

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal .

Instauration®

VOL. 7 NO. 7

JUNE 1982

THE IMPORT OF THE FALKLANDS

Whatever happens down there in the roaring forties, whether the British-Argentine rift narrows into an opera bouffe war or broadens into an Aeschylean tragedy, it is already sending out shock waves that may affect everyone's future.

Britain has received a long-awaited and long-deserved boost in morale. After spinning off most of the real estate of the world's largest (and quickest-collapsing) empire, the British are putting up a fight, at least for the moment, for one of their last overseas possessions. Any fight at all is a tonic for a country that in just a few decades fell from the peak to the pits of history. Even if the Brits should lose, either in the fighting or the peace-making, the defeat may make them mad enough to become British again.

But the most important fallout from the Falklands brouhaha has been the backing given Britain by the European nations on the hither side of the Iron Curtain. The future of Northern Europeans and their descendants overseas hangs to a great extent on European unity or, more precisely, the unity of Europe North. That so many European governments joined the British financial and diplomatic offensive against Argentina augurs well for the greater unity which must someday follow if Europe and perhaps whites everywhere are to survive. What we are seeing here is a very infrequent historical event – much of Western and Central Europe *and* Britain forming a common front against a non-European state. The present coming together may not last – already some nations are defecting or giving signs of defecting. Nevertheless, it is a healthy portent.

The Falklands affair has also helped to clear the geopolitical air in the U.S. The Monroe Doctrine is long dead, killed by Eisenhower and Kennedy when they let the Soviets move into Cuba. Rather than defend the Western Hemisphere against the Old World, an idea whose time has gone, the U.S. should welcome European support in its defense against Latin America. It is not just the Soviet- and Cuba-inspired revolutionary ferment in Central America that endangers U.S. security; it is the exponential rabbit-like breeding of the Negroes, Indians, mulattoes and mestizos in every country south of the Rio Grande.

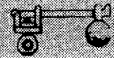
Every bit as destructive as the H-bomb is the Latin American population bomb, which Mother Nature, to the applause of Mother Russia, is now detonating against the United States. Northern Europe is facing a similar threat from the breeding populations of the Mediterranean littoral. Then there is the sputtering Moslem genobomb on the southern flank of Russia, which may some day force the Soviet Union to call off its worldwide adventurism and concentrate on what is happening in its own backyard.

Many American liberals and minority racists are reluctantly supporting Britain in the present conflict because Argentina is supposed to be an anti-Semitic dictatorship and because the conflict is white-on-white and therefore permissible (whites are no longer allowed to war against nonwhites). Many American conservatives are neutral or are supporting Argentina out of sheer perversity, inherited Old World hatreds, anachronistic isolationism or the Fortress America ideology of the racism-in-one-country boys. No one mentions the overriding reason we should root for the Brits— race.

Argentina is part of Latin America, and Latin America in the long run is as threatening a foe as Russia. The Red regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua and the revolutionary rumblings in El Salvador are just faint whispers compared to the 21st-century war drums of two or three billion Latin Americans clamoring for gringo blood and gringo land.

A worldwide ingathering of Northern Europeans is the most effective defense, perhaps the only defense, against the explosion of nonwhite and dark white genes in every corner of the planet. With the exception of Australasia and South Africa, this racial confrontation is also a geographical one – the global North against the global South.

The dream of Northern European unity will never be realized as long as liberal-minority coalitions and geriatric commissars rule the white world. But Marxism and liberalism, whose failures grow more monumental and less concealable each year, will not last forever. The question is, will they last long enough to keep us in our present state of racial paralysis, until we are literally bred off the face of the earth?



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

The Israeli paper Yediot Achronot has commented editorially, "If we managed to get rid of the headache caused by Andrew Young, who tried to undermine us in the U.N., it may be possible to find a cure for the ailment known as Weinberger." It should prove interesting to observe what form of treatment Weinberger will be given to render him permanently harmless.

142

I just received my February *Instauration*. Cholly was so splendid and exhilarating that I decided to resubscribe three months ahead of time.

069

Before an Instaurationist wastes his words, he should ask, "How old are you?" If the answer is anywhere between 28 and 38, his attempt at reason is futile. That age group is useless to our cause and should be written off. Somewhere along the line its members were told to "express themselves," but they never said anything worthwhile and could not listen. The younger age group seems to have a semblance of guts. Revival of the draft would result in a mass transfusion of white genes into the military, and the wearing of a uniform would be respectable again. The danger to our young is not on the battlefields of El Salvador or Lebanon, but the slow castration of their manhood by our "minority" culture.

150

Education comes first, then action? We'll be waiting one hell of a long time. While minorities push their way to the top, shoving us down, we are told knowledge and understanding of the plot to bury us takes top priority.

444

The little "u" or "k" that one finds imprinted on almost every bottled or packaged thing one buys at the grocery store, from breakfast cereals to detergents, is supposed to mean that the item in question has been blessed by a rabbi. Now I think it is very generous for Jews, who claim to comprise less than 3% of our population, to share the blessings of their rabbis with the rest of us. One could compare their generosity with, say, the niggardliness of Catholics. Though I have looked on grocery shelves a long time, I have yet to find a single product with any mark guaranteeing that it had been blessed by a priest. I do, however, have one complaint to make about the Kosher seals of approval. It is not that I begrudge paying the extra cost for this rabbinical blessing of my food and detergents. It just seems hardly possible for all these millions of items to be properly blessed. How can a proper blessing on such a vast scale be carried out? The truth is I feel I am paying for something I am not getting.

803

I should like to have the figures on the violent crime of Negroes prior to 1954. By taking the posture that the Negro is to be forcefully integrated into every aspect of our society, the judiciary unleashed a violence upon America that could not have been accomplished by an undefended invasion of the U.S. by Russian helots. Many of our women, once the "gentler sex," have become violent demonstrators for an equality abhorrent in nature. Large numbers have proved they can be more depraved than the male -- probably surpassing the homosexual in this regard. And what horrible leadership! Bella Abzug is gross ugliness and moral perversity gone berserk. The whole women's liberation movement could set culture back 10,000 years. Never in recorded history have women, as a group and in large numbers, reflected such basic evilness.

404

Father Machree will not like to be reminded about the huge airport which the Irish are building at astronomical expense in the middle of a thick peat bog on the Plains of Mayo, miles from nowhere and over 100 miles from the Black Pool, on the Liffey. A good way to deafen the local curlew population, rather than stout-swilling Dubliners. Yes, but there is something nearby (apart from bird droppings) -- an R.C. shrine. Visions of Him appear in desolate places (but not Toxteth so far). So the airport is specially for His Healed Holeyness to drop in and do his wailing and flailing act when he feels like taking a break from rabble-rousing in his native land. With the Irish inflation rate 23 percent and the Irish per capita debt twice that of Poland, He is needed. The grasping Bishop will also be visiting his ever-burgeoning flock of suckers in the U.K. this year. I hope this holder of the only office on the globe specially created for sufferers of Huntington's Chorea beings plenty of Kleenex with him, as he will be drooling copiously at the thought of getting the English to fill his coffers once more after 400 years of naughtiness.

British subscriber

Miscegenation, for all its evils, is still the second best way to get rid of white defectives.

Canadian subscriber

What a blessed marvel Cholly is. His Sutter Lang pieces are absolutely priceless; beautifully delicate and incisive dissections of contemporary "high society"; inspiring (just to know that a person like Sutter might exist); witty (in the highest English tradition); humane (in a new Instaurationist tradition); exquisitely written (not a word out of place; each sentence chiseled to perfection).

803

If Russia had all the Third World, what would she do with it? Isn't the Third World a rathole which we should forget about? Who needs it?

300

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"Death Wish II" was better than "Death Wish." The people in the audience cheered when each mugger was executed.

500

I think what irritates me as much as anything about modern America is the lack of common, everyday courtesy. Having primarily TV and X-rated movies as behavioral guides, those reared during and after World War II cannot understand how conduct and attitude can change a pleasant society into a boorish and antagonistic one. There are a number of contributing factors to the "insolent and snarling dog" approach toward our fellow men. Primarily, it is an attitude toward strangers (to some degree because we are scared silly in this "free society"), but there is also the disgusting snip-piness and behavior of children in their attitude toward their parents, whose gross stupidity and spinelessness have succeeded in giving their offspring everything they want and damn little of what they need -- namely discipline. No one dares tell parents that discipline is the first requirement for respect; that it is difficult to love a parent one doesn't respect.

One group must accept a large measure of the blame for this cultural degeneracy -- the Jews who came to these shores from Eastern Europe. They were immediately marked as being people of the foulest personal traits, being sickeningly obsequious to their superiors and potential customers, but uniformly arrogant and impolite to casual strangers. As they succeeded in the various professions and businesses, particularly show business, they carried their gutter behavior with them, developing it into what they considered an "art form" (e.g., the late Jack E. Leonard and the current Don Rickles). The people from the British Isles and Western Europe came from cultures where a measure of courtesy was instilled by class divisions and by their religious and limited school training. There was a demand and a necessity for basic respect in the cultures in which they originated.

The Jewish guiding hand behind the ACLU and the NAACP has done as much as any force to undermine the basic culture (and courtesy) of our people. The ACLU fights for a permissiveness which, in effect, takes the fear of punishment out of our legal system. When there is no fear of the law, there is disrespect for the law -- and for all authority, from the home to the courts.

327

The recent acceptance of Eldridge Cleaver, who is an ex-convict, ex-Moonie (and hopefully an ex-Marxist and ex-rapist), by the Mormons leads many of us to believe that the Saints' leadership has become either too trusting or plain senile.

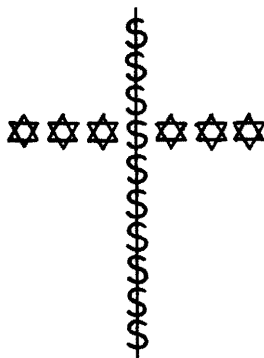
711

I second the motion of Zip 716 that we replace the negative Majority Renegade of the Year with a Majority Hero of the Year. I nominate for the latter award retired businessman Robert Klark Graham, whose sperm bank project is the most positive thing conceivable (pardon the pun).

203

Scientologists in my opinion are indeed dangerous, but not to themselves, their communities or to honest and decent folks anywhere. They do, however, by their actions, post a tremendously viable threat to any establishment insofar as it maligns, deceives, foments conflict, pursues oppressive policies, promotes drugs, crime or culturally destructive education. Honor is central to their basic creed and they know that affinity for one's own race is as inherent a human trait as pairing and progeneration. The scientologists, so far as I am aware, harbor no devious or secret intentions. They are full of good will and are assuming in many areas the task of bringing about an instauration in the face of known decadence and of the powerful personalities dedicated to promoting this decadence.

905



May I suggest this heraldic device for Jerry Falwell and his ilk?

914

Knowingly or unknowingly, your publication exacerbates white disunity. Every month it is rife with statements, implied, direct, long, short, grand and petit, which serve to feed the monster. You have printed two more, dime-a-dozen Yankee pronouncements that the South is the armpit of America; one article stating that Dixie uses deodorant, the second stating that she does not. The deodorant article, typically condescending and patronizing, also insults the Midwesterners by describing them as "short and dull." The second article is the typical tirade against white trash, scrubs and crackers. No honest person would deny that the South has its full complement of substandard natives and biological defects. No region of the nominally "White World" is free of such, including the North.

There is absolutely no love lost within me for the North or that particular type known as Yankee. I could easily pen an article as vitriolically anti-Northern as the second article was anti-Southern. But I choose to let my reason rule over my emotions. I hold no foolish dreams concerning the birth of a harmonious, homogeneous, worldwide Pan-Aryan clan. But I do view the white race as a singly "racial nation," made up of many "racial tribes," and each tribe made up of many "racial clans." Your often repeated opinion that "nothing can be done now" may go beyond being a natural observation and become a self-fulfilling prophecy. But your fanning of intraracial flames is unpardonable.

293

The deluge of Holocaust TV shows is the most prolonged display of self-pity in history.

511

At my university, one must put up with a ton of antiwhite literature and philo-Semitic bleatings. I was ecstatic to see your publication lying on a table in our library. I have shown the issue (with Rabbi Meir Kahane on the cover) to my fellow students. They were pepped up, to say the least.

185

Instauration's critique of Yockey (Feb. 1982) was excellent. Personally, I found it difficult to wade through Imperium, but that should not detract from the author's stature. Yockey may have had the subconscious knowledge that he did not have many years to live and that he had to accomplish all in one major work. His other booklets seem more or less a foreword or an appendix to Imperium.

043

Just a few words about the February Instauration. It was one of the very best. Sutter Lang's exploits in the Cholly column were quite hilarious. It is seldom that publications of the radical right reach a standard in humour that can hold its own with the professional humour-mongers. The critique of Yockey and Imperium was right on target. I first read that book about twenty years ago and considered it to be in the category of the curate's egg -- very powerfully good where it was good but very off beam in sectors. Yockey was alleged to have written the whole thing without notes -- something which testifies perhaps to a mind with a phenomenal capacity to store and record knowledge. But such minds often function in a rather disordered and contradictory way. Perhaps they are overcongested.

British subscriber

There is a good chance that the Russians may yet get to the Atlantic. I am not certain at this stage whether I should fear this eventuality (as a German). In 1945 we had to prevent it; in the 1980s it may be a blessing in disguise.

German subscriber

How come Cholly always gets off unscratched?

852

Hello to Zip 450 who complains about her hubby's backbone and friends. What did you really expect from a lawyer? I did notice that you mentioned "big, blue-eyed" and "fortune" when you discussed that male specimen. Maybe that's why you married him and why you are still with him. I still feel that your hubby has some residual guts, but that he's parked them somewhere. They are a genuine handicap when it comes to playing affluent status games. Either coax him into a lower income bracket or leave him. I have rarely seen backbone and bucks in the same pair of trousers. The minorities need guts in order to climb that nowhere ladder. Believe me, once they start to lick in that honey pot, they'll become as timid as those squishy Majority types.

223

James Bond was half-Scot and half-Swiss (You Only Live Twice, chapter 21), six feet tall, strong, slim, stern-faced, clean-out, black-haired and blue-eyed (From Russia With Love, chapter 6, The Spy Who Loved Me, chapter 10, etc.). He was keen on blondes. His second wife was blue-eyed and golden-haired (On Her Majesty's Secret Service, chapter 3) -- as are most daughters of walnut-faced Corsican gangsters. Unfortunately, he was also keen on other types. But when he says in "A Quantum of Solace" (For Your Eyes Only) that he would marry either a Japanese or an air stewardess, he was only making conversation. His anthropology was quite good. It didn't take him long to pin down Goldfinger as a Balt (Goldfinger, chapter 3), "though there might be Jewish blood in him." Within seconds of meeting a Jamaican madam (The Man With the Golden Gun, chapter 5), he had her classified as a fractionally Chinese octoroon. He was fond of blacks, but as early as the mid-50s he was worried by coloured immigration. So you see, there is hope for him. I should send him a brochure. Fate made all his adversaries foreign. His first, Le Chiffre, was part Jewish (Casino Royale, chapter 2), and his second, Mr. Big, was half Negro (Live and Let Die, chapter 3). Wint and Kidd (Diamonds Are Forever, chapter 23) struck Tiffany Case as looking like "something from Brooklyn" or "a couple of cloak-and-suiters from the Garment District." (I don't know America, but I think her remarks are naughty.) His Watson added at least two more racist passages. First, the scene in Diamonds Are Forever with a diamond broker, "a small harassed-looking Jew" who had a "thick foreign intonation." Second, chapter five of Thunderball, where it is explained that although the Avenue d'Iena is the richest street in Paris, "rich people are not necessarily solid people and too many of the landlords and tenants . . . have names ending in 'escu,' 'ovitch,' 'ski' and 'stein,' and these are sometimes not the endings of respectable names."

British subscriber

As of today, the worst enemy of the U.S. is Col. Muammar Gaddafi. He is a second Hitler, a warmonger, a terrorist, a liar, a menace to world peace. Ex-bartender Senator Moynihan just can't sleep while this monster is alive. But if one day the Libyan ruler would say to Dan Rather he would like to go to Israel and have a friendly talk with Menahem Begin about cooling it in the Middle East, he would be immediately proclaimed a man of supreme wisdom, a noble humanitarian, a great statesman and would be nominated for a Nobel Prize and invited to Camp David by Reagan, who would hug him and kiss him as Jimmy Carter hugged and kissed Anwar Sadat a few years ago. Sure, the tail can wag the dog!

481

Stuart Eizenstat, the Jewish lawyer who used to be referred to as the "shadow president" when he handled domestic affairs for the Carter White House, has returned to the practice of law in Atlanta. He is also an officially registered agent of the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

300

I lived in Japan from 1963-66. Japanese cars were junk. My 1962 Dodge wagon was the envy of the neighborhood. Several wealthy Japs wanted to buy it, but couldn't because they would be ostracized socially and the local road tax would be several thousand bucks a year. In this way the Japs keep down competition from imports. The Jap auto worker rides to his job on a good, fast, state-subsidized train that picks him up at his door and deposits him at the factory for a few cents. He lives in state-subsidized housing. The Detroit driver works to work, lives in a house financed to the hilt by usurers, and works for a management that doesn't give a damn about him. By contrast the Jap managers act upon 80 percent of workers' suggestions. For years General Motors, Ford and Chrysler invested their profits all over the world (including Japan) instead of modernizing their American plants for greater efficiency.

005

Instauration is bigger and better than ever. Magnificent! It is by far the best, if indeed not the last and only, refuge of sanity remaining. It has become a great fountainhead, feeding myriads of rivulets and streams that, like acorns, grow to larger and larger proportions.

402

What a pitiful creature George Wallace has become. I cannot forget the impact he had upon our people. I have stood in great arenas and watched him bring forth thunder again and again from vast mobs. His power was awesome. With ringing words and mere waves of the hand, he shook great halls to their foundations and unleashed the long pent-up yearnings of our race for its lost liberty, and for the restoration of our broken nationhood. It was unforgettable. Disastrous that a handful of bullets struck down the dream and left in its place a pathetic caricature of a man.

402

The South was bled white, genetically speaking, by the Civil War. Those "good ole boys" that Yankee #2 (Instauration, Feb. 1982) endures are descendants of a type personified in Faulkner's Snopesian trilogy. Most worthwhile Southerners were killed or died of grief and the ever fecund bumpkins filled the post-bellum vacuum.

304

I enjoyed the anti-lawyer article ("Crossing the Bar") in the April Instauration. But the author left out some of the best quotes:

God works wonders now and then; Behold! a lawyer, an honest man.

Benjamin Franklin

I would be loathe to speak ill of any person who I do not know deserves it, but I am afraid he is an attorney.

Samuel Johnson

I shall not rest until every German sees that it is a shameful thing to be a lawyer.

Adolf Hitler

902

I am such a egalitarian that I don't want inferior races around.

200

The first crack in the "Melting Pot" theory opened when the U.N. midwived a Jewish state in the Middle East. The Jewish American was then given a right no other American has ever been given -- that of dual citizenship. The second crack appeared when American Negroes demanded reparations in the form of money and favoritism as compensation for discrimination by Americans long deceased. Henceforth blacks would be a protected group. The third crack cracked when Mexican Americans wised up to the benefits of minority racism. Wherever they live in large numbers, voting information and instruction in American schools must now be in Spanish. Along with blacks, Chicanos are now sent to the front of employment lines. As other incipient Greedy Groupies flow in from overseas, it is time to remove the welcome torch from the Statue of Liberty and replace it with a STOP sign. It is also time to give a resounding notice to Congress that we demand laws consistent with the welfare of the United States, not the welfare of those who, acting in concert, have shattered the delicate crucible once called the Melting Pot.

920

Tomorrow I shall be passing Instauration around at one of my graduate courses as an example of a dignified racial periodical. My hope is that the section with the gorilla head -- "Primate Watch" -- will not turn too many people off. Sometimes form is more important than substance.

070

An article by Walter Reich (a psychiatrist) entitled "Denying the Holocaust: Prelude to What?" in the Washington Post of May 3, 1981, accidentally presented an excellent example of the very reasons why ever growing numbers of perceptive, objective people are beginning to find the "Holocaust" claims absurd. Under a picture which purports to show crematories in Auschwitz, the claim was repeated that they "could cremate about 2,000 bodies in 24 hours." It does not take much paperwork to figure out that this would mean that each crematory could cremate a body in about 1 1/2 minutes, although even the most modern crematories require about fifty times that long.

