT.

McCarthy's Heirs

It was McCarthyism, the undiluted evil of McCarthyism, when a few score Stalinist fellow travelers lost their jobs in the government and academia in the 1950s. But it is democracy, good, wonderful and throbbing democracy, when U.S. citizens from Eastern Europe are rounded up and, without ever facing a jury, are sent to their deaths or prison hellholes in Soviet Russia or Israel.

The evidence presented by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy against Marxist fanatics and leftist cranks was sometimes thin, but not nearly so thin as the KGB "documents" used against Americans accused of wrongdoing in war-torn Europe 45 years or so ago. And in the most hectic days of McCarthyism, there was nothing like the witch-hunts now being staged by a heavily financed government agency -- the Jewish-manipulated Office of Special Investigations, a gang that someday may be ranked on the horror scale of human persecution with the KGB.

One of the latest acts of the OSI lynch mob was too much even for a political American judge. When Adolf Petrys was sought for questioning in the case of Anatanas Virkutis, whom the OSI wants to deport to Russia because he allegedly had lied about his job as a prison warden in Lithuania, Petrys, who speaks very little En-

glish, appeared without a lawyer. Thereupon Justice Department attorney Michael Bernstein allegedly tried "to keep for financial purposes" a work identification card in the possession of Petrys that bore Virkutis's signature. Incensed, Magistrate Thomas Rosemond Jr. ordered the Department of Justice to pay for the transportation of Virkutis's lawyer to Washington to oversee the testing. Rosemond then warned the government about the unconscionableness of "hitting a 70-and-some-year-old man, inarticulate in the English language, and in the intimidating situation of a deposition, without his own counsel present, with a command that he leave his documents." Rosemond went on, "We do not believe it necessary for this aged, limited-income nonparty witness to throw away what little money he has on attorney's fees."

The incredible totalitarian-type purge of septuagenarian Eastern Europeans now going on in this country is but a continuation of the Jewish racial vendetta against European non-Jews which started in Germany in 1933 and crested in Nuremberg. It's a hundred times worse than McCarthyism because it leads to far worse suffering for the victim than the temporary loss of a job or a temporary reduction in salary.

Yet there is hardly a peep out of the very crowd that yelled loudest against McCarthyism. In fact, the only important public figure who has raised his voice against this judicial blight is Patrick Buchanan. He strongly protested the government's vicious treatment of John Demjanjuk, who was practically kidnapped from his Cleveland home and turned over -- without so much as a flicker of recognition of due process -- to a vengeful Israeli court.

There is always the possibility that Israel, in a grandstand play to demonstrate its "law-abidingness," will decide that KGB-manufactured evidence is just too much for even the Western media to swallow and may let Demjanjuk go free. But don't bet on it. The pound of flesh syndrome is still one of Zionism's Ten Commandments.

Ponderable Quote

The U.S. has more functional illiterates (13 percent of the adult population), graduates a smaller percentage of its population from high school, has a greater percentage of high-school graduates who are under-educated in mathematics and produces a smaller percentage of engineers among its college graduates than any of its main competitors do.

Lester Thurow,
Scientific American,
Sept. 1986

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

I have long thought it my cultural duty to check out Huitzilopochtli under Popocatépetl. But the actual impulse which made me fly to Mexico came from a piece on Mayan history in Instauration (Dec. 1986).

Knowing India as I do, I made suitable preparations for Mexico: preventive pills against typhoid and malaria, a slip-on pocket under the arm for most of my money, and a determination to avoid public transport where possible. Most Mexicans steal like a wagonload of monkeys, their attitude being that stealing is only human and the occasion creates the thief. Don't go by the statistics. Nobody in Mexico bothers to report a theft unless he hopes to get insurance money or a replacement, but I seldom met another tourist who had not lost something. The worst case was a slim, grey-haired lawyer from San Francisco who was almost blind and had had all his belongings stolen from him on a bus. Liberals imagine that "prejudiced" people like me must feel very vulnerable in an alien environment. Not at all. We are forewarned, forearmed and quite without illusions. So we fare better than the average person.

A brochure in my first hotel recommended the use of the personal safes available on the implied grounds that Adam and Eve could hardly be blamed for stealing the apple: one shouldn't put temptation in people's way. This novel reinterpretation of Genesis explains why Mexicans feel both puzzled and demeaned by our failure to watch out for theft at all times. Mealy-mouthed commentators blame it all on unemployment and poverty, but the fact is that people were poor in Europe at the end of the war, yet stealing was rare. No wonder Mexicans are desperate to be part of a society where precaution against theft is less of an everyday obsession.

Ripping off the gringo is the national sport. The word "gringo," by the way, like most ethnic epithets taken to be offensive (e.g. "Yid," which is the Yiddish word for a Jew, or "nigger," which just means black), according to some amateur etymologists, derives from the singing of the ballad "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Texans heard across the Rio Grande. But Mexico also had its compensations. The biggest is that if you speak fluent Spanish, you pay about 50% less for anything you buy. In the Indian subcontinent one gets a similar bonus for speaking Hindustani (the common substratum of both Urdu and Hindi).

I have often observed that most tourists get their tipping in hotels all wrong. They tip moderately on arrival, get indifferent service, and then tip excessively on departure, hoping no doubt to leave a good impression. The poor simpletons! I tip on the opposite principle, as enunciated by the Mullah Nasreddin, a Persian and Turkish folk hero

who is not quite so simple as he seems (a Middle Eastern Van der Merwe, as it were). He once went to a Turkish bath, receiving a perfunctory massage and a dirty towel, and gave the attendant a silver coin. The next week he got a much better massage and a clean towel, but gave the attendant a copper coin. The attendant asked him why, and he explained: "The copper coin is for the service last week and the silver coin for the service this week." Sir Robert Walpole once defined gratitude as the lively expectation of future favors.

It must be said that Mexico was a lot more tolerable than I had expected, largely because I was selective. The more squalid *barrios* of Mexico City I merely glimpsed in passing. I know they exist, and that is enough. Similarly, I avoided industrial cities like Puebla, concentrating on archaeological sites and scenery, as a good tourist should. The airports are clean and floored with marble, and although planes were never on time, accident rates are fairly low. I always take a good look at my pilots and I didn't see an Indio among them: all were Mediterranean in type, except for one Nordic. Hiring cars is very easy, though one should check it out before driving off. The local representatives of American car-hire firms will often demand a bribe for altering the documents in one's favour (e.g. 25% per mile less for gasoline). One of them told me he needed the money because he was getting married. When asked for proof, he said that, well, anyway, St. Valentine's Day was not far off.

The food must be approached very selectively. All too often, Mexican cooking consists of overcooked eggs in watery sauce at breakfast and refried pinto beans with everything three times a day. But there are some exotic dishes I must introduce back home, such as yucca flowers fried in batter and the inner parts of the prickly pear sliced in salads. The steak is way below the high standards of Canada, but the fish is reliable anywhere near the coast (mollusks being very dangerous inland), and the fruit is truly excellent. The honey melons are bright orange in colour, watermelons a healthy red, and pineapples a striking yellow. Papayas come alive with a little lemon and the mangoes are almost up to the Kenyan standard. Bananas are often real bananas, not relatively flavourless plantains. Fruit should be avoided if cut up too small, for excessive handling is what causes Montezuma's revenge. A counsel of perfection is to eat it only when one can peel it oneself.

The more civilised barmen make use of the fruit juices to mix those old Southern favourites: planter's punch, Tom Collins, Bloody Mary and Old Fashioned, not to speak of margaritas and daiquiris with banana and lemon. But in



Palenque I caught a jungly barman drinking direct from a carafe of orange juice. I suggested he use a glass next time.

Palenque hotels had terrible food. As I was driving past a modest restaurant, I spied a group of tourists having dinner with three or four wine bottles standing like sentinels down the middle of each table. "Aha," I said to myself, "French people." Sure enough, they had discovered the one good place in town, together with an excellent red wine from Baja California. Trust them! In places where American tourists abound, such as the island of Cozumel, one has to be careful. The watery Mexican coffee may take on the horrible taste of instant. Packaged food also makes its appearance. Yes, I know food in public places is often vile in England, but it isn't for me. The clubs of the St. James's area and the restaurants of the City make London second only to Paris and Lyons in culinary terms, and in the country I either eat at home or at a good inn. In any case, I have an infallible remedy when confronted with any kind of junk food. Do without. Missing a meal does one a world of good. Archaeologists, who frequently miss meals when working in the heat, are quite a fit-looking lot.

Humboldt and Darwin were fascinated by the flora of the Western Hemisphere, and I am aware that much of the food eaten in the world today is provided by plants of American origin. Maize, cassava and potatoes are more often consumed than rice, wheat, oats or rye. A plaque in the Presidential palace, built on the ruins of Montezuma's palace, records the following plants as being of specifically Mexican origin: maize, the kidney bean, tobacco, cocoa, cotton (this one puzzles me, as cotton is an Arabic word, and it was grown in Sicily in the tenth century), the agave cactus, the tomato, the peanut, the avocado, the pineapple, chicle, the papaya, the pepper, cassavas and a number of others which I did not recognize -- a cornucopia of nutrition.

At the church of Santa María del Tule, between Oaxaca and Mitla, I saw what may be the tree with the greatest girth in the world (though the banyan tree in the Calcutta Botanical Garden covers a much larger area, because its branches put down roots). It is a Montezuma cypress (*Taxodium Mucrunatum*) which measures 117.6 feet around its trunk. *The Guinness Book of Records* refers to a pollarded chestnut with an even larger girth growing on Mt. Etna in 1972, and even larger girths for baobab trees have been recorded. But what struck me was that the Mexicans had taken the trouble to preserve the tree. There was another almost as big in the same churchyard.

I had another cultural experience with American flora when an Indio north of Mexico City showed me a maguey, or agave cactus, outside his shop. He had hollowed out the heart of it to collect the sweet sap by sucking through a calabash gourd, and claimed that he obtained 3-4 litres a day for three months by this method. With this he made *pulque*, a kind of native beer, and from the *pulque*, *mezcal* is distilled. (Mezcal puts me off when flavoured with a dissolved worm, but is quite good with other flavours.) He showed me how sheets unwrapped from the core of the cactus had been used as paper for codices written before the Spanish conquest, and how the thorns with attached fibre provided needles and thread. The maguey also provides a kind of soap suitable for washing clothes and floors,

its dried leaves provide good roofing material and its fibres are used to make a cloth much stronger and more durable than cotton or wool. Yellow colouring matter is taken from the *chicalote*, a kind of thistle, green from what looks like a sort of reed (or is it malachite?) Cochineal red comes from a little white bug found on the prickly pear. I could have done without the leer with which the Indio stressed the aphrodisiac properties of *pulque*, but I felt that here was a good example of how to live in communion with nature. Besides, the information might be useful if one was ever on the run!

After this, my friend took me to his shop, where my disappointment was great. The clothes made with his good cloth and natural colours were badly cut and quite tasteless in design. (Only around Oaxaca did I see good design and cut, though some of the blankets in Yucatan are pleasing.) Lack of artistry was also evident in the objects made of onyx and obsidian which he turned off on his primitive lathe. They were just souvenirs for undiscriminating tourists -- nothing more. The big lumps of obsidian which he and his sons had collected from a volcanic crater were worthy of a better artist.

