

*illic heu miseri traducimur!*  
*Juvenal*

# Instauration.®

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JULY 1985



H.L. MENCKEN -- WAS HE OR WASN'T HE?

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

Lenny Bruce, the fast-talking, heroin-shooting lib-min saint, once offered a very interesting definition of a Jew as "anyone who lives in a city." In another of his monologues, he once ridiculed the white South by suggesting that it was difficult to imagine taking a nuclear physicist seriously if he spoke with a Southern accent. This is typical of the one-way, anti-Majority racial humor which has become a cultural orthodoxy. Of course, Bruce's anti-Southern prejudice did not extend to the shikas; his "great love" Honey was a blonde Southern girl. Thanks to his wholesome influence, she became a stripper, a lesbian and a dope addict.

666

There is definitely a trend toward even more interracial romances on television. NBC's *Family Ties* has had at least two programs with that theme this season, a white-oriental romance and competition between a white and a black for a white girl. The creator and producer of this program? Gary David Goldberg.

223

What I cannot accept about World War I is the sheer waste of human lives by the military. I can accept that technology ran away from military thinking and thus made possible the unforeseen carnage. But what I cannot accept is that after the war bogged down into trench warfare and after it became bloodily obvious that mass assaults into machine guns and barbed wire were suicidal, the generals kept right on using this tactic. I condemn them for not devising an alternative.

296

The thought that gives me solace is that most members of our race deserve what is happening to them. Therefore, the fact that the minorities are never satisfied but push for more and more is encouraging, because it means that our sell-outs will never get the payoff they are counting on.

530

In spite of all the smears about him that appear in *Time*, the *New York Times* and elsewhere, even in spite of my own considerable misgivings about the caliber of people in some of the far-right racist organizations, one can't help but see the late Bob Mathews as an American tragedy of the first water. Mathews, and countless others like him, were the very stuff out of which whatever greatness America once possessed was fashioned. That Mathews has now been demonified by the media is a sure sign that he did not leave America, but that America left him. How vastly superior Mathews was spiritually to some deracinated Majority pavement intellectual in an Eastern city with his Jewish and quasi-Jewish belief system and his collection of reggae records. Compare Mathews to a super renegade like Daryl Hall (of the popular "blue-eyed soul" duo of Hall & Oates). Whatever shortcomings and foolishness he was heir to, by God, Mathews's instincts were still sound. And if anything is going to be our salvation, it will be the massive reawakening of our own sound instincts.

941

In view of the ethnic ties of its management, a more appropriate name for the *Wall Street Journal* would be the *Wailing Wall Street Journal*.

089

Enjoyed Satcom Sam's comment on *The Cosby Show* (June). The startling thing is that if one closes his eyes, he can't tell that it's a black family. The only thing "black" about the show is the fact that Cosby has five children. Maybe the ratings are so high because many whites desperately want to believe that blacks are "just like us," and Cosby's show "proves" it's true. Negroes, you may remember, raised hell in 1970 about *Julia* (touted as the first black show), because she was so middle-class that blacks couldn't identify with the character. By the way, *Julia* wasn't the first black show. *Nat "King" Cole* had a network program in '57, with no fuss at all. But whites didn't watch and it was cancelled.

244

It has been great for me, completely isolated in one end of our world, to receive *Instauration*. May I tell you how much the magazine is right. I am living in one of the American futures, as Solzhenitsyn would have said. *New Caledonia* is just about completely mongrelized and about 70% of what they call whites or Europeans have more or less black, Asiatic or Polynesian blood. Seeing white people talking, thinking and acting like the coloureds they really are inside is one of the most despairing things you can encounter. I hope for yourself and for the whites you will be spared this dreadful experience. When it occurs, it is forever too late to go backwards. Please keep your monkey and your jig. Willie and Marv are perfect. We need them when we start losing our memory.

New Caledonian subscriber

I am becoming a little more adept at viewing things through racially corrected lenses, and I attribute a great deal of this to *Instauration*. Other racist publications teach one what to see and what to think. *Instauration* teaches one how to see and how to think.

635

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□ Last evening my daughter, who is a fourth grader, managed to glance over a copy of the New York State Regents Competency Test in Mathematics that was collecting dust on the bookshelf. Since she appeared interested, I gave her a pencil and some paper and asked her to take the test. Admittedly, she guessed at the several items that contained material she had never been exposed to. Although the time limit is three hours, she finished in 65 minutes. She managed a 69, which represents a proficiency in mathematics sufficient to qualify her for a high-school diploma in this state. Needless to say, she was ecstatic. Reluctantly I explained that she had the cart before the horse. She had passed the test, not due to extraordinary mathematical talent for a nine-year-old, but due to the laughable standards that pass for excellence these days. Rank idiots are labeled "slow learners," which implies that with enough time anyone can learn anything. Those with IQs over 105 are relabeled "gifted and talented" and special centers are set aside for their use. We could expect nothing else when we allow our affairs to be governed by a body of word-bending pedants and lawyers.

142

□ To understand the true nature and amorality of Jewish materialism, one has only to look at the debauchery of the American entertainment industry. That such a slop bucket subculture can be so thinly disguised beneath tinsel and glitter and then fobbed off on Northern Europeans as an enviable and worthwhile way of life is an object lesson on the extent of the power of these aliens in our midst.

782

□ I have long held the opinion that if our race is to die, I would prefer the noble death of the battlefield to the ignoble death of the maternity ward.

293

□ Robert Miles ("The Birth of a Nation," Feb. 1985) has opened the door to an exciting strategy for the first few thousand Majority activists who really believe in our survival. There are hundreds of sparsely populated all-white counties in this vast country. There are some dozen states with few racial minorities and with populations under 2 million. Let's leave the hideous urban areas to the mud people, homosexuals and Yuppies. There is a heartland out there where we can live and raise our families in peace. We are not going to elect a President as long as produce-and-consume stays on track. So let's elect a sheriff or two and prepare for the crackup. The day will come when millions of Anglos flee places like California and Texas. We can prepare a sane, healthy place to receive them.

244

□ I'm really fed up with the essential dishonesty of English-speaking South Africans. I doubt that I'm the first to point out that they seem to enjoy both having their cake and eating it: sniping at the Verwoerdian ideology of Afrikanerdom, while enjoying the incalculable benefits of resting behind its stalwart shield.

811

□ I knew personally some of the colored people who had been slaves of my grandfather before the "slight disturbance" of the mid-1800s. Ol' Uncle Stepney, who had belonged to Grandpa's family, used to visit regularly, bringing his great-grandchildren down to the big old house that crowned the hill overlooking the Yadkin River. One bright sunshining day in spring, Grandpa and I were sitting on the porch and saw Uncle Stepney approaching leading a small fellow by the hand. "Mornin' Mawster!" Stepney waved at us with a big smile. "Mornin'," said Grandpa. "Who's that with you there?" "Look up heah, boy," commanded Stepney. "Look up -- this heah's you' Mawster." The boy glanced up and then back to the ground. Everything was in order, or was it? The guns were quiet at Gettysburg, the swords were handed back by U.S. Grant's officers at Appomattox. But the shot was still echoing from that pistol held close to Abe Lincoln's head at the Ford Theater that evening of April 14, 1865 -- the most disastrous shot ever fired since the Chinese perfected (if that's the proper word) gunpowder way back yonder. Lincoln was the only man living before that shot who had the power and gift of leadership to have guided the nation around that most misnamed term in the language, Reconstruction. The nation was reconstructed, all right, but that re was mis. We began the day with daylight, but darkness is at hand, and where we are going hell will be too cool. But don't blame it on the Negroes (the white folks have called every signal). The quarterback throws the ball -- the black end catches it. That's what end means.

303

□ Aren't Instaurationists mighty sick of the media's canonization of Mother Teresa? That this wizened, decrepit old Albanian nun who "does good" in pestilential Third World hell-holes is being presented to us as our latest culture heroine is altogether too typical of a certain sentimental strain in the Western mind which worships the weak while despising the strong. What is more, her loyal (and vocal) adherence to the anti-population control dogma of the Vatican ensures the perpetuation of the misery she so conspicuously attempts to heal. For every Indian baby she helps feed, a thousand more will be born into a world in which the population/resource imbalance guarantees their future hunger. Her highly praised good works are like emptying a bathtub with a teaspoon while the faucet is wide open.

754

□ Any American who ignores what has happened to San Antonio, Los Angeles and countless smaller places, anyone who ignores the fact that crime, especially robberies, stabbings and rape, increases in direct ratio with the number of illegal aliens and blacks, anyone who believes that Mexican irredentism is a myth is blind, stupid or both. There will be no relief unless we wake up to the reality that we are gradually and inexorably losing Southwest America. Closing our borders is absolutely mandatory if we are to make any progress in reversing the trend.

928

□ Instaurationists should be interested to learn that quite a number of Majority females like myself have not reproduced and most likely will not for reasons other than our "captivation" by feminism. Rather, as children of high-quality parents, brought up amid high standards of culture and achievement, we are appalled at the prospect of bringing forth lives to whom we could not guarantee anywhere near the same richness. Beyond the fact that society in the U.S. hits new lows every week, there is the problem of men: for the most part they are so spoiled by their extended adolescence in post-war myopia that they'd make poor, selfish, irresponsible fathers -- in fact the very idea of placing them in that role strikes one as ludicrous. If they are good and kind, they are probably also broke; that is, too broke to provide adequately for children. If they are attractive, they are probably also feckless, capricious and promiscuous. Many, if not most, white men, thoroughly beaten down by years of anti-WASP propaganda of the most vicious, despicable sort, have too little self-confidence to make credible family men. Incredibly sad, but true. These observations should also suggest one reason for the advent of "feminism" in the first place: alarm on the part of women that men were abdicating their positions of strength and leadership, thus plunging women into the breach. "Our beliefs are the justification, afterward, of our acts," to paraphrase Unamuno (since I don't have The Tragic Sense of Life here at hand as I write). Thus feminism is more a desperate ad hoc coping mechanism than an insidious a priori doctrine -- although in certain hands it is that, too.

Therefore I must aver that there is no point in Instaurationists hectoring Nordic women to have children. The reasons they are not doing so are too profound to be moved aside by pep-talks, however heartfelt. Much as I and my friends would like to "do our part," the decision is not up to us alone. And perhaps we are wise: what joy is there in watching your child, no matter how refined his genetic endowment, be confronted by American reality with its constant, relentless downward suck of unnatural selection?

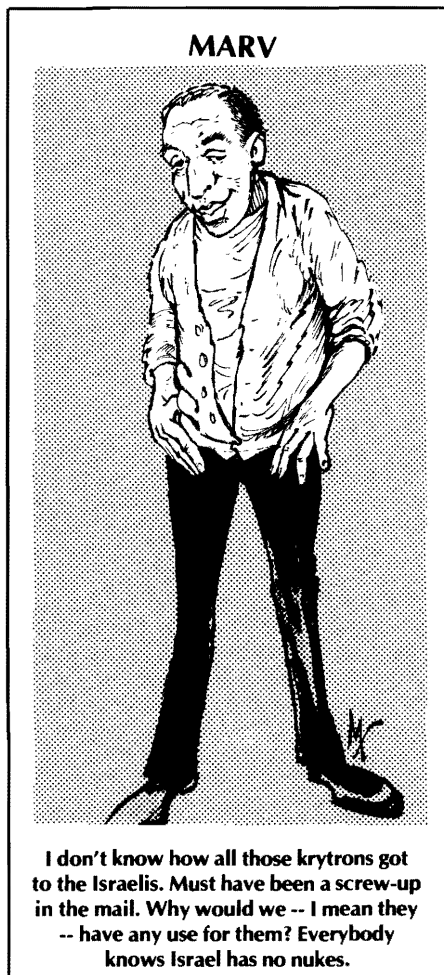
205

□ Ignoring its metaphysical nonsense, eternal commonsense and moneygrubbing dollars-and-cents, Christianity is integrated. Christianity is just as one-worldish as capitalism, communism and conservatism. It is just one more element in the grand chorus of elements urging us to miscegenate. Christianity conspires against racial purity as it conspires against racial quality. Therefore, anything and everything else that can be said about Christianity, be it pro or be it con, is irrelevant. Those who study terrorism pretty much agree that the religiously motivated terrorist is the most dangerous of all. No other fanaticism equals religious fanaticism, and for this reason religion has been responsible for the most hallowed and for the most horrible of human performances. Consequently, one may more or less safely expect that religiously motivated race-mixing will prove to be the mixingest mixing of all.