741

I rarely read much more than two sentences of Cholly. However, his March column enticed me through its entirety. Hearty laughter and sweet tears.

142

I think John Nobull once tried to show that Mosley was a good Englishman -- tall, and so on. Mosley had an aquiline nose, dark hair, black eyes, and a head that didn't jut out much at the back. He sounds like a Dinaric and looks uncannily like one. According to Hans Günther's Racial Elements, the Dinaric has "his-trionic powers" but does not "turn his gifts . . . to leadership in the most varied spheres of life . . ."

Irish subscriber

THE FATE OF THE EARTH

The world is coming to an end. Everyone knows this, but no one does anything to prevent it. Some people joke about it. Some doubt it will ever happen. Others even hope for it. This is the message of Jonathan Schell in his book *The Fate of the Earth*, which was serialized in the *New Yorker* (Feb. 1, 8, 15, 1982). In the first installment he gives a cool and authoritative account of the nuclear threat to mankind and the earth. He describes the initial radiation, the wave of blinding light, the blast, the radioactive fallout, and the all-too-likely experience of "survivors," who will "escape" from one atomized zone only to fry in another -- two-thirds of the U.S. population instantly annihilated with the equivalent of 300 one-megaton bombs, leaving some 10,000 megatons in the Soviet arsenal still unaccounted for -- the famous overkill. Almost no one in the U.S. can expect to survive.

The fate of the earth and of the species depends a lot on whether the bombs are detonated on the ground or in the air. If high in the air, as at Hiroshima and Nagasaki (where the bombs were exploded at 1900 feet), civilization may be the only casualty. The earth may well recover from such devastation with most of its species intact, unless the atmosphere is fatally damaged, as well may be the case. If detonated on the ground, however, all the higher plants and animals can be expected to die out -- not as a result of the blast, but as a result of the fallout. Many survivors, especially in the southern hemisphere, may linger on for a few centuries, but infertility will increase until the last couples will finally produce nothing but stillbirths. Except for a few kinds of bacteria, mold and algae, which ought to be able to adjust to the genetic damage, the earth will be dead. Evolution will have to start all over again. After some billions of years, higher forms may arise once more, but they will not resemble any that we now know. It is fairly certain that there will never again be anything even faintly resembling men, nor even animals.

That is the fate in store for us unless some way that we don't know about can be found to avoid nuclear World War III. The end, in one form or the other, is coming, and soon. With that part of the book out of the way, Schell then proceeds to assign blame and make recommendations. With that the book becomes truly disheartening. Until then I had felt he was sounding one of the most important messages of the day and doing very well at it. Thereafter, I became afflicted with some of the symptoms he describes for radiation sickness. Despite the nausea, however, the experience of reading the whole book may not have been altogether wasted. The last two installments amount to a compendium of wrong thoughts on such a colossal scale that it excites the pathologist in me, so that now I feel able to diagnose what ails Western man. By studying it I think I may have discovered what got us into this mess in the first place,

and why we are doomed now to pray only that they will detonate them high.

I suspect that the book is going to make pots of money and that Schell is sufficiently capable and calculating to write it so as to appeal to the younger element of "the great American market." He announces that fear of annihilation, if intense enough, through reading his book, might itself be enough to keep us from detonating the bomb. This fear is to be augmented and intensified by the massive sense of guilt aroused by the Holocaust literature. "If we read the testimony of those in the camps deeply enough it may help us in our effort to avoid our extinction." Extinction is associated with genocide. Future generations annihilated by thermonuclear weapons are linked with Hitler's Jewish victims.

History is crowded with ruthless and berserk actions, yet there are none that have attained the horror and insanity of a nuclear holocaust, and very few that have gone as far as the worst crime of which we do have any experience -- genocide In Hitler's Germany horrifying events of dreamlike unreality occurred We do not wish to believe that the events in the concentration camps happened -- we find it all but impossible to believe it.

Schell believes that with the aid of this litany, we can look forward to a millennium of peace in which a Judeo-Christian humanity lives on pretty much as it does now, but with an overriding sense of terror, and at the same time an increasing respect for human rights, with the principle of toleration carried "to the utmost extreme" and the lines of national sovereignty increasingly blurred. Violence, repression and armaments will be replaced with terror. As far as I can make out, endless repetition of Holocaust litanies will make the fear of World War III so intense on the scale of aboriginal thoughts (as in the movie *Altered States*) that it will amount to "a spiritual energy that the human heart can pit against the physical." The trouble is that, as we read on, it becomes clear that Schell's *Judenreich* would slowly and painfully do what the nuclear holocaust will do suddenly and mercifully. His millennium would result in just as much damage to the ecosphere as the thermonuclear weapons. The pursuit of happiness-cum-terror would not involve any moral restraint. The members of the new order would live, reproduce and consume at our present pace, because they "want to be free, to be prosperous, to be treated justly, and so on."

Right off the bat in the second installment he hits us with the following statement:

A serious perversion of religion is the suggestion, made by some Christian fundamentalists, that the nuclear holocaust we threaten to unleash is the Armageddon threatened by God in the Bible It is not God . . . who threatens us but

we ourselves. And extinction by nuclear arms would not be the Day of Judgment . . . it would be the utterly meaningless and completely unjust destruction of mankind by men.

On the face of it, it is hard to understand what is so objectionable about Armageddon as a term for what is under discussion. But as we read on, it becomes clear that Schell divides the civilized world into two classes -- men in "a state of nature" and men in the "civil state." He compares men in the civil state to the Jews and men in a state of nature to Hitler's Germany. Between these two classes he feels there can be no truce. One or the other must go. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he commends genocide for Nazis, for many of the Christian fundamentalists, and for those presently in charge of the Kremlin, not to mention the White House and the Pentagon. Men in a state of nature, if not totally evil, are at least totally unforgivable. Men in the civil state are quite the opposite; they are totally innocent. The fact that "there is no lack of them" does not mean that there are too many. There cannot be too many such men. Overpopulation and the consumption of the earth's non-renewable resources is no crime. It is ordained.

Mankind is not in itself good or evil, it is the source of both The only moral standards we . . . have title to are the human ones Mankind is the inexhaustible source of all possible forms of worth There are no ethics apart from service to the human community.

The only way we can "judge the worth" of anything is by "asking how it will serve as a means to some end of mankind's Since the future generation will surely do and suffer wrong, it is part of . . . love to come to terms with evil." In short, men in the civil state are endlessly forgivable. Schell recommends disarmament without our having to reform or repent. Sin lies with the bomb and its detonation and nowhere else. Sin is rage, anger, violence and "the old ways of thinking," including the stockpiling of nuclear weapons, the threat of retaliation and vengeance. In deploring the impending destruction of the future, Schell completely ignores how we forgot the future in the past. His essay is a paean to human selfishness and a litany of hate against all those who would have us take a longer view.

Just as the Holocaust literature ignores the fact that the Jews in Germany, through their control of a substantial portion of the press and the banking system, stood in the way of what, in epic literature, might be regarded as a heroic effort, so Schell ignores the fact that men in the civil state stand in the way of a peaceful solution to our problem by their opposition to controls of any kind. "The disparity between the cause and effect of our peril is so great that our minds seem all but powerless to encompass it," he writes. (A keynote of the Holocaust literature is to call a spade a spade, and then to declare that our minds are incapable of grasping what a spade is.) He thinks only in terms of a conspiracy by men in a state of nature.

The peril of extinction is the price the world pays for its insistence on continuing to divide itself up into sovereign nations. Without this there would be no need to threaten extinction The claim that nuclear weapons are deployed in order to prevent their use is simply not true. Actually they are deployed to protect the national sovereignty

. . . . Just as we have chosen to live in the system of sovereign states, we can choose to live in some other system.

He does not say what other system. ("I leave that for others.") It does not occur to him that one might argue by his line of reasoning that we should have let Hitler win the war. If Germany, or any other nation, had global hegemony, there would be no rival stockpiles. Schell complains that we have wasted the decades since Hiroshima "which might have been used to fashion a world that would be safe from extinction by nuclear arms." But he does not weigh the possibility that once lay open to us of ourselves assuming command of and responsibility for the earth. He speaks only of "full, global disarmament," of breaking with our "violent past." One possible solution is the "abandonment of the military defense of one's nation." We must un-do "the system."

If we had never sought to harm one another, the energy latent in matter would have remained locked up in there We have it in our power to prevent the catastrophe [because it is] by pursuing our political aims through violence that we bring it about We may have to teach ourselves to think about extinction in a meaningful way We must relinquish sovereignty and found a political system for the peaceful settlement of international disputes

"We need to make the weapons wholly cerebral" -- merely thoughts, i.e. "the fear of extinction," but "not for the pursuit of national political views." We need "a divorce between violence and politics."

Now, there is an undeniable appeal here -- an appeal to saintliness. If honest, this is something I respect. But I cannot respect Schell because I do not perceive that he is honest. He is only halfway serious about pacifism. He is not even an anarchist. For instance, after describing the fear of extinction as an "organizing principle," he writes, "Having dictated the foundation of the [new] system, it would stand guard over it forever after, guaranteeing that the species did not slide back towards anarchy and doom." Furthermore, Schell's organizing principle is not to be used entirely for peace.

There is no need, or excuse, for the United States not to take strong measures to oppose Soviet-sponsored repression in Poland, [such as suspending] shipments of wheat to the Soviet Union President Nixon . . . who had a criminal and authoritarian bent . . . was a champion of peace in repression . . . and was conspicuously silent about abuses of human rights in the Soviet Union.

In short, Schell will not let go of his own war against his own enemy, which is to say, men in a natural state. I was only surprised he doesn't say, Nuke 'em! But he does go so far as to say that

It does not follow that any action is permitted as long as it serves the end of preventing extinction In most countries, "national security" is found to be justification enough for abusing every human right, and we can only imagine what governments might feel entitled to do once they had begun to claim that they were defending not just national but human survival.

He is unblushing about his rejection of a sense of guilt for men in a civil state. It is the height of immorality, he says, to regard

the present generation only as auxiliaries -- as the expendable bricks and mortar to be used in the construction of a glorious palace in which future generations will take up residence Reduction of human beings to a supporting role in completion of cross-generational tasks . . . would mean placing a higher value on the achievements of life than on life itself Life comes first. The rest is secondary . . . including our wish to serve the future generations by preparing a decent world for them to live in.

Schell constantly appeals to evolution theory to bolster his position. But instead of Darwin's theory, he invokes the sociological version that is so offensive to the fundamentalist Christians. His view of evolution justifies total selfishness on the part of the species.

Life became steadily more complex and more ingenious, until around a million years ago, it produced mankind -- the most complex and ingenious species Civilization emerged, enabling us to build up a human world, and to add to the marvels of evolution marvels of our own.

And he commits a bald-faced error in calling extinction "alien to nature." He does not ask that mankind try to fit into the scheme of nature. Instead he deifies man as

the creature that divides time into the past, present and future Language separates men from the other animals, [including] the "languages" of the arts and sciences. Stand-

ing behind language are our reason, our psyche, our will and our spirit.

This is the stuff that comes tripping lightly off the lips of our children. This is what we send them to college for. It is a bad business. It tells us of the disease we are dying of. Alcoholics die of a diseased liver. Smokers die of diseased lungs. But these are nothing. Western man is dying of a diseased religion, and he is taking the whole world with him. He scoffs. He says he has no religion. But he has. It is the most powerful movement against moral restraint the world has ever seen. All customs and institutions have crumbled before it. It has become an all-consuming cancer of exculpation. We pick up the virus from our weekly magazine, when we turn on the TV, when we go to confession or to the psychologist, or to court. It is taking us to a mass grave. Schell's thesis is not just a symptom of the disease; it is one of the terminal hallucinations. If fear of extinction were an effective deterrent, then there would be no alcoholics. Smokers would give up smoking. There would be no long tragic list of men and women -- eminent and otherwise -- who died young (before penicillin) of syphilis. For that matter, there would have been no Jews in Buchenwald. No one would be writing this book, and there would be no enthusiasm for it among U.S. publishers. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. The form of madness the gods have devised for us is obsessive short-sighted humanism. The new generation has evidently developed a worse case of it even than my own. Forget the bomb.

Semper Discens

ROBERT FAURISSON, MARTYR IN THE MAKING

Robert Faurisson bids fair to become the Bruno of the 20th century. Although he may not actually have felt the scorching tongue of flames that roasted the life out of the 16th-century Italian philosopher, he has, symbolically at least, already been burned at the stake for essentially the same crime -- for questioning the most entrenched dogma of his age. Bruno, an adherent of Copernicus, scorned and rejected the Old Testament's and the Holy See's geocentric theory of the cosmos. Faurisson has attacked an equally fixed and equally uncriticizable article of faith -- the belief that six million Jews were deliberately gassed to death in German concentration camps in World War II.

We who are presently alive may not hear too much more about Robert Faurisson, but future generations may, if there is to be a future for the strange creature known as *Homo sapiens* -- who at his best is the most intelligent and most inspiring and at his worst the most stupid and the most revolting member of all Mother Nature's brood. The world might still be flat and the sky full of spirits if the Church and the intelligentsia had ganged up on Copernicus as viciously

as our modern intelligentsia has ganged up on Faurisson. But there always seems to be a Bruno to value truth more than life itself. This is what makes high culture possible. If Faurisson turns out to be right, he, Arthur Butz, Paul Rassinier and a few other brave souls will certainly become heroes of the first order. Even if he is half wrong or entirely wrong, the French professor will be given a special niche in history for being one of the few men who was not afraid to voice an opinion, even if he knew it meant certain ruin and world-wide obloquy.

As it now stands, merely for casting aspersions on the Holocaust tale, Robert Faurisson has been given a 90-day suspended jail sentence and fines and penalties that amount to more than \$500,000 -- not because what he said was untrue (the Court, unlike that truckling magistrate in California, was smart enough not to arrogate to itself the right to utter final judgments on history), but because Faurisson's statements might arouse hostility towards Jews. Among other penalties, the judges ordered him to read the entire 13-page Court decision against him over a French television

and radio network. If these incredible, un-Solomonic rulings are upheld on appeal, Faurisson will be bankrupt. Let this occur and France's treatment of Faurisson will one day rank as one of the most outrageous attempts in history to suppress freedom of speech -- not an enviable record for a country which prides itself on having been a seedbed of human liberty. In France and in a handful of other nations, freedom of speech has been a realized dream for only a few brief moments. As the Faurisson case shows, for most of history it has been an impossible, quick-fading or lost dream.

Motives

Who exactly is Faurisson, this as yet unsung martyr of the 20th century? It is time we all knew a little more about him. His enemies, those who dictate what we read and try to dictate what we think, have released only the barest biographical details for fear of humanizing him and therefore detracting from his diabolization -- the treatment that is automatically accorded in this enlightened age to anyone who looks at Jewish doings with a skeptical eye. Even our great historical establishment -- honest men all, we are told -- shies away from the Faurisson affair like the plague. Instead of rushing to his defense, as they would rush to the defense of any maligned or persecuted Jew, Negro or Sandinista, our historians hole up in their academic cells like frightened mice, hoping against hope that no one will let the Faurisson cat out of the bag in their presence.

Why is the world so afraid of Faurisson that he must be pursued as hotly as the Furies went after Orestes? If he is wrong, for God's sake let him have his say and let the rest of us decide the truth or untruth of his case. If he is as wrong as he is made out to be, then just the mere fact of letting him speak should end the matter at once. Aren't people, or at least intelligent people, capable of detecting an egregious falsehood? Or do Faurisson's opponents have such a low opinion of the human race, such an infinite contempt for the popular mind, that we cannot be trusted to sift right from wrong, cannot be allowed to judge for ourselves this "central event" of history, as many Jews now call the Holocaust?

Or is it barely possible that those "in the know" secretly share Faurisson's opinions and realize that if the truth broke out into the open, the Humpty-Dumpty nation of Israel, born out of and nourished by Holocaust guilt feelings, would have a great fall and all the B'nai B'rith's horsemen and all the Begins and all the cringing American congressmen could not put it together again.

Biography

Robert Faurisson was born on January 25, 1929, in Shepperton, a suburb of London. His father was French and his mother Scottish. Theoretically, he could be both a French and British citizen. He has, however, never claimed British citizenship.

Robert was the eldest of seven children. His mother, three brothers and two sisters are still alive -- one brother is employed by a British shipping company; the second is an officer in the London branch of a French bank; the third works for a French airline.

Faurisson's father was an executive for a French shipping company, Messageries Maritimes. Because of his father's occupation, Robert was moved around quite a bit in his early years. From London he was taken to France, then to

Saigon, then to Singapore and Japan. The Faurisson family didn't return to France until 1936.

When World War II erupted, the Faurissons moved from Paris to a village near Bordeaux, where Robert attended the Ecole St. Paul. One of his fellow students was François Mitterrand, now the socialist president of France.

In May 1940, when the German blitzkrieg swept westward, the family moved to the unoccupied zone in southern France and settled in Marseilles, where from 1940 until 1943 Robert attended a Jesuit college and studied Latin and Greek. In 1943 his parents moved back to Paris and enrolled him in the College Stanislas, an alma mater of Charles de Gaulle. The year after the war, Robert, then 17, successfully passed the *baccalauréat* examinations, a necessary first step to entering French universities and the numerous special institutions which prepare students for the *Grandes Ecoles*. Faurisson's goal was the Ecole Normale Supérieure, the most prestigious of the *Grandes Ecoles*, a degree from which is equivalent to a *laissez-passer* into the top tier of French society -- high government office, highly paid executive positions in business, banking and commerce, the cream of the professional slots in academia.

Since Faurisson's major interest at that time was classical culture, he took the *lettres classiques* curriculum at the Lycée Henry IV in Paris, a course that after a minimum of two years intensive study would qualify him to take the entrance examinations for the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Most students have to take the examination twice before they pass and are accepted. Robert Faurisson tried twice and failed twice. It was a grievous blow.

Lowering his sights, Faurisson entered the University of Paris and received his *licence ès lettres classiques* in 1950. A year later he climbed a few rungs higher on the academic ladder upon the publication of a paper entitled "Psychologie des romans de Marivaux."

In 1951 Faurisson married Anne Marie Tuloup. In quick order three children were born -- Isabelle, a biologist who is presently living in the U.S. with her husband, a Lebanese Catholic, also a biologist; Gabriel, who is now performing his military service in the French army; Marc, a student of horticulture.

In 1952 Professor Faurisson came down with tuberculosis and had to spend a few years in a French sanitarium. Back in circulation in 1956, he obtained his *agrégé des lettres* for French, Latin and Greek. The *agrégation*, one of the most sought after distinctions in French higher education, opens the door to a university professorship. University professors, it might be added, are civil servants in France and enjoy all the perks and privileges attached to members of the high bureaucracy.

From 1957-69 Faurisson taught at several prominent French Lycées. He got his first shot at university teaching in 1969 when he was appointed "Master-Assistant" at the University of Paris. While at the Sorbonne, Faurisson broke briefly into the limelight with an iconoclastic doctoral thesis on Laureamont, a 19th-century French surrealist writer. After defending his thesis successfully before a very prominent and critical jury, he became known as an expert analyst of texts, a sort of literary detective, a talent he put to good use much later when he proved on the basis of internal textual evidence that the diary of Anne Frank was faked.

In 1973, Faurisson was appointed "Master of Lectures" at

the University of Lyon 2. Five years later, in October 1978, his troubles and tribulations began. Having developed with the help of his students some iconoclastic views about the Holocaust, he was attacked by a Jewish mob at his lecture room and on the streets. A few months later, during the Christmas season, *Le Monde*, France's most respected newspaper, published a long article by Faurisson denying that Jews or anyone else had been the victims of a systematic extermination campaign at so-called German death camps.

Summoned by the beetle-browed university administrators, Faurisson was ordered to apply for transfer to the correspondence course section of the French Ministry of Education. Thereafter, university authorities barred him from any classroom or lecture hall on the excuse that his teaching might provoke unrest and disorder. University authorities made not the slightest effort to protect him from daily phone and mail threats of physical harm against him and his family. To make things worse, Faurisson was informed in a letter from the Ministry of Education that he could not be employed in their correspondence school program because his academic level was much too high.

For more than three years now, Professor Faurisson has been banned from any teaching post in France, though he is still on the French government payroll. He has been almost permanently entangled in judicial proceedings brought against him by various Jewish organizations. The media continue to vilify him, and he still receives anonymous phone calls and letters outlining in gory detail the way he and his wife are going to be killed or permanently disfigured.

Needless to say, the ceaseless legal hassles and the cataclysms of libel and defamation have had serious consequences for his health. Last year he underwent medical treatment and is still not completely recovered.