I was particularly struck by the gardens of the hotels, with their frangipanis, or red jasmine, tulip trees, flame-of-the-forest, pomegranates with their orange blossoms, and hibiscus bushes of various kinds, growing around the lawns and swimming pools. There are any number of gardeners, and the job suits Mexicans much better than making ugly things in factories or joining the work-shy proletariat of a welfare state.

Everywhere I saw unfamiliar birds, including a cheeky yellow warbler in Yucatan which behaved like a robin at home. But what really caught my fancy were the fish. With a mask and snorkel at Xel-ha and off Cozumel, I swam lazily along the reefs, finding huge jewfish with brilliant, dark green patches, blue angels browsing on the growth which clings to the undersides of boats, and parrot fish, speckled (and, I believe, female) when young, blue-green (and, I believe, male) when old. There were also zebra fish in little schools, and grey groupers mouthing at me. Once, in a huge stand of coral like a petrified forest, I came across countless little yellow fish hiding among the branches. As I left the limpid green of the inlets and swam out into the open sea, the water changed to aquamarine and then to a deep blue. It was all a revelation to me. I am more familiar with trout in dark burn water, salmon in fjords and silver mackerel shimmering in a silver Irish Sea.

Afterwards, half lying in one of those wavy American plastic sun-rests which exactly fit the body, and which we don't have in Europe, alas, I considered the virtues of loose shoes and all the trimmings that go with them. The dangerous lethargy of the South was taking hold of me.

But not for long. Soon I was up and about, considering the human fauna in Mexico. In a recent number of the London Spectator (Jan. 31, 1987) one Digby Anderson makes the following pronouncement: "However virtuous tolerance may be, there is no reason why one should be tolerant of, let alone friendly with, persons on holiday whom one would not mix with at home." I disagree entirely. It is at home that one should be most choosy. On holiday one should closely observe whoever shows up, so

as to widen one's experience and make one feel grateful on returning home.

The two most promising specimens of humanity I met were a fair young couple from Vancouver, both bursting with handsomeness and good health and dressed in clean, loose, colourful clothes -- the original golden young North Americans. We got on like a house on fire for a couple of hours as we swapped travel experiences and useful tips. But when I began to enthuse about the hospitality I had met with in Kenya, the girl suddenly looked grave: "But all those people you knew seem to have been white. Is it a prejudiced society?" "Well," I said, "you see, in Kenya one doesn't have to associate in private with people of other races, as one is more or less forced to do in North American universities. So one naturally associates with those who will not feel envy or hostility when one behaves naturally." That was the wrong answer. Shortly afterwards, she led her boyfriend away on some threadbare excuse, and I saw her on the other side of the airport practising some pretty dance steps. But the young man didn't avoid me. Later, he said to me on the plane, "You always seem to be travelling first class, even when you aren't." "I know just what you mean, my good man," I replied. "You think I'm an old-fashioned imperialist type, and of course you're quite right -- just as I'm right about race relations." He smiled as if to say, "no hard feelings," as he followed his girlfriend to the back of the plane. It is so much easier for me to influence young men than young women, because young men sense they are the target for emasculation, though they cannot quite define why or how it is being done. Girls are different. You have to embrace them fully in order to win them over, and it is not always suitable for a middle-aged man to attempt that. Besides, the competition in this case was too fierce, even if the wicked thought had entered my mind.

Interestingly enough, the young girl's tolerance did not extend to hippies. She and her boyfriend happened upon some of them on the beach near Xel-ha, and were revolted by their habit of excreting on the beach. Some had contracted hepatitis, which is highly infectious. Upon hearing this, she quickly led her boyfriend away. Evidently my views belonged to the same category she had assigned to hepatitis.

I also came across some hippies a mile before Agua Azul, in the jungle south of Palenque. Their dirty hair done up in a stiff horse's tail, they stared at me with looks of vicious resentment, which reminded me of the reaction of hippies in the Himalayas when they saw me wearing a solar topi. In this case, I think my safari suit was probably responsible. One can't please everybody, however hard one tries.

Agua Azul lives up to its name. It consists of an enormous pool of opaque blue water, under tier upon tier of white limestone falls, each tier having its own huge pool. The biggest falls were the bottom ones, and I found I could walk along on top of them without being swept over, with my feet in the glasslike water as it plunged over the edge. It was an archetypal situation, reminding me of the lake and waterfall in William Golding's inspired but perverse book, *The Inheritors*.

Higher up, I watched an Amerindian as he opened an

ingenious fish trap and took out a long odd-looking fish shaped like a braid. I also came across a slim white girl with henna'd hair cosying up to a very dark Amerindian, as they tried to cook fish on a very amateurish wood fire. I wondered how romantic her existence would seem within a few years, and how incomprehensible her behaviour must seem to all those Mexicans who long to get into her country and live the life she left behind. Down by the blue waters, I looked across the field and saw any number of caravans and cars parked, with some slack-rope tents and no lavatory facilities except the pool. Some natives were selling bananas and blackmailing people into letting them "watch their cars while they bathed." I was reminded of lines from one of Bishop Heber's nineteenth-century hymns ("From Greenland's icy mountains/To India's coral strand")'

What though the balmy breezes
Waft over Java's Isle?
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

John Nobull's Mexican travelogue will be continued in the next issue.

Angel on His Shoulder?

Robert Langs is a superstar in the field of psychotherapy, the author of 20 books and chief shrink at a famous New York hospital. So when his new book, *Madness and Cure*, warned troubled individuals to beware of those psychiatrists who often do "incalculable harm" to their patients, people sat up and listened.

Pat McGuire, a cattle rancher from Laramie (WY), could have used Langs's advice a decade ago, for it was in 1976 that he entrusted himself to the couch of University of Wyoming shrink Leo Sprinkle. The problem was that McGuire had lost his way in a snowstorm while hunting elk in the Tetons, and emerged with a mild case of amnesia.

Sprinkle, the president of a group called PRO UFO, hypnotized McGuire during 24 sessions and finally "restored his memory." The new McGuire then vividly recalled having been abducted by aliens who flew him to Israel during the Yom Kippur War. There he was shown the "protective powers" which the Jews were given to keep the Arabs at bay: "So you see, if a Syrian pushes a button to fire a missile at an Israeli jet, there's always an invisible alien perched on his shoulder ready to send the missile off target."

Thanking Sprinkle profusely, McGuire returned to his ranching where, a month later, he found a cow mutilated -- by cultists, said the sheriff. McGuire had a different interpretation. "As I stared at it [the shredded cow], I could feel this wonderful energy." The energy turned out to be an alien named Michael who insisted that McGuire run for governor because he, "like the Jewish people, had been given special powers" that would benefit all humanity.

McGuire obediently hoisted an Israeli flag above his ranch, placed a Star of David on his belt buckle, and challenged Governor Ed Herschler to a showdown. He got 8,000 votes in the Democratic primary.

McGuire's daughter, Julie, speaks to the aliens while brushing her teeth. When her dog, Mack, ran away, "they said they're taking care of him on the planet Israel." More recently, Julie ran for president of her third-grade class, and won -- "with the help of the aliens," of course.

The only kind of conservatism that has any particular interest for me, Satcom Sam, is cultural conservatism. Nothing is a greater enemy, a greater shredder, a greater obliterator of culture than the tube, which night and day scatters its electronic poison up and down the land, destroying the immune system of the soul just as effectively as AIDS wastes the immune system of the body.

One of the worst aspects of television is the unholy marriage of the goggle box with the motion picture industry. When TV first came along, Hollywood would have nothing to do with the "interloper." Now the two are so entwined it would take the burst of a supernova to separate them.

The fusion of Hollywood and TV is dramatically expounded by the annual Oscar Awards. This year's mutual backscratching spectacular took place in late April. Best picture: *Platoon* (Oliver Stone, writer/director); best actor: Paul Newman; best actress: Marlee Matlin; winner of the special Irving Thalberg Award: Steven Spielberg.

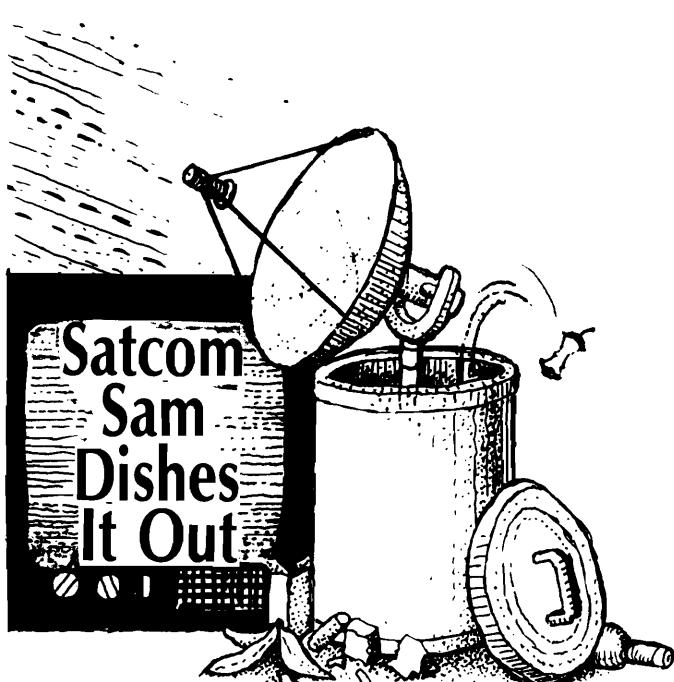
What do all these bigtime 1987 Oscar winners have in common? Each and every one is Jewish except Oliver Stone, who is only half. In her acceptance speech, which was given in sign language since she has been deaf since early childhood, Marlee Matlin couldn't resist injecting a little anti-WASP racism. Her spokesman intoned, "Our society isn't just for white Anglo-Saxon hearing people any more."

Majority members have been forced to shoulder truckloads of guilt in recent decades, but this is the first time we've been told to do penance for our ability to hear. Perhaps, to make Ms. Matlin happy, we should all puncture our eardrums.

In regard to *Platoon*, it's an annual ritual of mine to go to see the year's "best film." I treat it as a sort of anthropological excursion, like visiting a tribe in darkest Africa to learn what the primitives are up to. The idea is that if the "best film" is bad -- and it generally is -- then it saves me the trouble of having to see all the "worst" movies in order to find out to what new depths the lords of Beverly Hills have sunk.

Platoon was so awful that, despite the best intentions of Oliver Stone, whose previous cinematic triumphs consisted mainly of a Stalinistic movie deifying the Salvadoran rebels, he couldn't prevent his villain from becoming the hero, his two would-be heroes paling into wimpish insignificance because of the liberal clichés he put in their mouths. The two good guys were thinly disguised Jews, one even given the name of Elias. The archvillain was slightly Southern; the assistant villain, the one who shoots down unarmed villagers, was blatantly Southern. All Negroes were muy simpático. The one black malingerer, who stabs himself in the leg to earn some hospital time, does it so quickly the audience hardly knows what's transpiring.