203

□ I just finished reading the first volume of Alan Paton's autobiography, *Towards the Mountain*, and have started Donald Woods's book of memoirs, *Asking for Trouble*. One sentence of Paton's book said it all -- something to the effect that, in a golden moment, he realized that he was "not a white man" but a "human being." There it is. The whole Eleanor Rooseveltian recipe for racial extinction that is being pounded into Majority schoolchildren's heads by NEA-approved textbooks across the land. While minority racism rises to a fever pitch, our own spiritual-racial unilateral disarmament à la Paton proceeds apace. Paton and Woods paint a picture of a universe in which the South African Security Police and Afrikaner racial exclusiveness are the two greatest threats to peace and prosperity on the face of the earth. They love to picture themselves as noble knights singlehandedly fighting this vicious dragon. How dishonest a picture this is on the world scale of things. To adopt the posture of a Paton or a Woods is so easy, and the high road to fame and riches in the Western intellectual world to boot. You will be saluted for your "rare moral courage" every day of your life -- and in your Washington Post obituary as well.

334



□ The news media wept and moaned about the two Lebanese CBS newsmen killed in Lebanon by Israeli warriors. The same media were not at all upset about the 34 sailors killed on the U.S.S. Liberty by these same Israeli warriors.

293

□ Zip 466 (Feb. 1985) stated that the Southern National Party is "what Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats should have evolved into 36 years ago." "Should have" -- yes. We would have been much further down the road had the SNP been born in 1948 rather than in 1978. But "would have" -- no. The Dixiecrats would have probably followed a parallel evolution to that which Senator Thurmond followed. In Southern terms, Thurmond is a neo-scalawag; in Instaurationist terms, he is a racial renegade. In 1948 the South wasn't ready for Southern nationalism. At that time the most extreme Southerners were Southern sectionalists, the bulk were Americans, and the middle group were Southern regionalists. Uncle Sam was a white man and consequently they felt that not only could the South function within the Union, but that it would be infinitely better off if it did so. Is the South ready for Southern nationalism today, 36 years later? No, there hasn't been a revolution in mass thought in the South. Yes, Uncle Sam has kept Southerners distracted and at times hypnotized with external threats and internal opiates. We have every human and racial aberration in the South that "they" have in New York or California. But the most extreme Southerners are now Southern nationalists, not Southern sectionalists -- and as I define these terms, there is a quantum difference. No, there will not soon be a repeat of that glorious day of December 20, 1860. There may never be. But somehow, someday, Dixie will once again be a white man's land.

365

□ A local TV station ran a special on child adoption. I learned that a white family that adopts nonwhite children, preferably foreign born and preferably racially varied, is a "flexible family."

804

□ I grow beyond anger and into weariness at seeing otherwise intelligent people classify a white man as a Hispanic because he speaks Spanish and an Hispanic as white because he isn't black. Most of us still think that language, nationality and even politics and religion are more important than race. Orwellian double-think is nothing; some of our people are capable of triple and quadruple think, which is to say they aren't capable of thinking at all.

605

□ I saw the movie *Dr. Strangelove* for the first time recently and it got me to thinking about atomic war again. Taking probabilities into consideration, I have come to the conclusion that nuclear fallout is less of a danger than Purple Rain.

922

□ It appears that it is now government policy to execute white racist leaders without a trial. Our Founding Fathers would be shot if they were here today exercising their rights and duty per our Declaration of Independence. Traitors to the U.S. are not executed while white activists are.

902

□ Instauration is superb. It is my most valued subscription. It is also my monthly dose of sanity. Your articles on South Africa were excellent. I feel more secure in the thought that South Africa will not do America's bidding and commit suicide. My heart hurts for that courageous land. We must somehow let South Africans know that they have friends in this country.

083

□ The article by Robert Miles (Feb. 1985) kind of ticks me off. I gather that he would have us scrap the Constitution. He says that our enemies have come to love it because they have such a great time interpreting it to their advantage. If the good pastor wishes to scrap something, why not the Bible and the religious philosophy he clutches so dearly to his breast? What has been interpreted to absurd lengths to any greater degree than these two items? Nothing else has laid the foundation for the destruction of white racial and cultural integrity as has the philosophy of Christianity. I have said it until it has withered from redundancy, but here is a philosophy that breeds nothing but sheep for nonwhite and minority shears. It has emasculated Western manhood with that same inevitable destruction that water works on rock and soil. Zip 032's letter (February) regarding the cancer victim whose "Christian" friends abandoned her in her hour of need to go running off after the hideous Tutu illustrates far better than any words of mine ever could, what idiocy this sick philosophy breeds. Grab up the ugliest ape in the jungle and let some Christian pronounce his hocus pocus and presto! You have another "brother in Christ." I don't really mean to ridicule the person of Jesus, for how can I know what he really believed or preached, or what he really was. As for the philosophy that has been preached in his name, I can only judge its net effect on my race and culture and that net effect has clearly been one of disintegration.

402

□ I am not really certain what scenario Instauration has in mind for America with a rejuvenated Majority. I am not sure I would want to live in your version of a brave new world. I gather that you want territorial separation of the races in North America. At this point in history I do not think we stand that proverbial snowball's chance of accomplishing such a population transfer, though I am not ruling out the possibility that this could become a necessity someday.

984

□ I have no Anglo-Saxon ancestry. My ancestry is Dutch. I am tired of trying to defend your culture when the real Anglo-Saxon WASPs are not putting forth much observable effort.

405

□ The beauty of Coon's racial theory is that it allows one to make sense of anthropology textbooks. It puts an end to all the mysterious appearances and disappearances that fog man's physical history. The dream of white racial redemption demands that Coon's work be popularized. Racial duty demands that some anthropologist with integrity, racial integrity, set about doing this, even if such a work cannot be published on establishment presses or over his own name and even if it means that the author earns not one red cent.

886

□ I suspect the racial scene is going to be vastly troubled until Jews start taking an interest in it, and start taking over. They are making anti-communism respectable and have virtually absorbed the entire show from the old right wing. Give 'em a few more decades and they may do the same for Whitey. Look at Israel; they have managed to swallow their animosity toward the Schwartzes to bring in pickaninny labor and cannon fodder from Ethiopia. Keep an eye on what they do when such are no longer needed.

809

□ You always say Jews write to editors, so I have decided to write to you. I am a Jewish Princess (age 19) from Washington, D.C. Both I and my other princessy friends l-o-o-o-v-e-d your book, *The Dispossessed Majority*, and your newsy, instructional and educational *Instauration*. We were especially thrilled to find out which of our favorite stars and psychoanalysts were Jewish. (Have you ever thought of finding one of your own?) Now I and my friends finally understand why we always admired Spock on *Star Trek* so much. Besides being the most logical, intellectual and c-u-u-t-e, now he's an NJB with a big paycheck! It was such a relief for us to discover that the Holocaust had never existed -- think of all the lives that must have been saved! By the way, I hope you didn't forget Hitler's birthday in April. Was he Jewish, too? Since all the other Jewish people were famous, we thought he might be Jewish, too. I read your article in *Instauration* about Jews influencing your mind. You're perfectly right that many Jews study psychology. I do, too (not for the good of people, but for the good of my pocketbook, of course). From my extensive reading, I think I understand your problem -- paranoid schizophrenia. And if you don't believe me, ask Marv, your Jewish middle-aged, money-grubbing Jewish psychiatrist. Hoping you get well soon. Shalom.

Editor's note: The letter with no return address was signed by "your favorite Jewish Princess and friends," with nine names, all but one of which, "Wendy Robertson," were very Jewish sounding. The editor was asked if Wendy was "any relation?"

□ I used to believe that heaven was going to be all white. Several devout Christians have cleared up that sinful and shameful misconception -- quite bluntly, thank you. Oh, well, no loss -- just one more reason to worship the ice gods. There will be no non-Aryans and no Christians in Asgard. Heavenly indeed!

207

□ I have a suggestion on how to balance the federal budget and keep it balanced. Give every preacher or rabbi a polygraph test with this one question: "Do you believe in God?" The church or temple of whoever failed the test would lose its tax exemption. Think of the billions that would roll into the U.S. Treasury.

327

□ One lazy afternoon, at the conclusion of a rewarding European vacation spent mostly in the German-speaking countries, I chanced into the aromatic atmosphere of a quiet pub located just off Die Zil, the central shopping passage in Frankfurt. As the fading light filtered through the leaded windows into a candle-lit interior, my already wine-soaked mind detected the familiar accent of a fellow Philadelphian seated just behind me. Happily suffused with all this Germanic Gemütlichkeit, I ventured what was intended to be a simple pleasantry about the obvious charm of our host country.

As it turned out, however, the voice belonged to a bleached blonde, obese Jewess who, although indeed from Philadelphia, hardly shared my thoughts. What ensued was nothing less than a loud-mouthed lecture about the cultural and social failure of Germany, as this Bloomingdale bovine saw it. The gratuitous tirade, aside from being enormously out of place, had all the objectivity of a Hogan's Heroes script. About the only patron who could have shared this social blimp's hatred was her husband, an Israeli of uncertain Eastern European origin.

Another female voice located just to my right -- this time belonging to the countenance of a truly lovely young German, a modern-day reincarnation of a member of the Bund Deutscher Mädchen, told this ungracious guest what most people outside the umbrella of TV propaganda accept as a matter of course: that the cultural activities of the Third Reich were merely the exasperated manifestation of the accumulated frustration with the likes of her, the Philadelphia ogress. The closing line, need I add, amounted to the anticlimactic aphorism, "If you don't like it here . . ."

Since my flight was to leave the next morning, I had strong reason to reflect then and there about what I did and did not like about what I was going back to. At that moment, I wondered whether the social climate in America will ever reflect the same kind of clear-eyed objectivity toward world events that was exhibited by the golden girl from Hessen.

220

□ Had the South seceded and had U.S. history remained approximately the same, sans the war, the threat of a North/South conflict would probably have diminished after the rise of Teddy Roosevelt, though I suspect that the South would today be a target like South Africa. But at least South Africa would have an ally, and there would be 13 states and 50 million people in North America who were not dispossessed.

302

□ Freedom of speech is not just for the guys with creases in their pants, says Doug Collins, the courageous Canadian columnist.

Canadian subscriber

□ The March 18 and 25 issues of *The New Yorker* carry articles on South Africa that convey exactly the opposite impression of that given by the four articles recently published in *Instauration*. The Afrikaners are portrayed as confused, vacillating and guilt-ridden. I trust the *Instauration* writer's viewpoint and hope to visit the country soon to find out for myself.

953

□ Like it or not, Evangelical Protestantism is the last best hope of the WASP. Any people seeking rejuvenation needs a transcendental vision to inspire them. Racial identity is simply not sufficiently transcendent.

508

□ When all is said and done, *Instauration* has served its purpose for me. The magazine made me aware of some crucial issues, but the evolutionary outlook, the frank paganism, the incipient bloodlust, the element of snobbery and the negativism have finally become too much for me to take. The *Dispossessed Majority* I can take, but not *Instauration*.

911

□ I gave copies of *Instauration* to two union workers. They replied, "How terrible, don't you know that America was built on the Melting Pot, that's what makes us great." In the next few years these same two guys will see the inflated value of their houses shrink and their beloved Mexicans take their mundane jobs.

775



# H.L. MENCKEN -- NOT JUST ANTI-SEMITIC, BUT ANTI-EVERYBODY

One of the most anti-Semitic sentences ever penned was published by the late Alfred A. Knopf in 1918, and reprinted in Pocket Book editions in 1923, 1924, 1927 and perhaps later. In those vanished times, few appeared to take exception:

The case against the Jews is long and damning; it would justify ten thousand times as many pogroms as now go on in the world.

The author was Henry Louis Mencken, the sage of Baltimore's Union Square, whom Walter Lippmann, writing in the *Saturday Review*, called "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people." The sentence appears in Mencken's Introduction to Nietzsche's *The Antichrist*, which he personally translated. (The book was recently reprinted by Noontide Press of Torrance, California.)

Mencken's Jewish assistant, Charles Angoff, in his biography of the boss -- which R.P. Harriss calls "a mean book, an Office Boy's Revenge" -- overlooked the sentence (and some choice ones from *Treatise on the Gods*) when he opined that Mencken's *A New Dictionary of Quotations* (Knopf, 1942) was the man's "most public display of bias against the Jews." Mencken's sin there was to include several pages of quotations on Jewry, at least a quarter of them unflattering, and some downright interesting:

Our English proverb: to look like a Jew, whereby is meant sometimes a weather-beaten, wasp-like fellow, sometimes a frenetic and lunatic person, sometimes one discontented.