The persecution of Faurisson has been so abominable that even a couple of liberals and one or two Jewish intellectuals have actually uttered a few words in his defense. Apparently some of his more perspicacious enemies fear that if the harassment of Faurisson gets much worse, the point may be reached where even the blind and the brainwashed will begin to understand that something is really rotten in the Fifth Republic. It is a difficult task to bury "dangerous thoughts" deep enough. Sooner or later the remains are likely to emit disturbing odors.

Nevertheless, the revenge-obsessed neurotics who run the Jewish organizations in France are not about to soften their attack. Never forget, never forgive, never forbear. Pile hate upon lies and barratry upon hate until the Juggernaut of repression, once set in motion, cannot be stopped. In the long term this frenetic overreaction may be the stupidest tactic the Faurisson silencers can adopt. Who knows but what an unauthentic Holocaust forced down the world's throat by a media gone berserk might not trigger in centuries to come an authentic Holocaust? It will be much too late for restitution to be made to those who have been executed, jailed, fined or had their lives destroyed for trying to unmask this chimerical crime. But perhaps not too late to make the great-grandchildren of the Holocaust pay for the sins of their hoax-happy great-grandfathers.

Meanwhile, in the short term, we who refuse to close our minds continue to serve life sentences in the maximum

security mental prison in which we have been warehoused by those who know that the pen is mightier than the sword -- and that the poisoned pen is mightier than a thermonuclear warhead.

Books by Faurisson

1961 - *A-t-on lu Rimbaud?*

1968 - *Andromaque* (an essay on Racine)

1972 - *A-t-on lu Lautreamont?*

1976 - *La clef des Chimères et Autres Chimères de Gerard de Nerval*

*1981 - *Mémoire en Défense*

Book About Faurisson

*1980 - *Verite Historique ou Verite Politique?* by Serge Thion

* These two books are still in print and are published by La Vieille Taupe, B.P. 9805, 75224 Paris Cedex 05, France. Also available from La Vieille Taupe is a 75-minute video (VHS) cassette, in which Faurisson defends his anti-Holocaust thesis (in French) and brings to light some new documentation on the Six Million. Price of the cassette is 500 francs (\$80.00).

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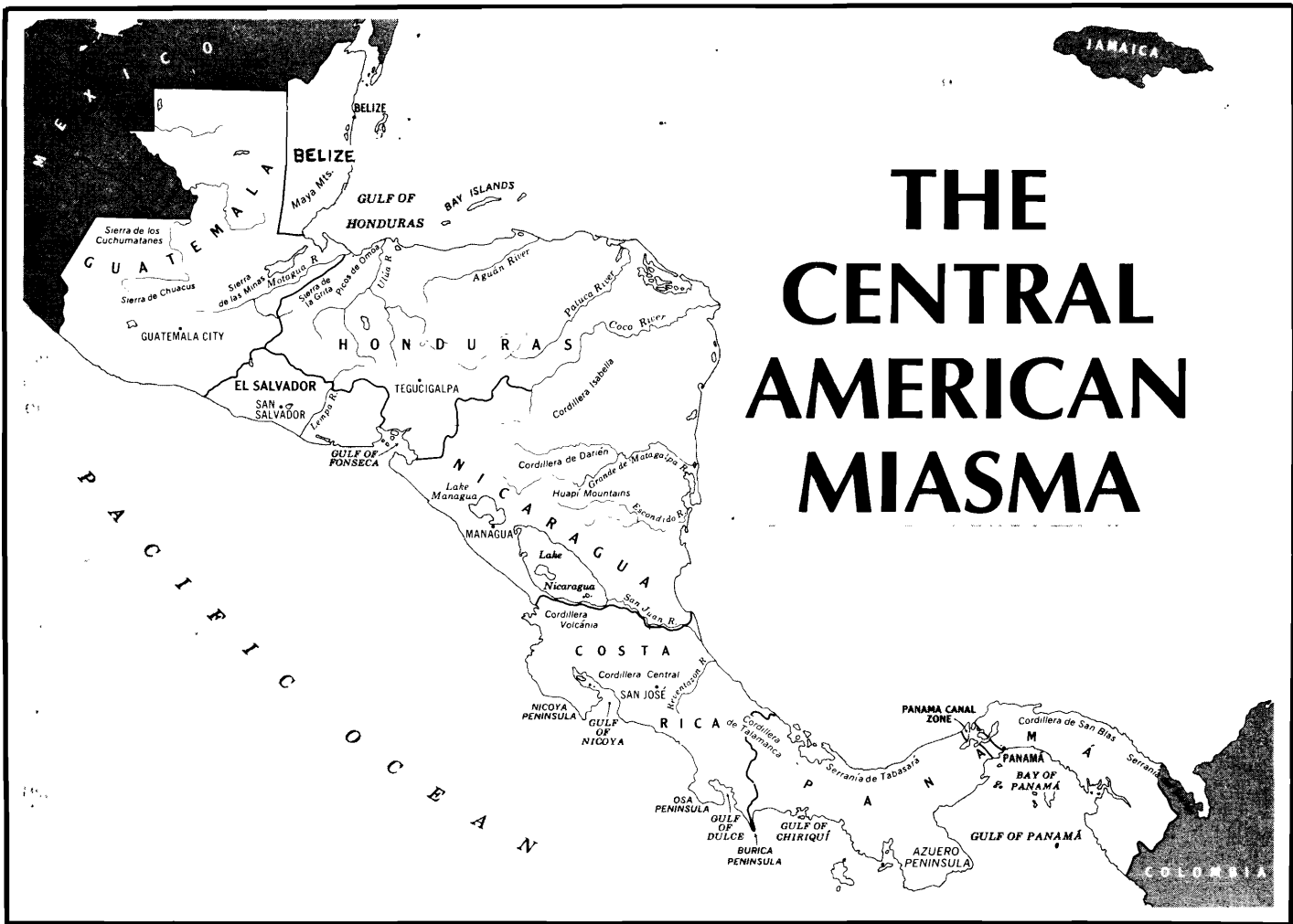
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What's this? A drawing from old Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer* with the ad copy translated into Americanese? It's outrageous. A struggling young Aryan tenant carrying a big, bloated non-Aryan landlord on his back. It's anti-Semitism at its rankest. It didn't come out of *Der Stürmer*, however. It appeared in the Chicago Tribune TV Week (Aug. 30-Sept. 5, 1981).



THE CENTRAL AMERICAN MIASMA

Just as Italy was considered the soft underbelly of the Axis powers in World War II, Central America may be the soft underbelly of the United States in World War III. Or at least that is what President Reagan and the rock-brained people who do his thinking for him would like us to believe. If such be the case, why doesn't the White House do something about it, something more than send a half hundred military advisers and some arms and economic aid to El Salvador? You don't keep Sandinistas, Castroites and their U.S. collaborators in their place by shipping their opponents a few megabucks, a covey of whirlybirds and a series of State Department pep talks. You go down and chastise the enemy, as the Marines used to do in the good old Manifest Destiny days. But, of course, no president would dare dispatch the gunboats any more. The media would froth at the mouth. The cry of impeachment would again be heard throughout the land.

So it appears we will lose Central America, just as we lost Cuba and Vietnam. You can't fight fire when the most vocal firefighters say the fire is not worth fighting and are rooting for the arsonists. Our only "out" is that Central American Communists, once they are triumphant, will knife each other in the back, as the Chinese and Yugoslavs knifed the Russians, and as the North Vietnamese knifed the Chinese and Cambodians. Since we cannot rely on our own strength

to keep Central America from becoming Cuba West, we must pin our hopes on the enemy's weaknesses. It's not a very gallant way to win a geopolitical war. It has a lot of pitfalls. The Communists may not fall out in Central America, or they may not fall out until long after the damage has been done. As more American troops will be needed for defense against New World enemies and as more of our Navy will be assigned to the Caribbean, our military power (and the diplomatic clout that emanates therefrom) will be commensurably weakened elsewhere. Israel will be unhappy, but Moscow will give three cheers as Americans are forced to turn their imperialistic eyes from overseas. Won't Uncle Ivan be overjoyed to present Uncle Sam with an Afghanistan in his own backyard, one that would cause Americans as much or more trouble than the Russians are having with the Afghans?

There is a difference, however -- a difference which does not redound to the credit of the U.S. The Afghans are good fighters. Britain, after more than a century of trying, could never subdue them, so the Russians can be forgiven for having a bad time of it. The Central Americans, on the other hand, are probably the world's worst soldiers. It never took more than a battalion or two of Marines to keep them in order. In the 1850s William Walker, an American freebooter, took over the country of Nicaragua almost singlehanded-

ly. But since Uncle Sam's armed forces, which are no longer the armed forces they once were, are no longer permitted to intrude in Central America, Uncle might as well get set for uninterrupted years of American setbacks and defeats in the region, in spite of pie-in-the-sky talk of "Caribbean initiatives" and other political and economic palaver.

Area Check List

A cursory glance at the table below shows that Central America, demographically and economically speaking, is a rather unimportant part of the globe. Its strategic importance to the United States, however, is another matter. The Panama Canal becomes the possession of Panama in 1999, when the last American troops will be withdrawn from the Canal Zone. Nicaragua is already in the Castro (Moscow) camp, and Kremlin mercenaries are at work subverting El Salvador and Guatemala. A solid bloc of Soviet- and Cuban-leaning Central American states spreading their anti-gringo propaganda and military cabals northward to, and perhaps through, a leftward-veering Mexico, is not a comforting thought. A confrontation between a Greater Mexico (including Central America) and the U.S. along the Rio Grande

might light a hemispheric fire, keeping in mind that in another decade there may be tens of millions of Mexicans and millions of Central Americans on the northern side of the border. Complicating the picture would be the loyalty of the numerous Hispanics in the American army, who might or might not fight brother Hispanics in an antiwhite revolutionary army. One San Antonio priest has already warned us of what we may be up against. "It will be La Raza against La Raza -- the race against the race."

History

Some 1,500 years ago the northern part of Central America was the center of a colorful civilization -- the Mayan -- which ranked with the Incan Empire of Peru as the highest culture ever to emerge in the Western Hemisphere. For reasons unknown, the Mayans went to seed before the Spanish conquest, which turned Central America into a sleepy backwater of Mexico. In the 19th century Central America joined the rest of Spain's Latin American possessions in a series of bloody and sporadic wars of liberation from Spain. For a while the region was united with a newly independent Mexico, but then slipped back into the political fragmenta-

CENTRAL AMERICAN FACT SHEET

	Area (sq. mi.)	Population	Race	Annual Exports (millions of \$)	Government	Remarks
Belize	8,866	144,657	85% Negroes and Mulattoes; 14% Indians; 1% white	N.A.	Parliamentary	Until last year a British colony. British political tradition may keep the country fairly democratic for a few years.
Guatemala	42,042	7,260,000	54% Indian; 42% Mestizo; 4% white	1,550	Military junta recently appointed Christian fundamentalist as president	While preparing for mounting attack by Castro terrorists, government nevertheless covets much of Belize's territory. Largest Central American country with largest metropolis, Guatemala City. Site of many Mayan ruins. Recent officers' coup overthrew right-wing general.
Honduras	43,277	3,690,000	90% Mestizo; 10% White, Negro, Indian	806	Right-wing military junta	Large investments by United Fruit Company. The stereotypical "banana republic."
El Salvador	8,260	4,180,000	89% Mestizo; 10% Indian; 1% white	1,130	Right-wing democratic coalition	In the grip of a left-wing insurrection. Revolutionaries have a sanctuary in Nicaragua and receive military aid from Havana and Moscow. Winners in recent election, right-wing parties are trying to form coalition.
Nicaragua	57,143	2,740,000	70% Mestizo; 17% White; 9% Negro; 4% Indian	700	Castroite politburo	Carter administration helped topple Somoza, right-wing dictator and friend of U.S. (He was later assassinated in his Paraguayan exile.) Marxist junta came to power with help of Russia and Cuba and a \$75 million loan from Washington. Country is now chief political and military base of anti-American forces in area.
Costa Rica	19,653	2,210,000	97.6% White (includes small Mestizo element); 2% Negro; 0.4% Indian	1,000	Middle-of-the-road democratic coalition	The only white country, therefore the only prosperous and stable country in the region. Since constitution forbids establishment of an army, the country's chances for peace will greatly diminish as the revolutionary regime in neighboring Nicaragua gathers steam.
Panama	29,306	1,940,000	70% Mestizo; 14% Negro; 10% White; 6% Indian	337	Left-wing oligarchy	Carter gave away Panama Canal to left-wing dictator Torrijos, who was later killed in a plane crash. In 1999 the last U.S. troops will leave the Canal Zone.

tion that still exists today.

Throughout most of the 19th and 20th centuries, Central America was plagued with the usual Latin American revolutions and counterrevolutions, border conflicts and military coups. Aside from the Panama Canal, the area was of interest to the U.S. because of the tropical agriculture -- mostly bananas and coffee. Sam (the Banana Man) Zemurray, out of Russia and New Orleans, turned the United Fruit Company into a dominant political influence in Central America. As late as 1975, Eli Black, president of United Brands, the holding company that took over United Fruit, threw himself out the window of his 44th-floor office when it was discovered he had been paying Honduran officials millions of dollars in bribes.

Today, unless we accept the dubious proposition that Western technology is good for non-Western peoples, it is no exaggeration to say that parts of Central America were more prosperous and more civilized under Mayan rule in A.D. 600 than they are in A.D. 1982. It comes down to the old question of racial homogeneity. The Indians of Central America had a unique and original culture. The Spaniards of Spain likewise. Mix the two together and you have the worst, not the best, of each. In no way can Marxism, any more than Wall Street finance capitalism, improve the situation. Right-wing feudal generals may be ousted by left-wing hooligans, but nothing will change until the racial situation changes, until the mixed populations hybridize into a new race or go all the way under and the area is repopulated by foreign predators. Meanwhile, Central America is destined to be little more than a political and military staging area for ambitious imitators of Fidel Castro, aided and in part directed by America's enemies overseas (today Russia, tomorrow China?). Since it takes brains and drive to run full-scale insurrections, the leaders will tend to be whites like Fidel. Ironically, under the red banner of Marxism instead of the royal ensign of Castille, white Spanish leadership, at least temporarily, is being returned to many parts of Latin America.

The sad and pathetic fact is that the U.S. may lose the coming struggle for control of the continent, not by armed conflict, but by immigration. In a century or so there may be more Hispanics in the U.S. than whites. From the standpoint of race, the U.S. population will then differ little from the populations of Mexico and Central America. Indeed, the

U.S. may end up as an extension or perhaps the center of a mestizo imperium. But by then the situation of the remaining whites will resemble that of the present-day Indians of Mexico and Central America -- a dying, despairing race with only a few vague memories of past greatness.

The Immediate Future

Paradoxically, the so-called conservative Reaganites seem to prefer middle-of-the-road (that is, left-wing) governments in Central America, as proved by Washington's threats to cut off aid to El Salvador if a right-wing president should take over and by the State Department's recent attempts to bribe Nicaragua into restraining its roving bands of kiddie guerrillas. Even more sickening is the new proposal by four senators, three of them Republican, who have asked Reagan to negotiate with the left-wing revolutionaries of El Salvador, the heroic proles (heroic to Injun Dan, who is not too distantly related to them) who blow up factories and utility plants, destroy bridges and set fire to houses and crops in a nihilistic "burn, baby, burn" campaign to shatter the Salvadoran economy. All this in tune to a swelling media chorus about "human rights" and "democracy." There is, of course, no possibility of protecting human rights or establishing democratic governments in populations comprised almost entirely of nonwhites. The one white country, Costa Rica, is the exception, but since it has no army, it has little chance of maintaining its civilized posture much longer in an area becoming overcrowded with Marxist missionaries -- whites who teach browns and blacks to hate whites.

America's liberal-minority coalition put us in a no-win war in Vietnam. In Central America we are being put in a no-win political and quasi-military confrontation with Castro, who humiliated us at the Bay of Pigs and humiliated us again when he dumped the refuse of his jails and insane asylums on south Florida, thanks to the supine donthingness of Jimmy the Tooth.

What greater humiliation is there for a once powerful country, the ruler of the Western Hemisphere for more than a century, the ruler of the world for a few decades, than to have its nose rubbed in it year after year by a bearded Sawdust Caesar bastard (Fidel's parents were unwedlocked) who turned the beautiful island of Cuba, once an American economic colony, into a Marxist anthill and a Soviet military base?

The second and concluding part of one of the most original articles ever to appear in Instauration

MAN AS SENSE ORGAN OF THE EARTH

So it is that the elements of culture and the structure of religion are to be found within the individual human body, not on a different planet. It is in the interest of political rulers, however, to make their subjects believe in the divine right of kings and in the otherworldly authorization of their rule. Accordingly, it has come about that the rulers of the West have historically insisted on their own and their subjects' unquestioning acceptance of that import from the ancient East, state-subservient Christianity, which has always supported obeisance to the ruling power with mental escapism.

But, as is manifest to the open mind (repeat: open mind), religion as a phenomenon expresses man's psychophysical relationship with the physical universe by looking inward at the self which was built by that universe. The elements of religion are to be found inside, not outside man.

Religion is not only a socially shared narcissism; it is also prescriptive. It is in its origins a kind of ecological self-diagnosis of the human body seen as a brew of all the aspects of the universe, including its invisible aspects -- a self-diagnosis undertaken with a view to discovering what one's

proper relationship to that universe should be.

Further, the more deeply one delves into the self, the more one discovers a much more extensive, virtually infinite Self -- the source and essence of all life -- of which the delver is but a logical extrusion. This is the irreducible common denominator found in the reports of all mystics of all ages and all religions. Almost by definition, of course, a mystic is one who makes a habit of delving into the deep self. And the techniques employed by the mystics -- ranging from extreme license to extreme asceticism -- have invariably been those that reveal the seamless interlock which exists between the body and the soul of man -- as well as of all other life forms.

The Gnostic-Christian idea that the soul is "encaged" in the "prison" of the body and will be "liberated" to its "true home" by death is false. Life is here and now, and consists of the immanence of the soul in the body. To return to our imperfect but helpful electronic analogy, life might be compared to the way in which a TV set functions. Consisting of relatively fixed atoms and molecules, the apparatus picks up and converts electromagnetic waves in such a way as to produce a picture and sound for a human viewer. The picture depends on both the set *and* the electromagnetic wave, not one to the exclusion of the other.

From the perspective of depth psychology, all natural and historically ancient religions agree about the nature of man: that his consciousness is only the topmost portion of the crest of the very large wave of his unconscious, and that the whole wave (his "soul") is an upthrust from an unfathomable deep: a cosmic inframind these religions call God, Weird, the Absolute Buddha, universal consciousness, the Universal Self, the realm of magic and the dead, and so on.

The Scientific Pieces of the Puzzle

From the perspective of the philosophy of science, specifically from the work of Karl Popper, who today provides many of the philosophical underpinnings of modern microbiology and evolution theory, we learn that all life forms are knowledge structures and that evolution is a knowledge process, from the DNA in the cell nuclei of unicellular organisms to the activities of modern human science.¹ (It is precisely the information processing powers of computers that make them "lifelike.")

All of these considerations thus point to one inevitable conclusion: man (as well as every other life form) is a SENSE ORGAN OF THE PLANET. The recent "Gaia hypothesis" of British physicist and cyberneticist James E. Lovelock,² that the earth itself is alive in a transhuman sense, and has intentionally produced modern flora and fauna by actively, *purposefully* modifying the planetary environment, converges toward this same conclusion. So do virtually all other advanced theories and discoveries in the relevant sciences -- biological, psychological or other.

To elaborate a bit on this conclusion:

The essential core of all life -- found even in the semi-life called viruses -- is the genetic code or deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) and its more primitive model, ribonucleic acid (RNA). It is DNA which must, then, be the transceiving "antenna" for impulses from the inframind, impulses which constitute an information flow controlling and communicating with bodily morphology. This is corroborated by the oft-noted, high incidence of mutual, extrasensory communication, not just between blood-related members of a family,

but, above all, between identical twins, who, of course, have identical DNA. In the view presented here, such twins comprise one soul in two bodies, since they receive and transmit on the same inframental "wavelength." (One must either know, personally, or take seriously the descriptions of, identical twins in order to appreciate what is being said here.)

The amazing extrasensory resonance existing between identical twins implies that, the purer a race is, the faster its entire population will learn a given aspect of behavior or of reality (cf. the Japanese). This would be expected because all members of a purebred population would tend to be "tuned in" to the same inframental "wavelength" by their nearly identical DNA.