The only good thing that can be said for *Platoon* is that it's a weathervane of the current state of cinema



nonart. The film is so rotten, so anti-white, so destructive of the few remaining props of Western civilization it almost makes you retch. Only a truly keen and thoroughly perverted intelligence could conceive of such a monstrosity. All is murder, four-letter grunts, gratuitous violence and fragging -- and as to the latter it is white G.I. against white G.I., not once but twice. Since it was the Negro soldiers who did practically all the fragging in Vietnam, the NAACP must have been particularly pleased by Stone's reversal of the racial facts.

In a score of years, when the U.S. collapses because of the cultural war waged against it by the likes of Stone and when his children or grandchildren take the first jets to a safer country which, answering the ancient call of their genes, they will then proceed to tear apart -- as they tore our nation apart -- we can see the headlines: JEWS FLEE PERSECUTION FOR BETTER LIFE. Needless to say, not a line of the story under such a headline will mention *Platoon* and Oliver Stone. The exodus will, as always, be called the fault of non-Jewish bigots.

* * *

Ever notice that the defendants in the great television show trials which come along every decade or so are always Republicans and the good guys and prosecutors are always Democrats or Republicans who act like Democrats? After the Army-McCarthy hearings and the Watergate purge we now have Iran-gate. The kind of treatment that will be handed out to the Reagan administration members can be gleaned by the two men who head the Senate half of the Select Committee: Chairman Daniel Inouye (D-HI) and Vice-Chairman Warren Rudman (R-VT). Inouye, a notorious pro-Zionist flunky, made a special trip to Israel last

December to reassure his Jewish friends that, in spite of the Pollard spy case and in spite of Israel's major role in Irangate, they had nothing to worry about.

Inouye should have been the last person the Democratic leadership put in charge of the Senate's participation in the Irangate proceedings. Before he got into politics, he was an Israel bond salesman and he still keeps various Jewish geegaws pinned prominently to his Senate office walls. Rudman, being Jewish, can hardly be expected to compensate for Inouye's fanatic Zionism. Before the hearings even started, Inouye, true to form, made a public prejudgment that Reagan knew much more about the diversion of funds to the Contras than he had admitted.

With people like Inouye and Rudman in charge, we can expect to hear very little about the Israeli input into Irangate. And what is heard will, of course, be downplayed by the media. As a sharp-eyed Washington-based Instaurationist reports:

At the Tower Commission's news conference, in reply to a question into Israeli involvement in Irangate, General Scowcroft stated, "There's no question that the Israelis encouraged if not -- did not initiate this policy, and that they did whatever they could, when it appeared to be flagging from time to time, to renew its vigor"

After ex-Senator Muskie had concurred, ex-Senator Tower added, "I would emphasize that there was heavy Israeli involvement."

NBC chose not to report the commissioners' comments on Israel. What Tom Brokaw did report the following evening was, "The Israelis said they were pleased that the Tower Report showed that they had played only a secondary role in the sale of U.S. arms to Iran."

* * *

Just as they have lowered films into a moral molehole, Jews have been busy in recent times animalizing radio. The leader of the current filthy speech movement is Howard Stern of New York, who hosts a four-hour morning show (also broadcast in Philadelphia) on which he holds forth on such inspiring topics as the mutilation of female sex organs (Sept. 16, 1986). The day before, he emceed a joke fest about menstruation. On other days he sounds off on masturbation, bestiality and lesbianism.

The FCC claims that it is finally going to crack down on radio and TV stations that broadcast such verbal sewage. Immediately the New York Times, the Washington Post and the ACLU rushed to Stern's defense and the defense of his many other racial buddies who need their mouths washed.

The FEC might also cast an eye on satellite broadcasts where children old enough to twist a dial can view the Playboy Channel (Satcom 4, transponder 24) after 8:00 p.m., as well as various unscrambled promos for scrambled hardcore films on Spacenet 1, where they can see in full color the kind of exercise

that appeals so obsessively to Gary Hart.

Nevertheless, it is my contention that even the rankest bare-bottom pornography on TV is not as bad as the pornography of the mind churned out by Oliver Stone.

* * *

CBS News is such a sacrosanct institution that when Laurence Tisch, its gargoyle CEO, fired some 230 surplus staffers, leaving a "skeleton staff" of "only" 970, the media reported the winnowing as if 230 angels had been cast out of heaven. Why so many tears and lamentations? Because CBS is the electronic edition of the New York Times; because it's the daily illustrated Bible of liberalism and minority racism. As such, it is holy. Not even a member of the tribe can violate it with impunity.

Back in the age of Majority super-trucklers Edward R. Murrow and Walter Cronkite, when CBS ruled the ratings roost and almost singlehandedly caused the U.S. to lose the Vietnam War, every word that Walter read from the teleprompter (he was never much of an ad libber) was received as gospel.

Fondly recalling those heady days, the lib-min crowd reached the decision that the sacking of the 230 was a blow against truth, a warning whistle that CBS would no longer be able to hold American public opinion in thrall. Injun Dan, who is always stomping on businessmen for their huge salaries and bonuses, said he would sacrifice \$600,000 of his annual \$2.5 million wage if the fired were rehired. Dan, by the way, gets his \$2.5 million for giving a 22-minute news spiel five nights a week for 11 months a year. Figured in air time, that comes out to more than \$2,000 a minute. Similar "sacrifices" were promised by the 11 other horrendously overpaid staffers of CBS News who make more than \$800,000 a year. To their relief, none of these rhetorical gestures made any impression on Tisch.

Call it TV, but also call it greed. As if there weren't enough adult diapers, false teeth glue and anti-stomach growler pills huckstered on CBS, the network announced that come next fall it would add five more minutes of commercials per week to its prime-time shows -- 3½ minutes on the network, 1½ minutes for the affiliates.

Amid all the firings, strikes and congressional investigations, CBS did get one good blast of publicity -- from the Washington Blade, the newspaper of the capital's fairy set. *What If I'm Gay?*, a CBS afternoon broadcast for kids, informed the teenybopper viewers that it was OK and normal to engage in sexual experimentation with members of the same sex. It's "part of growing up." Homosexuality can be "very dignified and fulfilling."

It was the kind of program that did Dan Rather and Larry Tisch proud, especially since it was aired at the very moment that AIDS was becoming more menacing than ever.

Talking Numbers

From 1480 to 1945, England engaged in 78 wars; France 71, Spain 64, Russia 61, Poland 30, Germany (including Prussia) 23, Denmark 20. (Source: Congressional Record, Senate, March 29, 1949, p. 3244)

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Jesse Jackson, who recently was given a \$350,000 advance for his autobiography by Simon & Schuster, gets \$12,500 per speaking engagement. \$10,000 black speakers include Oprah Winfrey, Coretta King, Cicely Tyson, Andrew Young and Bryant Gumbel.

#

A World History of the XX Century by J.A.S. Grenville contains some interesting Holocaust figures. Total number of victims: 3,677,475. Total number of survivors: 971,220. The figures are all the more surprising because the book was published in 1984 by the Brandeis University Press, which is not known for its revisionist leanings.

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Average annual income of American lawyers is \$104,625. 1 out of 9 attorneys has a net worth of \$1 million or more.

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60% of Americans believe homosexuals should not be given teaching jobs.

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Bob Schatz's Counter Spy Shop in New York will sell you a bulletproof car with armored roof, machine-gun ports and tear-gas ducts for \$385,000; a wiretap detector for \$30,000.

#

Statistics indicate that 74,000 of the country's 2.2 million remaining farms will go under this year. If the \$3 billion allocated to Israel in 1987 had been given to these hard-pressed farmers, the \$41,895 per farm would have prevented tens of thousands of bankruptcies.

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Sanford H. Orkin, the Jewish fumigator king, is the largest private landowner in Forsyth County (GA). He owns 860 acres.

#

Last year the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office issued 76,862 patents, 42,003 of which went to foreign inventors. If patents indicate inventiveness, instead of gadget-mindedness, then California (5,967) was the most inventive state; Japan (13,857) the most inventive foreign country.

1 4 5 3 9 6 2

Of the Protestant denominations, 74% of Southern Baptists think religion plays a "very important" part in their lives. Only 42% of Episcopalians agree.

#

After trying desperately to kill the story, Mort Zuckerman was mortified to see the salaries of his U.S. News & World Report bigwigs published in Washingtonian magazine: David R. Gergen, editor, \$200,000 a year; Michael Ruby, executive editor, \$180,000; Mel Elfin, director of planning, \$117,000. Not printed in the story, though known to its author, Judith Hennessee, was the salary of Peter Bernstein, managing editor, \$125,000.

#

In Vietnam, from Oct. 1, 1968, to Sept. 30, 1969, the percentage of black soldiers involved in the following crimes against white military personnel were: 19.2% of all murders, 50% in cases of attempted murder; 43% in aggravated assaults; 71% in robberies. At the time, blacks comprised 9.1% of U.S. Army troops in Vietnam. (Guenther Lewy, *America in Vietnam*, Oxford University Press, 1978, p. 155)

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The Jewish Press (Mar. 13, 1987) reported the presence of 2,000 Israeli agents in security positions in Brazil.

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The entourage of Zaire's dictator Mobutu required 20 stretch limousines to move from one Washington (DC) meeting to another. Margaret Thatcher needed only 3 such elongated vehicles during her last visit to the nation's capital.

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Father Symeon Carmona of the Russian Orthodox Church in Albuquerque is, paradoxically, a descendant of converted New Mexican Jews, who overtly practiced Catholicism. He estimated there are 1,000 families in the state who are "conversos." In Spanish-speaking countries such secret Jews are called Marranos, "pigs." (National Catholic Reporter, Feb. 20, 1987)

#

The most miserable place to live is Mozambique, which gets a 95 in the International Index of Human Suffering, compiled by the Population Crisis Committee of Washington (DC). Best place is Switzerland with a 4. West Germany (5), Luxembourg (6) and The Netherlands (7) outclass the U.S. (9). Angola, another black African socialist paradise, is the world's second most miserable country (91).

The 1984 Gross National Product of the U.S. included \$124 billion in restaurant meals, up from \$44 billion in 1974. The services component of the GNP is now 49%, compared to 38% in 1960.

#

Where are all the teachers going? 40% of bachelor's degrees in 1966-67 were related to education; only 12% in 1983-84. Black teachers comprised 12% of U.S. teachers in 1970, 8% in 1980. It is expected they will be down to 5% by 1990.

#

Some 1,300 U.S. citizens are currently residing in foreign hoochegows. Most jailed Americans abroad are in Mexico (313), West Germany (166) and Canada (163).

#

High-school dropout rates in New York State from the tenth grade on: Hispanics 62%; blacks 53%; non-Hispanic whites 20%. To make sense out of these figures, it should be remembered that most Hispanics without a preponderance of Indian genes have a preponderance of black genes.

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While the Pope is off on one of his expensive junkets, every six hours the world's population increases by 58,000. Although proliferation and high unemployment bother John Paul II, he still keeps telling his huge flock to skip abortions and contraceptives.