Thomas Coryat,  
*Crudities*, 1611

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring race  
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;  
God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,  
No king could govern nor no God could please.

John Dryden,  
*Absalom and Achitophel*, 1682

The ruler of the rulers of the earth.

R.W. Emerson,  
*The Conduct of Life*, 1860

Every country has the sort of Jew it deserves.

K.E. Franzos,  
*Tote Seelen*, Vienna, 1875

Angoff probably never heard of a folder filled with Mencken's unpublished notes on the Jews, which rests to this day in the Mencken Room of Baltimore's Enoch Pratt

Free Library. The folder is part of file box A100.8, and a sampling of its scorching contents first saw the light of day in 1979 in the *Baltimore Jewish Times*. In "Did H.L. Mencken Hate the Jews?" (reprinted in the journal *Menck-eniana*, Spring 1980), Robert Kanigel relays a few Mencken jottings from the pivotal year of 1939:

March 29: Their unhappy situation in the world is thus primarily due to their complete lack of tact.

April 26: [T]hey may be described plausibly as the chronic enemies of any government they live under . . .

June 2: No non-Jew really believes that the Jews are superior save only in anti-social ways. He believes that their success in the world, such as it is, is their willingness to undertake projects from which Aryans shrink, and to resort to devices that all save the worst moiety of Aryans are averse to.

September 28: [T]hey don't use power wisely when they have it. They are extraordinarily dictatorial. This has been demonstrated over and over again in the United States.

Kanigel tells us that these, and his other samples, are but a small part of Mencken's Jewish folder. Mencken's letters, too, are filled with references to "kikes" and "obnoxious Jews." Yet, strangely, there is for once in our time a hesitation to label someone an anti-Semite. Not only were a great many of Mencken's best friends Jewish, but, as Kanigel has the good sense to remember, "if Mencken was anti-Semitic, he was also anti-everything else, with the possible exception of anti-German."

R.P. Harriss has said, "Sooner or later, Mencken got around to denouncing everybody." And, reasonably enough, everybody denounced him right back. Biographer William Manchester assembled a partial listing of the names Mencken was called: "a mangy ape, a dog, a weasel, a maggot, a ghoul, a jackal, a tadpole, a toad, a tiger, a howling hyena, a bilious buffoon, a cad, a British toady, a super-Boche of German *Kultur*, a cankerworm, a radical Red, and a reactionary" -- to which Kanigel adds, "a clever and bitter Jew." When this colorful list is compared to the prosaic animal names hurled at Canadian Holocaust-doubter Ernst Zündel (*Instauration*, May, p. 19), the vapid-ity of today's journalism is revealed. And Zündel gets called "dog" and "rat" only because he is currently the Pariah of the Western World. Mencken routinely called famous preachers and politicians "bounders," "wowers," "poltroons" and worse at a time when the *New York Times* said he was "the most powerful private citizen in America," and the *Baltimore Evening Sun* (his hometown newspaper) often began its headlines with the words, "MENCKEN SAYS . . ."

Kanigel likens Mencken's complaints about "kikes" to "noxious pesticides inhabiting an otherwise perfectly lus-



cious apple." But no self-respecting WASP who ever read the bitterly mocking essay, "The Anglo-Saxon" (first published in July 1923), and no loyal Southerner who read "The Sahara of the Bozart" (1917, expanded in 1920), could agree with him. The larger truth is that Mencken wielded the consistently savage pen which a consistently foolish world demanded.

Today, when the "kid gloves" approach to controversy has long since been institutionalized, and "baby mitts" are becoming fashionable -- except, that is, where white racialists and anti-Semites, those official Satans, are concerned -- the bare-knuckled punches of a Mencken, more than a few of which are backed with Nietzschean philosophical might, are indeed a bracing tonic.

Mencken was seldom "anti-everything" from a mean-spirited curmudgeonliness or a prissy perfectionism. Of the great satiric writers, he was perhaps the readiest to suggest how the human condition might be made less worthy of low comedy, a consummation which he devoutly sought. When anthropoid follies were related by Mencken, it was

not only for a good laugh, but so that a lively lecture on eugenics or some other topic might follow. Writing for the newspapers of the 1920s, he assumed that readers would follow him when he began an article in this fashion:

When I speak of Anglo-Saxons, of course, I speak inexactly and in the common phrase. Even within the bounds of that phrase the American of the dominant stock is Anglo-Saxon only partially, for there is probably just as much Celtic blood in his veins as Germanic, and his norm is to be found, not south of the Tyne and west of the Severn, but on the two sides of the northern border,

Mencken's constant good humor was no reflection of a shallow optimism. In a joust with pedagogues in 1927 ("I was myself spared the intellectual humiliations of a college education," he wrote), Mencken prophesied, "If the future were known, every intelligent man would kill himself at once . . ." Looking back over the past 58 years, who would dare pronounce him wrong?

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## Straight talk from the party's young Deputy Chairman

# THE LATEST SCOOP ABOUT BRITAIN'S NEVER-SAY-DIE NATIONAL FRONT

*Many moons ago, when Instauration was first breaking into the publishing business, Britain's National Front was the apple of our eye. It was both heartening and reassuring to know that Instaurationists were not alone, that somewhere in this liberal-infested, Marxist-infested, minority-infested planet there was one non-nutty, clear-minded, bare-fisted organization standing up to the would-be gravediggers of our race. But then, as it seems it must in the case of all pro-white groups, factionalism reared its Medusa head. Today, having cleaned up its act and given its sexually ambiguous agents provocateurs the heave-ho, the National Front has got its second wind. Recently we were visited by Nick Griffin, the NF's gung-ho Deputy Chairman. We were impressed, as we believe our readers will be after they have read the following dialog.*

INSTAURATION: Mr. Griffin, who else besides yourself holds important positions in the National Front hierarchy?

GRIFFIN: The Chairman is Ian Anderson, formerly of Oxford University. He shares jointly the position of Activities Organizer with Joe Pearce. Then there's Andrew Brons, a law lecturer, who stepped down as Chairman at the end of last year, but who still plays a very active role in deciding our strategy and tactics.



Chairman Nick

I: You've told us a little about Mr. Anderson's education. You too have a rather noteworthy educational background.

G: I went to Downing College, Cambridge, from which I graduated with an Honors Law Degree and a 3-year Boxing Blue.

I: Boxing Blue?

G: A "Blue" is awarded to a student who represents the university in the annual Varsity match in one of the major



**The National Front quadrumvirs (left to right): Ian Anderson, Joe Pearce, Griffin and Andrew Brons.**

sports such as rowing, rugby or boxing. I was in the latter category, losing on points the first year and winning by first round knockouts in the second and third years.

I: What did you study in Cambridge?

G: History for two years. My third year I took an intensive law course.

I: You said you have a law degree. In this country it takes four years of undergraduate work and three years in law school to get such a degree. How is it that you got yours so quickly?

G: A university law degree in Britain simply provides exemption from the first part of the Law Society's professional examination. This is normally taken over three years, but the first year is frankly rather leisurely and the whole thing can be squeezed into one intensive year, which is what I did. After obtaining a law degree, it is necessary for a would-be lawyer to spend a further year at law school and then take more examinations while articulated to an established law firm. That, however, was not an option open to a known member of the NF, so I decided to make politics my life's work.

I: Since you're only 26, you have a half-century of politicking ahead of you. But instead of jumping into the future, let's leap backward for a moment. Whatever led you to become a British nationalist?

G: It was probably a matter of gut instinct. When I was 14 or 15 and suddenly found out about the National Front, something inside just clicked. Here was a party that was strongly patriotic and unashamedly pro-white. I said to myself this is the party for me.

I: I believe John Tyndall, whom many Instaurationists regard with affection and respect, was previously the National Chairman of your party, which unfortunately has a long history of factionalism and divisiveness. What is the National Front's present attitude toward Tyndall?

G: We have a number of irreconcilable differences and any attempt at unification would only be cosmetic, with a lot of tension under the surface. With luck he may eventu-

ally turn *Spearhead* into a non-party political mouthpiece, leaving organizational work to us and taking on a position similar to that of A.K. Chesterton in the early 1970s, who was a sort of elder statesman of the patriotic movement in Britain, a grand master of pro-British ideology.

I: Speaking of ideology, what exactly is the program of the contemporary National Front? Let's start with immigration.

G: Our immigration policy is the same as it's always been, which is uncompromising with regard to all colored immigrants. We insist that they and their descendants be repatriated over a phased period with financial assistance. They must go either to their lands of origin or to other countries that are prepared to take them in.

I: I take it your point of departure from the program of the National Front of ten years ago is in the field of economics?

G: In economics *and* politics. Politically we are genuinely in favor of much greater democracy, devolution of power, much more local power. Those were not the ideas of some party members in the past. Economically, we are radicals, a term which might be misunderstood in America. The basis of our economic program is that we are in favor of private property, which we believe should be widely spread. In our opinion capitalism and private property are two totally opposite ends of the pole. So we are anti-capitalist as well as anti-Communist. Years back the NF had a mixed view on this.

I: We are told that what you preach now is called distributism.

G: Yes. Distributism was the phrase coined by G.K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc for an economic and social system based on the widespread distribution of private property and ownership of the means of production. It calls for the restoration of craftsmanship, small industry and shops, and a major move back to the land by the restoration of family farms and small holdings.

I: So in some ways it resembles Catholic social action?

G: There's some Catholic doctrine involved in it, yes.

I: Which brings up the point, does the majority of your leadership have a Catholic or Protestant background?

G: It's a complete cross-section -- Catholics, Protestants, atheists, agnostics. We're a secular party.

I: It appears you veer somewhat to the left of standard British Tory economics. What would you say is the social class of your average member?

G: Most are working class and the majority of those are young.

I: You mentioned devolution. I take this to have some reference to the Celtic fringe?

G: Devolution was the watchword in the 70s of the Scottish National Party, which called for greater local government. We think this idea should be applied not only to the Celtic nations, but also to the other parts of the United Kingdom.



I: You feel Great Britain would be healthier and stronger if, for example, there were more of an East Anglian or North-umbrian feeling of local identity?

G: Yes, we'd like to see much more local identity -- I might even say much more local color. We push very hard the idea that our people should discover their own cultural roots, and obviously these are to be found more readily at the local level. But there is also a political issue here. We don't believe central government should do anything for people that local government can do. And we don't believe local government should do anything for people that people can do for themselves.

I: Do you have any special program to reach out to such Celtic groups as the Welsh, Irish and Scots?

G: We haven't been able to do too much because of lack of resources. However, we've just taken one small step in this direction by producing a bilingual leaflet, one side English, one side Welsh. We also have a leaflet specifically aimed at Scotland. Our current manifesto calls for much greater efforts to preserve and foster the traditional Celtic languages, and local culture identities generally. Then, of course, we are getting busier and busier in Northern Ireland.

I: What is your party's solution for the mess in that bruised and battered land?

G: The most important thing in the long run is to stop the bloodshed -- stop whites fighting whites. We believe the Irish Protestant population of Northern Ireland has a god-given right to live there. After all, it's their land. Also many of them are Irish by descent, and not just in the last 400 years. There's been a lot of mixture. We don't see Ireland as being one small land mass; we see it as two nations. We believe it's time the Irish Republicans recognize this fact and call off their imperialist war of aggression against Ulster. My personal view is that the only way peace will come to Northern Ireland is when the border is once again redrawn and the population shifted so that there's a smaller, exclusively loyalist state that lives and prospers under the Union Jack. We would like ultimately -- it was in our last manifesto -- to welcome Eire back into the British family of nations.

I: A sort of home rule association?

G: Everything would be negotiable, but that is what we have in mind.

I: That would certainly be a desirable goal for the white race in general -- particularly over here where the Ulster situation still promotes divisiveness between the English and Irish elements of our population. But to change the subject, what about the question of elections as the basis of your future activities, as opposed to building a strong anti-liberal, anti-Marxist, pro-white cultural movement which will have a broader base than a solely political movement?