Concordantly, experiments with genetically homogeneous groups of animals such as white rats and macaque monkeys confirm that the strength of paranormal communication between individuals is based on the similarity of their DNA. When an isolated segment of a purebred animal group has thoroughly learned a new task, a remote and separate sample of the same subspecies, which has nothing in common with the learners except the same DNA, suddenly "knows" (i.e., learns with extreme rapidity, or even exhibits spontaneously) the techniques of the very same task. Thus, the same laws hold true for all life, not just man.

As for human history, there is much evidence for the paranormal communication of learning to blood relatives. Hence, the phenomenon which so many German speakers know (or used to know) as *Judenglück* (Jew's luck) -- that uncanny ability of stereotypical Jews to make money amorally in almost any environment. Paranormal communication may also account for the sudden appearance out of "nowhere" of Cro-Magnon man 40,000 years ago; the independent development of the ancient, geographically isolated, *literate* civilizations in Europe, the Levant, China and the Americas within a few thousand years of one another; the ubiquitous and explosive rise of science since the 1700s and the concomitant decline of religion in the northern races; the worldwide fascination with the adolescent pseudo-knowledge called communism; -- all of these and other species-wide and species-specific behavioral phenomena make it clear that much more than mere imitation or any conscious, intellectual decision-making is going on in our species today. These processes are yet more evidence that DNA transceives information on a different level of reality. And any given pattern of DNA receives much more readily information transmitted on that level by similarly structured DNA than by differently structured DNA.

If the above is true, then its converse is also true: the more isolated and unique (because miscegenated or disrupted by pollution) a given individual's DNA, the more slowly will that person tend to learn. This is due to "telepathic isolation" resulting from unique DNA and helps to explain the declining test scores of America's lower masses.

Further, if DNA is responsible for tiny inner changes in neurons and other cells, it is responsible for large outer changes as well. DNA not only shapes the brain's microcircuitry, but also shapes our whole body, the body being a key-in-lock-type "knowing" of its environment. Out of this "knowing" comes evolutionary convergence, in which totally different species assume very familiar shapes (porpoises and fish) to cope with similar environments. Since all

life is based on DNA, there is at least some global communication among all the strands of DNA and RNA on earth, no matter what the life form. Consequently, when a given problem of biological existence is solved, the particular species' DNA transfers the knowledge of that solution to the planetary inframind. There it waits to be picked up again by the DNA of other species which must later solve the same problem.

The question now arises as to the origin of the cosmic structure behind the phenomena. Three of America's more respected theoretical physicists, Charles W. Misner, Kip S. Thorne and John Archibald Wheeler, conclude in the final chapter of their mammoth graduate-physics textbook, *Gravitation*,³ that the first cause of the universe is a "calculus of propositions." By this they mean an infinite intelligence (but not necessarily any human-type "person") which considers all possible creations and selects one alone -- ours -- for implementation. And, according to Misner, Thorne and Wheeler, the reason why the "pregeometrical" (i.e., prior to the existence of geometry, out of which the universe is made) Calculus of Propositions selected and created our universe, and made it as large as it is and the way it is, is because this is the only way in which man could come to be. Cosmologist Brandon Carter of Cambridge, similarly, concludes that the only way in which a universe could become reality (i.e., not abort itself in the process of creation) would be to formulate itself in such a way that it would produce an organism which could observe it.⁴ The observer -- that is, intelligence incarnate -- is the teleological prime mover of the universe. To put this in down-to-earth language: a number of cosmologists are in effect saying that in some way God (big "G") and man are one.

The conclusion implicit in the thinking of these cosmologists is that, if the universe has indeed been created (or created itself) to produce an observer, there must be a way in which the creating force can ascertain whether it has been successful. The "Leibniz logic loop" mentioned by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler (op. cit.) can be closed, and the universe can know that it has formulated itself successfully, only if the created observer is simultaneously an information-feedback agent. This is to say that living things must be sense organs of their planets and, through their planets, sense organs of the universe. This in turn is possible only if the paranormal undergirding of life -- the cosmic inframind -- is the medium and recipient of the feedback from these specified sense organs.

Therefore, when physics and cosmology are pushed to their logical conclusions, they perforce arrive at the terminus that organic intelligence and the existence of the metagalaxy are interdependent and are merely different aspects of a ghostly, pregeometrical, "acosmic" reality. Biological intelligence cannot exist without the universe, but neither can the universe exist without biological intelligence.

So the promise of high intelligence as represented on earth by the human life form is the reason and motivation for the genesis of man, of our planet, of the Milky Way and of the entire visible cosmos. Ergo man is not an end in himself, as liberalism insists, but has been produced by the earth as a means to awaken the earth to consciousness. He is a means of perception, a sense organ of the earth, as is all other life.

What gives man his special prominence in evolution is his

ability to sense, to know and to use his knowledge in the build-up of other life forms -- knowledge forms -- on earth. That man knows this instinctively can be seen from his sense of beauty. For the sense of beauty is the human attraction to life and the promise of life, whether it be the body of a beautiful woman or the all-mothering, pregnant sea. The opposite of beauty is the appearance of anti-life, of the diminution or destruction of life, and of death.

Diseased and dead bodies are ugly, as are trash heaps and America's central cities. Feces and urine smell, because they are poisonous. Truly, beauty lies in the eye (or nose) of the beholder, because evolution has programmed it that way.

In this connection we note: that all races recognize *intuitively* the superior beauty of the northwestern European, especially the unmiscegenated Nordic racial type; and that all races *instinctively* recognize that this type is at the forefront of evolution and has the greatest abundance of life in its physical being.

We also note that the evolutionarily most retarded race -- the Negro race -- is simultaneously regarded as the least attractive -- even by the Negroes' own standard. This is why they seek to miscegenate, when given the chance. The mantra "Black is beautiful" is a newspeak attempt to gainsay reality. Negroes know that the Negro race, which was evolutionarily left behind by the Mongoloid and Caucasoid races, contains less of the paranormal force which drives evolution; less of the fullness of life; evolutionary dead ends.

It is by the same criterion that the often breathtaking ugliness of the Jews as a subrace must be viewed. This self-chosen people is one of the most unattractive offshoots of mainline humanity, a hyperurban, anti-ecological branch afflicted with a kind of evolutionary progeria (rapid aging). Their stranglehold on Western civilization is anti-evolutionary, as expressed by their consistent preference for the ugly, the chaotic and deathly, and even the ghastly, in art, and by their viral action on their host peoples. International Jewry, hyperconscious and divorced from its unconscious, is the world poisoner not only of all humanity, but of Gaia herself. And in accordance with the natural law which unites morphology and function, the Jewish physiognomy is but the physical expression of the Jewish soul.

It cannot be said, however, that the Jews have had no help. From the time of Charlemagne to the French Revolution, Western man tried to deny his body and make it dead ("mortify" the flesh). But for the past two centuries he has tried to deny and deaden his soul. In spite of the afterglow prestige of Christianity (now dead in its religious functions), true power today lies in the hands of thoroughgoing materialists -- whether of the dialectical or the merely crass variety.

The Likelihood of Ragnarök

Megadeath will be averted for America only in the improbable event that the American Majority member recognizes in *practice* that he, and all life, is a CONTINUUM of body and soul, and that the one is not possible without the other; that he must live ecologically within the confines of the earth; and that the criminals and lower forms of man must cede their existence to the overtaxed earth. He must likewise acknowledge that the soul is just as subject to the laws of evolution as the body on which it depends.

But it is most unlikely that he will do this. For the Majority member cannot seem to endure the trauma of self-recognition. Hence his need for mass extinction.

Nuclear conflict is not the only way to effect the near or total annihilation of anti-evolutionary America or of mankind. But it is a very strong, even likely possibility for the resolution of the problem America poses. It is often shrilly proclaimed that atomic war "cannot" happen because it would be "suicidal" for both sides. Those who say this are often the very same suicidal types who ever and anon believe that they are antiracist. Such people are invincibly ignorant of the fact that antiracism and pacifism are mutually incompatible. To feed the masses of nonwhites who cannot cope with a modern society, this same society (as its history shows) must exploit, oppress and ultimately war upon other modern societies. Only by such means can the higher, healthier outside be forced to feed the lower, sicker inside.

Today we see American liberals quailing before the prospect of the *dies irae*, the Day of Wrath, which they themselves have helped prepare. They are the very ones who, from the American Civil War through World War II, have visited unspeakable hell on the vilified civilian populations of their wartime enemies. And it is these same minority-infatuated liberals, mass murderers of higher races and promoters of the low, who are now bleached with fright at the prospect that they may actually themselves reap the harvest of the suffering they have sown, if nuclear war comes to Main Street.

It must be understood that it is indeed possible for this (or any life-bearing) planet to develop a criminal species. And post-1945 mankind, led by the Jewish virus, the miscegenationist

part of the white race in America and the Christian self-deceivers, has now evolved into such a criminal species. After having destroyed in World War II the only social systems on earth which were compatible with the life of the planet, America is proceeding to ensure that this planetary system will abort its primary mission of developing more and more intelligent life. It is increasingly obvious that only thermonuclear war or mass self-poisoning can remove this unmitigated ecological-evolutionary disaster, the egalitarian and cosmically irresponsible American empire, from the globe, and give the planet hope of further progress.

In any event, the die has already been cast. The world-systemic forces now descending on the United States will begin to shake its foundations before the Orwellian year of 1984. Mother Earth is about to change the course of history -- or end it.

FOOTNOTES

1. See Donald T. Campbell's "Evolutionary Epistemology," pp. 413-463 in Book I of *The Philosophy of Karl Popper*, Paul Arthur Schlipp, ed., Open Court Publishing Co., Box 599, La Salle, IL 61301, 1974; and (for those who can read German) see also Gerhard Vollmer's *Evolutionäre Erkenntnistheorie*, Stuttgart: S. Hirzel Verlag, 1975.
2. *Gaia: A New Look at Life on Earth*, Oxford Univ. Press, 1979.
3. *Gravitation*, San Francisco: John Wiley, 1973.
4. See George Gale's article, "The Anthropic Principle," *Scientific American*, Dec. 1981, pp. 154-171.

Lemming's Lament

In 1840, Massachusetts was the most Anglo-Saxon Protestant state in the union. In 1845, Boston had an Irish-born population of only one in 50. Ten years of immigration later, the Irish figure there was one in five.

Since Americans were not zombies -- or, rather, cliff-dwelling lemmings -- in those days, the only rational reaction possible took place: the anti-Catholic and anti-immigrant Know-Nothing Party captured every statewide office in Massachusetts by 1855, along with 378 seats in the lower house of the state legislature. It seems that "The Know-Nothings Knew Everything" (now there's a snappy T-shirt logo), because exactly one century later, in the 1950s, tiny Nantucket, population then 3,000, became the last county in all southern New England to shift from predominantly Protestant (Episcopalian) to Catholic.

As late as the 1970s, Knox County, Maine, population 30,000, remained the nation's last northern Baptist enclave; Orange County, Vermont, 18,000, was the final Congregationalist redoubt east of Michigan; and Piscataquis County, Maine,

16,000, was still most heavily Methodist. Eight more counties in backwoods New England, with a total 1970 population of 230,000, remained barely more Protestant than Catholic when all Protestant denominations were tallied together. But 56 counties, with a total 1970 population of some 11,550,000, or 97½% of the regional total, were clearly in the Catholic column -- largely Irish, French Canadian, Italian and Hispanic. What is more, every independent New England town (i.e., excluding a wealthy suburb or two) with a population of 10,000 or more -- and there are easily a hundred such in Massachusetts alone -- now has either a Catholic majority or plurality. Yep, those old Yankee Know-Nothings sure knew their stuff.

Instaurationists know their stuff just as well. Our adversaries keep pleading, "Surely there's room on this vast continent for a few million unfortunates of other races." And we keep responding (though no one is listening), "Surely there's room on this vast earth for a Nordic remnant -- for us." Because in another hundred years, the nonwhite conquest of America -- and possibly Europe -- will be even more complete

than the Catholic conquest of New England. Then, surely, there will not be a town of 10,000 people with a white majority.

The Know-Nothing Party, bless its soul, actually carried the state of Maryland with Millard Fillmore as its candidate in the 1856 presidential election. Naturally, the academician grandsons of the less grateful new immigrants have made Fillmore into a kind of historical laughingstock: the sound of the name certainly lends itself to the purpose. The various waves of white immigrants are still too disunited among themselves to put up any kind of resistance to the nonwhite tide. On the contrary, thousands of white Americans have developed gimmicks for promoting their group's extinction. A few examples:

- Peter E. Galonic, the president of International Educational Services Ltd., of Scranton, Pennsylvania, has been indicted on a charge of selling visas to hundreds of Iranian students in 1976. Five officials from small colleges have been charged with him, and a Vermont school is being investigated. The Iranians, many of whom

will never return home, allegedly paid Galonis up to \$500 each for pre-signed certificates of eligibility. What makes Galonis run? Lucre of a rather filthy variety.

• Russell Lane and her husband, Jon Scott, are youngish Episcopalian social activists in Santa Monica, California, who put their home up as collateral to bail a 20-member extended family from El Salvador out of a government detention center. Now the family, with its 15 children aged one to sixteen, will not be deported as planned. Lane and Scott are getting on in years but seem to have no children of their own; Lane's dad was about 50 before she was born. Obviously, the couple is intent on converting the United States into El Salvador Norte. What's in it for them? They get their picture in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, smiling and looking beatific, and they get quoted as saying that risking their home was "a demonstration of faith." They get to wallow in their faith today; the rest of us get to wallow in brown babies and youth gangs forever after.

• Bill Clements of Texas, the only Republican governor along the Mexican border, didn't waste two weeks last summer lambasting President Reagan's already anemic immigration reforms -- before an Hispanic audience. Clements told his lis-

teners that amnesty is fine but should be speeded up, while the idea of penalizing employers who hire illegal aliens is "totally out of line." Clements may live to see a nonwhite majority in the Alamo state. What's in it for him? Votes -- and a few more years in the limelight.

• Economists Kenneth McLennan and Malcolm Lovell, Jr., both of whom served as high-level assistants in the Nixon and Ford administrations, say: "The U.S. needs far more immigrants than it currently allows to enter." Our population is aging, you see, which will slow down the ECONOMY, so, rather than encouraging middle-class white women to have more than 1¼ children each (*Instauration*, November 1981), we should persuade Hispanic women, who have five or six children each, to enter America. Motive? McLennan and Lovell got a big spread in the July 1981 issue of *The Journal of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies*, which was picked up by a wire service, and they remained in the good graces of the economic establishment -- "liberals" like John Kenneth Galbraith and "conservatives" like Milton Friedman who agree that human beings the world over are interchangeable cogs.

• Kenneth J. Stumpf of the Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service recently

shared a Senate hearing with black and Latino spokesmen to denounce the Reagan administration's proposed requirements for the legalization of amnesty seekers as "a bit of flag waving." Making illegal aliens wait a few years to be forgiven and also learn English is just too strict, and sure to provoke resentment. The pathetic, clownish Stumpf has never felt a twinge of resentment because his own German-American ethnic group, though more numerous than black Americans, is never portrayed favorably on national television shows. But, after all, why feel resentment at one's own dispossession when there's neither money nor praise in it? When dispossession seems certain, one may as well make a handsome living at advancing it, as hundreds of Amerindian renegades once learned to do.

Waspy H. Reid Shaw practices law on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. His ads promise "professional legal advice on [obtaining] U.S. residence." The loophole he hasn't helped some Third Worlder slither through does not exist. If the Soviets were offering \$100,000 each for loopholes in America's air defense, some Majority type would be selling. The resulting devastation would be far less than that produced by the "come one, come all" immigration lobbyists.

An Instaurationist meets surprise after surprise

A Visit to East (White) Berlin

I had been to West Germany many times in the past, but never to Berlin. The city turned out to be entirely different from, say, Frankfurt. My host, a U.S. Army officer, has a large private home in downtown West Berlin, paid for by the Germans, including utilities and all maintenance.

I saw some U.S. Negro soldiers, but they didn't seem to represent more than 10% of the troop strength. Most of the many swarthy men around the city were Turks, who comprise practically all the work force in West Berlin (factory hands, service workers, laborers, ditchdiggers). At one large electrical appliance plant, almost all the signs are in Turkish. By the way, the Volkswagen plants in West Germany are jammed with Turkish production workers.

Roaming around West Berlin were young Germans whose appearance and conduct were more reprehensible than our own hippies of the 1960s. They are called "punk rockers" and their boxes blare as loud as those carried around by New York City blacks and browns.

My friend suggested we visit East Berlin one evening for shopping and dinner. I was a bit taken aback. I had been informed by the media that East Berlin was famous for being anti-American and having nothing to offer in the way of shoppable products and

gourmet eating. Besides, wasn't it difficult to get into Communist Berlin and even more difficult to get out?

My friend laughed and drove me to the U.S. side of Checkpoint Charlie, where we logged out with the American military police. A few minutes later, I held up my passport against the car's closed window, so the East German sentry could glance at it. We were immediately waved through.

West Berlin was aglitter with lights, but East Berlin was substantially more subdued. But since street crime, rampant in West Berlin, is almost unheard of in East Berlin, fewer lights are needed.

We drove around for a while. Much of the eastern part of the city has been deliberately left in ruins as a reminder of U.S. and British bombing raids. What is standing, however, is in quite good condition. There are many fewer autos, some of them Russian two-cylinder contraptions that sound like lawnmowers. But they do move, get 75 miles to the gallon, sell new for \$1,100, and are quite easy to maintain.

We went to dinner at a place that had become a favorite of my friend's. On entering we were greeted by a hatcheck girl, who demanded our coats and about 25¢ to hang them up. The headwaiter greeted us near the elegant bar, which was fairly

crowded with well-dressed East Berliners in a holiday mood. No dark faces; no Russian faces.

The maitre d' wore a tux, as did the waiters. Fine fat fellows all. Upon recognizing my friend he clicked his heels, bowed slightly and led us to a table decked out with fine linen and silver place settings.

We settled for the five-course special, which started off with a fresh fruit cup topped with real whipped cream, fresh garden salad and a delicious oxtail soup. The main course was a tasty smoked pork dish. The vegetables were potatoes and asparagus -- all prepared to perfection. The final touch was an ice cream crepe filled with fresh strawberries. The tab, which included a bottle of Hungarian wine, came to slightly less than 38 East Marks, which you can buy for 10 to the dollar in West Berlin. Therefore the bill, which included a 15% tip, came to about \$3.80. If I have to be critical, I could say the wine was too new.

Shopping in East Berlin is another surprise. There is some queuing up for the best buys, but the lines are quite orderly and move fast. A 15-minute wait rewarded me with a pair of leather gloves, lined with rabbit fur, for \$3. Well-made shoes cost \$5.

Another big surprise was my return to West Berlin. I had read about people swim-

ming canals, climbing the Wall and sailing west in balloons. Believe me, all one needs to pass through Checkpoint Charlie is a uniform of the occupation forces and an automobile with a license plate identifying the car as being owned by a member of the

occupation forces. The East German guard didn't even bother to stop us. I was told that Friday night, after military payday, it's like a freeway. It seems to me that any East German who really wants to go to West Berlin could certainly steal or buy a un-

iform and a license plate. Of course, the Russians have the same privileges. They can visit West Berlin as easily as we visited the Communist part of town. But they rarely do, probably because the ruble is practically worthless.

The Fearful People

Nearly half of the Mennonites in the world lived in Russia sixty years ago, and nearly all of them were systematically murdered by the Communists. No one seems to dispute this fact, and yet American Mennonites never belabor it. They are deeply concerned about starvation in Africa, and flinch at the very thought of anti-Semitism, but seem to feel that their own coreligionists' sufferings are but a small part of the human tragedy.

Lucy S. Dawidowicz makes an excellent living in the Holocaust industry. She professes a belief in the Six Million figure, which would still amount to a much lower percentage loss for Jews than for Mennonites. She always seems to be angry, most recently because historians rarely analyze her favorite subject, leaving it to the polemicists. (Perhaps she should count her blessings!) Worse, those professionals who do not neglect the Big H tend to "universalize" its meaning. Such abstraction, carried out by "literary vulgarians" with an "underlying contempt for the Jews," deprives her people of their "terrible, unique experience." At the other extreme, the concrete testimony of the survivors must also be scrutinized because "they can seldom transcend their own suffering and bereavement." In *The Holocaust and the Historians*, Dawidowicz demands a new history which stresses the "symbiosis" of Hitler and German culture, and acknowledges that killing Jews meant far more to Hitler than *lebensraum*, racial doctrines and all his other petty concerns.