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The senators who raked in the most cash for orating to Jewish organizations in 1980-85 -- and showing their thanks by voting down the line for Israel -- were Christopher Dodd (D-CT), \$85,000; Lowell Weicker (R-CT), \$41,000; Paul Sarbanes (D-MD), \$26,450; Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-NY), \$25,000; Daniel Inouye (D-HI), \$20,000; Robert Packwood (R-OR), \$18,161; Joseph Biden (D-DE), \$14,350; Alan Cranston (D-CA), \$12,600; Gary Hart (D-CO), \$9,000; William Cohen (R-ME), \$8,000.

#

In 1650 James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, after a lifetime of Bible study, announced he had discovered the exact year of creation -- 4004 B.C. Not long afterward Dr. John Lightfoot, a Cambridge don, narrowed the big Jewish bang down to October 23 of that momentous year, at precisely 9:00 in the morning.

#

"Lord" is repeated 1,854 times in the Bible. "And" appears 46,277 times. "Girl" is mentioned only once.

Primate Watch



STEVEN E. STREIT of Huntsville (AL) was arrested in February for mishandling \$18 million in investment funds. Streit was chairman of the finance committee of a local Baptist church, which he joined in 1981. Before that he was treasurer of Temple B'nai Sholom. Streit concentrated on defrauding members of his later, not his earlier religion.

☆ ☆ ☆

In a newly published book, *Bernstein*, by Joan Peyer, the author claims that pill-popping **LENNY**, a poor composer and worse conductor, not only engaged in homosexual liaisons to advance his musical career, but stole his most famous tune, "Maria," from *Regina*, a lousy opera by close friend Marc Blitzstein.



Frenetic Lenny at work

☆ ☆ ☆

The **TISCH BROTHERS**, investment banker **WILLIAM SALOMON**, **MICHAEL DAVID-WEILL** of Lazard Frères, **MICHAEL LANDON**, **LORNE GREENE**, **SIDNEY POITIER**, **NORMAN LEAR** and the late **ANDY WARHOL** were among the money grubbers who participated in the crooked tax shelter scam of **CHARLES A. ATKINS** and his partner, **ERNEST H. GRUNEBAUM**. All the "investors" were minority-ites and/or fairies, all claimed false deductions of at least \$500,000 on their income tax returns. Too big and well connected to go to jail, where Atkins and Grunebaum will probably go, they will have to reimburse the U.S. Treasury in full and pay substantial fines.

☆ ☆ ☆

MICHAEL DUKAKIS, governor of Massachusetts, has thrown his hat in the presidential ring. His first campaign money, \$1,000, was provided by **MARK WEINER**, a Providence (RI) businessman. A few weeks before the announcement, **MRS. DUKAKIS**, a Jewess, let the cat out of the bag at a meeting of 1,200 Hadassah members, when she announced she would approve her husband's candidacy.

Thanks to the intervention of the **AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION**, prison authorities in Oregon now permit kissing, embracing and handholding between pancy inmates and their lavender-leaning visitors.

☆ ☆ ☆

LORENZO MANNS, former Juvenile Court Administrator in Columbus (GA), who confessed he had stolen \$27,000 of court money, was given a five-year jail sentence. The Georgia Department of Pardons and Paroles, which granted Leo Frank his posthumous pardon, plans to let Manns out this coming September, when he will have served less than one year.

☆ ☆ ☆

THREE BLACK MINISTERS have charged that blackophile **Rev. WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN** is anti-black and has caused the financial ruin of Zoo City's Riverside Church, for years a center of minority racist and homosexual agitation. Coffin fought tooth and nail for the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam, but has had little or nothing to say about U.S. military operations in the Middle East.

☆ ☆ ☆

The onetime national hero of Israeli basketball, black New Jerseyite **AULCIE PERRY JR.**, was convicted of heroin smuggling in a Brooklyn Federal Court. Perry converted to Judaism a year after his arrival in Israel.

☆ ☆ ☆

Police arrested 20-year-old **SHELLY CARTER**, a Fordham (NY) mother, for selling her six-year-old daughter for cash and a check. She was charged with helpfully holding down her child as three men raped and sodomized her. Ms. Carter's race was not mentioned, but if she is a Majority member, Instauration will close down Primate Watch and never print another word critical of minorities.

☆ ☆ ☆

At the height of the Pollard spy case and the revelations of Israel's hip-deep involvement in the arms for hostages debacle, **Senator DANIEL INOUYE**, who presides over the Senate Select Committee investigating Irangate, attended a dinner at which he received another of those endless Jewish awards -- this time the Commander Uriah P. Levy Citizens Award from the Jewish War Veterans. How much Inouye, a Japanese who fought like a tiger for the U.S. in Italy in WWII, got for his appearance is not known, but guests were charged \$100 per person.

Golf is about the only organized sport which hasn't turned its back on South Africa. But reporter **STEVE JACOBSON** of Newsday hopes to change that. A recent column excoriated golfer Lanny Wadkins for playing at Sun City, and for saying, "I don't believe in mixing sports and politics."

☆ ☆ ☆

Computer operator **RUBEN CARDONA**, 45, of Zoo City's Baruch College, has been charged with "sodomizing at least 50 boys," aged 7 to 17.

☆ ☆ ☆

PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS, the black star of *Miami Vice*, has fathered seven illegitimate children with four different women (race unspecified).

☆ ☆ ☆

Two of the seven Fulton County (Atlanta) commissioners are white. At a recent meeting of the commission to debate appointing a black county attorney, the two whites were charged with racism. They were not permitted to defend themselves because the meeting was for **BLACK COMMISSIONERS** only.

☆ ☆ ☆

Daniel P. McKeon, a popular high-school senior in Florissant (MO), was stabbed to death by classmate **RAYMOND HOWARD**, a black. Neither the Missouri nor the national media wanted to make a Howard Beach case out of Howard's racial crime.

☆ ☆ ☆

Anything to bad-mouth a great Western genius! **LILLIAN SCHWARTZ**, a graphics consultant for Bell Labs, has proposed that Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* is really a self-portrait. The idiotic idea was probably intended to help promote the dearly beloved theory of gays that Leonardo had a limp wrist.

☆ ☆ ☆

Born to an Orthodox Jewish couple in Kiryat Arba, Israel, earlier this year, was the great grandson of **LEON TROTSKY**. Daddy is **DAVID AXELROD**, the son of Trotsky's grandson, **SERGEI SEDOV**. Mommy is a **YEMENITE JEWESS**.

☆ ☆ ☆

Where does **MARTIN PERETZ** get all the millions he spends promoting Zionism? They come from his marriage to **ANNE LABOUISSÉ**, the daughter of the late Henry R. Labouisse, a liberal State Department and United Nations careerist, who married **ELIZABETH SCRIVEN CLARK**, the granddaughter of Alfred C. Clark, a founder of the Singer (sewing machine) Manufacturing Co.

B'NAI B'RITH INTERNATIONAL now has its own gold MasterCard with a \$10,000 credit line and an annual fee of \$30 after the first year, which is free.

☆ ☆ ☆

According to Armando Valladares' book, *Against All Hope*, Capt. **HERMAN F. MARKS**, an American, was the man hired by Castro to give the coup de grâce to political prisoners executed in Cuban torture chambers. He often asked his victims in which ear they wanted to be shot. Marks is now living somewhere in the U.S. The witch-hunters in Washington are not at all interested in prosecuting him for crimes against humanity.

☆ ☆ ☆

Last February, 2,000 celebrities attended a bash put on by the Simon Wiesenthal Center to honor **NATAN SHCHARANSKY**, the Jewish refusenik of the month. **JANE FONDA**, naturally, was mistress of ceremonies. Australian media monopolist **RUPERT MURDOCH** hosted a dinner which included such bigwigs as **WILLIAM SHATNER**, **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER** and his **KENNEDY** spouse and of course **ARMAND HAMMER**.

☆ ☆ ☆

What do you know? **JOHNNY CARSON** has an illegitimate half-black ten-month-old granddaughter, whom her black mother's lawyer claims is "living in a hovel" because grandpappy Johnny's wayward son, Christopher, won't come up with enough financial support. The black mother, who has two teenaged kids from two earlier marriages, is certain that Johnny urged Christopher to jilt her.

☆ ☆ ☆

Black **MARVIN SIMPKINS** gave anti-racist lectures to six white females, two of them 14 years old, as he raped and tortured them on different occasions some months ago in Denver. One of his victims was stabbed and beaten so badly she lost part of her vision in one eye.

☆ ☆ ☆

Fat Face is, at least for the nonce, less fat. Senator **EDWARD KENNEDY**, says People (April 13, 1987), has pared off 36 pounds in the last few months. It was said he no longer eats four or five club sandwiches a day. Nothing was said about the calories lost from a reduced alcohol intake.

☆ ☆ ☆

The first McDonnell-Douglas business jet, the sleekest and newest of this multi-million-dollar, time-conquering, distance-smashing breed, has been purchased by **GINJI YASUDA**, a Nevada gambling house owner.

VANNA WHITE, the letter-flipping TV quiz queen, regrets her bare-bottom photos in Playboy. Thanks to hype and bleaching agents, the dark-haired daughter of **MIGUEL ANGEL ROSICH**, a Puerto Rican elevator operator, has been turned into an ersatz electronic Nordic goddess.

☆ ☆ ☆

Having broken up a CIA recruiting drive and consequently violated the civil rights of Brown University non-creeps, sophomore **AMY CARTER** placed herself even further above the law by refusing to pay parking fines (\$305 at last count). Brown officials slapped her wrist by placing her on limited probation, which is equivalent to no punishment at all. At her jury trial in Northampton (MA), she and her law-breaking cohorts were found not guilty -- to no one's surprise. It would have been a different story if she had tried to break up a liberal-minority function. We wonder how Jimmy the Tooth and the Iron Magnolia feel about their prodigal daughter and her Svengali, the convicted dope peddler and professional gadfly, **ABBIE HOFFMAN**.

☆ ☆ ☆

If **DAVID DURENBERGER** isn't in enough trouble with sons on drugs, a wife who moved out on him, an unhappy affair with a secretary and a drinking problem, the Minnesota senator may have committed a felony by saying that the U.S. spied on Israel. If true, this is classified information and the last person in the world who has the right to release it is a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee. Durenberger is in such good standing with Jewry that he will probably take Jewish campaign money away from Democrat **HUBERT H. HUMPHREY III**, who intends to challenge him for his Senate seat next year.

☆ ☆ ☆

Minority entrepreneur **JOHN GRAYSON** has been accused of diverting a \$2 million federal loan to his "personal enrichment" with the help of two California congressmen, **MERVYN DYMALY** and **JULIAN DIXON**, both of whom happen to be Negroes. After leasing a Rolls-Royce and refurbishing his townhouse in the nation's capital, Grayson put his defense firm into bankruptcy.

☆ ☆ ☆

Most of the culprits in the ongoing New York City corruption scandal have been Jews. In April they were joined by an Italian, **Rep. MARIO BIAGGI**, and an Hispanic, **Rep. ROBERT GARCIA**. The former was indicted for bribery, fraud, conspiracy and obstruction of justice in connection with federal defense contracts; the latter is being investigated for accepting payola from Wedtech, a bankrupt military contractor.