G: Some years ago the NF was strictly an election fighting machine. It was very short-sighted of us to believe that we would be allowed to come to power purely by means of the ballot. We are now working to have a bigger cultural

impact in universities and schools and looking more in terms of gaining economic power -- both for our own self-sufficiency in regard to printing, distribution networks and the like, and gaining strength in professional organizations and the trade unions, which have been left in the hands of the extreme Left for far too long. So we are looking towards a much broader sphere of action than just elections.

I: In other words, you agree with the Nouvelle Droite in France that politics follows culture?

G: Definitely.

I: England has been in the forefront of those countries which have passed so-called "anti-hate laws." So far we've had minimal experience with those laws in America. But given the fanatic determination of our liberal-minority coalition to railroad through Congress the ratification of the Genocide Convention, we may soon be saddled with a whole raft of "race legislation." What effect have the "race laws" had on the British?

G: Strangely enough, I think they have had a beneficial effect. They have cut out a lot of lunatic fringe propaganda, which was so terribly negative that it helped discredit our own more sensible and more moderate racial preservation messages.

I: How about those eviction laws that are being enforced against racialists in England? Would you elaborate on how they operate?

G: They are being implemented by local left-wing Labour Party councils, basically run by Marxists. On the ground that they have the authority to choose the occupants of welfare housing, which accounts for a large amount of the housing in Britain, the councils claim the right to evict tenants and their families if their colored neighbors or the Marxists accuse them of "racism." There's no court of law, no process; it's just a straight eviction. They've already started doing this in London. The first family evicted was a white family with a six-year-old girl. Originally they were going to evict them a few days before Christmas, but they decided this would be bad publicity. So they waited until just after the New Year.

I: What about the experience of one of your leaders, I believe it was Joe Pearce, who wrote a book called *Fight for Freedom*? Can you tell us about his problems?

G: When he was just 16, Joe published a paper for young people called *Bulldog*. The minute she saw a copy, his Jewish lesbian MP, Jo Richardson, demanded he be jailed. Realizing that this would be going too far, the establishment waited until he was 20. The first court action ended in a mistrial because of a legal technicality. Normally defendants charged with minor offenses are let off after that. But the hate which the media and the Jews poured on Joe was sufficient to drown any legal precedent. In his second trial the jury couldn't agree, which led to a third trial where the jurors by the minimum majority in England -- 10 to 2 -- found him guilty of publishing material likely to incite racial hatred. He received a six-month sentence.

I: Is truth a defense under these hate laws?

G: No. That was explicitly stated by the prosecution. It was admitted that everything published in *Bulldog* about black crime was true. Nevertheless, the prosecution said truth was no defense. And the judge went along. So much for truth in present-day Britain -- and so much for freedom of expression. At present we have eight members of the party awaiting trial under the Race Act.

I: Based on your party's first-hand experience with these laws and trials, do you have any advice on these matters for Majority activists in the U.S.?

G: You can put across a pro-white message in either a positive or a negative way. If you take the negative way, "We don't like niggers because . . .," or whatever, you leave yourself wide open. If you say instead, "We don't want multiracialism because it will destroy our people who have contributed a great deal to history, science and technology," it's a much more constructive means of tackling the problem. You can help your case by adding that multiracialism is also destructive to blacks and other minority groups.

I: And accordingly appeal to the chivalric instinct of Northern Europeans.

G: I think so. The underdog always attracts sympathy. Most people, rightly or wrongly, still conceive of the blacks as underdogs.

I: We've touched on several significant points of the National Front program, but except for Ireland, we have not yet spoken of your foreign policy.

G: It can be summed up in four words: Minding Britain's own business. We want to remove from British soil all foreign bases, including American ones, and declare our neutrality.

I: I know there is a good deal of anti-Americanism in Britain, and rightly so considering the exports of the cultural throwbacks who run the media and Hollywood. Anyway, what is your feeling toward America?

G: We look upon America as the largest repository of white genes in the world. It is therefore of supreme importance that the white race in your country survive. If we were in a position to help, we would give all the assistance we could to your Majority activists.

I: You've just about finished a tour of the United States. What is your quick assessment of the American scene?

G: There is a great deal of political potential here, a potential that ought to come alive when your economy grinds down and the present artificial boom comes to an end. You have a lot of isolated talent, intelligent individuals in intelligent little groups, who would be much more important and wield much more influence in a smaller country like Britain. The United States is just too big. It's hard to organize anything in such a vast amount of space, though I suppose the inevitable advances in communications technology will help overcome this handicap. When the best of these groups and individuals manage to come together on



**On the march in London**

the basis of a common ideology and a common program, then I think you will all have a great future.

I: Do you see any possibilities for collaboration between your movement in Britain and sympathetic Americans?

G: There are a number of things we can do for each other. We can exchange information about the idiocies and illegal acts of our respective governments. We can share experiences regarding different forms of activities which prove particularly successful. No one has a monopoly on good ideas. One step in this direction has been the setting up of a small group in Washington with a view to raising funds in exchange for newsletters, information and subscriptions to our numerous publications.

I: Any further ideas on how you can aid us?

G: We've had a lot of organizational experience running things with all sorts of different people and especially youngsters and youth movements. We have had more experience along this line than any similar group. When operations like this sprout up in America, I would hope our advice and training would be invaluable.

I: The WASP element in America has always looked with affection to England. Perhaps you will set an example for us; perhaps you can serve as our political and social paradigm. On the other hand, what can Americans who believe in what you believe do for you?

G: One thing that is important to us, quite bluntly, is

money. The National Front is basically a working-class movement. Not by choice necessarily; that's just how it has worked out. It is also very much a youth movement. The average age of our members and followers is less than 25. So we are very short of funds and with the present horrible exchange rate a few American dollars would mean quite a lot to us.

I: You mentioned that you are setting up a group in Washington, D.C., to raise funds and sell subscriptions to your publications. Can you provide our readers with an address in case some of them might like to know more about the National Front or might want to give some financial support to your "Battle for Britain"?

G: The contact address for our American support group is P.O. Box 16071, Alexandria, VA 22302. Checks should be made payable to "New Nation." And before I forget it, let

me say that any of your readers coming to Britain are welcome to visit our Nationalist Bookshop at 50 Pawsons Road, Croyden, Surrey.

I: Thank you very much. We look forward to a very successful time for you in England. We will be sure to visit you when you're installed in No. 10 Downing Street. And let us hope that someday the National Front will be the British anchor of a worldwide federation of Northern European peoples ready to defend their culture and race against all comers -- and pledged never again to take up arms against each other.

G: Nothing would suit the purpose of the National Front better.

I: Again, Mr. Griffin, we are indebted to you for a very informative interview.

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## Greatness Requires a "Group Mind"

So successful was the late Luigi Barzini's book, *The Italians*, that he followed it up with *The Europeans*. A chapter from the latter called "The Imperturbable British" was reprinted recently in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. In it, Barzini described a vanished age where "British supremacy in almost all fields, with the exception of abstract philosophy, music and cuisine," was tacitly admitted throughout the European continent. But what lay behind this "British knack for greatness"? On that there was never any argument.

As a young man, writes Barzini, he, "like all Italians, most Frenchmen, and Mediterranean people in general . . . believed a nimble mind, quick reflexes, eloquence and brilliant improvisations were the essential requisite for success." How baffled he was by the British, and they by him:

I studied the eminent, gray-haired, distinguished gentlemen in their offices, where great historic decisions had been taken in the past and would surely be taken again in the future. I studied them in their ancient clubs. They received me with stiff courtesy and some bewilderment. Some let their monocles drop in astonishment (nature too often imitates clichés), and let them oscillate at the end of black silk cords, at my more indiscreet questions. They cleared their throats, said, "Er, er," thought a while, then solemnly expressed some banal truism with the tone of a man quoting the wisdom of the ages.

Clearly, it was not their intellect as *individuals* which made the British the envy of the world, at least not as they publicly manifested it.

The British code of behavior made it almost impossible for any well-mannered person to seem intelligent or well-informed even at an informal dinner or in casual conversation. As they were forbidden to talk about themselves, their families, personalities, children, servants, the things they did, the things they knew best, religion and politics; they were therefore limited to noncommittal generic statements and vague banalities. To fill the silence, they were trained to ask bland questions and make other people talk. I found myself once explaining Dante to an attentive man I discovered too late was a renowned Dante expert. Another time I talked at length at dinner about China to two women. They did not, because they could not, tell me that one of them had lived there many years and had written a famous novel, *Peking Picnic*, and that the other was an inventor of an arcane theory, which bore her name, to explain the shape of the Chinese jade scepter. Well-mannered people were also strictly forbidden to say anything witty or clever. If anything of the kind was said, usually by a foreigner or a famous Irishman, at a dinner table, silence followed. Nobody laughed. As Lord Chesterfield had written, "There is nothing so illiberal and so ill bred as audible laughter." All faces turned in mild embarrassment in the direction of the uncautious witty man. Then conversation resumed haltingly.

A friend of Barzini's, Bernardo, "thoroughly Italian" yet born of an English mother, had once explained his theory of "English" greatness, a collective and essentially racial one. Most revealing, Barzini, who, for eight pages, had been groping toward an explanation of the "British" mystery,

suddenly dropped the modern national term and took up the ancient ethnic one when he came at last to Bernardo's central truth (with which he concurred):

[Bernardo] believed that it wasn't important for Englishmen to be intelligent (intelligence could be a hindrance) because, as I had discovered, they all could behave intelligently when the need arose. This is how it worked. They all had a few ideas firmly embedded in their heads. He said "seven ideas," but his figure was probably too low. Whatever the number, the ideas were exactly identical and universal. That was why in older days, in distant lands with no possibility of communicating with their superiors, weeks or months by sailing ship away from London, admirals, generals, governors, ambassadors or young administrators alone in their immense districts, captains of merchant ships, subalterns in command of a handful of native troops in an isolated outpost, or even common ordinary Englishmen, facing a dangerous crisis, had always known exactly what to do, with the certainty that the prime minister, the foreign secretary, the cabinet, the queen, the archbishop of Canterbury, the ale drinkers in any pub, or the editor of the *Times* would have approved heartily, because they too had the same seven, or whatever, ideas in their heads and would have behaved in the same way in the same circumstances.

As long as problems could be solved and crises faced with those ideas, the empire and the peace of the world had been secure.



# Love Them Freaks!

In a recent article in the *Washington Monthly* bemoaning the decline of documentary photography in America, Nicholas Lemann focused on the person of Diane Arbus, whom he sees as "a crucial transitional figure" between the objective, naturalistic photographers of the past and the fiercely subjective, impressionistic ones of today.

Arbus was born in 1924 to a rich Jewish department-store family in New York. She became famous in 1967 when she put on a show called "New Documents" at the Museum of Modern Art, featuring her work and that of two other Jewish photographers. In 1971, deeply depressed, she killed herself.

The older photographic art was "accessible at the level of its beauty," writes Lemann. Not so the new stuff, which "looks inward" at the "artist's own soul." That might not be so bad if the artists' souls were more soulful, but in the case of superpapa-razzis like Lee Friedlander, all we get is self-indulgence: "[H]e would shoot the television set in his motel room, or his own feet, or his reflection in a store window . . ."

It has gotten to the point, complains Lemann, where one can "attract great excitement and renown in photography . . . by taking pictures of, for instance, yourself in various insouciant poses . . . or your dog

dressed in funny costumes . . ." Just don't try seriously documenting the plight of our cities and countryside -- the Establishment ain't interested.

How about Arbus? Her specialty was freaks, "transvestites in drag, giants, mid-gets, retards, sideshow acts, nudists, and on and on."

But her world also includes many "normal" people, and invariably they look strange too. Often in her pictures the freaks will be in comfortable repose, looking at the camera straight on, seemingly at peace; the nonfreaks, on the other hand, are shot from uncomfortable angles, or in harsh light, or in settings that are ostentatious and phony.

In her biography of Arbus, Patricia Bosworth made it plain that this was no accident. Talking at length to Arbus's former subjects, Bosworth learned that the freaks had been treated royally and still remembered her fondly. But, writes Lemann,

Her normal subjects' memories are completely different -- usually bitter. Arbus bullied them, lied to them, forced them to hold poses for hours, and otherwise pushed them until they somehow got into conformity with her vision of the world. Her photography was really less a chronicle of an American subculture than an evocation of something within herself.

Every picture from the body of work that made her reputation is meant to demonstrate that all of us are freaks. The images of those who are obviously so show an empathy so deep that it raises them to the level of art; in the images of those who are not, there is an aggressive and often hostile determination to wrest out the hidden truth.