Suppose one of us approached an American Mennonite and said to him, "I don't think the Communists really killed 100,000 or so of your people. I think the real number was about 10,000, and many of those succumbed to typhus." He would scratch his chin, look us in the eye and calmly say, "Why, that's a mighty interesting thought. You got anything I can read on the subject?"

The Armenians suffered immense losses to the Turks within the lifetimes of many now living. Challenge an Armenian on his people's genocide and you will tap a more combative vein, for the Armenians are both a nation and a proto-race, and are also endowed with a bit of Southern temper. Still, one may dispute with Armenians on their genocide till one is blue in the face without ever provoking that *special* kind of

wrath unleashed upon Butz, Faurisson and Co.

If it were proved tomorrow that the Chinese Communists killed only half a million rather than 50 million of their countrymen, the finding would have little or no impact on world affairs. But most Jews seem convinced that by questioning the uniqueness of their suffering one challenges their very existence. Most of them react to the Holo-

caust's doubters in exactly the way a Mennonite or Armenian would react if you put a gun to his head and clicked the trigger. Someone has instilled an awesome fear in these people. For a devastating 587-page exposé of the culprits, read *The Controversy of Zion* by Douglas Reed. (Available for \$14 from Noontide Press, Box 1248, Torrance, CA 90505.)

Sex Expert



Dr. Shirley Zussman is president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists and author of Getting Together, a Guide to Sexual Enrichment for Couples (William Morrow, \$7.95). We only give this space to Dr. Zussman because we wonder where she got her experience

Feathers and Tar

For avian parasitism in its purest form, one turns in the Western Hemisphere to the troupial family. The mostly gregarious troupials (from "troop") include the blackbirds, grackles, orioles and others, many of which are occasionally parasitic -- and several species of cowbird, which are "obligate parasites," i.e., fully dependent on other birds to raise their young. The brown-headed cowbird, common from Canada to Texas, has been known to lay its eggs in the nests of 214 other species. Cowbird nests don't exist.

Birds being more like people than we care to admit, some kinds are more easily "gulled" (from the Middle English *goll*, an unfledged bird) than others. The starling, itself a "nonobligate parasite" and thus semi-adept in the deceitful art of heave-ho, has been seen only twice with cowbird young. They say it "takes one to know one," and starlings have obviously passed enough phony eggs themselves not to fall for the old shell game.

For human parasitism in its purest form, one might consider the case of Alice Springs, Australia. This rambunctious pioneer town has 1,000 aborigines living in camps around it. About 40 of them work full-time and another 40 work part-time, mostly for aboriginal aid groups. Only four or five, less than 1%, have jobs in business or in other government agencies. And so, every day, the aborigines "troop into town" and walk-about, slowly drifting down to the Toddy River's sandy bed, where they gather in groups and get drunk on cheap wine.

Naturally, the local whites are sick of paying "siddown money" (welfare) to a people which somehow combines the worst features of America's black and red minorities. It's no coincidence that Alice Springs has the country's highest murder rate. The Australian Institute of Criminology has determined that per capita the aborigines have spent more time in jail than any minority in the world.

Last October, mining magnate Lang Hancock, one of Australia's richest men, said that all full-blooded "abos" should be moved to one remote area, and all half-castes sterilized. Every public figure in the land reflexively rearranged his facial muscles to register indignation and switched his lips and vocal chords onto "automatic whine." The great silent majority seemed even silenter than usual. Everyone knew what everyone was thinking.

Meanwhile, a visiting black journalist from Chicago blundered into a four-month-old aboriginal protest encampment beside the Capitol in Canberra. Leanita McClain "felt right at home" and soon there were "soul handshakes all around." She had also felt comfortable in Sydney

where "a brother clad in a dashiki [carried] a monstrous 'box' that blared the latest pop."

Classy Class

In 1981 *Instauration* made it a point to list the first and middle names of the girls presented at a black debutante ball in Jacksonville, Florida. This year's ball, held under different auspices, produced some equally fanciful monikers, such as: Teri Yvette, Michel Charmaine, Tammy Patrice, Jolita Louise, Chandra LaTrina, Arnika Nichette, Nontombi Charisse, Antoinette de Lass, Charlene Louvenia, Conchita WyVette, Sabrina Felicia, Jewell Marguerita, Anastasia Marisa, Charamye Renee, Linda MarVette. Perfect decorum dominated the ball. There was none of the champaign pandemonium that often spoils the coming out parties on Long Island's North Shore. We are puzzled by the heavy accent on Spanish and French names. Perhaps some day Alex Haley will look into the matter.

We are not being even remotely facetious when we say we were impressed -- impressed not only by the stilted elegance of the Negro middle class but of the light years that separate its behavior from that of the Negro lower class. The distance between these classes is much greater than the difference between the WASP aristocracy and the mountain folk of north Georgia. We cannot but think that if the hustlers from Bedford-Stuyvesant had attended the Jacksonville affair they would have thought they were watching white folks in black face. They would have screamed, "Uncle Tom!" and pulled out their knives.

The paradox is that neither group is really black. One is imitation white; the other brutalized black. Both groups would be scorned by a tribesman from Nigeria. And rightly so. Both groups are totally ad hoc -- a sad, Pyrrhic victory of environment over genes. Until American blacks become blacks again -- that is, until they quit both the slums of Brooklyn and the ritzy suburban country clubs -- neither they nor we will have any peace.

Heinz's Seriatim Apologia

Years of Upheaval, the second volume of the memoirs of that world-shaking genius and Watergate leftover, Henry (né Heinz) Kissinger, has now been published by Little, Brown, and given the million-dollar front-cover treatment in *Time*, which just happens to be owned by Time, Inc., which just happens to own Little, Brown.

No new or sensational revelations were forthcoming from the worst and most unforthcoming secretary of state in American

history, who has been hailed by *Time* as the greatest secretary of state.

Kissinger did, however, pass on an interesting anecdote which, if true, explains American politics better than a thousand State of the Union addresses. A few days before resigning the presidency, Nixon received an Israeli request for long-term military assistance. Nixon, who had given Israel more money and more weaponry than any other president, announced he intended to disapprove the request. Even more surprising, he told Kissinger he was going to cut off all military aid deliveries until Israel agreed to a comprehensive Middle East peace settlement. As Kissinger put it, "He regretted not having done so earlier. He would make up for it now."

Nothing ever came of this presidential about-face, which may explain the increased pressure for Nixon's resignation. It brings to mind the last-minute project of Stalin, who, a few days before his death, was allegedly planning to transport all Soviet Jews to Siberia. It also brings to mind the AWACS sale which three former presidents (Nixon, Ford and Carter) supported -- presidents who while in office would have been the first to oppose such a deal.

It's a pity our chief executives have to wait until they are out of the White House to state their beliefs.

Where Did All the Protestants Go?

There are certain off-beam sociologists who still claim the Protestant establishment wields the greatest power of any group in the United States. The State Department's recent treatment of Ian Paisley, a member of the British Parliament and the most outspoken of the Ulster Majority, would tend to contradict this assertion. As Orangeman Paisley put it:

The recent revocation of my visa by the U.S. State Department not only denies me, as an elected public representative from Ulster, the right to put my views to the American people on an issue about which the U.S. government has been concerning itself, but more seriously it denies the majority of unionist people in Northern Ireland, whom successive election results show I have the honor to lead, even the right to have their case heard. So the decision of the State Department is a calculated slur upon the majority community in Northern Ireland

Furthermore it should be noted that those in Congress who were active in campaigning against my proposed visit, such as Rep. Mario Biaggi, have themselves traveled to and from my country in order to express their views on our internal affairs without hindrance.

About the only voice raised in protest at the U.S. refusal to allow Rev. Paisley to visit these shores -- the same shores that assort

ed black and white revolutionaries and Cuban criminals are allowed not only to visit, but to move to permanently -- was Bob Jones, Jr., the chancellor of the university of the same name, whose tax exemption is up in the air because his school forbids interracial dating on campus.

Junior was outraged -- justifiably, we think -- when Paisley was not allowed to give his scheduled lecture at Bob Jones University. But instead of restricting his ire to reasoned arguments and modulated expostulations, he put on the Jeremiah act. He called on students to "pray that the Lord will smite him, hip and thigh, bone and marrow, heart and lungs and all there is to him, that he shall destroy him quickly and utterly." The villain, of course, was Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Kissinger's onetime man Friday, who in Jones's superheated words, is "a monster in human flesh and a demon-possessed instrument to destroy America." Knowing that Roman Catholicism runs deeply in Haig's family (his brother is a Jesuit), Jones did not shy away from taking a crack at papist "bigotry." Strangely, he avoided mentioning Haig's roots in the Ould Sod, which might provide a better reason for his high-handed violation of the Helsinki agreements.

We echo Jones's sentiments, but not his language. Somehow we feel that his prayer, if it ever does reach divine ears, will fall on deaf ears. The addressee of Jones's fire-and-brimstone address is not likely to be of much help, since God is no longer a Protestant.

Anti-Semitism?

There is a French comic strip character named Astérix, who plays the role of an ancient dissident in the Roman Empire. Astérix's creator was the late René Goscinny, a Jew. An album of these comic strips entitled "The Odyssey of Astérix," has now been published. Two panels appear below.



The translation of the left balloon in the first panel goes as follows: Bah! If you are trying to bother the Romans, then we have nothing in common.

The second balloon: But Samson Pludechorus -- Pludochorus sounds like a Roman name, right?

Balloon in the second panel: I took this name for business reasons. The fact is, my real name is Rosenblumenthalovitch.

Somehow the Jewish Tribune of Paris

didn't find this cartoon anti-Semitic. Absolution was given in these words:

Astérix never descends to anti-Semitism. The Jewish personages he meets in his adventures are all sympathetic. They are neither greedy nor miserly. They battle ferociously against Romans and are on the same side as Astérix. They are the people that you would like to meet any Sabbath in your neighborhood synagogue.

Hot is Cold

"Communism is fascism . . . the most successful variant of fascism . . . fascism with a human face." The words are from the gospel according to media intellectual Susan Sontag. Her latest outburst, needless to say, is as meanly fallacious as her earlier *mauvais mot*, "The white race is the cancer of history."

Sontag's pronunciamento was uttered at a rally for Poland's Solidarity movement, held at New York's Town Hall. She told a swarm of leftists and a sprinkling of neo-conservatives that they had been deluded by "the angelic language of communism." But when she turned from condemning Moscow's Communists to say that their Third World counterparts "had and have essentially the same character," a chorus of boos and hisses rained down upon her. Apparently the meeting was called to trash the image of white communism, not the communism of the "progressive minorities." Writer Jessica Mitford, the Grand Old Lady of West Coast communism, accused Sontag of being "out to get the liberals along with the Communists," adding (in a bogeyman reference to Joe McCarthy) "she is not the first."

Sontag, who very recently was praising the superiority of Cubans and Vietnamese to Westerners, particularly annoyed many listeners by asking them to,

Imagine, if you will, someone who read only the *Reader's Digest* between 1950 and 1970, and someone in the same period who read only *The Nation* or the *New Statesman*. Which reader would have been better informed about the realities of communism? The answer, I think, should give us pause. Can it be that our enemies were right?

This question provoked such intense resentment that America's answer to Rosa Luxemburg had to later back down: "I've been pilloried as a reader of the *Reader's Digest*. I don't read the *Reader's Digest*." Since the *Reader's Digest* contains material from nearly every non-hoity-toity-New-York-Jewish-intellectual publication in America, this was quite a profession of cultural insularity.

As the media endlessly analyzed every word of Sontag's speech, one reporter gushed: "None of her work has been directed at a mass audience but, remarkably, Sontag's name and face have become

known well beyond the intellectual circles in which she has traveled." He was careful to include two extra large pictures of Sontag's face with his article.

Either Lie Or Apologize

A. Reynolds Morse, a Cleveland businessman who until recently owned just about the world's largest collection of Salvador Dali paintings (appraised at \$35 million), was nice enough to donate them to the new St. Petersburg (Florida) art museum. But reporter Ronald Boyd of the *St. Petersburg Times* was not nice enough to keep quiet about a paragraph from an article Morse wrote in 1960 in Paris:

Art is not the pure and dispassionate thing that so many people believe it to be . . . Behind the scenes, it is vile and conniving, lending itself especially to an amorality of the Jews attracted to it for easy money.

Local rabbis were flabbergasted. They are presently mulling over a boycott of the museum and have demanded that all the sponsors who advertised in a special section of the *St. Petersburg Times* announcing the museum's opening "retract their support."

Morse, like all other prominent folk who are suddenly caught in the squeeze of the anti-Semitic taboo, didn't choose to stand by his guns. Here is his "open letter to the city," probably composed by his lawyer after several nights of agonizing pettifoggery:

Upon reviewing the article carefully, I was distressed to realize how, out of context, certain words can create unfortunate impressions which I greatly regret. The comments attributed to me should in no way be construed to reflect pejoratively upon the Jewish people and most especially upon the many fine upright people in this or any other community. The stereotyping of any kind implying ethical or immoral behavior is wrong. I did not mean it that way, and if I've been guilty or indiscreet, I apologize sincerely.

After reading the two, somewhat anti-theoretical statements, one is tempted to ask these questions:

(a) Was Morse telling the truth in statement # 1?

(b) If so, is he then apologizing for telling the truth?

(c) If he did tell the truth in the first place, then what does this tell us about the present state of American art?

(d) If he does have to apologize for telling the truth, then what goes this tell us about the state of American civilization?

Hodding's Saga of Crime

Dark-tinctured Hodding Carter III comes from a long line of New South scalawags. His father, Hodding II, owner of a Mississippi newspaper, was a leading crusader for black "liberation." Hodding III gravitated towards Jimmy Carter like an empty bucket gravitates to the bottom of a dry well. His TV show, "Inside Story," is not quite as liberal as Bill Moyers' propaganda fest, but how could it be? A few years ago Hodding updated his liberal credentials by marrying a minority feminist, Patricia Derian, another member of Jimmy the Tooth's administration.

Hodding III recently cranked out an article for the *Wall Street Journal* in which he actually had some unkind words to say about the Democratic party. Quite a volte-face! But there were some personal, non-political reasons, as Carter revealed in a later *Wall Street Journal* column that listed the numbers of times he and his family had been crime victims. In the last five years Carter claims professional burglars kicked in the back door of his house in Virginia, stealing his wife's jewelry and a gold watch which had been in the family for four generations; that his mother was mugged while hailing a cab in the middle of New York City in broad daylight; that his brother's apartment in Mississippi was twice burgled and everything of value removed; that his 20-year-old daughter, by an earlier wife, was attacked by two men outside her apartment in New Orleans; and that his oldest son had his car and his apartment vandalized. When Carter himself recently parked his car in a garage in Manhattan, he returned to find the locked trunk forced open and several suitcases missing. They have not been found.

Hodding III, of course, doesn't mention that there was anything racial about these crimes, which were obviously committed exclusively by blacks. Grudgingly, he admits he is probably no worse off than many of his compeers. He is also careful to point out that violence and robbery are the common, everyday experiences of ghetto dwellers. "The statistics [show] there are few distinctions or barriers based on class, race or section. The wolf is at every door." By pretending the wolf is not black, he is still playing the old liberal game. Perhaps in a few more years, when members of his family have been raped or murdered as well as robbed, he will face up to the awful truth.

But then, of course, the *Wall Street Journal* won't print his articles.

Justice in the 80s

A creature named Henry Brisbon, at the ripe old age of 10, stabbed his 8-year-old

cousin while fighting over a game of mumblety-peg. At 16 he was arrested for rape and armed robbery; at 17 for murder. Somehow all these charges were dismissed. Still in his teens, he rammed his car into the auto of a white woman on a major freeway. When she got out to inspect the damage, he forced her to strip and climb naked through a barbed wire fence. Then he riddled her with his shotgun and watched her squirm for 20 minutes before giving her the *coup de grâce* with a blast in the head. A little later that night he stopped a car driven by a white couple and ordered them to "lie down and make this your last kiss," before shooting each of them in the back. When he was finally sent to jail, he killed one inmate (race unspecified) and attacked 15 more. He was also one of the instigators of the bloody Statesville (Illinois) prison riot. His trial for the murder of the inmate, which happened in 1978, is still dragging on. Brisbon boasts, "Even if I am found guilty, I will kill again. Then you'll have another long trial. And then I'll do it again."

The question is, which is sicker -- Brisbon or the society that permits him to live?

Pursuing Sociobiology

Biology is the base, culture the superstructure. Simple enough, but the connection between the two is far from simple. Some all but deny the reality of one or the other. Primitivists would have it that the superstructure is so superficial that if the veneer of civilization would go away, we could return to our true instincts. Sociologists would have it that, now we have climbed so far up the superstructure, we can throw away the ladder connecting us to the base. Both views are partly true: civilization does come at a great price, and Western Europeans, especially, are far removed from their moorings in biology.

The problem of the connection between biology and culture remains, and it is the great achievement of E.O. Wilson to begin bridging the gap through sociobiology. Wilson and Charles J. Lumsden, a physicist knowledgeable in evolution theory, make a further ambitious attempt in *Genes, Mind and Culture: The Coevolutionary Approach* (Harvard, 1981).

Genes control not merely on-off physical characteristics, but a whole set of mental processes. Our brains are not a blank slate: it would waste valuable brain space for each of us to have to learn everything from the ground up. Rather, we are pre-programmed to bias our learning and our perceptions of reality in particular directions, oftentimes not too well. We imagine gods. We do not calculate probabilities correctly. But what hurts most is the im-

perfect feedback from the culture to the genes.

Unfortunately, *Genes, Mind and Culture* reads like a first draft, unlike Wilson's lucid prose in his masterwork, *Sociobiology*. Also, the mathematics is not well elucidated. It is more a program for future research than a completed path between base and superstructure. But all that can be expected now is the building of plausibilities about the coevolutionary process, and in this the authors succeed.

Most significant is that a tiny difference in the base (man vs. chimp) can mean a tremendous difference in the superstructure. What the authors do not say is that an even smaller difference in the base (10% brain size among the races of man) can make the difference between evolutionary stultification and the conquest of the stars.

The Greater Terrorist

Whenever terrorism flares up in any part of the world, the word processors get to work and plant stories making it appear that the bombs were thrown by their enemies. Only a few hours after General Dozier had been kidnapped by the Italian ultra-Reds, teletypes and satellites let it be known that the body snatchers had close links to the PLO or the KGB. But when the Italian judge, Ferdinando Imposimato, the man in charge of the investigation of the kidnapping and murder of former Italian Premier Aldo Moro, publicly revealed that Israeli secret agents had been helping the Red Brigades for years in order to weaken Italy and strengthen Israel's pose as America's strongest ally in the Mediterranean, the story was buried or totally ignored in the "impact press." Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil is the watchword of the American media when the state of Israel is in the news. When Israel is busy napalming Lebanese peasants, killing and maiming American sailors on the *Liberty*, bombing Beirut apartment houses and Baghdad reactors, bulldozing away Palestinian homes, shutting down Palestinian universities, blowing up American installations in Egypt, assassinating Arab students and poets, heisting uranium, etc., etc., the events may be reported, but the reporting is so editorially defused that the reader is soon convinced that Israel has not committed another atrocious crime, but performed some glorious act of heroism. Israel was supplying arms to the Ayatullah Khomeini while he was holding American hostages -- a piece of news the media reduced to a whisper. And now that Israel supports Iran in the Iraq-Iran war, notice how the press is getting much more friendly toward the Mullah who used to be portrayed as a sort of 20th-century Old Man of the Mountains.

Probably the single greatest example of deception in the history of the press was the

headline in the *New York Daily News* after Israeli fighter planes had deliberately shot down a Libyan Boeing 727 airliner which had accidentally overflowed Cairo in a sandstorm. One hundred thirteen passengers and eight crew members were killed, including 27 women and children. The headline (Feb. 23, 1973) proclaimed, "Israelis Down Arab Jet." The idea, of course, was to pass off the atrocity as a dogfight between war planes. Readers had to turn to the second page to get a glimmer of what really happened.

Compared to Israel, Libya is a rank neophyte in the art of terrorism. Yet America, the so-called champion of human rights, has become the arsenal of terrorism (for Israel), while deploying all its power and clout (short of war) to bring down the Libyan regime.