The lawyers of John Demjanjuk, now on trial for war crimes in Israel, have charged that **ARMAND HAMMER**, the 88-year-old millionaire busybody, is a KGB agent. Hammer provided Israeli prosecutors with the original of the ID card, probably forged by the Soviets, that linked Demjanjuk to the legendary "Ivan the Terrible," the scourge of Treblinka.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Judicial Conference of the United States, consisting of 26 federal judges under the leadership of Chief Justice Rehnquist, has asked Congress to start impeachment proceedings against Florida U.S. District Judge **ALCEE HASTINGS**. Since he is black, there will be great reluctance from House members to initiate such an action, although they had no compunction about voting to send white judge Harry Claibourne to trial in the Senate, which ended in his removal from the bench. Hastings says he is a victim of racism. The panel of federal judges, after due deliberation, charged that he is guilty of bribery and conspiracy, and that when he was acquitted of these charges in 1983, he lied under oath.

☆ ☆ ☆

A warrant has been issued in Milan for the arrest of **Archbishop PAUL MARCINKUS**, head of the Vatican bank, which was heavily and embarrassingly involved in the collapse of Banco Ambrosiano in 1982. Marcinkus is not likely to feel any handcuffs around his wrists, however, as he can hide behind the "extraterritoriality" of Vatican City.

☆ ☆ ☆

He says he got his \$4.5 million in time, so he won't have to die. But TV preacher **ORAL ROBERTS** might have reached his financial goal a little sooner if he had been willing to sell his \$2.4 million mansion in Beverly Hills.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAVID B. HARRINGTON, upper-school principal of the Hebrew Academy of Greater Washington, was arrested for sexually molesting a 14-year-old boy. After posting a \$10,000 bond in March, he vanished into thin air. He was hired by headmaster **Rabbi WILLIAM MILLER**, a former Academy director, in spite of previous arrests for theft and child abuse.

☆ ☆ ☆

After four years of skimping on calories, self-confessed faggot **Rep. BARNEY FRANK** (D-IS) sheared off 70 pounds. So much loose skin was left, he had to have it removed by plastic surgery.



Canada. Anyone who loves fishing will likely recognize the name of Roderick Haig-Brown, the English-born Canadian judge and university chancellor whose books on the subject have remained popular since his death in 1976. A lesser-known achievement of Haig-Brown was the series of reports on personnel recruiting which he prepared for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) in 1944. Then a captain in the Canadian army, he spent several months traveling across Canada and speaking personally with members of Mountie detachments before preparing his recommendations for use by the head office in Ottawa.

Reporting only what he saw and heard, Haig-Brown noted that Canadians of Scandinavian, German and Swiss background made especially good police officers, while French-Canadians had "a greater emotional volatility" than any of those groups or the English. American Indians and Eastern Europeans were found to be prone to violence and unpredictability. The running racial commentary in Haig-Brown's reports did not spare his own kind. A special problem with British immigrants: they did not "always adjust properly to Canadian citizenship or accept the country fully as [their] own."

In 1978, the RCMP's chief personnel officer in Quebec, Charles Philion, got hold of the Haig-Brown reports -- still kept in Ottawa -- through a pretext. After reading them, he began writing angry letters to his superiors, which paid off when the reports were consigned to the RCMP archives in early 1979. Actually, the original reports were destroyed, but not before a microfilm copy had been made. On November 3, 1986, the Canadian public learned of the reports' existence, and of the controversy surrounding their removal, through a Toronto Globe and Mail article based on a federal Access to Information Act request.

Comparisons of police performance based on race and ethnicity may be a thing of the past, but comparisons based on gender certainly are not. Only six days after the Toronto article appeared, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune highlighted the dramatic differences in job ratings between that city's male and female police officers. The annual evaluations made by department supervisors rated 40% of the male officers excellent for "control of conflict -- voice command, physical skill," compared to 5% of the much smaller pool of female officers. Only 13% of the men, but 66% of the women, had a poor rating in that area. Thirty percent of the men and 8% of the women had excellent "driving skills," while 29% of the men and 63% of the women were relatively poor drivers.

In 24 basic areas --including safety, in-

vestigative skill and performance under stress -- the women outperformed the men, though just barely, in only two, notably "report writing -- grammar, spelling, neatness" and "report writing -- proper reports, accuracy, organization, etc." Even the vice-president of the local organization for lady cops, listed as one of the "typical" problems faced by members, "How do I keep from crying on a call?"

Britain. American presidential elections go on till kingdom come and midterm congressional elections for almost as long. British general elections, on the other hand, last exactly one month -- the month preceding election day. Prime Minister Thatcher's win in June was her third straight, a record for a 20th-century Tory government.

Those few Americans sincerely interested in democracy and the large number of Americans who are insincerely interested should get behind an amendment to change the U.S. form of government into the British parliamentary system. If it managed to pass, two immediate advantages would be the end of the semi-permanent election circus and the elimination of the political impasse where the chief executive belongs to one party and the legislative majority to another.

Thatcher's government, which calls itself conservative, is no more so than Reagan's. It may be conservative in an economic sense -- anti-labor, free market, pro-deregulation, anti-protectionism, pro-Star Wars and all that -- but it is very much non- or even anti-conservative in the social and cultural spheres -- lax immigration laws, crime waves, rampant pornography, sex and financial scandals, tolerance of homosexuals, influence peddling, frenetic Zionism and all that.

Typical of what Britain has come to was the parliamentary election in Scotland. The Tory incumbent, Malcolm Rifkind, Maggie's Secretary of State for Scotland, beat out his Labour Party rival, Mark Lazarowicz. Robert Bruce and William Wallace ("Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled/Scots, wham Bruce has often led . . .") were never partisans of democracy, but they would have become rabid medieval fascists if they had foreseen the Rifkind-Lazarowicz contest. An election for a Scottish seat in the British Parliament fought over by two Jews! They might well reconsider the Scottish independence for which they had fought so mightily.

* * *

So many homos joined the British Secret Service in this century that the concentration was worthy of a San Francisco bathhouse. We all know about the "sexual pre-

ferences" of the Blunts, Macleans and Burgeses, but not until last April did we learn about the late Sir Maurice Oldfield, who was head of MI6 for five years (1973-78). Yep, he too was a member of the club, as Mrs. Thatcher had to admit in a written statement to Parliament.

Speaking of British fairies, James Lee-Milne has written a biography of Reginald Brett, Viscount Esher, entitled, *The Enigmatic Edwardian* (Sidgwick, London, 1987). Esher lived in Windsor Castle, not far from the quarters of his close friend, King Edward VII, who gave him the job of editing Queen Victoria's letters. In no time he became the grey (or rather the lavender) eminence of his bon vivant king on matters both political and military. When not advising or brainwashing Edward, milord was chasing 16-year-old boys and even nudged his own son down the homosexual path. Disgusting as he was, Esher was invited by Prime Minister Arthur Balfour to become the Secretary of State for War, and Prime Minister Henry Campbell-Bannerman wanted to appoint him Viceroy of India. He was so immersed in his vicious pursuits that he turned down both offers.

Esher's career was sufficient proof that the British Empire's sic transit began to transiit well before WWI.

* * *

All across Britain, decent citizens, many of them elderly, can no longer receive their milk or their mail or catch a cab home. To pay their rent, they must walk across town rather than meet the rent collector at the door. The reason is the rapid proliferation of "no-go zones," neighborhoods which no outsider will enter if he can possibly avoid it.

Officially, such zones do not exist in Britain. Yet the Police Federation, a union group, admits that there are more than 70 areas in London alone where policemen will no longer work except in "large teams." The same situation exists in many other cities. Liverpool's rent collectors abandoned their routes ten years ago. In Leicester, insurance companies have begun refusing to cover against theft and the entire city center is called a "danger zone." Elsewhere in the industrial Midlands, ambulance crews are demanding and receiving special protective clothing.

The elderly poor remember a profoundly different Britain, which existed as recently as 20 years ago. Now, says one lady, many live in "Alcatraz" and don't dare go out except in the early morning. Mrs. Mary Ellery is a Labour Party councillor for Southwark, London, but that political and ideological affiliation does not alter her attitude toward the Gypsy squatters who have taken over part of her housing project. "I hate them all," she told a Daily Telegraph reporter (Feb. 9). Pointing to rows of boarded-up windows with trash and wrecked cars in the yards, she noted:

Those flats aren't empty, you know. People have put their own boards up to stop the burglars. The council put metal bars up for them, but they weren't good enough. The kids round here will take the whole doorframe out with sledge hammers, in broad daylight.

A project like Mrs. Ellery's is "only" one-third black. But the white residents tend to be older, the black ones younger, and it is perfectly clear that the blacks set all the behavioral standards for the younger age groups. Poor white kids have to go along with the arson, the trashiness, the loud and menacing ways, if they hope to survive in the pack. Tragically, they must often become "black" in all but appearance.

London cab drivers say they are occasionally put under intense pressure to serve as get-away drivers. One, speaking of Southwark, told the Daily Telegraph,

Working down there destroys you. You are constantly on the alert. Anybody could jump you. There are crazy people, high on drugs.

Say the wrong thing, and you've had it. You're attacked, knifed.

You have the feeling everyone is high on drugs, is carrying a knife, is a mugger. You can trust nothing and nobody.

* * *

Ruth Dudley Edwards's new biography of publisher Victor Gollancz provoked this recollection from Frederic Raphael (*Sunday Times*, Jan. 18):

VG was the incarnation of paradox: a militant pacifist, a humble egomaniac, a snobbish socialist, an uxorious adulterer, a chauffeur-driven egalitarian, a high-brow cheapskate, a plump Don Quixote, a Christian Jew. What advocate of human concord made enemies more gratuitously or harboured a grudge more rancorously? What crusader for reconciliation was more impervious to anyone else's point of view? Incapable of tact or reticence, he demanded regular adulation from the victims of his own candour. As a publisher of genius, he created the modern bestseller....

In the 1930s his methods scandalised a profession in which gentlemen (or inertia) were said to be at home.... Price-cutting and agit-prop [in Gollancz's The Left Book Club] created a sort of prototypical Open University in which all, or most, roads led to Moscow, where the rainbow was alleged to end.... Victor's own pamphlets... created a climate of high-minded self-righteousness from which the Left is unlikely ever fully to recover....

He was so Jewish that one winces, and so full of energy, humour and love of good things that one applauds.

Gollancz did a few good things in his time. Following World War II, he demanded, without success, an attitude of "Christian forgiveness" toward defeated Germany. Later, he again enraged British Jewry

by campaigning against the execution of Adolf Eichmann. Among the literary careers he helped launch were those of Colin Wilson and Kingsley Amis.

British Primate Watch

• Pop singer and actor **BILLY STEEL**, the adopted son of David Steel, Liberal Party leader, finally abandoned his plans to marry black warbler Sharon Stephens. The wedding had been set for July 14. Sharon swears it will take place as scheduled.

• In a March visit to Swaziland, **PRINCE CHARLES** joined a gaggle of black maidens in a writhing and wriggling dance called the Swazi Shuffle. His bare-footed partners in the terpsichorean art were dressed in red wrap-around sheets and had dried seed pods around their ankles, which gave off a staccato rattle when shaken.

• Sally Rudetsky, a Long Guyland teacher of the handicapped, is suing **BOY GEORGE** for £12 million for his complicity in the death of her son, rock musician Michael Rudetsky, who died of a heroin overdose last August in The Boy's palatial digs in Hampstead.