Reading about Arbus, one is reminded of the *Newsweek* critic Walter Clemons, who, on successive weeks in February 1978, reviewed Charles A. Lindbergh's *Autobiography of Values* and Leslie Fiedler's pretentious *Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self*. The first book Clemons found (or pretended to find) "spooky" and "blood-chilling," because Lindbergh wrote things like: "A girl should come from a healthy family, of course. My experience in breeding animals on our farm had taught me the importance of good heredity . . . You did not have to be a scientist to realize the overwhelming importance of genes and chromosomes . . ." *Freaks* was okay, however, with its notation that the "cultural revolution" of the 1960s had "altered permanently our consciousness both of freaks and our normal selves." Had we noticed, its author asked, that "freak" and "freaking out" were now widely used as honorific terms?

## Two Arbus "Master Works"



Hermaphrodite and dog



Transvestite at a drag ball

# An Ex-Liberal Teacher Tells All

It has been almost a decade since I left my job teaching history at a black high school in Chicago. I am just now able to look back on those years without feeling a knot in my stomach and a tremor in my hand. I often wonder how I managed to stay so long.

At first my assignment to the school caused me no distress since it occurred during my "liberal phase," when I honestly and truly believed that blacks were intellectually equal to whites and that all their problems were caused by "racism." Oh, there were a few "bad apples" who gave blacks a poor image, but the overwhelming number of them were good, honest, upstanding citizens. I shook my head sadly when my father warned, "You just don't know."

I began teaching my students with a positive attitude about my ability to communicate ideas and their ability to be receptive. The results of the first test I gave them were so low I was shocked. I repeated the lesson, fearing I had done something wrong. The results of the second test were no better. Still convinced the fault was mine, I discussed the situation with more experienced teachers. The consensus was that I was wasting my time, that I might as well be trying to pour historical data into my pet canary. Ever the faithful liberal, however, I refused to believe the other teachers, categorizing them as bigots who had obviously been taught prejudice at the knees of their parents. If my students were not learning, something was wrong with my method of teaching, although I had had no trouble in the past with white students.

So I completely revised my teaching and switched to a system of repeated drills, steering clear of abstract concepts and concentrating on reading and rote learning. At the end of the first day my students were parroting the lessons. Though it was obvious they comprehended little of what they were saying, I was sure that if they came to know the facts, understanding would automatically follow. To my horror, the next day's review revealed they had forgotten practically everything I'd taught them.

One day of frustration followed another. Repeating, repeating and more repeating. Nothing, nothing and more nothing. In my frustration, I asked as many teachers as would talk to me how I could overcome my obvious deficiencies. The advice I received was terse and to the point: "Don't work so hard, don't blame yourself. It's them, not you." The most experienced teacher was an elderly, intelligent, distinguished man nearing retirement. He confided to me that on Mondays he would pass out a 50-question true-false test. The rest of the week he

would drill from the paper and give the answers. On Friday the students would be given an exact copy of the test. Result? An amazing 50% of the students passed.

It didn't take me long to discover that most teachers lowered their standards until they could approximate the bell-shaped curve so beloved by educators. If some teachers failed too many students, they were chastised by the principal, who then "upped" the grades.

My talks with other newly assigned teachers reflected my own puzzlement. Finally, we decided the problem was an utter lack of basic reading skills. The elementary school teachers were allowing students to enter high school with a second- or third-grade reading capability. What had been going on for eight years? The obvious conclusion was that the elementary school teachers were lazy, ineffective and not seriously trying to teach the disadvantaged black kids. We still naively believed the fault could not possibly be the students themselves -- those poor, innocent victims of racial prejudice!

One day a teacher's meeting was scheduled for our high school and its feeder elementary schools. We were broken into groups of 30 mixed-level teachers. Our attack on the grammar school teachers was immediate. "Why are you sending us students who can't read?" We began to feel uncomfortable when the overworked teachers recorded their futile efforts to teach the unteachables. We were told of the insoluble problems and difficulties encountered in attempting to impose simple skills on students with IQs in the 70s and 80s. Each weekend, each vacation, resulted in almost a complete loss of what had previously been taught. "It is one step forward and two backwards," the teachers

explained.

Then it was the turn of the black teachers to speak. They virtually accused the white teachers of transferring their own low expectations to their pupils. Black teachers who had taught in white schools, however, sided with the white teachers. I left the meeting with the feeling that the truth could no longer be avoided. The majority of black students do not learn as easily as the majority of whites. In addition, they have difficulties retaining what they have been taught and have little capability for abstract thought and deduction. It was heresy, but I finally had to confess that blacks were just not as smart as their white counterparts.

My last teaching job was in a private school where the proportion of black students was about 1.5%. The brightest black students fit in fairly well with the average whites. One of them won scholarships to three Ivy League universities. Whites with the same or superior academic achievement had to pay to go to less prestigious schools.

Though very few blacks are able to compete academically with whites, very few members of the teaching profession will dare admit it. The courageous soul who does admit it is immediately accused of being a bigot. Feeble, illogical excuses are as common as grains of sand as many otherwise intelligent teachers deny reality.

The problem of black students cannot be solved by forcing them into a classroom with whites where their lower achievement constantly makes them aware of their mental drawbacks. The problem can only be solved by educators and leaders agreeing that there is a difference. A few days in a classroom with an open mind should be sufficient. Only when the problem is recognized will we be able to solve it.

## Ponderable Quote

Another place Andreas Mayer took me was to a basement flat in Bentinck Street, belonging to Lord Rothschild, where Andreas's sister Tess -- who was subsequently to marry Rothschild -- was then staying . . . . There we found another gathering of displaced intellectuals -- John Strachey, J.D. Bernal, Anthony Blunt, Guy Burgess -- a whole revolutionary's Who's Who . . . . Burgess's very physical presence was, to me, malodorous and sinister.

It was around this time [1945] I received an intimation that Kim Philby was coming over to Paris in connection with his new duties as head of the department concerned with Soviet Espionage, and that he wanted to see me. He stayed in the Avenue Marigny house [the house of Lord Rothschild].

Malcolm Muggeridge,  
*Chronicles of Wasted Time*



# MEXICO ON THE BRINK

What's wrong with Mexico? Politically and economically, just about everything.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the country was stable politically and was advancing steadily, if slowly, along the economic front. But from about 1973 on, when Nixon closed the gold window and the international currency system began to crumble, Mexico's economy started to change, first from fair to bad, then, during the last eight years or so, from bad to worse. Concurrently, political disaffection spread like cancer, as the anarchist Communist dogs barked with ever-increasing shrillness.

The last six months of the left-leaning Echeverria administration (1970-76) shoved the nation to the brink of chaos, with revolutionary uprisings a real and immediate threat. Then came the presidency of Lopez Portillo (1976-1982), bringing with it a much needed respite. Fiscal sanity and political middle-of-the-roadishness seemed firmly in the saddle again. Relations with the U.S. proceeded harmoniously. Oil money began to flow freely through the financial arteries. World economic experts began to refer to Mexico as the new Saudi Arabia. A huge IMF debt was paid off five years ahead of time.

Unfortunately, the breathing spell was short-lived, as the glittering new economic palace was discovered to be resting on a foundation of quicksand. Oil prices fell; the world recession began to bite; grandiose, unrealizable industrial schemes siphoned off the hard-won surplus; exports declined; imports piled up; the debt owed foreign bankers swelled to an enormous \$80 billion; and hero Lopez Portillo stunned his countrymen by turning out to be a *bandido* even more conscienceless than Echeverria. The money he stole is estimated, conservatively, at more than \$100 million, much of it by way of drug dealing.

In early 1980, with two years of this distinguished leader's term still before him and the underlying deterioration not yet apparent, the Mexican government published a series of advertisements in *Forbes* magazine inviting foreign capital to participate in the imminent "economic miracle" meticulously programmed to copycat the German and Japanese paradigms. Even tough-skinned *Forbes* editors got so carried away they ran a cover story on the "dynamic Alfa Group" of Monterey that was about to transform the country into a "new industrial power."

No way, José! Any resemblance of Mexico to Germany or Japan is an optical illusion. With proper lenses a mole-

hill can be made to look like a mountain -- but it remains a molehill.

Today Mexico writhes in the grip of its worst financial crisis since the 1910 Revolution. The peso has suffered three abrupt devaluations, dropping in a matter of months from 1/25 of a dollar to 1/50, then to 1/70, then to where it stands today -- at about 1/250, with no lead line as yet able to find the bottom of the well. In his last frenetic two months in office, Lopez Portillo took the sudden and totally unexpected step of nationalizing the banks, forbidding the export of dollars and freezing dollar bank accounts. Withdrawals were permitted in pesos only -- and at an artificially low rate which was in effect a capital levy on the depositors. During that feverish period and for the first few

months of new president de la Madrid's term, government presses burned the midnight oil printing paper money. The economic woes this deluge of greenbacks was supposed to end were compounded.

What created this financial quagmire? Depressed oil prices, worldwide recession, international monetary instability and the nation's population explosion have certainly been contributing causes. There are others which are less talked about but are far more serious.

**1. An inefficient, top-heavy and overpaid bureaucracy.** This unproductive covey of parasites squeezes the blood out of the rest of the population. Department heads arrive at their offices at 12, leave at 1:30 and return (sometimes) in the evening from 6 to 7. When they are most needed, they are off with their secretaries vacationing in Acapulco or Cancún. The bureaucrats are good at one thing only: the fine and

ancient art of obstruction. When it comes to putting obstacles in the path of any undertaking whatsoever, no one anywhere can compete with them.

**2. Executive hypertrophy.** In marked contrast to the U.S., with its built-in system of checks and balances, each branch restraining the other, the Mexican government concentrates entirely too much power in the executive branch. Meanwhile, the judicial and legislative branches have been reduced to the status of *trompe a l'oeil*. The President is thus a virtual dictator. Lopez Portillo's decision to nationalize the banks was taken unilaterally. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Central Bank were not even notified!

**3. Lack of democratic processes.** Although Mexico likes to parade itself before the world as a democracy, it is the





exact opposite. True, elections are held regularly, and citizens are urged to vote. But the candidates -- at all levels -- are all chosen in advance and imposed upon the people from above. The whole brouhaha of going to the polls is but a simulacrum. Initiatives and referenda are unknown. "Elected" candidates do not respond to the wishes of the electorate, but await orders from above. There is no way, except by mass protests and armed revolution, that the citizens can express their will.

**4. Unwillingness to accept responsibility.** This universal human trait is blown up to monstrous proportions among the Mexicans. Constantly evading responsibility, they become marvelously adept at its corollary: blame-shifting. Their very language reflects their reluctance to face up to the consequences of their actions. If someone drops something, he doesn't say, "I dropped it." He says, "It fell" (*Se me cayó*.) If a child dies, the bereaved parent, far from admitting neglect, will complain, *Se me murió*, which is roughly equivalent to, "It died on me." (It is true that a European language -- in this case, Spanish -- provides the reflexive verbs that make these constructions possible. But while a Spaniard tends to say simply, *Se cayó*, or *Se murió*, the Mexican almost invariably adds *me*. The routine inclusion of this ethical dative enables the mestizo speaker to shrug off any and all responsibility for anything.)

Since no government office will admit its own part in the crisis, scapegoating is the order of the day. The people unanimously and vociferously blame the government, conveniently forgetting that every country has the government it deserves. The President blames "the unpatriotic rich" who have been draining the banks by sending their capital abroad. The rich justify their actions by the constant menace of expropriation, blaming the government and its socialist leanings. Leftist groups blame the U.S. Our policy, they scream, is to destabilize their economy so that we can buy their oil on the cheap. Some Mexicans blame the IMF, others the CIA. In short, everyone blames everyone else, and the words, *Culpa mea*, are never heard.

**5. Universal corruption.** In a famous speech before the legislature a few years ago, Jesús Silva Herzog, currently the Jewish(?) Secretary of the Treasury, had this to say about Mexicans: "From top to bottom, from bottom to top, our people are corrupt. Unless we change morally our nation will never progress." He should know, since "our people" necessarily includes Herzog himself. The truth is that venality is built into the Mexicans' bone and tissue. The people will never change; ergo, they will never progress. While Lopez Portillo went on the radio to plead with the citizens to "defend the peso like fighting dogs," all the top politicians who suspected or had advance notice of the impending devaluation -- El Presidente himself first of all -- were busy changing their pesos into dollars, which were then reconverted into pesos, tripling or quadrupling the original sum and creating out of the void a new set of instant millionaires.