Minority Catfight

There is always a little *Schadenfreude* in the air when WASPs have the rare opportunity of watching a test of strength between America's two leading minorities. When Andrew Young insulted some of America's closest allies, praised some of America's worst enemies and generally played the baboon while America's ambassador to the U.N., Jimmy the Tooth backed him all the way. But one fine day it was revealed he had had a secret *pour-parler* with a PLO representative. The next day he was fired. There is one group of people in the U.S. that even a black cannot demean and slander, as Young discovered to his dismay.

Now along comes another black-Jewish tiff, and once again the Jews are winning hands down. The Leo Frank case, like so many Jewish legal tangles, has recently been dusted off and is back in the news. Frank was an Atlanta Jew who was found guilty of killing and sexually molesting Mary Phagan, a 13-year-old white girl way back in 1913. When Jewish pressure induced the Georgia governor to commute Frank's death sentence to life imprisonment, Frank, then an active member of the local chapter of the B'nai B'rith, was taken out and summarily lynched. Now a white handyman, Alonzo Mann, who was a witness at the trial, has decided to change his story after 69 years. Mann now says he saw the janitor at Frank's pencil factory carrying the girl's body with Frank nowhere in sight. The original testimony had been that Frank had helped the janitor carry the dead girl to a hiding place. The gist of Mann's revised story is that the janitor was guilty, not Frank, although the latter had a previous record of sexual perversion.

The janitor happened to be a Negro named Jim Conley.

Do we hear Negro columnists rushing to the defense of maligned blacks on the word of a person who is now an admitted perjurer? Maybe they have, but what they

have written has not been printed or been seen or heard on the same TV programs and press services that carried the Jewish version of the story.

In the battle of propaganda Negroes are pretty powerful, since in most cases they have the support of the Jews themselves. But when blacks and Jews fall out, blacks have just as bad a time of it in the media as WASPs do. David still triumphs over black and white Goliaths.

Another Anti-Hero

Hyman Rickover was only one of hundreds of admirals on the U.S. Navy payroll since mid-century. Yet he is the only one that had been panegyricized by the press, which is usually disapproving of people who spend their lifetime developing nuclear weaponry, particularly at this moment when we are in the midst of an anti-nuclear blitz.

On the occasion of his retirement, Rickover was given the hero's treatment in the *New York Times-Washington Post* propaganda mill. He should have retired back in 1953, when he was twice passed over for promotion to rear admiral. But Rickover knew how to manipulate Congress and to influence representatives like Sidney Yates and senators like Henry Jackson and William Proxmire to keep him on the active list and to see to it that he was eventually promoted to full admiral. A few months ago when he finally departed the Washington limelight, he was given a blast of TV and press coverage that equalled if not surpassed the noise and glitter that accompany the sequential and recurring retirements of graying and wrinkled movie stars.

In his valedictory before a truckling and fawning congressional committee, Rickover had the chutzpah to compare himself somewhat favorably to Jesus Christ. As the "father" of the nuclear navy, he came out, without cracking a smile, for total nuclear

disarmament. Do one thing all your life and then at the end of your life say just the opposite! It's quite a game and it has been played successfully by Einstein, Oppenheimer and many other Jewish pioneers of A-bombs, H-bombs and other assorted weapons of mass annihilation. It has also been played by Andrei Sakharov, the father of the Russian thermonuclear bomb, who is not Jewish himself, but who has a Jewish wife.

Elmo Zumwalt, former chief of naval operations, once said that the U.S. Navy has two enemies: first on the list was Russia, the second was Hyman Rickover.

One of the world's greatest self-advertisers, Rickover's only sea command was a 3-month stint as skipper of a small minesweeper. His crew couldn't stand him and actually hoisted a flag with "Madhouse" in red letters. He was quickly removed from the ship. Last year he almost sunk a new submarine when he gave some crazy orders during sea trials.

Rickover spent most of his life consciously or unconsciously trying to tear the Navy apart. He scorned its traditions. He refused to wear a uniform. His reputation among his brother officers was just the opposite of what it was in the media. Morale in Rickover's nuclear navy has fallen so low that Annapolis graduates now have to be drafted for service in it. One former chief of the Bureau of Naval Personnel has reported, "I had numerous instances of young officers coming to see me after their interview with Admiral Rickover and stating they didn't want to stay in a Navy that had an officer like Admiral Rickover as a flag officer."

Rickover couldn't play by the rules, so he changed the rules with the aid of a subservient Congress and media. The truth is that most of what he has been glorified for was the accomplishment of Vice Admiral William Raborn. But who ever heard of Admiral Raborn?





Cholly Bilderberger



The last segment of *Brideshead Revisited* was shown on Monday, March 29, concluding a memorable series. The British seem able to produce recognizable portraits of themselves while we produce . . . idealized garbage.

Of course, experienced analysts can deduce a great deal from a careful sifting of any sort of garbage. To such professionals, *Laverne and Shirley* demonstrates mindless selfishness; *Happy Days* shows a troupe of vacuous quasi-whites being bullied by a particularly obnoxious Mediterranean; *Taxi* is rank New York ghetto racism; *Dallas* gives an idea of the pathetically warped picture most Americans have of life at the top; *MASH* is liberalism gone very sour; and so on. A television archaeologist of the future could construct a passable model of American life from these artifacts, assuming that he was intelligent enough to understand that they are idealizations of sordidity — the actualities which they distort are far grimmer than they can admit. And it would be his task to deduce those actualities from the idealizations. All of which is, of course, quite beyond the capabilities of the average viewer.

There is, however, one refreshing exception to the distortions. A television series has dared to give an accurate picture of American life. It is called *Middletown* and has appeared on public television.

Middletown is publicized as an updating of the pre-World War II book on Muncie, Indiana, by Robert and Helen Lynd. It has been funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities and by Xerox, and produced by one Peter Davis. It probably started out as yet another tired liberal swipe at traditional American values, but it has ended as something quite different. Like *Brideshead Revisited*, the visual rendition goes beyond the book, and renders the written word into images which anyone can understand. As Americans, we should be proud of *Middletown*: it shows us as we really are.

The difference between *Laverne and Shirley* and *Middletown* is the difference between Ian Fleming and Evelyn Waugh; the first offers the ideal; the second, reality. In *Laverne and Shirley*, the characters are manic and their world is chaotic, but it is sanitized mania and chaos; in *Middletown*, the mania and chaos stand forth naked and unbowdlerized.

For instance, in the *Middletown* segment entitled "Community of Praise," dealing with a Muncie family drowning in religious fundamentalism, that family's home is shown *au naturel*. Plastic abounds; everyone in a group talks at once; people come and go continuously on unexplained business; the traffic is terrific; thought has no sequitur and action no resort; both children have physical disabilities, and one is retarded and the other hyperkinetic; no one, in or out of the family, shows a trace of genuine love, concern, awareness, dignity or common sense, although there is endless maundering about these attributes, especially love. In short, it is the definitive portrait of the American home as madhouse, as the delirious incubator of all the strains of American breakdown. These are people so far gone that the case for

American devolution seems unarguable. Their forebears may have shivered in poverty in their sod huts, but they had pioneer dignity, and the very simplicity of their lives (and their clothes, tools and other possessions) gave them a sanity forever denied these descendants.

Such a "home" bears about the same relationship to the traditional pre-World War II American home as does the primate house at the zoo. In the latter, the ape activities — the high, piercing cries; the combination of incessant motion and mournful stasis; the quick, darting glances and nervously active fingers; the protocols (superficial, temporary order) of grooming and submission; and the full gamut of joyless sexual activities (much homosexuality and casual masturbation) — all combine to give an unsettling parody of our own world. The difference being, in the case of the *Middletown* home, that it is our world.

The producers of "Community of Praise" only wished to denigrate religious fundamentalism. They did not wish to show all American life as having retrogressed to such a level because they are incapable of such a wish. It cannot occur to them that the retrogression has taken place because they are part of it. Their revelations are entirely inadvertent, but the series winds up showing the quality of all American life, with the intended snickers at the various naivetés quite submerged in the chilling general picture.

(In a way, *Middletown* qualifies as the successor to *Brideshead*. Certainly, Waugh would not have been surprised to find proof of his conviction that the descent of post-1945 Western man was going to be on a scale inconceivable to the civilized pre-1939 mind.)

Another *Middletown* episode involves the mayoral contest in Muncie between the aging, corrupt Irish Democrat and the youngish, wimpish, Waspish Republican. We are privileged to see both at home, the former bare to the waist, his enormous androgynous breasts cascading over his massive belly (nothing from *Happy Days* or any other idealism really prepares us for such breasts, such a belly); and the latter at his breakfast table littered with every sort of junk food and plastic container, *en famille*, his pathetic children in the usual comatose condition.

There is really no choice in the election between the crook and the wimp, a point which is made so artistically that it must have some effect, however subliminal, on the most reluctant viewer. Henceforward, it will be more difficult for that viewer to drum up imaginary differences between any Americans. "In retrospect," says *Middletown* with masterly skill and irrefutable examples, "aren't you embarrassed to have believed there was any difference between Ike and Adlai, Dick and Jack, Barry and Nelson, Jimmy and Ronnie, and so on? And, pushing it a bit further, between Gore Vidal and Mickey Mantle, John Wayne and Truman Capote, and so on? Americans are all the same before they are different; and this unbreakable similarity far outweighs the superficial differences, and dictates all significant American movement in all fields."

Some critics say that *Middletown* overstates its case by

giving no quarter, by portraying everyone in the Middle Western city as a wreck. But the actors are not professionals: they are from Muncie and simply portraying themselves in their own homes. Besides, great art does not shirk aesthetic conclusions. In his day, Dostoyevsky's portrait, in book after book, of disintegrating 19th-century Russia was regarded as exaggerated and morbid. Now it has become our official version of the period, and, in the light of later events in Russia, we could hardly have another. In time, *Middletown* may achieve the same eminence.

It is important to remember that the Middletown chaos is not confined to the poor and the middle class, or to people who live in Muncie, Indiana, or places like it. It's high art to have proved total chaos in the Middle West, the American navel, the very place where tranquility should be found if it exists at all in this country. But we should not suppose that chaos is localized there. It is as epidemic in New York as in Muncie, as widespread among the rich and/or powerful as among the poor and the middle class. *Middletown* is about the generic quality of American life, not about isolated instances.

When we examine Alexander Haig, for example, we can hardly avoid making the *Middletown* connection. We sense, behind the pathetic facade of his desperate attempt to appear calm and strong, precisely those Middletown characteristics that make the attempt impossible. Haig is *Middletown* in that he obviously has a wholly undignified, wholly at-cross-purposes, wholly hysterical, wholly anti-positional and chaotic inner life. The reality of the chaos constantly bubbles through the porous facade. He is positively wreathed in chaos; his vain feigning of calm compounds rather than minimizes the condition; and his public successes — for instance, holding the White House together in Nixon's last days — only underline his private failures.

Wimps like Edwin Meese exhibit the same vain pretension to order, but they are not nearly so rich in detail and development as Haig. Nor is Reagan or Mondale or Walter Cronkite or Bill Buckley. Everyone is *Middletown*, to paraphrase *Animal Farm*, but some are more *Middletown* than others. Haig is the connoisseur's current choice. In the wings is Ted Kennedy, whose fullest development is still to come.

Haig seems — this is his rather endearing quality — to understand, however dimly, that he is chaotic in a chaotic society. He is, going back to the analogy of the primate house, the ape who presses close to the bars and gazes longingly and so disconcertingly that he reminds one of those bygone days when some observer — usually a middle-aged woman in a sensible cloth coat — would speak for all in saying aloud, "The way he looks at you — almost human." The Meeses can put no such tug on the emotions.

Middletown also has a moral for those Americans who think that racial reality can be perceived now by any but a tiny minority: Forget it. The chaotic American, hanging on to a bit of sanity by his fingernails, is in no condition to think of anything but avoiding the drop into permanent darkness. He can no more put his mind to racial problems than a Palaeolithic caveman could concern himself with the Categorical Imperative. He beats the Middletown round from lair (noisy, hysterical, nerve-wracking) to job (ditto) to bar (ditto) and back again (double ditto), a circuit which may be hideous but which requires no thought. To think about anything would make the circuit impossible. To wake to any reality would be to set off into the unknown. He is sure in his heart

of hearts that he could not survive in a sane society. There would be no place for him. So he must continue to defend and maintain an insane society. Any increase in noise, hysteria and the wracking of nerves — video games, for instance — must be welcomed and supported.

The serious business of his existence is the serious business of all life forms — adaptation to a given environment. He understands (in an entirely non-mental way, of course) that he and his descendants must conform to an environment over which they have no more control than any species has ever had. Like a specialized life form on, for example, the Galapagos Islands, it is not for the chaotic American to question the environment, but to adapt to it or perish. We know from Darwin that this cannot be done consciously (Lamarckism being long since exploded), because the eventually "successful" mutation comes quite by accident. Nevertheless, very nearly everyone wants (the basic human drive for survival, after all) to be that mutation, and will try to assist the odds insofar as possible. Since the American environment is mad (contra order), this necessitates adapting to madness. If such adaptation goes against one human drive (for sanity and order over madness), it yet goes with another (survival over extinction). As *Middletown* shows — or as any observer of the American scene can testify — if the American experiment has done nothing else, it has demonstrated which of those two drives is more powerful.

That Americans will end in extinction rather than survival anyhow — by putting the wrong choice in the wrong sequence — does not negate that conclusion. In a laboratory experiment involving mice, for instance, the fact that they may all be exterminated after the experiment has been concluded does not mean that their behavior prior to such extermination is meaningless. We do not presume that they must know their eventual end in order to act validly in the experiment itself.

Letters from the Unlettered

Excerpts from letters which may or may not have been written to the Welfare Department, Hidalgo City, Texas:

I am writing to the Welfare Department to say that my baby was born two years ago. When do I get the money?

Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year, and has been visited regularly by the preacher.

Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I'm living with can't eat or do anything until he knows.

I am very annoyed to find you have branded my son illiterate. This is a dirty lie, as I was married a week before he was born.

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life.

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Argentina has landed marines and tanks at Port Stanley, capital of the Falklands, in support of its claim to the whole archipelago. The claim is based on remote historical considerations, and the islands are at a considerable distance from South America. On the island of South Georgia, the twenty-two British marines, heavily outnumbered, appear to have put up a stout resistance before being overwhelmed, shooting down a big military helicopter and damaging a corvette. (Rex Hunt, governor of the Falklands, claims that the Argentines lost at least fifteen killed, as against five killed and seventeen wounded among the marines.)

A British U.N. resolution, supported by the United States among others, has called for the withdrawal of the Argentine forces and a search for a diplomatic solution. Yet there is no imaginable "diplomatic solution" which could possibly result in anything but a sell-out of the islanders. Meanwhile the London *Times* has committed an act of treachery by giving prominence to an article by one David Watt (whose name should not be forgot) entitled, "Those Paltry Islands Keeping Us Apart." Nowhere does he mention the fact that the Falklands are inhabited by our own people and that we owe them our fullest support. Yet he gratuitously berates the Argentines for adopting tough methods in bringing their (largely Jewish) terrorists under control!

The Falklands may have a small population, but they are a great deal more British than the "New" Britain. Since the last war, we have been fed to the teeth with the principles of self-determination, which has justified the independence of territories, and even small islands, which are wholly incapable of maintaining themselves (while the Falklands are not only capable of maintaining themselves, but probably have big oil reserves as well). Of course, the territories and islands accorded self-determination were inhabited by coloureds or, at best, Mediterranean populations. Now we are going to see whether the same principle is to be applied to our own people. I trust and hope that we shall not await the outcome in a spirit of pessimistic resignation, but with a passionate resolve never to accept either defeat or any squalid compromise. Self-determination means self-determination, whether the people concerned wish to maintain their old allegiance or strive for independence. This is the acid test as to whether the liberal shibboleths are to be equally applied in all cases.

* * *

And now we hear that San Salvador has decided to back the Argentinian claim to the Falklands! Perhaps the best comment on Latin America is Rubén Darío's:

Cristóforo Colombo, pobre almirante,
ruege a Dios por el mundo que descubriste.

I fancy St. John of the Cross must have been thinking of the Argentinos when he wrote, "O llama de amor viva." Ste-

phen Spender actually translated this as the animal, not the flame!!

* * *

Perhaps I may make a small contribution to the history of the cinema by recalling some Continental films with which Instaurationists may not always be familiar. One of them which sticks in my mine is a UFA film of the early 1930s, called *Reitet für Deutschland*. The hero's part is acted by Willi Birgel, a Dinaric type of suitably aristocratic appearance. He represents the Freiherr von Langen, who had won a show jumping contest before being taken into the cavalry for the duration of the war. The early part of the film is full of excellent shots of cavalry men returning across snowy wastes and fighting off the attacks of hostile Poles. The hero is badly wounded, but later insists on rising from his hospital bed and sending off his former NCO to find a wonderful horse which he feels would bring him fame again. The

horse, a beautiful dapple-grey, is the real star of the film. There you see grace, line, symmetry, spirit, fluidity of motion! The Freiherr eventually overcomes all obstacles (encouraged of course by a young lady) and rides to victory at the first international jumping competition to be attended by a German participant since World War I. The thrills are clearly filmed, and the tension is extreme. When the hero and his horse come forward at the end to the strains of *Deutschland über Alles*, there is hardly a dry eye in the house. But what really caught my attention was the hardness of the hero in dealing with all doubters. It is just this hardness which we lack today.

Another German film, *Das Boot*, I saw recently. It was directed by Wolfgang Petersen, and tells the story of the U-Boats as they faced impossible odds from 1943 onwards. As we are told at the beginning of the film, no less than 30,000 out of the 40,000 German submariners were killed in the war. There is a certain amount of exaggerated behavior, but very much less than we have come to expect in films about Allied submariners. For the rest, it is a gripping documentary, leaving out hardly anything, even the dreadful case of British sailors burning alive in the oil from a torpedoed tanker. The final scene, in which American Mustangs blast the U-Boat base at La Spezia, is extraordinarily effective.

Finally, let me describe a British documentary which is going the rounds, short enough to be slipped in and seen by unsuspecting members of the public who go to see quite different films. The *Leitmotiv* of the film is supplied by a Mr. Cohen, who looks like an achondroplastic dwarf, and distills venom through a microphone to the accompaniment of the usual cacophony. The scene switches to shots of buildings collapsing in England during last summer's riots, of heroic blacks in billboard advertisements, and of British police with riot shields, who are evidently cast as the villains of the piece. Middle-class people living in safe districts feel that it gives an exag-



gerated picture of the New Britain. Foreigners who see it will feel that Britain is going to pieces. They will be much nearer the truth. But some of us are going to be strengthened, not destroyed.

* * *

Recently I had a fearful nightmare. I was Paris in the old legend, and the three goddesses were Bella Abzug, Betty Friedan and Golda Meir. In my hand was an enormous red and green apple, like the one used by the wicked queen in Disney's *Snow White*. The three ladies were skimpily clad in bikinis -- a frightful vision -- and kept inciting me with a jingle:

Limey, Limey, full of gall,
Who's the ugliest of us all?

It was a tough decision, but in the end I threw the apple at Bella Abzug. There was a flash of purple smoke, and they were transformed into three witches -- mercifully clothed in

old rags this time -- chanting as they went round a large cauldron:

We circle round, a ghastly crew,
Adding to the poisoned brew:
Eye of envy, liar's tongue,
All the filth that's said or sung,
Little cuttings from the *Times*
Palliating colored crimes,
Noses thick and thicker lips
Silvered in the moon's eclipse,
Lily livers cut from whites
Earnest after civil rights,
Body of a baby fond
Just aborted by a blonde.
Cool it with Polanski's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

There was a clap of thunder, and I saw them speeding away on broomsticks, pursued by three beautiful Valkyries.

Father Machree

From the Ould Sod

There have been a number of turning points in Irish-English history. One of them was the fate of Charles I. Charley One was an utter snot, yet he was supported by a great many Irish Catholics, even though he maintained the repressive laws against their religion. I need not add that a strongly Protestant Parliament never forgave him for marrying the sister of that most Catholic king, Louis XIII of France.

Many of Charles's anti-Catholic acts and statements seemed little more than a sop to appease the Protestants. Always the wishful thinkers, Irish Catholics believed that the king would eventually treat them more tolerantly and give them a greater measure of religious freedom.

The Scots, as is well known, were even fonder of Charles I than we Irish. He never got rid of his Scottish burr.

What is worth noting is that Cromwell and his bully boys would never have been able to overthrow Charles I -- much less get him tried and executed -- had it not been for the Hebrew loans which enabled the Roundheads to train and arm their troops.