• He's in pretty good physical shape for a man who has been behind bars for 20 years. **REGGIE KRAY**, onetime British gangland boss, looks like a 40-year-old Jew, though he's getting on to 54. He attributes his fine physical fettle to working out in the prison gym five times a week.

• Scotland Yard is looking for a **BEARD-ED BLACK** who beat a 21-year-old white mother unconscious and threw her blue-eyed baby girl into a canal in a London suburb. The infant was saved from drowning by a passerby.

• Britain's wealthiest businessmen are part-Jewish **DAVID SAINSBURY** (£738.8 million) and the all-Jewish **ROBERT MAXWELL** (£502.7 million). Other Jewish members of Britain's "15 richest" are **ALAN SUGAR** (9th richest), a computer magnate, and **STEPHEN RUBIN** (15th) of Reebok shoes.

• **WINSTON MESSAM**, London's black jogging rapist, was given an 18-year sentence for four "terrifying sex attacks" on white women who left their windows open for the exit and entry of their cats.

France. Since the world, or at least the Western world, has reached the point where anti-Nazism has become a creed to which every public figure must swear allegiance, it was only natural that France should enter the war crimes trial derby. Paris was becoming jealous of all the publicity generated by the deportation hearings in the U.S., the free-speech suppression trials in Canada, the war crimes trials in

West Germany and the Demjanjuk trial in Jerusalem.

France's entry into this new form of legal show biz is the Barbie circus now going on in Lyons. Although the protagonist was a minor cog in the German security apparatus, the French have had to make do with what they have in hand. If you can't have a cracker, be content with a crumb and pretend it's a cracker.

Having kidnapped Barbie from Bolivia, French officials let him cool off in jail for four years before dragging him into a court in Lyons, where he has been presented as the most evil, wicked and despicable man this side of Lucifer, who would probably have received more judicious treatment from the 750 newsmen, 50 plaintiffs and various legal bureaucrats jamming the courthouse rooms and corridors. Forty prosecutors stacked against one defense lawyer, a Eurasian ex-Communist, doesn't augur well for the kind of justice that should be blind, but is turning out to be cross-eyed. Barbie is being tried under an *ex post facto* law. There was no such animal as "crimes against humanity" in the French law books at the time of Barbie's operations.

As a lieutenant in a 120-man SS unit in central France during WWII, Barbie rounded up some Jews, tortured some Resistance fighters and probably murdered some others, either in cold blood or by sending them off to die in typhus-ridden German concentration camps -- just as French security teams rounded up Nazis after the war, tortured some and murdered some. Then there was the bloody business the French committed in the Algerian war (1954-62). But what is permitted to French sadists is not permitted to German sadists. It might also be pointed out that 90% of the 76,000 Jews deported from France to Germany in WWII were arrested by Frenchmen, not Germans.

In the matter of comparative justice, the onetime French premier, the Jewish Léon Blum, emerged safe and sound from a Nazi prison after the war. How many top-ranking Nazis emerged safe and sound after their stays in British, American, French and Russian prisons?

Barbie stunned the court by refusing to listen to the prosecution's and witnesses' litany of his evildoing. He insisted on returning to his cell where, as a student of the classics, he is reading the *Odyssey* in the original Greek. His wife having died and his son having expired in a hang glider crash shortly before he was shanghaied out of Bolivia, Barbie is left with one daughter, Ute, who is allowed to visit him but not to touch him.

Although it is not in conformity with French law, the judge finally had Barbie dragged back to the courtroom so witnesses could identify him. What the courtroom mob and the "world mob" really want -- Barbie swinging on a rope -- they won't get



because France has no death penalty. He is almost sure to get a life sentence, but assuredly his time behind bars is going to be relatively short. Already 74, with a recent prostate operation on his hospital record and suffering from high blood pressure, Barbie is certain not to serve enough time to mollify his vengeful enemies.

* * *

Jean-Marie Le Pen was given another publicity boost by French television's four-star TV program, *L'Heure de vérité* (The Hour of Truth). He took advantage of this rare opportunity for French nationalists by reemphasizing his recently announced candidacy for the presidency. He also told his viewers that since March 1986, his Front National has been allowed to appear on seven important radio and TV broadcasts, whereas the Communist Party was treated to 18 such appearances, the Socialist Party 62 and the two center parties (RPR and UDF) 107.

Polls previous to Le Pen's appearance on *L'Heure de vérité* indicated that the French people as a whole had a 17% "favorable" opinion of him. After the show, polls said the figure rose to 38%.

* * *

A recent film, *Rouge Baiser* (Red Kiss), has that most sensitive of sensitive themes: Jews and communism. Focusing on the sympathetic personality of a 15-year-old Jewish girl, Nadia, the story labors through the circles of the postwar Semitic left in Paris. Initially the youthful protagonist shares her father's burning faith in Marxism, joining the Party's student wing, marching in the street demonstrations and even going so far as to send Josef Stalin fan letters and embroidered slippers!

The immediate focus of Nadia's political outrage is The System, meaning anything from her family structure to local flics. The Gendarmerie is regularly denounced as Fascist, and the U.S. is the symbol of all that is decadent. At one Communist rally, Nadia, while being beaten by the police, is rescued by Stephane, a photographer from a "bourgeois" magazine, *Paris Match*. Nadia douses him with her stock Stalinist propaganda, but is eventually won over by her boyfriend's brand of non-adversarial politics.

Stephane's influence over Nadia is reinforced by the arrival of her mother's ex-lover, Moishe, a disillusioned Old Bolshevik just released from a Gulag. The girl's growing doubts predictably lead to a clash with her Jewish street-fighter buddies. She begins to see them as too repressive, especially when they denounce her reactionary high-heeled shoes.

Though the film is well acted and shows

a teenager living through a tumultuous period of European history, the significance of Nadia's flirtation with communism as typical of Jewish dalliance with Stalinism is at best a half-truth. Jewish involvement with French communism was pretty much all-out. Nadia's tentative posture, as a metaphor for the Jewish Story, needs a lot of editing.

Throughout the Western world, in the late 1940s, Jews had become fairly well identified with pro-Communist leftism and ultra-leftism. In the U.S., the McCarthy anti-Communist campaign was more or less openly anti-Semitic. (And for good reason: the entire apparatus of the CPUSA was practically a "Jewish club.") Jewish commentators usually attempt to dismiss this involvement as being nothing more than the "traditional Jewish dedication to principles of social justice." That argument might work for the early 1920s, but not for the late 1940s, when the reality of Stalin's terror had become generally known.

Because the linkage of Jews to communism had been well established in France years before the advent of McCarthyism, French public opinion was at least as anti-Semitic in the 1930s as was, say, German public opinion one decade earlier. The notion of the Jew as a cosmopolitan schemer indifferent to the welfare of the population at large had been reinforced in the French psyche by the turn-of-the-century Dreyfus case. On one side was the liberal tradition growing out of the Enlightenment's dedication to individual rights, which Jews and Protestants were seen to embody. Their successes in commerce, their obvious antipathy to clericalism, and their manipulative talents were seen as proof of cultural danger. On the other side was a conservative tradition spilling over from the reaction against Revolutionary excesses. Embracing this line of thought, the Catholic majority felt that the "soul" of France was in danger of being kidnapped by Jewish cosmopolitan liberalism, if not by a freemasonry of materialistic cynicism.

When the Germans invaded France in 1940, many Frenchmen simply refused to fight. The German threat to French Jewry was of no great concern to the French masses. During the occupation, no more than 2,500 Gestapo officials were required in France; the French police needed no prodding to round up and resettle hundreds of thousands of French and alien Jews eastward.

After the war, the French understandably tried to downplay the extent of their wartime anti-Semitism and collaboration. A 1969 film, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, brought back "painful" memories of anti-Jewish behavior, which many honest French observers privately admitted was

simply a reaction to the Jews' obstreperous behavior prior to the Germans' military occupation.

In modern-day France, anti-Semitism is increasing both within the political right and the political left. On the right, it was evidenced by the Front National's stunning capture of 10% of the vote in the 1985 elections. On the left, it is being linked to increasing anti-Zionist activism. Unafraid to compare Israel's heavy-handed treatment of the Palestinians with the Germans' rough handling of European Jewry, important segments of the French left portray Israel as racist and inhumanly brutal. The Jewish reaction to these accusations has been the "painful process" of selectively abandoning the left for neo-conservatism. Whether traditional French conservatives will be able to stomach Jews in their midst is an open question.

Netherlands. The grand opening of the Golden Fleece condomerie was celebrated in Amsterdam recently. The sex shop stocks 50 brands of condoms and will gift wrap purchases if requested.

* * *

The Anne Frank industry is thriving. A "definitive" version of the diary, authenticated by extensive chemical, handwriting and "historical" tests, has been published in Dutch and is in the process of being translated into English. The new edition proves that many passages had been culled from the first edition, which was published in 1947. Included in the latest redaction are some of Anne's lesbian musings. All that is still missing, say the publishers, are a few of Anne's more lecherous remarks.

From now on, woe betide anyone who utters the slightest doubts about the diary. The Anne Frank Foundation promises to haul such skeptics, wherever they may be, into court. Could that have been the reason that in its report of the publishing event, the New York Times omitted to mention the findings of a West German court that part of the diary had been written with a ballpoint pen, an invention that did not reach the Dutch market until 1951?

Carefully timed with the release of the "complete" diary was a book about Miep Gies, the Viennese-born woman credited with keeping the Frank family alive for two years. Written with the help of an American Jewess, Alison Leslie Gold, *Anne Frank Revisited* tells how Gies went to the Franks' hiding place almost every day with food and other supplies. Yet somehow the Gestapo never followed her. Somehow she was never bothered even when she went to Gestapo headquarters to try to buy her friends' freedom after they had been arrested.

The Franks, goes the legend, were betrayed by an "outsider" who was paid 60 guilders for the information. Some evil tongues have wagged that Gies herself did

the squealing, since she was never punished for helping to conceal a Jewish family on the wanted list.

Austria. The World Jewish Congress, practically a nation unto itself, not only went beyond the bounds of civilized behavior in trying to prevent the election of Kurt Waldheim as president of Austria, it hounded and slandered him to the extent that ordinary Austrians are now beginning to have second thoughts about their head of state.

Secretary of State George Shultz, hearing his master's voice (his real master) has put Waldheim on a "watch list," which means he has been subtly categorized as a war criminal and will not be allowed to set foot in the U.S. This is an unheard-of diplomatic affront to a friendly nation, all the more so because Waldheim has never been convicted of any war crime, even by a Communist court. In fact, the country that has been most prominent in Waldheim's defense and which objected most strongly to the World Jewish Congress's meddling in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation has been the USSR.

In May, Edgar M. Bronfman presided over a huge confab of WJC executives in Budapest. Previous to this, he had been flying back and forth to Moscow on a somewhat regular schedule on someone's private jet in an effort to persuade the Kremlin to let more Soviet Jews emigrate. It would be interesting to know if this expensive scurrying back and forth was charged to one of the many tax-exempt Jewish foundations or if Seagrams, the Bronfman liquor trust, paid his travel expenses. Since Edgar is actually running his own State Department, perhaps Secretary Shultz authorized payment from the U.S. treasury.