It is this venality, with bribery, kickbacks and payoffs serving as the only efficient market mechanisms, that doomed to failure the hastily imposed rules (during Lopez Portillo's last months and Miguel de la Madrid's first months) that attempted to prohibit the free convertibility

and unlimited movement of currency. A black market in dollars was certain to spring up -- and did so overnight, with Mexicans waiting at the airports for deplaning tourists and making fantastic profits by the simple trick of converting pesos into dollars and dollars back into devalued pesos. Veteran drug smugglers found dollar smuggling child's play. Their palms thickly greased, officials were delighted to cooperate.

The same *mordida*-ridden venality is making a farce of de la Madrid's "Moral Renovation Program." Huckstered by high-sounding slogans painted on walls and tree trunks throughout the country in letters 30 inches high, this program is endorsed by all -- and practiced by none.

**6. Proximity to the United States.** Although geographical good fortune has earned Mexico a steady stream of tourist dollars, a constant inflow of illegal alien wages and easy access to U.S. technological advances, it is also a major cause of the country's malaise. Unfortunately for their masters, too many of the subjects have swum the Rio Grande and seen with their own eyes the wonders of Gringoland. Once the vision has been imprinted, it can never be erased. Not by the torrents of meandering rhetoric offloaded by their leaders, not by all the anti-bracero propaganda that crackles and sparkles on the radio and TV. Imperfect as the U.S. is, to the impoverished and lice-encrusted denizens of the Third World it seems like St. Augustine's City of God. Our crowded, air-polluted freeways, even the filthy unswept streets of Zoo City, are highways paved with gold compared to the narrow, dung-covered burro trails of their rural ghettos. The noisy, relentless hammering of our infrastructure, defective as we find it, seems to Third Worlders to be the music of the spheres. Consciously or subconsciously, we are both admired and resented as a race of superior beings. Having seen for themselves that our part of the world can be better, those who return are demanding that their own government get to work and make Mexico livable.

**7. But all these problems and deficiencies, important as they may seem, are mere offshoots of the central issue.** The overriding cause of Mexico's difficulties lies in the genetic constitution of its people. Indolent, inefficient, procrastinating, devoid of civil sense, totally incapable of looking one moment into the future except when they wish to be dazzled by the mirage of a workless *mañana*, they themselves bear the chief responsibility for the economic and political morass in which they are now condemned to wallow. It all boils down to low worker productivity, which to go back one step further is a manifestation of the people's character. The prosperity of any country, in any latitude, at any stage of development, is the measure of the industriousness of its inhabitants. The Dutch live in a tiny, postage-stamp country reclaimed from the sea, their only natural resources their brains and their brawn. The Swiss live in the midst of mountains so barren that few imperial predators have ever thought seriously about moving in. Yet Switzerland is a showcase of cleanliness, orderliness, prosperity and political stability.

Mexicans are far from being the "patient, skilled and industrious workers" a recent *Wall Street Journal* article called them. They are (with a few worthy exceptions here

and there) apathetic and slothful, much preferring the pleasures of a dawn-to-dusk siesta to the unexciting chore of daily labor. Although they work hard when properly supervised -- especially by a non-Mexican -- they hardly work at all when left to themselves. Their invariable tactic is to take a path of least resistance, which explains why so many of their structures are jerry-built and their home-grown products pure patchwork and Mickey Mouse. Lacking initiative, they will sit for hours staring idly out a window. They will look with a dull, stoic indifference at an expensive machine grinding itself to pieces, at a patient dying under the knife, at a lawsuit foundering on the multiform reefs of corrupt Mexican justice.

As socializers Mexicans have no equal anywhere. If life were nothing but an unending whirl of *fiestas*, *piñatas*, *bodas*, *cenar*, *bailes*, *aniversarios* and *cumpleaños*, they, rather than the Swiss and the Dutch, would stand out as shining exemplars of the modern world. But since work remains an inescapable human necessity and since their aversion to it is as strong as their inclination for fun and games, they unavoidably and consistently fall behind in the economic struggle. Incompetence ranks above all other defects as the besetting national sin. It runs like a shabby thread through the whole fabric of Mexican labor, through the peons, through the blue-collar and white-col-

lar workers, through the highest-paid professionals and through the army, police and bureaucracy. To put it more politely, Mexico is a nation of bunglers.

For many years Mexico was internationally insignificant -- little more than a cut-rate vacation spot where the introverted descendants of the Puritans and the extroverted sons of the Covenant could sip margaritas, ogle dark-eyed señoritas and dance the night away to the catchy rhythms of the rumba and the cha-cha. For the rest of the world the country remains just that (though no longer inexpensive). But for us it has become a major problem -- not just a thorn in the side but an oppressive weight against our entire rib cage. Since we can no longer dismiss the country as inconsequential, one alternative is to resort to statesmanship and try to make it a bulwark against the South and Central American hordes poised to overrun us. Another is to dam the flood of Mexican illegals, which already constitutes an invasion, by formally declaring Mexico our enemy and closing off our frontier by turning it into a war zone or a no-man's land. In any case, like it or not, we'll be dealing with the Mexicans, as friends, foes or neutrals, for as far ahead as the eye can see. Meanwhile, the more we learn about them, the more wisely we'll be able to cope when comes *der Tag*.

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## The Message of Bitburg: Only the "Messiah" Can Cure Jewish Alienation

The Bitburg stink helps one to understand what life was like around the turn of the century. That's when the Dreyfus Affair, the granddaddy of French tempests-in-a-teapot, was boiling on and off for more than a decade (1894-1906).

The last word on Dreyfus is usually given to Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism, who said the uproar taught him that Jews could never be at home in Europe. The bottom line on Bitburg comes from Barbara Ann Reich, a young Jewess from Rye Brook, New York. President Reagan "just doesn't really have feelings about it [the Holocaust]," she kvetched. "It's very distressing to see. You really feel more alienated -- because of the President's action -- from your whole country, and you feel all the more reason to work for Israel."

That is what the whole ersatz controversy over a President laying a wreath at a German military cemetery was about -- a pretext for keeping the nation's Jews (and their powerful hangers-on) alienated and unreconciled: in a word, *Jewish*. Leading Jews might deny this, yet astute observers of this "curious people" have demonstrated how seldom they recognize -- or, at least, confess to -- their own deepest motives.

Whatever could the President have done to make Ms. Reich, and millions of other

Jews, feel so alienated from him and from America? Reich's self-pitying remarks, made at a Holocaust gathering in Philadelphia, came just two days after Reagan, at the White House, made one of the most Judeophilic speeches of his career, before handing the First Survivor, Elie Wiesel, a Congressional Gold Medal. The fawning remarks, which brought only a rebuke from Wiesel, demolished whatever remained of the once sturdy constitutional wall separating synagogue and state.

Only two years ago, the President was roundly chastized for invoking Jesus' name in an address to Christian evangelists. Yet his unstinting praise of both Judaism and the Jewish people, made at the White House before a national audience, triggered no adverse commentary.

In the Haggadah, said Reagan, "there is the phrase, 'In every generation they rise up to annihilate us.' " A specimen of Jewish paranoia, perhaps? -- of Jewish exaggeration? -- of Jewish rhetoric? Reagan's speech treated it as the plain, self-evident truth.

The European Jews, said the President, were "a people who did not permit themselves to descend into the pits of -- and quagmires of -- hatred, but lifted themselves instead, and, with them, all of humankind" -- lifted us toward the blessed

One World ideal of Old Testament prophecy. *No haters among the Jews?* Reagan's finding came as a great shock to that diminishing band of Americans who know the uncensored facts about the violent and vicious role of a great many Jewish apostles of hatred in twentieth-century European history.

"No one has taught us more than Elie Wiesel," gushed the President, speaking of the man who came very close to praising the early Bolsheviks as "good Jews" (*Instauration*, December 1984).

Reagan also said, "If the Soviet Union truly wants peace, truly wants friendship, then let them release Anatoly Shcharansky and free Soviet Jewry." Was the world's leading anti-Communist here suggesting that *this* was what the Great Crusade was really all about -- that a million or two Soviet Jews counted for more than 250 million Soviet Gentiles?

"[W]e must not forget our duty to those who perished," orated the President, "our duty to bring justice to those who perpetrated unspeakable deeds." Needless to say, he had only *some* victims and *some* perpetrators in mind. Duty to the other, the *unchosen* victims, unfits one for even the lowest public office in our slavish land.

"America," said Reagan, "will never

waver in our support for that nation to which our ties of faith are unbreakable." Needless to say, he meant the *international* nation -- Israel.

In closing, the President said, "[L]et all of us, Jew and non-Jew alike, pledge ourselves today to the life of the Jewish dream."

Not even the defamation-filled speech by Wiesel which followed was as bad as Reagan's. Speaking of the Jewish Holocaust, Wiesel said, "The leaders of the free world, Mr. President, knew everything" that was happening when it happened -- yet they did "so little" to help the Jews. He then added:

One million Jewish children perished. If I spent my entire life reciting their names, I would die before finishing the task. Mr. President, I have seen children -- I have seen them being thrown in the flames alive! Words -- they die on my lips.

(By reciting 15 names each minute, Wiesel could reach 900 in an hour. Some 1,120 hours would be needed to recite one million names. Going at it for 12 hours a day, the task would be finished in less than 93 days -- hardly "more than a lifetime." And if the first part of Wiesel's statement is transparently false, what of the second?)

Wiesel concluded by saying that "a tor-

mented world . . . is still awaiting redemption." If Reagan had a clue as to what is going on around him -- which he hasn't -- he'd know that by "awaiting redemption" Wiesel, like any devout Jew, means awaiting the Jewish Messiah or redeemer, who bears little resemblance to his Christian counterpart. The Jewish Messiah introduces a this-worldly New Order in which Jerusalem rules, and the once high-and-mighty in places like Washington and Moscow are reduced to step-and-fetch-its. (The blueprint is in plain English all through the Old Testament.)

Seeing the "anguish" all over Reagan's face as Wiesel lectured him before a worldwide television audience, and hearing (from Billy Graham and others) how the man was often "close to tears" of frustration, anger and confusion during Bitburg Month, one realizes how awfully close to the Jewish millennium we have already come in this country.

Ah, but we *aren't there yet*, and that is what has the Barbara Ann Reichs of the world feeling so horribly "alienated." *Not one blemish* must remain on the collective Jewish image. While other peoples may relax in a community of morally equal nations, believing Jews -- religious and atheist alike -- are forced by their doctrine (now internalized) to remain agitated so long as the master-servant moral relationship of the

promised Jewish millennium remains elusive.

Jews, who admit to an ethnic penchant for gambling, are betting heavily today that the Holocaust Mystique will see them through the difficult transition to a masterful position above public criticism. As the columnist Richard Cohen (aping many other Jews) wrote concerning the Holocaust, on the day after Reagan finally laid his Bitburg wreath, "[J]ust to mention it, to invoke, it, is to silence criticism, to end argument. Auschwitz. Treblinka. Dachau. What can you say?"

What we can say, what every sensible individual should say in answer to Cohen's presumptuous question is, "Look at Israel. Look at the millions of dispossessed Palestinians. Look at the parasitic economic basket case of the Zionist state." Is the attempted Jewish genocide of the Palestinian people, is the invasion of Lebanon, is the theft of bomb-making nuclear materials -- are these the ultimate consequences of the Jewish presence?

Have we arrived at the stage of human affairs where what is evil is called good, though the evil is going on right in front of our eyes? Was Orwell, by chance, really writing about Zionism, not communism, in his prophetic 1984?

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## The Rhetoric of Bitburg

So many people said such *funny* things during the great Bitburg blow-up last spring. (It's better to laugh than to cry.)

Almost every writer on the *Washington Post* staff offered his or her two bits, four bits or six bits. On April 23, Mary McGrory declared that President Reagan "looks at Germany and does not see the country that started two world wars, the second of which brought western civilization to the brink of extinction . . ." A week later, she was simpering about "anti-Semites . . . coming out of the woodwork" again, denying the uniqueness of the Big H. A week after that (May 7), she reasoned that reconciliation with the Germans was hardly needed because, since World War II, "hardly a harsh word has been spoken" against them! The President should break free from his "obsession about the Soviet Union" and come to grips with the real enemy -- Hitlerism.