What I'm trying to say is, in addition to the misery and terror Cromwell inflicted on the Scots and Irish, Cromwell also did a lot to wreck England itself.

Even today John Nobull must mourn between his brandy and his fox hunts the destroyed castles and the looted art treasures sold abroad to help pay the cost of the civil war, not to mention the booties of interest extorted by the Jewish loan sharks of that period.

Small wonder then that when the monarchy was restored the English themselves

dug up Cromwell's corpse, strung it up at Tyburn, stuck the skull on a pole at Westminster Hall, then reduced what remained of the remains to ashes and dumped them in the Thames.

* * *

I was happy to hear that the Captive Nations League, an American organization created by Congress and whose membership is limited to countries under the heel of communism, has at last recognized two delegates from Irish Northern Aid.

Not only was an Irish delegate one of the main speakers at the League's annual dinner, but the Irish delegates were welcomed by the organization's president, Horst Ulich. Ulich noted -- to the great delight of the Irish Americans in attendance -- that the British Tommies had stood idly by while Russian troops occupied his homeland, which later became known as Communist East Germany.

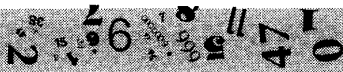
* * *

From what I gather, the economic situation of the West is getting to be as it was before World War II. The U.S. is continuing to slide into something like an overweight Banana Republic. Quite rapidly, too. The rate of inflation in the Irish Free State is much worse than in England -- 23.3%, about double the rate in Britain. Professor Loudon Ryan (a leading economist of Trinity College in Dublin) warned that the country could "move rapidly towards Israeli and South American rates of inflation and devaluation." Recently, the govern-

ment offered pay raises ranging from 13.5% to 21% to 150,000 of its employees -- mainly civil servants. This has angered the nonprotected workers who have no job security and no pensions. You can bet your knickers they will not be too inclined to be very reasonable in their demands for pay hikes. Then, there is quite a bit of nepotism in the Irish government, and more and more people are getting angry about that. Even if it were not for the racial and religious differences, it would not be surprising for the people in Northern Ireland to wonder if the Irish government was really fit to govern anybody.



Talking Numbers



A recent poll in Israel indicates that 12.3% of Israelis describe themselves as "religious," 44.2% as "traditional," 43.5% as "not religious."

#

A Boise State University (Idaho) student was awarded a degree in social science after receiving credit for such courses as "Coed Bowling," "Coed Billiards," "Advanced Weight Training" and "Coed Jogging." While piling up this enviable academic record, which included 4 Fs, 11 Ds and withdrawal from 8 courses, the student received \$4,200 in federal aid. His best marks were obtained in two courses: "Sexuality and the Male Athlete" and "Behavior of Christian vs. Non-Christian Child."

#

Black students are now in the majority in these 5 urban school districts: Chicago (61%), Detroit (85%), Baltimore (79%), Memphis (75%), Washington (94%).

#

45.1% of all Americans moved in 1975-80. Blacks moved shorter distances than whites.

#

Hugh Hefner owns \$53 million worth of Playboy Enterprises stock, which paid him \$797,000 in dividends last year. He also gets an annual salary of \$404,000.

#

Suicides in the western U.S. occur at an annual rate of approximately 17.7 per 100,000; in the South, 13.8; in northern and central states, 12.3; in the northeast, 10. The suicide rate in San Francisco is 27.5; in Washington, D.C., 9.1.

#

Chase Bank, Citicorp and various savings banks have forgiven Yeshiva University \$26 million of its \$61 million debt. Would these Majority leaders have been equally charitable to a non-Jewish college?

#

According to the Council of Economic Advisors, the federal government is actually in the black! From the current national debt of \$981 billion, subtract intragovernment debt and various financial assets, and we are only \$450 billion in the red. Now add \$727 billion in federally-owned buildings, dams, highways, defense installations, etc., and out comes a net worth of \$277 billion. This reassuring figure does not include an un reassuring \$4 trillion of unfunded Social Security benefits.

It costs the government \$25 million a year to maintain ex-presidents, their wives and widows and children in the lavish style to which they have become accustomed. Nixon, Ford and Carter receive annual \$69,630 pensions. The rest of the money goes for Secret Service protection, office subsidies, staff, postage and travel. 10 Secret Service agents recently accompanied Lady Bird Johnson on a Mediterranean cruise. It costs \$1.5 million a year to operate the Ford Library at the University of Michigan at Grand Rapids. Ford recently billed the government \$100 a month for swimming pool maintenance and for watering 22 plants at his office in Rancho Mirage, California.

#

Six Israeli soldiers and 11 civilians died in 1981 Palestinian attacks in Israel, Lebanon and further afield. 205 Palestinian "terrorists" were killed by Israelis. 2,100 Lebanese died in 1981 as a result of political violence, Israeli bombs and intra-Arab feuding.

#

Between 1780 and 1864 in Virginia, 198 slaves were convicted of murdering white people (their owners in 67 cases); 104 slaves were found guilty of murdering blacks; 60 were convicted for killing victims of an unspecified race.

#

According to Smith & Wesson, the firearms people, 10 million cans of Mace are now being sold in the U.S. each year. Men have begun to buy it as a Christmas gift for their wives and girlfriends.

#

During 1981, 192 people were slain in battles between nonwhite gangs fussing and feuding on Los Angeles school playgrounds.

#

The Inca Empire of 6 million people was ended by one white conqueror with fewer than 200 followers.

#

President Reagan wants the civil-defense budget increased from \$117 million to \$252 million. Permanent shelters for the whole American population would cost more than \$70 billion.

#

Since 1974, the Puerto Rican terrorist group FALN has claimed responsibility for 120 bombings in the New York, Chicago and Washington areas.

Half of all the new jobs created in the late 1970s in the U.S. were filled by legal and illegal immigrants. Many illegals are now being paid \$7.25 per hour, while more than nine million citizens are unemployed.

#

860,000 students have defaulted on \$1.35 billion in Guaranteed Student Loans and National Direct Student Loans.

#

Uganda has a population of 13,225,000; Norway, 4,090,000. Each year the white country produces about 17,885 kilowatt hours of energy per capita; Uganda, 80.

#

In a recent 15-year period, 3,060 American banks "invested" more than \$355 million in Israel bonds; 1,365 American labor unions, \$100 million; pension funds, corporations and "communal" groups, \$437 million.

#

Jimmy the Tooth was the guest speaker at a United Jewish Appeal \$10,000-a-plate dinner at the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach. Not so long ago Jews were not allowed in the Breakers. Today few non-Jews can afford to stay there, and very, very few could buy a dinner that cost 10 grand.

#

260,000 Russian Jews have fled to Israel and the West since 1966. In January 1982 only 290 were allowed to leave the workers' paradise for the Zionist paradises of Israel and the United States.

#

88% of black parents surveyed in Chicago would like their kids to attend a half-black, half-white school in an all-black neighborhood. 72% of Hispanic parents wanted a half-white, half-Hispanic school in an all-Hispanic neighborhood. A majority of all parents, white, black and in between, were opposed to forced busing.

#

Dr. Narian Sawlani (country of origin unknown) was the highest-paid welfare doctor in Illinois for the fifth consecutive year. He pocketed \$477,000 of taxpayers' money in 1981 for treating as many as 171 patients a day.

#

There are nine schools in Israel whose function is to convert Gentiles into Jews. About 500 switchers, most of them young men and women from Northern Europe and the United States, study for 300 hours each year before they make the grade.

Primate Watch



MORRIS CERULLO is the short, dark, stocky leader of World Evangelism, Inc. Described by his associates as "suspicious," "emotional," and "boundlessly energetic," the onetime Jewish orphan turned "Christian" raised more than \$10 million in 1979 alone with his arm-twisting appeals by television, telephone and mail. As a 14-year-old, Cerullo met the "Presence of God" as a six-foot-high flaming ball. Now his "miracle rallies" feature faith healing, exuberant worship and anointing with oil. The squeaky-voiced workaholic has gradually begun to rub almost everyone the wrong way. Business partners are angry about false billings and broken commitments. The government is upset by unfair labor practices. Court records reveal unending litigation. Cerullo, who also dabbles in real estate, has now invaded the bucolic Smoky Mountain countryside of Blount County, Tennessee, with plans for a \$50-million resort.

☆☆☆

For years, **HUGH HEFNER** ballyhooed his "Playboy philosophy" as though it were the greatest piece of celebration since Aristotle. Actually, Hefner's undiluted apology for hedonism and social parasitism was probably ghost-written by you-know-who. In recent hearings before the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, Hefner bared all about his personal life. It seems he follows a regular routine, playing Monopoly with close friends every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, as any philosopher might. On Monday and Wednesday nights, the celebrated swinger hangs around the house with his current girlfriend. On Fridays and Sundays, he adventurously hosts a buffet and shows movies. (He didn't say what kind of movies, but other sources have reported that, while animals are featured, the Sierra Club would not approve.)

☆☆☆

DAVID MERKATZ runs a car window repair business in Brooklyn. In a recent five-month period, he shot out the windows of more than 1,000 parked cars with his air pellet gun, charged the owners \$150 per repair, and told them: "It's punk kids. What can you do?" Some victims' cars were smashed repeatedly.

☆☆☆

Someone forgot to tell **JOSEPH GELB** of Hewlett Bay Park, Long Island, about the "torchbroker" arson services which exist for people in his income bracket. So the lawyer-accountant foolishly torched an office building himself, was seen leaving moments before the explosion, and then filed an inflated \$684,000 insurance claim. Un-

derstanding Judge **JACOB MISHLER** made Gelb's ten counts concurrent, and he will be free within two years.

☆☆☆

Colorado's Senator **GARY HART** was in Maryland recently, telling his fellow liberals to reject the "narrow Darwinian vision" of Reaganites: "We cannot enter the future with our faces toward the past. The problems we face are new and the solutions must also be new." Hart, whose narrow legal training probably excluded all of Darwin's marvelously unnarrow works, seemed not to realize that there is (alas) nothing the least bit biological in the current administration's thinking. As for "facing the past," Darwin's greatest books appeared in 1859 and 1871, while Hart, by describing himself as a "Jeffersonian progressive," honors -- or dishonors -- a man who died in 1826, before even Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology* had appeared. It seems that Darwin's decadent descendants are gunning for him from both the left and the right.

☆☆☆

The world did not need another gossipography of **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, but Kitty Kelley was not obliging. She interviewed more than 400 persons and examined the legal files at MGM. Four lawyers stand behind her claim that the "dazzling vulgarity" Liz depicts is all genuine. But the finding that shocked Kitty the most was not about Liz, but about her now discarded eighth husband. When a reporter from *People* magazine told Senator **JOHN WARNER** that his daughters were really beautiful, he responded, "Yeah, they really are. I just hope a coon doesn't get 'em."

☆☆☆

JESSE JACKSON went to tell the pope that America is a lot like Poland. Reagan's confinement of Haitian refugees, says the rev, is "a genocide program." At last count, there were 42 pregnant women among the 1,200 mostly male internees. Without deportation, their babies will become automatic American citizens. John Paul II, who knows how Polish emigrants have benefited in America, may have fantasized about lending Jackson to General Jaruzelski.

☆☆☆

"It's the genes. I've got good genes." With a nice figure, a mane of honey-colored hair, and skin coloring to march, "I'm just a honey kind of lady," boasts **VICKI LaMOTTA**, the ex-wife of former middleweight boxing champ **JAKE LaMOTTA**, whose sleazy life was depicted in the movie "Raging Bull." Jake, whose nose has

all sorts of features no truly European nose ever had, pummeled Vicki for eleven years, and also gave her three children -- whose genes she doesn't mention. Now, at age 51, Vicki has posed nude for *Playboy* magazine. Jake, whose fifth marriage just ended when he knocked his wife out on a street in New York, wants to get back with classy dame Vicki. She declines, saying: "A lot of people ask why they made a movie about such a creep. Well . . . look at Shakespeare. He wrote about murders and killing and bad people."

☆☆☆

Ex-governor **MARVIN MANDEL**, the king of Maryland kickbackers, wore a white yarmulke at a political fundraiser on behalf of his good, yarmulke-wearing friend, **GEORGE SCHAEFER**, the mayor of Baltimore, who yearns for higher office. The two formed a smiling mutual admiration society during the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Israeli national anthem. Said synagogue president Morris Cohen, host of the event: "We wanted to honor the mayor and we thought it would be an ideal way for Governor Mandel to make his first appearance [since jail] in the Jewish community." Mandel, a lifelong Democrat, spent 1½ years in a country club "detention center" in Florida for mail fraud and racketeering until his sentence was commuted by the not-so-life-long Republican, Ronald Reagan.

☆☆☆

Another crook of the same ilk, **ABE FORTAS**, LBJ's chief political fixer, made a triumphant return to the Supreme Court, from which he had been forced to resign ten years ago when it was discovered he was on the payroll of still another crook, **LOUIS WOLFSON**, who specialized in defrauding the government, which Fortas had sworn to defend. When Abe appeared before the High Bench as the attorney for a Puerto Rican political party, the press wrote it up as if it were the Messiah coming home to roost. Unfortunately for the media, before Fortas's rehabilitation could gather much steam, Abe kicked the bucket and was carried off to Gehenna, the murky, indefinable hellhole which Judaism, the world's worldliest religion, reserves for its communicants -- good, bad or worse.

☆☆☆

DR. ASA HILLIARD III, the learned black academician who teaches that Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven were "Afro-Europeans," has now moved from San Francisco State College to Georgia State University, where he is a professor of psychology. He recently gave a federally funded lecture at the University of Georgia, entitled, "Inadequacies of Majority Persons to Conduct Research Involving Minority Persons."



Britain. On March 10 Scotland Yard finally revealed what every Briton already knew: the racial nature of Greater London's crime. "Robbery and other violent thefts" in the metropolis had totalled 18,763 in 1981, an increase of 34% over the previous year. In 10,399 cases, or 55.4%, the assailant was identified as "coloured." The nonwhite population of Greater London is reportedly 13.8%. Whites committed 26.5% of the robberies, though many of those whites were not English. In 14.4% of the cases the assailant's appearance was not known, and in 3.8% gangs of mixed race were involved. Consequently, the "coloured" (and white) figures are really undercounts.

Several London papers brought out their biggest and blackest typeface for headlines. "London's streets of fear," screamed the *Daily Mirror*. "Black crime: the alarming figures," shouted the *Daily Mail*, though it ruined the effect with a subhead which misleadingly read, "Violence double that by whites." The sum total of colored violence may only have been double, but the colored crime rate was at least *thirteen* times greater!

The *Times* took an altogether different tack. "Criminals or scapegoats?" asked its

editorial. The real question, its genteel readers were assured, is not who committed crimes, but why the last few years have seen a "collapse in the detection rate in London [which] is more frightening than the rise in offences . . . The answers are very complex . . . All generalisations here are suspect and unhelpful." Scotland Yard should stop being "crude."

The *Daily Telegraph*, on the other hand, labeled racial integration a complete failure and all but demanded repatriation of immigrants. A *Daily Mail* editorial, calling black-on-white crime "an ugly fact that is becoming uglier by the month," argued that "police strategies . . . not based on this link between crime and colour" are doomed to failure. "We have a race relations industry to speak for the coloured communities," it noted: "But who will speak for these frightened and frail white prisoners of Britain's new urban ghettos?"

Britain already has a fine magazine devoted to its quaint aboriginal population. *Heritage and Destiny* is a quarterly which lives up to its name by mixing articles on traditional folk song and the 1831 Peasants' Revolt with pieces on space con-

quest, sociobiology, the microprocessor revolution and the "return of the warrior." The cost for Americans is \$14 by surface mail, or \$24 by air mail, which covers six successive issues. The publisher, Heritage Books (BCM 5766, London WC1N 3XX, England) also has an expanding book list.

* * *

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

It has been three centuries and more since Richard Lovelace wrote *To Althea From Prison*, but life changes slowly where race remains constant.

Doug Struck, a *Baltimore Sun* reporter grown accustomed to the madness of American prison life, had his eyes opened on a recent tour of London's Wormwood Scrubs Prison. As one of Britain's seven maximum security facilities, "Scrubs," he was warned, gets some really hard cases. It is a decrepit old fortress as well, "collapsing around our ears," as one official put it. There are far too many men in far too few spaces. Three to a cell is commonplace -- a cell often without toilet or running water. No American prisoner would stand for that.

But the men at Scrubs are still mostly white -- and that makes all the difference. "The quiet behind the cell doors is startling. There are no yells, no screams, no cacophony of blaring radios, slamming cell doors and hoarsely shouted orders." On the contrary. There is an unmistakable "mood of civility." Prisoners and guards gather in small knots, talking quietly. No school in Baltimore has so calm an atmosphere. Everything is "family" -- a very decent extended family. Lt. Anthony Shorricks says, "In the time I've been here [20 years] I've never heard of a homosexual attack."

Cramped and old, Scrubs may be, but it's clean:

It does not smell of urine and disinfectant and the close press of flesh. There is no covering coat of grime. Outside one window, bright roses in an immaculate flowerbed line the walls, and within the yard is an ornate church, with rows of stained-glass windows. Not a pane is broken.

* * *

Rudy Narayan is a prominent Guyanese Indian lawyer in Britain with pronounced ideas on the Jews:

The Jewish child is taught from birth that he is different from other people. . . .

The Jews own most of Britain. They dominate in the world of commerce and their power extends from Tesco's on the local High Street right up into the Boardrooms of the City. Money is power and the Jews save their money . . .



Although Britain's Race Relations Act has a chilling effect on free speech (the one kind of chill that makes liberals shiver with joy), a few British cartoonists are undaunted. The above appeared in the *Daily Mail* (Mar. 12, 1982). The message applies equally, if not more so, to the American racial mess. Nevertheless, this cartoon would never have passed the "sensitivity test" of the U.S. media.

But the Jews have not stopped in business. They have learned only too well from Adolf Hitler . . . Control over the media, including publishing newspapers and broadcasting, is absolute . . . They are Jews first and British second. They have infiltrated the ranks of the newspaper and publishing world with total and devastating ruthlessness.

One cannot help but believe that they operate nationally and internationally to a Master Plan . . .

Certainly in the West they have taken over the instruments of brainwashing and propaganda upon which the minds of the ordinary people feed . . .

Today, Rudy Narayan is busy eating these words because he has become one of the most prominent champions of Britain's nonwhites. And in Britain, as elsewhere, the champion of the poorest must also be the champion of the richest, if he wants to get anywhere.

France. B. H. Lévy, who upheld the cause of Stalinism in many books and articles over many years, has been called France's leading philosopher, now that Sartre has shuffled off this mortal coil. A year or so ago, Monsieur Lévy suddenly shed his Marxist skin and became a Jewish racist. In an article in *Le Matin* (Dec. 1, 1981), he launched a bitter tirade against all forms of group identity and all tendencies towards communal action, saying they were the greatest threats to human liberty. He made it plain that no people had the right to form a community, no people, that is, "with the exception of the peoples of the Diaspora." Even after that article, B. H. Lévy is still considered a leading "French" philosopher.

* * *

A young Algerian female photographer was brutally mauled by steel-helmeted Jewish activists during a mass demonstration of six French Zionist organizations outside a PLO office in Paris. The Zionists were protesting the murder of a minor Israeli diplomat, the act which Begin used as a pretext for another bloody air assault on Lebanon.

* * *

Jews were an important factor in last year's election victory of François Mitterrand. But when the new French president took office, he enacted some tough restrictions on currency transfer out of the country. Last April Fool's Day, M. et Mme. Israel Zoldan, French citizens, passed a pouch to M. Abraham Lev of double nationality (Belgian and Israeli passports). The latter was then joined by M. Jacob Hacoen, an employee of the Antwerp diamond market, and wife Esther. All three went to an underground parking garage where they piled into a car and headed for Belgium. At the frontier, customs officials, warned by French police, flagged them down. The

vehicle contained 2,328,000 francs (\$372,480).

* * *

Marc Gillet, a 23-year-old nationalist, was shot by an unidentified gunman as he opened the door of his apartment in Nice. His condition was described as serious by hospital sources. Last year Gillet was found guilty of neo-Nazism and spent several months in jail. He was accused of addressing threatening, anti-Semitic letters to Jewish leaders in the Midi, as well as setting up the local branch of FANE (Federation of European and National Action), which was outlawed in 1980. Meanwhile, Marc Fredriksen, the onetime head of FANE, who was almost killed by a Jewish mob after the notorious synagogue bombing, with which he had absolutely no connection, was given a six-month suspended sentence and fined 20,500 francs for various "crimes of opinion."