Meanwhile, Waldheim says he is going to sue Bronfman, the son of a Canadian-Jewish bootlegger, for slander. Who does the Austrian president and former UN Secretary General think he is? Ariel Sharon? There's a bona fide war criminal for you! But since he's of the right race and lives at the right time and in the right country, instead of sitting behind a plastic shield in a Jerusalem courtroom like John Demjanjuk, he is a member of the Israeli cabinet and instead of being on a watch list, when Sharon arrives in the U.S. he gets the red carpet treatment as he roams about the country tapping millions of tax-deductible dollars to fuel the Israeli war machine.

West Germany. Horror of horrors! Rudolf Hess has been writing a diary right underneath the Argus eyes of his British, French, American and Russian guards, who have orders to burn every last word that the onetime deputy *führer* manages to put on paper. The scandal was revealed when Charles Gabel, a French pastor allowed to visit Hess once a month, was caught red-

handed leaving Spandau with a stack of handwritten sheets. The crime was so grave that Gabel was immediately ordered out of Berlin and threatened with severe punishment if he ever tried to darken Hess's prison cell again. In fact, the French divine was double-damned because he had the temerity to write Comrade Gorbachev and beg for the release of the 93-year-old prisoner, who has not drawn a breath of free air for 46 years.

Equally ominously, someone recently took a photo of Hess wearing his old Nazi uniform. A more interesting snapshot would have shown him in the flying helmet, goggles and boots he wore on that famous 1941 flight to Scotland. Unfortunately, they were stolen from a wardrobe in Spandau's prison chapel.

Colonel Eugene Bird, the former commander of the American detachment at Spandau, suffered a fate somewhat similar to Gabel's when he wrote a book about Hess. He lost his job, was dismissed from the Army, and hounded and harassed by a bevy of CIA agents.

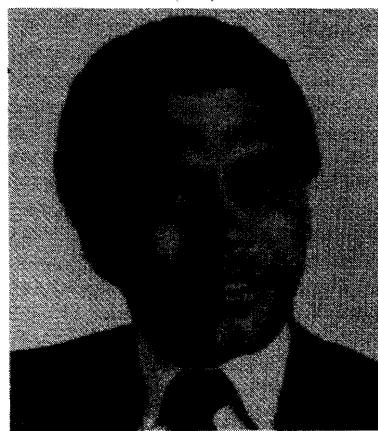
When Hess finally quits this mortal coil, the British plan to blow up Spandau and replace it with a commissary. The nonagenarian's remains will not be given to his family, but instantly cremated and his ashes scattered in the river Spree. No act of chivalry, charity or human decency may be extended to Nazis, dead or alive.

Hess recently spent a few weeks at a British military hospital in Berlin, suffering from pneumonia in his left lung. Although his son, Wolf-Rüdiger, said his father was hardly able to recognize him, Hess was eventually pronounced fit and returned to his cell in history's biggest and most expensive one-man prison.

Soviet Union. Mikhail Gorbachev must have been reading Instauration, though he is not on the magazine's subscription list. Maybe he receives his monthly copy by diplomatic pouch from one of those subscribers with unusual names, who have Washington and New York addresses. Anyway, the Soviet bossman slyly suggested to a group of junketing congressmen that the U.S. 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 so-called regions.

The loudest to scream at Gorbachev's proposal were professional blacks like Jesse Jackson and Rep. Mickey Leland (D-TX). Who will pay for PUSH and all those federally subsidized minority enterprises if U.S. whites should have their own country and reserve their money for white projects? What the Jackson crowd fears most is any sweeping political and geographical reorganization that would deprive it of its un-

earned affirmative action perks. However, if Jackson & Co. could be guaranteed \$4 to \$5 billion a year like Israel, they might take another look at the proposition.



Leland was horrified
by Gorbachev's suggestion.

Israel. Six huge, hideous glass pillars, each containing a small fountain and a gas flame, have suddenly appeared near the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. The monument, one of the zillion dedicated to the Holocaust, is in such appallingly bad taste that even high-powered Jewish Jerusalemites have complained. The memorial, incidentally, was paid for by Israel's former chief rabbi, Shlomo Goren, who has a tax-exempt foundation in the U.S., to which a certain Jack Burstyn, a survivor who lives in Springfield (NJ), contributed \$300,000. A large slice of this sum would have gone into the U.S. treasury if the government had had the guts to disallow tax-deductibility on oversized Jewish gifts to Israel.

* * *

Continuing to demonstrate that it can get away with almost anything, Israel arrogantly turned down Norway's request to permit the International Atomic Energy Agency to determine how it had used two Norwegian shipments of heavy water, which contains deuterium, an all-important ingredient in the recipe for nuclear bombs. In explaining the refusal, Foreign Minister Shimon Peres snickered that the IAEA was traditionally "unobjective."

At present, Israel is revving up its nuclear weapons research by developing a "directed-energy nuclear weapon." Since a similar project is underway in the U.S., Israel's program is not exactly a coincidence. As proved by the Pollard case, the Zionist state has spies in high places in the American defense network. Edward Teller, the one-footed Hungarian Jew known as Bombfather Jr. for inventing the H-bomb, has been commuting back and forth to Israel of late and is probably a driving force behind Israel's advanced nuclear weaponry. A directed-energy nuke, by the way, is one that focuses the blast at a specific target; a beamed fireball is another way of describing it.



Israel is also accelerating its political and diplomatic pressure on India to mount a joint air raid on Pakistan's nuclear reactor, which may or may not be producing the material for nuclear bombs. Having attacked the Iraqi reactor in Baghdad without any serious international repercussions, Israel believes it would be a piece of cake to destroy the Pakistani reactor at Kahuta. India, which has a fairly solid record of voting against Israel at the UN, still refuses to go along.

Malaysia. Prime Minister Dr. Mahathir is a unique politician. He not only speaks his mind but speaks it about Zionism. In reply to critics, he denies he is "anti-Jew," just opposed to the "extremist nationalism" of many Jews. Mahathir floored rival candidates in last year's elections. In his party's nomination contest for Prime Minister last April he barely hung on to his job by gathering a slim majority of the ballots.

Black Africa. From *Zip 200*, a part-time Africanist. Two Negro nations or tribes of Africa have in their native pagan pantheon gods with a remarkable "consciousness" of racial differences. One of these divinities is Juok, the creator god of the Shilluk peoples of east Africa.

Juok found white sand in the north, and from it made white men. He traveled down the Nile, and used its brown mud to make brown men. Then he arrived south of the Nile cataracts, discovered black earth and from it made black men.

The second god is more interesting:

Nzame, high god of the Fan people of the Congo, lived on Earth with his three sons: Whiteman, Blackman and Gorilla. Blackman and Gorilla and all their kin were disobedient, and so Nzame took his considerable wealth, his wives and his son Whiteman and went away to live on the east coast.

Gorilla and his kin went off into the jungle to seek food. Blackman and his folk remained where they were, but without the resources and help of Nzame they were forced to live an ignorant and perilous life, merely managing to survive.

Both Blackman and Gorilla and all their peoples are still irresistibly attracted to the West, where Nzame lives with his rich white son.

Often more truth about Africa is found in the ancient myths of primitive jungle peoples than in today's American periodicals.

Source: *A Guide to the Gods*, compiled by Richard Carleton (William Morrow, New York, 1982)

South Africa. Though it came as a surprise to Dan Rather fans, who only heard what was bad about Prime Minister P.W. Botha's National Party and only what was good about his left-wing opposition, the NP won a resounding victory in the May elections, latching on to 123 of the 166 white seats in the South African Parliament. Even more surprising and more disconcerting to Ratherites was the election gains of the Conservative Party -- from 17 to 22 seats -- and the election losses of the liberal Progressive Federal Party -- from 25 to 19 seats. For the first time in South African political history, a conservative political group,

whose members are far to the right of the National Party and are strict, unreconstructed practitioners of the Apartheid creed, has succeeded the PFP as the NP's official opposition party.

* * *

Harry Oppenheimer's Anglo-American Corp., one of the world's largest conglomerates and South Africa's largest, seemingly will do anything to make a buck. One of its subsidiaries has captured 50% of the market of a skin lightener, 30 million packages of which are bought by South African blacks each year. The chemical works for a while, but its "depigmentizer," hydroquinone, can cause permanent disfigurement. As many as 40% of South Africa's black women are rumored to suffer from its uglifying effects. First it bleaches, then the skin turns dark again, this time often speckled with coarse black spots, giving to the epidermis of its "dying-to-look-white" users a very unattractive "caviar texture."

Somewhat similar skin lighteners are sold in the U.S., but the hydroquinone content is restricted by law to 2% and warnings must be placed on the label. Oppenheimer's money-making product is not bound by any such regulations.

Japan. It recalled the 1930s, when Japanese militarists censored the mouthings and antics of liberals with bullets. In May, a Japanese reporter of the left-skewed Asahi Shimbun, one of the country's four national newspapers, was shotgunned to death and another newsman wounded. A rightist group, the Volunteer Army for the Independence of the Japanese Race, claimed responsibility for the deed and promised to execute all Asahi employees unless the newspaper stopped undermining "national self-respect."

Stirrings



Flagophobia

The Star Spangled Banner may fly proudly over the 50 states, but only four states still fly Confederate flags. Alabama and South Carolina let the Stars and Bars flutter in the wind beneath the Stars and Stripes. In Mississippi and Georgia, the Confederate flag is part of the state flags.

The NAACP, crying out that they are reminders of slavery, wants to see all Confederate flags hauled down. The Sons of Confederate Veterans wants them to stay up. The United Daughters of the Confederacy is waffling. "I don't think that flags represent slavery," said Caroline Perkey, the UDC's president-general. "At the same time, I shudder whenever I see those flags in the hands of white supremacists or the Klan. As to whether they should be taken down, we'd rather avoid getting involved in such controversial issues."

It is Instauration's educated guess that Confederate flags will soon come down everywhere and, if they escape burning, will

end up in the musty basements of musty Dixie museums. Minority racists and Majority wimps have come to look upon these flags as a sort of Americanized symbol of Nazism. In some Western countries and in some American states, it is now a crime to flaunt any banner with a swastika on it. The day is not too far off when Southerners may spend time behind bars for hoisting the Stars and Bars.

There is little difference and little distance between suppression of a group's flag and suppression of the group itself. Trashing their flag may be the most effective way to bring this truth home to Southerners. But it is not the flag the liberal-minority coalition is really attacking: it is the whole fascinating and (to them) maddening complex of art, manners, tradition and *Gone-with-the-Wind*-ism represented by the word "Southern."

An Irishman Objects

TV and movies have been mounting a steady racist campaign against WASPs for several decades now, and all that WASPs have done about it has been to sit and take it -- just as Germans worldwide have sat and taken the day-in, day-out hate poured on them by the Holocaust crowd. Italians raise a little hell when

Sicilian mobsters are shown on the silver or electronic screen. The Irish hardly make a peep on the rare occasions they are put on the Hollywood griddle.