In one of the many columns on Bitburg, Richard Cohen suggested that Reagan take pornographer Al Goldstein to the German cemetery with him, to honor "the beasts who darkened the skies with the ashes of six million burning people." Charles Krauthammer, a young Jew who loves to ham-

mer the Krauts, argued for the idea of "collective guilt," but said, "I feel, and bear, no guilt for the plight of blacks"; "During the centuries of slavery in America, my ancestors were being chased by unfriendly authorities across Eastern Europe." Haynes Johnson wrote of Bitburg, "Not for many years has an episode inspired such general personal disgust and outrage in me." He also wrote, "If 99 out of 100 people surveyed said they could not care less, it still doesn't detract from the significance of this error." (We ain't runnin' a democracy here!)

Meg Greenfield expatiated, "This [the Reagan White House] is a place built on the premise that no dispute or grievance is absolute, final or controlling." (Which, as every Jew who celebrates annually the undoing of Haman and Pharaoh knows, is madness.) Joseph Kraft argued that equating the German and Jewish victims of World War II, as Reagan did, "takes a special shallowness. . . an immunity from the tragic spirit," such as only America's President and West Germany's chancellor can muster. Kohl, said Kraft, "lacks . . . imagination . . . He is a provincial -- a pure product of Rhineland Pfalz, the Palatinate . . ." (which bor-

ders, of course, on France).

A *Post* editorial (April 22) said of the Holocaust: "Did we say a 'large subject'? We meant a towering, all but incalculable one." It then addressed "the gigantic, breathing sorrow that heaves out of the very land Mr. Reagan will visit." (Is this what they mean by the dry heavens?)

At the "rival" *Washington Times*, deputy editor K.E. Grubbs Jr. was almost hysterical about how Reagan's Bitburg gaffe might undo decades of "conservative" progress: "Twenty-one years after then-California Governor Pat Brown's nostrils picked up the 'stench of fascism' at the Goldwater convention, their [conservatives'] success in fighting off that smear . . . may come to naught." Hadn't Jesse Jackson himself "excoriated the president for planning to consort with fascists"? The solution, said Grubbs, was for the President to "verbally expectorate" on the graves of the bestial SS men.

In Israel, meanwhile -- about five miles distant politically from Washington -- every leader was reworking his most tired rhetoric. Prime Minister Shimon Peres set the tone, saying Reagan should not seek reconciliation "with Satan." Defense Minister

Yitzhak Rabin promised that Reagan "will not be forgiven" by the Jews: "Today, the day after Bitburg . . . [we Jews] have taken an oath: to remember and forget nothing." Menahem Begin said that May 5, Bitburg Day, was "one of the saddest" in all Jewish history. (Non-Jews should have such purely symbolic bad days!) Ariel Sharon felt that Peres and his Labor Party had not said enough: "They unfortunately don't know how to stand up to the *goyim*," he told a rally. Shlomo Hillel, the speaker of the Knesset, declared that an "era of [Holocaust] forgetfulness . . . has broken out in the world now." And Knesset member Haike Grossman was certain that Reagan had gone to Bitburg to "give absolution" to the Nazi fiends.

### Lowest Blow of All

The most overworked of all journalistic clichés is George Santayana's line about

people who forget the past being condemned to repeat it. (But do any of the quoters realize their source was anti-Semitic?) Santayana would insist that the mere remembrance of awful events without an understanding of the conflicting human realities which led to them is pointless. With this in mind, one must cite Secretary of State George Shultz, the truckling, potato-faced, anti-German, anti-Arab German American who when he was in the employ of Bechtel worked closely with the Arabs, as the worst offender in the Bitburg rhetorical sweepstakes. Speaking to Elie Wiesel at the annual Holocaust service in the U.S. Capitol Rotunda, Shultz solemnly stated, "I share with you the deep conviction that there is no place, within the deep spirit we feel of reconciliation, for understanding for those who took part in the perpetration of the Nazi horror."

In other words, what everyone agrees

was the greatest conflict in human history arose from pure unmitigated evil on one side. Shultz, like too many others, has swallowed whole the Eternal Jewish Mystery: that of a perfect people besieged in each generation by mindless, heartless, soulless monsters. He has rhetorically placed our entire century beyond that true act of remembrance which Santayana called for to avoid a recurrence of tragedy.

In one mad, mad sentence, Shultz has swept America beyond the realm of understanding, beyond true reconciliation with Germany or indeed with our own past, beyond the civilizing reach of historical objectivity and of scientific method. He has placed us firmly in the hands of a cabal of Jewish shamans who, by making our world ever more unintelligible, make themselves ever more indispensable as the verbose interpreters of its Mysteries.

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## Jewish Boosters

Once the free trade deal with Israel had been signed, the Israelis lost no time launching a libelous campaign against Florida tomato growers, accusing them of growing a low-quality product, appealing to New York buyers by dredging up the Holocaust and, for good measure, charging that the public relations firm for the American tomato growers was anti-Semitic. It might be noted that both Florida senators, Paula Hawkins and Lawton Chiles, voted for the free trade bill, which amounts to a severe financial blow to Florida's 7,000-man tomato industry. It has long been known that senators and representatives generally put Israel's demands above the national interest, but this is one of the few times members of Congress favored Israel to the direct detriment of their own states.

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Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, who used to be an Israel bond salesman, who has various Jewish icons scattered about his office and who made \$8,000 in 1983 speaking before Jewish groups, has proposed a new economic package for Israel that would give the Zionist state an additional \$3.9 billion -- on top of the \$3 billion already earmarked as fiscal 1986's annual tribute -- and \$1.5 billion in emergency economic aid for fiscal 1986 and 1987.

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In late February, all 100 senators signed a letter to President Reagan requesting him to resume the airlift to "rescue" Ethiopian Jews from the Sudan. Their wish was consummated in March after Vice-President

Bush made a special visit to now ex-President Nimiery. Because premature publicity had ended the previous airlift -- the Ethiopian government called it a "mass kidnapping" -- the senators were told to keep very quiet about the letter until the successful outcome of Bush's mission. For the four weeks from February 21, when the letter was delivered to the White House, to March 25, after the second airlift had been successfully concluded, not a word about the operation appeared in the press. When it comes to Israel, all the Senate's usual leaks are stopped up tight. A high-ranking American diplomat (non-Jewish) assigned to Khartoum, is supposed to have been the organizer of the airlifts. Since the operation was entirely illegal, the military junta that ousted Nimiery is going to put the Sudanese officials involved in it on trial. In fact, the London *Observer* claimed that Jewish organizations paid \$56 million in bribes to Nimiery and his cronies to allow Sudanese facilities to be used for smuggling Falashas out of Ethiopia and flying them to Israel. Nimiery, who is now hiding out in Egypt, may be tried in absentia. He may even have to leave Egypt if the bribery stories turn out to be true. Arabs look unkindly at anyone on Israel's payroll.

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The U.S. District Court in D.C. threw out the case against the Treasury and the IRS which sought to revoke the tax-exempt status of the World Zionist Congress, the Jewish Agency, the United Jewish Appeal, the Jewish National Fund and Americans for a Safe Israel. The suit charged that these

groups are not charitable, religious or educational in purpose or nature, but serve as conduits for tax-deductible contributions to a foreign power. On average, it was stated, these groups funnel about 750 million tax-exempt dollars to Israel each year. The court defended its decision with a lot of legal mumbo-jumbo, which carefully skirted the real issue -- that the tax-deductible status of these groups is in direct violation of U.S. law.

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At a lavish kosher dinner in Zoo City, Democratic bigwig Tony Coelho brought Big Apple supporters of Israel and Texas supporters of tax loopholes for oil companies together. The two groups made a deal to start a PAC in which the Texans would beat the financial drums for Israel and the Israelis would pound the pavement for bigger and better tax breaks for Texas oil barons. Altogether an odd victory for Coelho, who tells his California constituents he is against all tax loopholes.

### Ponderable Quote

[Andrew Young] argued for what he called "the Jewish strategy" -- having people in every camp so that the blacks would have a voice no matter who won [in future elections]. It was the only ethnic strategy that would work in pluralistic politics, Young said.

Newsweek  
special edition,  
Nov.-Dec. 1984

# Hollywood Bloodlines

Why is so much of the stuff excreted by Hollywood so overwhelmingly uncouth? Read between the lines of *Hollywood Dynasties* by Stephen Farber and Marc Green (Delilah, NY, 1984) and weep. We say read between the lines because quite obviously the authors of this book are not going to be too hard on the quality of the creativity of the people they are writing about and occasionally panegyricizing. Besides, their chief interest is quantity -- the entwined family trees of innumerable moguls, their offspring and their offspring's offspring, who even unto the third and fourth generations still set the tasteless, paleolithic tone of the American film industry.

Nepotism is a tradition as diligently honored by 20th-century Hollywoodians as by Medieval and Renaissance popes. Almost the moment the film magnates staked out their southern California niches, they sent for their Jewish relations in Central and Eastern Europe and put them on the payroll. This practice was not too conducive to good cinema, but it affected the business part of the industry more than the artistic part, if there ever was an artistic part.

Today, however, when everyone has learned to speak English and everyone's grandchildren and great-grandchildren have gone to Harvard and Bryn Mawr, this enduring nepotism has a profound influence on American culture. Today the young (Jewish) Turks are no longer content to fiddle away their time as assistant file clerks and scenery movers. Today every first or third cousin wants a piece of the action, wants to sit up front and be a writer, producer or director. And more often than not they get their way. Today Father Jake will let son Marv direct a \$20-million picture, even though the latter hardly knows which end of the camera has the lens.

In the old days movie people, Jewish or non-Jewish, at least had to have some experience, some proficiency, some talent before they were put in charge of a film. Then as now, a membership, however remote, in one of the dynasties, opened the door and gave the untalented a head start over the talented or, to put it more accurately, the goy, always left at the gate, always had a lot of catching up to do. But back then the tough, important jobs were almost always given to someone who had some acquaintance with film production, some cinematographic flair. Today, after 50 years in the Hollywood taste grinder, films are worse than ever, so talent is less necessary than ever. Today the young dynasts not only get the important jobs, but they hold on to them through box office

failure after critical failure.

The film dynasties covered by Farber and Green in their *Almanach de Beverly Hills* include the Mayers, Selznicks, Goetz, Zanucks, Laskys, Schulbergs, Cohns, Disneys, Laemmles, Warners, Schneiders, Fondas, Ladds, Bergs, Douglases, Jaffes, Coppolas, Mankiewicz, Weinstains and Goldwyns. Only three WASP families appear in this roster: the Ladds, Fondas and Disneys. Even here there are problems. The late Alan Ladd Sr. married a Jewess, though Alan Ladd Jr. was the product of a first marriage to a Gentile. The Fondas, whose acting ability is as large as their characters are small, were plagued with Hollywood-type ailments. One of Henry's five wives (Jane's mother) committed suicide and son Peter tried to when he shot himself in the stomach. As for the heirs of Walt Disney, they have flouted the traditional business practices of the ingenious animator by surrendering the control of their company to the minority dynasts. Authors Farber and Green designated Darryl Zanuck, the son of a Hungarian immigrant, a WASP, perhaps on the basis he always protested he was not Jewish, although his style and modus operandi did nothing to support this allegation. The rest, the great plurality of the

dynasts, with the exception of the familia Coppola, were and are Jews, mostly of the East European variety, whose shtetl ways cannot help but infiltrate the product over which they have the final say.

The same bloodlines are glaringly evident in the nighttime, dreamed-up-in-Hollywood soap operas -- "Dynasty," "Dallas" and "Falcon Crest" -- and in the comic-strip spectaculars of a non-Jewish, non-WASP film magnate like George Lucas, whose productions are so permeated with Spielbergs and the like that it is hard to determine where the Jewishness ends and what little is left of Aryanism begins. To dramatize the Jewish presence, we have only to quote the late Harry Cohn, longtime head of Columbia Pictures, who, like most of his compeers, married a non-Jewess. When asked to contribute to a fund for Jewish relief during World War II, Cohn snapped, "Relief for the Jews? What we need is relief from the Jews."

Stuck firmly between the Scylla of affirmative action and the Charybdis of the dynasts, the WASP is hard put to find a job in Hollywood these days. If it weren't for the aesthetic prop, still a box-office plus, the only Majority members in Hollywood would be floor sweepers.



Walt would never have surrendered them to minority dynasts.