Jack Foley, an Irishman who writes a column for the San Jose Mercury News (Dec. 21, 1986) is the exception that proves the rule. He took his two young kids to see Steven Spielberg's animated cartoon, *An American Tail*, about a family of Russian Jews, all of whom are portrayed as "nice" mice. Lo, what did Jack see but a crooked Tammany politician mouse with a drinking problem. Of all the various ethnic groups shown in the film, only the Irishman was given a negative trait -- that of alcoholism.

Foley was outraged, mainly because Hollywood Jews (he didn't call them that, of course, only "insensitive, misguided spalpeens") had deliberately insulted and demeaned the Irishness he was trying to instill in his children.

Foley tried to get through to Spielberg, but the person on the other end of the phone said the great one was too busy to talk. He called the scriptwriters, whose names, Tony Geiss and Judy Freudberg, did not have an Irish or even an Anglo ring. Geiss, "genuinely embarrassed," blamed it on another non-Celt named Don Bluth, a co-producer, whose rationale for the racial slight was, "It was the truth." Bluth, ironically, had just moved his film company to Ireland to avoid California and U.S. taxes.

No Reply

It was a happy, festive occasion, the New York Times' annual "Bulldog Dinner" for the foreign press -- until all the calorie-rich entrées had been washed down with expensive wines and the time came for questions. The first one was posed by Masaki Sato, a Japanese press officer, who addressed it to Joe Lelyveld, the Times foreign editor. "How many Jewish editors are employed at the New York Times?" Sato bluntly asked. Silence, utter silence -- which Sato broke with a follow-up. Why does the paper cover "so many Jewish stories," he wanted to know. This time the silence was even more deafening.

Finally, as a diversion, Mina Joffe, the wife of Israeli press officer Meir Joffe, yelled out, "How many blue-eyed people are employed at the New York Times?"

It's amusing that the ever-probing, ever-specific-answer-demanding Timesmen couldn't and wouldn't answer a simple question, especially since every mediocrat in Zoo City knows that *all* the top editors in the New York Times are Jewish, as are the publisher and his top aides.

Having answered Sato's first question directly and having answered his second question in many articles over the years, Instauration will now make a stab at addressing Ms. Joffe's unanswered query. The answer, at least as it applies to the higher echelons of the Times, is probably close to zero.

Can the Ninth Amendment Save Us?

Over the last year Instauration has devoted some space to the Pace people, who believe that a 27th Amendment, limiting citizenship to Americans of Northern European origin, would put the U.S. back on track.

Now along comes someone with the notion we should entrust our survival to the Ninth Amendment. The someone is an expert on constitutional law and prefers to be known as Demos. Let us allow Demos to present his case, mostly in his own words:

I believe white nationalists are overlooking two potent legal tactics. I call the two tactics "judicial" and "political." Both are perfectly legal and likely to gain image points for their advocates on the national scene. The judicial tactic is based on the Ninth Amendment, which can be used as a weapon against the entire spectrum of civil rights laws that, by definition, have abridged the

traditional rights that the Constitution reserved for the people.

The Ninth can not only be employed to reverse the federal school policy; it is also applicable to overturning housing, employment and public accommodation laws.

The political tactic is based on the simple recognition that most, if not all, civil rights policies are unpopular, on the fact that the basic principle of government by the people has been deeply ingrained in public opinion. Majority activists have been missing a golden opportunity every time the national news carries a story on civil rights marches or demonstrations. Instead of standing on the sidelines screaming epithets, which the media rely on to discredit the screamers, our people should call for referenda on housing laws, busing and the denial of the right of property owners to sell or rent to whom they choose.

A few years ago the people of California overwhelmingly voted down an open housing law. About the same proportion of voters (2 to 1) would turn down a national referendum on that issue and on such smaller violations of the Constitution as affirmative action, busing and school prayer. Petitions for direct votes of the people on these issues should be directed to state and federal legislators, as well as to governors and the White House. Next year being a general election, Majority members should set up a constant cry for referenda on such matters. This would cause the civil rights crowd and their political frontmen to do a lot of squirming. Referendists can stave off charges of racism by taking the high moral ground and declaring that the bottom line is whether the minorities should continue to rule or whether political power should be returned to the people. Because of fear or effective media brainwashing or both, most Majority members shy away from acknowledging any racial preferences. Practically all of them, however, support "government by the people" as a basic principle of American statecraft.

Any politician who opposes direct voting should not be allowed to duck the issue, which must always be presented as minority rule vs. democratic rule. It should be emphasized that the people's traditional rights, such as school prayer and freedom of association, are being destroyed by willful minorities who depend on the media to pressure the judiciary. These traditional rights are precisely Ninth Amendment rights, which are Constitutionally protected from federal intrusion. The direct votes of the people would redefine and relegitimize them, thereby overturning any Supreme Court ruling to the contrary.

DEMOS

Two Books Worth Noting

- *Conspiracy Against Freedom*. A documented, 228-page account of one of the Anti-Defamation League's greatest feats of censorship -- forcing Liberty Lobby's news commentaries off the Mutual Broadcasting System and local radio stations. The suit filed against the ADL for this underhanded harassment produced some interesting information on how this unregistered foreign agency operates. Order from Liberty Lobby, 300 Independence Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Softcover, \$12.95. Hardcover, \$17.95.

- *Never a Dull*. The WWII experiences of an Australian pilot. In addition to graphic and grim descriptions of the air bombardment of Germany, the author, W.G. Manifold, seriously questions some of the more common Holocaust yarns. Order from Wiswell Ruffin House, P.O. Box 1449, Temecula, CA 92390. 294 pages. Price not stated.

Arabs vs. Ice Cream Magnate

A strong anti-Jewish protest was staged by 20 Arab Americans, who picketed a Haagen-Dazs ice cream store in Birmingham, an affluent suburb of Detroit. Reuben Mattus, the head of Haagen-Dazs, is known to be the financial angel of the Jewish Defense

League, one of the biggest, if not the biggest gang of terrorists in the U.S.

When a local Jew, Herman Yagoda, heard of the demonstration, he rushed to the store and bought up as much ice cream as he could handle, passing it out free to friends and passersby who heard about the giveaway. In the end, the Arab protest actually put more money than ever in Haagen-Dazs' coffers.

It's not easy to fight America's richest (per capita) population group.

Not So Lucky the Second Time Around

Many oppressed whites agree that the ball of their oppression started rolling with the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling in the case of *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka*. Eight years ago the case was revived, but did not make it to court until two months ago. The plaintiff was Linda Brown Smith, the daughter of Oliver Brown, the black railroad worker who was the principal in the original case and whose lawyers managed to convince the Noisome Nine that a separate education was not an equal education. Ms. Brown claimed that "vestiges of discrimination" still prevailed through the device of neighborhood schools.

This time around the blacks lost. Federal Judge Richard D. Rogers ruled that, though the Topeka schools were not in perfect racial balance, they had "achieved a high level of integration."

Yankee Know-How

It's the old, old story. An ingenious American tinkerer invents something pretty sensational and before it gets on the market, the Japanese are making a fortune out of it. Donald Richardson, 31, devised and patented a floating shock absorber when he was only 19. Japan's giant Suzuki Motor Co. then proceeded to install it on some 1.7 million motorbikes, without bothering to properly reimburse Richardson.

Last March a U.S. federal court jury in Los Angeles awarded Richardson \$19 million by way of compensation. "Suzuki just couldn't acknowledge that a young American garage inventor could actually do better than their in-house people," explained Richardson's lawyer.

Defender of Polish Honor

Norman Davies is widely recognized as the leading historian of Poland in the West. The British scholar was chosen for a professorship at Stanford last year, but later rejected after a backlash developed among many of the school's Jewish history professors. They accused him of being "insensitive" to Jews by finding too much good in the Polish people. Davies responded by suing the university, four professors, three administrators and a graduate student for fraud, misrepresentation, breach of contract, discrimination and defamation. He is seeking up to \$9 million in damages.

Davies has recently been accused by Lucy S. Dawidowicz of having "peppered" some of his writing "with anti-Semitic tidbits" (Commentary, March 1987).

Anyone curious about what passes for an "anti-Semitic tidbit" these days would be well advised to obtain the April 9 edition of the New York Review of Books. It contains "Poles and Jews: An Exchange," featuring a long reply by Davies. Only toward the end of the reply does it become fully apparent why many Jewish academics now regard him as their greatest foe. He is determined to open up the buried side of Eastern European history.

In all of today's pop history, and most academic history as well,

Jews can do no wrong, while Slavic and Baltic peoples can do little right. Davies would destroy these myths, first by showing why, for example, there were huge upsurges in Polish anti-Semitism in the wake of all three invasions by the Red Army (in 1919-20, 1939 and 1944-45). The main reason is simple: vast numbers of Jews were Communist collaborators, and, "to put the perspective of many Poles emotively, Jews were seen to be dancing on Poland's grave."

Davies quotes a Jewish observer of the pro-Soviet demonstrations in Lwów: "Whenever a political march, or protest meeting, or some other sort of joyful event took place, the visual effect was unambiguous -- Jews." And he mentions the Jewish doctor in Wielkie Oczy who described how local Jewish youths formed a "komsomol" and toured the countryside to destroy Catholic shrines. Even Jan Karski, the famous courier of the Polish underground who was later decorated in Israel, is quoted at length on the subject of Jewish Bolshevism. Karski concludes:

It is universally believed [in Polish opinion] that the Jews betrayed Poland and the Poles, that they are all communists at heart, and that they went over to the Bolsheviks with flags waving. Indeed, in most towns, the Jews *did* welcome the Bolsheviks with bouquets, with speeches and with declarations of allegiance

None of this is news to Instaurationists. It may not even be news to many New York Review of Books readers. What is laudatory about Prof. Davies is that he is forcing onto the public stage many such alleged "tidbits" of history which are (perhaps) widely known but only furtively communicated. He demands that the furtiveness cease. And he insists that the moralistic searchlight be briefly removed from the National Socialists and affixed on the Communists and their collaborators.

Celtic Scouts

The Celtic Scouts of America are headquartered in Canada, but they are not Canada firsters. The organization calls North America "Iargail," the U.S. "Slargail," Canada "Niargail" and "otherwise forgets about the common border." The Celtic Scouts have junior and senior levels (under and over 16, respectively) and have a pretty full agenda -- field engineering, survival science, self-defense skills, precision and silent drill teams, competitive athletics, pipes and drums and ancient arts (dance, poetry, storytelling and hobbycrafting). The group's definition of Celts, whom Carleton Coon classified as early Nordics, is rather broad: "Scots/Irish and Ukrainian or Balt and Basque . . . are variations of the Celt."

But not everyone is welcome. "Our focus and mandate is of, by and for our own kind and is not intended to be against the equal rights and freedoms of any other forum, special interest body, etc. Pursuant to that Declaration, we ask all airy-fairy tinkerbells and hobnailed extremists to apply elsewhere." The address of the Celtic Scouts of America is P.O. Box 222, Adelaide, Toronto, Ontario M5C 2J1, Canada.

Instauration, by the way, knows nothing about this organization beyond what is stated in its illustrated green flyer.

Ponderable Poem

*The Clock strikes one that just struck two --
Some schism in the Sun --
A Vagabond for Genesis
Has wrecked the Pendulum --*

Emily Dickinson