## Swearing Off Shiksas

Instaurationists may recall that Jewish Defense League founder Meir Kahane was once a "very close friend" of a young Gentile woman who jumped to her death from the Queensborough Bridge in New York City (*Instauration*, March 1982). The episode was fleshed out in the *Village Voice* last October 2. The paper reported that in 1966, Kahane, though an ordained Orthodox rabbi with a wife and four children, spent much of his time with *shiksas* in the Hamptons on Long Island, in the guise of "Michael King," government consultant, foreign correspondent and Presbyterian bachelor. In June he met a 21-year-old model named Estelle Donna Evans who had dropped her real name, Gloria Jean D'Argenio, when she left her adoptive parents in Connecticut and moved to the Big Bagel at age 18.

One summer night, while walking with her roommate across the bridge over the East River, Evans suddenly bolted over the railing and plunged 135 feet. Two days later she died of her injuries -- on Kahane's 34th birthday. And two years later, in 1968, the rabbi created the JDL, which utterly opposes all dating and marriage between Jew and Gentile.

In 1971, the *New York Times* warned Kahane that it planned to include his affair with Evans in a long article about his past. Kahane pleaded with the paper, saying he would retire from public life if the story was dropped. The *Times* decided to compromise, reporting that Kahane, as King, had "met" Estelle Evans and found her to be "an unusual person." Their two-month romance was only hinted at.

Today, as the most racist member of the Israeli Knesset, Rabbi Kahane is almost obsessed with the issue of sexual mixing. He asks his listeners, "Do you know the horror of the prostitutes [in Israel] who are all Jews and the pimps who are all Arabs . . . ? Who knows how many Jewish women are today in Gaza?" He quotes an old Moroccan Jew who "cried like a baby" as he told of his two daughters marrying Arabs:

I came here to live as a Jew. Not in my wildest nightmare in Morocco did I ever dream that my daughter would date Arabs. [Yet] here in the Holy Land they have not only dated them but they married them.

Kahane and his followers openly profess their delight at Gentile organizations which exclude Jews from membership, since that cuts down on social mixing. His new American organization, the Authentic Jewish Idea, recently published a blacklist of prominent American Jews who have sinned by marrying Gentiles.

Yet Kahane realizes that Jewish endogamy will henceforth be a losing proposition unless all Jews are gathered into one area. Therefore, he also says, "I pray for the day when there will be governments in Europe who will kick the Jews out . . . I would pay a lot of money to the European states for kicking the Jews out of Europe." When asked last year how he would feel about a Christian Party taking power in the U.S. and forcing all Jews to leave, the rabbi replied, "I'd pay them money."

## Helms Dives into the Mainstream

Poor Jesse! He thinks he can become respectable by reversing himself on Israel and out-Zioning the Zionists. His signature headed the list of signers of the notorious kosher conservative letter of March 6, 1985, to President Reagan, urging him to forget about Camp David and its promise of an autonomous Palestinian state and publicly support the Israeli land grab of the West Bank. In other words, make it official U.S. policy to help the Jews take land away from 800,000 Arabs and give it to the 40,000 Jewish squatters who have already moved in and to the Jewish squatters to come. Not much of an endorsement for the self-determination of peoples, which used to be a cardinal principle of American foreign policy.

Poor Jesse! He has taken such a shellacking from the Jews he's decided to throw in the towel. He now even wants to move the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Should this transpire, it bothers him not at all that the Arabs would be inspired to perform more acts of terror against the U.S., the paymaster of Jewish terror.

Some years ago, Jesse Helms was one of the two senators (the other was James Abourezk of South Dakota, now out of government) who dared to place U.S. interests above Zionist interests by speaking out against Congress's craven subservience to Israel. In a major speech (*Instauration*, July 1979), Helms urged Congress to force Israel to give up its expansion into the West Bank and enter into an alliance with the moderate Arab states. If Israel refused, Helms called for the end of all economic and military aid. In 1980, Helms was one of seven senators who voted for a reduction in aid to Israel.

It felt good to have one senator out there speaking and acting like a Majority member should speak and act, instead of acting and speaking like the lackey of a foreign power. But all good things, especially in contemporary American politics, are as rare as they are short-lived.

So now Jesse, the lost leader, has joined the wolf pack. As Browning wrote of Wordsworth, who chickened out in the reverse direction of Helms (from internationalist to nationalist), "Just for a handful of silver he left us. Just for a riband to stick in his coat." The 30 pieces that Jesse hopes to get are a piece of the Jewish financial support that poured into the coffers of his opponent, Jim Hunt, in last year's election in North Carolina and that almost cost him his Senate seat. The riband is favorable headlines in the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* as a payoff for his switch to the Zionist line.

The irony is that the more he's contrite, the more he begs for forgiveness, the less he will be forgiven. In his desperate bid for the media approval that has always been withheld from him, Jesse has forgotten that *they* never forget.

## Social Notes from the Washington Post

Princess Michael of Kent, who is married to a first cousin of Queen Elizabeth and who recently acknowledged that her father was in Hitler's SS, went on British television to express her "deep shame." She added, however, she could prove her aristo pa had been cleared of war crimes. Her mother had assured her that documents existed proving that Baron Gunther von Reibnitz's rank of major in the SS was "purely honorary."

*If it was indeed "honorary," why would the young princess stoop to degrade her father's memory by being ashamed of his political and social sympathies? Was it for the same reason which impelled the bewitched young darling to truckle to decadent British royalty in the first place?*

\* \* \*

Acting on a tip from a teenage boy, Montgomery County (Maryland) police arrested two other teenagers and accused them of painting a number of large black swastikas on the roof, door and sidewalk of the Gaithersburg Hebrew Congregation synagogue. The kids, who were released in their parents' custody, told police that they did not know that swastikas symbolized hatred of Jewish people. Said police spokesman Harry Gehreng, "You'd think kids 14 or 15 would know about the Holocaust and the Nazis . . . It's strange that they'd choose to put swastikas on a Jewish synagogue and not know what it meant."

*Yes, it is, Officer Gehreng. But such are the ways of the world. Now, about this bridge we have for sale . . .*

\* \* \*

New Yorkers woke up one April morning to the news that millionaire Jewish politician Lew Lehrman had converted to Ro-



man Catholicism. The conservative Republican, who was defeated by Mario Cuomo in the 1982 New York State governor's race, has often been mentioned as the man who could become the nation's first Jewish president.

*He still can.*

## Solzhenitsyn, an Anti-Semite?

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, although his present (second) wife is one-quarter Jewish, has been accused by Jews of the 20th-century crime of crimes -- anti-Semitism. One ground for the accusation is the photographs of six Jewish concentration camp bosses he featured prominently in his magisterial three-volume opus, *The Gulag Archipelago*. Another reason for his not exactly cordial feelings towards Jews may be an incident recounted in *Solzhenitsyn*, an encyclopedic and intelligently written biography by Michael Scammell (Norton, NY, 1984).

In 1930, the 11-year-old Solzhenitsyn wrestled with a Jewish schoolmate for a knife, which the latter had snatched out of his hand. In the confusion the knife pricked a nerve in Solzhenitsyn's arm. As he went to the washroom to clean the wound, he fainted and crashed down on the stone floor, gashing his forehead. Later, in spite of being treated at the hospital, the gash became infected and had to be reopened and restitched. In all, Solzhenitsyn had to spend a month in bed before he was well again. He still carries a noticeable scar on his right temple.

Still another "anti-Semitic" incident occurred in Solzhenitsyn's school days, when, after a fistfight and a verbal spat, a Russian boy slurred a Jewish student. The latter returned the favor by calling him an anti-Semite. Solzhenitsyn was asked to support the Jew. He refused, saying, "Everyone has the right to say what he likes." Solzhenitsyn was thereupon accused of anti-Semitism and hauled before a special meeting of the Communist Young Pioneers, where he was thoroughly chastised for his advocacy of free speech.

The lesson that no criticism of Jews was to be tolerated in the springtime of the Bolshevik regime must have rankled, because the incident, although somewhat disguised, later appeared in Solzhenitsyn's novel, *The First Circle*.

## They Want It All

It isn't just America's largest cities which are falling to minority politicians. In Virginia, for example, which has no city of more than 300,000, and never had a black mayor before the 1970s, five of the state's municipalities -- Richmond, Portsmouth,

Roanoke, Danville, Petersburg -- have now elected black mayors, while six -- the first three named above plus Norfolk, Lynchburg and Chesapeake -- have elected black vice mayors. That's just about all the urban centers in this supposedly "arch-conservative" state.

Blacks now dominate the city councils in Richmond and Portsmouth. They also dominate the county boards in a growing number of small Virginia towns, where they may also serve as mayors. In 1970, only four of the state's 498 county board members were black. And it was only a year earlier that the first black since Reconstruction was elected to the state senate.

While Virginia, like most of the South, has been through a "quiet revolution" in the past 15 years, Miami has endured an increasingly noisy one. The Hispanic mayor, Maurice Ferre, had to confess his city is now the cocaine capital of the world, with billions of illicit dollars sloshing around town, corrupting everything in sight. Beyond that, he adds, it is the unofficial capital of Latin America -- just as Beirut was once the center of the Arab world (his analogy). The city's mix of Anglo and Latin culture creates "sympiotic energy," Ferre insists.

As recently as the 1930s, there were fewer than 100 people of Hispanic background residing in the entire Miami metropolitan area. It may not be too long until Anglos are that scarce.

Ferre says the presence of "the American flag" assures a happier fate than Beirut's. But if the U.S. Constitution is ultimately a scrap of paper -- one which was widely copied in Latin America to no avail -- then the U.S. flag is finally a scrap of cloth, helpless to alter Miami's destiny.

## Not One Atrocity Since 1945

The wicked hypocrisy of the Genocide Treaty was brilliantly exposed by Senator Steve Symms (R-ID) in a letter to the *Washington Post* published April 27.

In order for an activity to be defined as "genocide" under the treaty, it must be committed "with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group as such." Politically motivated genocide is not covered by the treaty.

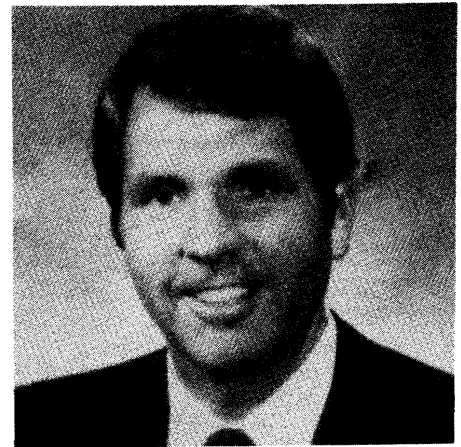
During the 1947 negotiations, the United States pushed for inclusion of the word "political" in the treaty, but the Soviets refused to sign it unless it was deleted. Unfortunately, in the intervening 37 years, a vast majority -- perhaps all -- of the millions of persons butchered by totalitarian governments have been murdered for political, rather than racial or religious reasons.

This means that the treaty would exclude from coverage the atrocities that have occurred in Cambodia, Afghani-

stan, Uganda, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Poland and the Soviet Union itself. This should be obvious from the fact that not a single charge has ever been brought against any country under the treaty, even though it has been ratified by Cambodia (1950), Afghanistan (1956), Ethiopia (1949), Mozambique (1983), Poland (1950), and the Soviet Union (1954).

Anyone who doubts that a vast majority of these atrocities would be exempted from coverage by the Genocide Treaty should examine page 30 of this year's [Senate] Foreign Relations Committee transcript of hearings on the treaty. On that page, the State Department pointedly refused to name a single atrocity that has been committed during the treaty's pendency. Privately, the State Department informs us that there are none.

The one major case in which the treaty had been invoked, Symms continued, was *Attorney General of Israel v. Eichmann*. But Eichmann argued that an Israeli court had no jurisdiction to try him because of a section in Article VI. So the Israelis simply tried, convicted and hung him on a different legal basis.



Senator Steve Symms

Symms's postwar genocide listing passes over our "ally," Communist China. The *Guinness Book of World Records* (1974) records under the entry "Greatest Mass Killing":

The greatest massacre in human history ever attributed to any group is that of the 26,300,000 Chinese during the regime of Mao Tse-tung between 1949 and May 1965. This accusation was made by an agency of the USSR Government in a radio broadcast on April 7, 1969. . . . The highest reported death figures in a single monthly announcement on Peking radio were 1,176,000 in the provinces of Anhwei, Chekiang, Kiangsu and Shantung, and 1,150,000 in the Central South Provinces. . . . The Walker Report published by the U.S. Senate Committee on the Judiciary in July 1971, placed the total death roll since 1949 between 32.25 and 61.7 million.