West Germany. Thies Christophersen, an agricultural inspector at Auschwitz, says he never saw any gas chambers or mountains of corpses during his tour of duty there. To the consternation of the Holocaust hucksters, Christophersen attacked the Six Million canon in a booklet and in his magazine *Die Bauernschaft*. Last year he was sentenced to 11 months in prison for his outspokenness. But on Oct. 8, when the black maria arrived to pick him up (the Germans call it the Grüne Minna), he had decamped. He is now "abroad," hoping against hope some nation will accept him as a political refugee.

Vatican City. Karol Wojtyla, who became the first non-Italian elected pope in 456 years in 1978, and spoke before millions of his fellow Poles on an unprecedented trip in 1979, thereby helping to trigger the greatest internal rift in postwar Eastern Europe in 1980, had an off-year in 1981. A young Turk gunned him down on May 13, and some old Russians gunned his people down on December 13.

John Paul II has recovered from both ordeals, and 1982 could bring him banner headlines for a fifth straight year. The pope is cozying up to Yasser Arafat and the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) with all possible speed. He knows that a tangle with Israel is not to be taken lightly. But he also knows that there is only one Christian Holy Land, and that turmoil is forcing Christians -- and particularly Catholics -- from it in growing numbers. Above all, the pope knows that the most Catholic ethnic group in the entire Middle East happens to be the Palestinians. If the Vatican will not defend its beleaguered sheep, then competing shepherds are sure to take them in. One-quarter of all Palestinians are Christian, according to Arafat, as is 35% of the PLO. Christians, including many Catholics, hold leadership positions in all eight PLO factions.

John Paul has made Palestinian rights one of his top priorities. In 1979, he began corresponding with Arafat, and met with a PLO representative during his trip to Turkey. The contacts became public in early 1980, when Arafat's side, Afif Sufieh, a Catholic, was given a papal audience. Sufieh delivered a letter from his Moslem boss, which quoted the Bible extensively and invited the pope to lead the first procession of returning Palestinians. An actor himself in his early days, John Paul could not fail to relish so Charlton Hestonian a script. He and the "Commander-in-Chief of the Palestinian Revolution" now routinely exchange holiday greetings each year.

The Vatican never did officially recognize Israel, technically because of its "uncertain" boundaries. But the five accredited Jewish "observers" at the Vatican (all non-Israeli) nonetheless see October 5, 1980, as a turning point in Middle Eastern diplomacy. On that date, John Paul virtually endorsed Palestinian demands in a speech at Otranto, Italy. The following March, his and Arafat's right-hand men conferred. Today, the list of Arab leaders dropping in at Rome keeps growing. Only one face-to-face meeting remains, the ultimate one with Yasser himself.

Israel. South African's white rulers encourage black cultural traditions because they help keep the races apart. Israel's West Bank military government operates differently, breaking up nearly all Arab culture fairs and handicraft exhibits. Palestinian creativity of all kinds is guilty these days until proven innocent. The artist Suleiman Mansour was told by the military governor himself, "If you paint a flower with colors of white, green, black or red [Palestinian flag colors] on the petals we'll confiscate it." The governor was not joking. Dissident Jewish professor Israel Shahak entitled an article on Israeli censorship, "The Four Terrible Colors."

The *Jerusalem Post* reported on March 8, 1981, that more than 3,000 books are banned from the West Bank and Gaza. The government countered that the true figure was 600, but the *Post's* reporter had studied the list on Israeli army stationery which bore the military governor's seal. On the list were Alan Moorehead's *The White Nile* and *The Blue Nile*; biographies of Lincoln and Alexander the Great; plays by Sophocles; and Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* and Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta* in Arabic translation. According to Israel's leading newspaper, "All books entering the area, for sale or distribution, must first receive permits from the I.D.F. [Israeli Defense Forces] censor. The fact is, any book in the West Bank without such a permit is 'illegal.'"

Middle East. In a combat situation, the ability to respond promptly and accurately to verbal instructions involving right-sided



or left-sided movement can be critical. Recent testing of Europeans and Americans has determined that only 3% of each group hesitates and initially moves its eyes in the wrong direction. The equivalent figures for Israelis and Arabs are 36% and 42% respectively. A CIA report calls this a "cultural deficit" which may arise in the fixed pattern of cerebral functioning associated with reading from right to left, and concludes that training may not alleviate it. Whatever its origins, this laboratory problem is surely magnified under the stress and time constraints of real battle.

We would like to know exactly what groups of Europeans and Americans were tested. Eye-color researchers have learned that people showing *deliberate* behavior (who are more likely to be male, light-eyed and racially Nordic) have a tendency to think before moving their bodies, while reactive people (more likely women, dark-eyed and racially non-Nordic) tend to react more impulsively. Animals with various eye colors show a closely analogous pattern. It could be that many of the dark-eyed Arabs and Israelis would *also* initially respond inappropriately to commands other than left/right. However, since the CIA report speaks of Arab and Israeli *hesitation* prior to error, the cultural hypothesis may indeed be valid here.

Far East. Baggy army fatigues are "out" in Communist China. Rouge and permanent waves are "in." So are exercises and surgery to build up Chinese women's notoriously flat chests. So, too, is a one-hour operation which removes the distinctive Mongoloid epicanthic fold from the upper eyelids. Actors, actresses, high government and army officials and their children, even factory workers -- all want Western-style eyes. Thousands have signed on to public and private surgery waiting lists. *Health and Beauty* magazine, which sold 1.1 million copies in a single issue, is deluged by letters from women who want to be transformed. "Life is beautiful, so people also should be," says one, voicing a spreading human aspiration.

In Japan, European faces are rare on the streets, but pervade the field of advertising. Bjorn Borg, Cheryl Ladd, Rod Stewart, Paul Newman, Kirk Douglas and Mark Thatcher, the auto-racing son of Britain's prime minister, are but a few of the good-looking foreigners used to draw attention to Japanese goods. "If you're selling the same product as everyone else, in order to get visual impact -- punch -- you need something different," explains a Tokyo marketing consultant. But since the word "foreigner" conveys automatically to most Japanese a Nordic image of long legs, light eyes and blond hair -- which, in any case, they want to see -- Japanese advertising is not really

giving them something "different." Australian aborigine women selling perfume or elfish Lapps in skimpy bathing suits would really be something "different."

Latin-American advertising is every bit as Nordic-oriented. While Mexico sends us (permanently) *millions* of prolific mestizo women, who look just the opposite of the beauties seen in Mexican advertising, we send them (temporarily) a few *hundreds* of our childless models.

Sudan. This vast country, the largest in Africa, is an Iran in the making. Because Libya is Israel's public enemy #1, it is perforce public enemy #1 of the U.S., with the result that Sudan is being built up by Washington as an anti-Libyan buffer state. The U.S. gave the country \$114 million in 1981 to shore up its military and economic defenses and will raise the ante to \$150 million in 1982. Meanwhile, American oil companies, with some success, are digging deep holes in the Sudanese sand -- so far at a cost of over \$300 million. All these investments are not exactly gold-plated. Sudan already owes \$5 billion to Western leaders. Their payments, of course, are way behind schedule.

The mulatto dictator of Sudan, General Nimeiri, is quite aware of where the power lies in American politics. He has been most adept at feeding the media stories about a Libyan invasion. American TV and newspapers printed these whoppers, just as they printed similar falsehoods about the Libyan hit team that Gaddafi had allegedly recruited to assassinate President Reagan. Anything to oblige our masters in Jerusalem.

As usual, everybody in Washington is forgetting the Moslem fundamentalists in Sudan who, as in Iran and Egypt, do not relish their country becoming a pawn of the American-Zionist axis. The fate of Sadat and the Shah probably awaits General Nimeiri.

Costa Rica. Revolution is breaking out almost everywhere in Central America -- except here in the "Switzerland of Latin America." Costa Ricans are self-consciously democratic, in large measure because they are self-consciously white. They may not be quite so white as they think, as a recent *National Geographic* article made apparent, yet the Amerindian blood which pervades the surrounding countries is clearly in the minority there. Hence, for Costa Ricans to terminate their 60 years of political stability would, in a sense, be to admit to themselves and the world that they are only one more banana republic.

The problem is that the Costa Rican economy is collapsing. The combination of soaring fuel bills and plummeting coffee revenues is blamed for the government's inability to service a \$2.7 billion foreign debt (\$1,250 per capita), but behind those

seeming accidents lies a genuine failure to diversify and innovate like Singapore, Iceland and other small model nations. The Costa Ricans remain a play-oriented people, determined to go down in unpuritanical style.

The finest restaurants are more than holding their own. And "teenagers from the country's large middle class, plunged into their portable tape decks, still roller-skate nonchalantly past shop windows in downtown San José instead of smashing them with Molotov cocktails." A bus ride that would cost a dollar in many American cities still goes for less than three cents, in part because Washington, in its desperation to keep Costa Rica afloat as a model for other Central American countries, continues its indirect subsidies. Food for Peace and other throwaway "loans" still flow, along with special International Monetary Fund deals, at a time when commercial banks have stopped all lending.

On February 7, as expected, Costa Ricans democratically threw out the ruling Unity coalition and brought in Luis Alberto Monge's National Liberation Party. The NLP traditionally stood for an expanded public sector, but its leadership has made a responsible move to fiscal conservatism in the present climate. There is little or no talk of nationalization and expropriation from the nation's all-too-few wealth-makers. Another positive sign has been a turn in public opinion against the leftist Sandinista revolution in adjacent Nicaragua. As recently as 1979, the Unity government actually aided the guerrillas, but the subsequent insurgency throughout the region has cooled local ardor for the "poor Indians." Relations with Cuba have been broken.

Meanwhile, with no one offering solutions for the homefront economic crisis, a strange sort of apathy has set in. Strikes remain rare, brief and peaceful. But some Costa Ricans have secretly begun to doubt that they are really "Swiss."

Brazil. The African "killer bee," which may reach the United States by 1985, will be rendered safe by cross-breeding with European honey bees long before it gets through Central America. Indeed, "nature is taking its course" even here at the point of introduction -- to the delight of the professional beekeepers. A scientific paper reports that, "The African bee starts work much earlier than its European counterpart: it sometimes leaves the hive at 4 A.M. and only stops at night." The European bee, on the other hand, is calmer and rarely attacks in swarms. The new hybrid has come out rather well: hard-working but relatively docile.

Nature is also taking its course among Brazil's African and (southern) European human populations. In that case, say observers, the African is both more violent and lazier. No one is satisfied with the growing swarm of hybrids.

Awakening Antibodies

It seemed an eternity before the first anti-immigration lobby of the postwar era came along. It was formed in 1979 and operates under the acronym FAIR (the Federation for American Immigration Reform). Conservatives for Immigration Reform (227 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Suite 321, Washington, D.C. 20002) was mentioned in *Instauration* (Feb. 1982). Now there is ImmPAC (the Immigration Political Action Committee), the first immigration control group which can legally contribute to the campaigns of candidates who favor its position.

Barnaby Zall, an experienced Washington lobbyist, is ImmPAC's chairman. Scientific sage Garrett Hardin is on the Board of Trustees. Zall believes that the next few months will be the most critical period for immigration reform because legislation is finally being considered which could eliminate a large part of the problem. Will the legislation pass? Zall: "A Washington politician's first concern is to get re-elected If we can't help him, the chances are that he won't help us."

Zall points out that Congress has spent untold days and dollars on four major immigration studies:

The time for study is over. The time for Congress to act is now! . . . I have seen first-hand the influence that PACs have on politicians. Congressmen sit up and notice what a PAC representative has to say. Senators listen carefully to PAC spokespersons.

Contributions to ImmPAC earn a 50% tax credit -- not just a deduction -- for the first \$100 contribution. Couples receive a 50% credit for the first \$200. Individuals can legally contribute up to \$5,000 to political action committees of this type.

For further information, write to ImmPAC, P.O. Box 9558, Washington, D.C. 20016.

* * *

Garrett Hardin may be confined to a wheelchair, but the University of California at Santa Barbara ecologist treats it like a kamikaze plane. He is not afraid to crash land on all and sundry who slight the sanctity of America's borders. A trustee of both ImmPAC and FAIR, Hardin also heads the Environmental Fund (1302 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036), the one American environmental group which has its priorities right, putting immigration control and differential fertility ahead of lesser (though critical) issues like resource management, pollution and wildlife conservation. Hardin was his usual courageous self testifying before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration and Refugee Policy on January 25. He dared to say that

nearly the worst thing about today's runaway immigration is that it encourages "tribalism."

Hardin went into greater detail on this subject in a recent book entitled *Stalking the Wild Taboo*:

[U]nless specific arrangements to avoid this eventuality are introduced, one breeding group will necessarily outbreed others, ultimately replacing them.

The members of a tribe (for example, the Mafia in the United States) have an immense competitive advantage *vis-à-vis* society in general if the rest of society does not think in tribal terms. This is true even if the members of the tribe violate no law of the encompassing society.

When the world outside of a self-conscious tribe perceives what it is losing by its nontribal behavior, it almost inevitably adopts the morality of the tribe. Tribalism is what the scientists would call a "behavioral sink"; you can easily slide into it, but escape is something of an unexplained miracle (if, indeed, it is possible).

Now that we perceive the population component of the tribal problem the road into the future appears dark indeed. Though "the common man," i.e., the nonacademic man, does not produce a literature, there is little doubt that many shrewd people in this category have an intuitive grasp of the interaction of tribalism and reproduction, of family responsibility and welfare economics. Such unvoiced intuitions probably account for much of the voter resistance to welfare programs that are almost universally praised in public. The incongruence of public praise and public rejection on the secret ballot should make us suspect that real issues are hidden under a taboo.

The New Right Papers

Populism is the vehicle by which the dispossessed Majority may regain control of its destiny. Andrew Jackson was the only populist to win the presidency, but Bryan's candidacy launched a movement that scared the wits out of the business establishment. George Wallace, perhaps unconsciously, revived a movement that did not die when his courage died. Robert W. Whitaker's excellent and highly readable *A Plague on Both Your Houses* outlined this recurrent pattern in American history and called for an end to the dominance of the two obnoxious modern oligarchies: education-welfare and finance capitalism.

Whitaker is the editor of an interesting new book, *The New Right Papers* (St. Martin's, 1982, \$12.95), which is essentially a chronicle of the barely visible, but ongoing populist rebellion and the diverse viewpoints and constituencies of what could or should become a post-New Deal coalition. Significantly, the Moral Majority is hardly mentioned, an omission, we suppose, which is Whitaker's way of saying goodbye to Jesus. Nor does the book waste much

space on that political monstrosity known as "neo-conservatism."

The best-known author is Richard Viguerie, who writes forcefully of his success in bypassing the left-dominated media through direct mail. His article, that of William Rusher, editor of *National Review*, and those of several others emphasize that the Democrats lost their traditional blue-collar support when the old pols were captured by the party's social engineering wing. So far, the obtuse Republicans have failed to pick up the blue-collar vote because they continue to put economics above such issues as forced busing, escalating crime and runaway immigration.

The New Right, as Whitaker and his fellow writers call themselves, aims to achieve not just a political win, but the reestablishment of authentic American social values.

The most interesting article in the book is Whitaker's "Societal Property Rights," in which he argues that the makeup of a society is as important for prosperity as the traditional factors of production, labor and capital.

No coherent New Right "ideology" is propounded in the book. On the topic of race *The New Right Papers* is mute even though the authors are all Majority members. The idea seems to be "first things first." First a winning political coalition, then everything else will fall into place, and it will be a trivial matter to solve the crime problem, the "progressive" education problem, the economic productivity problem and the abortion pseudo-problem. After this, and only after this, will it be possible to tackle the problem of all problems -- the racial decline of the Majority.

Ten-Dollar Education

David McCalden, the young author of a Holocaust newsletter (*Instauration*, Jan. 1982) has assembled the first issue of *Revisionists' Reprint*, (P.O. Box 3849, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266), a 24-page tabloid compendium of recent articles on the revisionist movement from the mainstream and Jewish presses. Cost for 12 issues is only \$10 in the U.S.

The first issue contains reprints of 55 articles, many of them quite lengthy, from the *Brooklyn Jewish Press* (12); *Los Angeles Times* (11); *B'nai B'rith Messenger* (9); *Los Angeles Jewish Community Bulletin* (6); *London Jewish Chronicle* (5); *Washington Post* (4); *Publishers Weekly* (2); plus articles from 6 other sources.

Most Complete Booklist

Instauration (March 1982) listed some hard-to-come-by right-wing reprints put out by the Arno Press. One of the many books mentioned was *The Conquest of a Continent* by Madison Grant. The Arno price was \$29. Having so stated, a good businessman, which we are not, might have pointed out that *The Conquest of a*

Continent is also published by Noontide Press, which sells it for \$14 less. Not an inconsiderable saving. Even a fair-to-middling businessman, which we are not, might have added that Howard Allen has also been selling the Noontide edition for \$15 for several years.

What we are trying to get across is that Instaurationists should not pour their money into the vulpine coffers of the Arno Press (owned by the *New York Times*), if the same book is available from a struggling, nonprofit, heart-in-the-right-place outfit like the Noontide Press, or a struggling never-any-profit outfit like Howard Allen.

Noontide, by the way, publishes more books of interest to Instaurationists than probably any other publishing house in the world. It has a "General Booklist" of 53 books ranging from Douglas Reed's *Controversy of Zion* (\$14) to Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* (\$8). It also offers 28 books on "National Socialism and Jewish Studies" -- two samples: *The Testament of Adolf Hitler* (\$3); Nietzsche's *Antichrist* (\$5). A third Noontide list, "Comparative Religions," offers 8 books and includes Savitri Devi's *The Lightning and the Sun* (\$12) and Arthur Koestler's *The Thirteenth Tribe* (\$6). A fourth list, concentrating on "Race Relations and White Studies," contains 51 books, ranging from Earnest Sevier Cox's *Teutonic Unity* (\$5) to Arthur Demarest's *Resettlement* (\$6.50).

Noontide Press (P.O. Box 1248, Torrance, CA 90505) will be glad to send any or all of the above lists to interested bibliophiles.

Breaking Away

The secessionist rumblings in Quebec have encouraged talk of separation in the western Canadian provinces, which, in turn, has helped to spark similar thinking in Alaska. With voter support, the Alaska Statehood Commission has begun an expensive and scholarly study of the state's relation to Washington. No options are being ruled out. The Commission's executive director, John de Yonge, emphasizes: "these questions are not purely Alaskan issues. All studies of federal-state relations say there are deep, deep structural difficulties today."

At the root of the Alaskan and western Canadian secessionist sentiment is a recognition that the profits from local resources are being spread among North Americans at large. Thus, while the Québécois, who have had relatively few aliens settle among them, are committed to preserving their *peoplehood*, the Northwestern Anglos, who have been overrun with immigrants (parts of Vancouver look like Asia), are more intent on protecting their *purses*. Whatever the motives, however, local sovereignty or autonomy is certain to bring

better immigration control. More important, as Alaska officially ponders separatism, it becomes easier for other states and regions to follow its lead.

In a world of super-bullies, Alaska's 400,000 people would have trouble standing alone. But if Canada cracks up, as it eventually may, Alaska could combine with the nearly 7 million people in the western provinces and still not risk an economic soaking. If that happened, the 20 million or so people in the west central United States might not move to crush the rebellion -- they might join it.

Another important state initiative is Alabama's recent decision to examine the Federal Reserve Board. Sixty-eight years were needed for the first state to take this first, faint, faltering step. Alabamians should also be pondering secession, even though they enjoy a net inflow of federal money (because of a large black population). The new Third World immigration is sparing the Heart of Dixie today, but will ruin it tomorrow. The South Bronx in New York has been burned out over the past decade and most of its nonwhite population displaced to the suburbs. There the destructive cycle is repeating itself.

One resident has estimated that for every housing unit currently being built in metropolitan New York, five to ten are being lost to arson. The aliens aren't going home. Where are they going? They are fanning out across our once great nation. Many will reach Alabama, where their brown, yellow and multicolored skins will destroy the fragile racial coexistence which has been erected around truly black blacks and truly white whites. Immigration will catch up to the South, which is why secession should be at the top of the agenda in every Southern state and why it is at the top of the agenda of the Southern National Party (P.O. Box 18214, Memphis, TN 38118).

A more localized separatist movement has sprung to life in Arizona, where the 23% white minority of Apache County is determined to split off from the Navajo majority. Since Amerindians enjoy all the rights of U.S. citizens, but are spared many of the obligations -- like taxes -- a very unfair situation has developed. The Navajo majority of county supervisors has created an expensive new flood control district -- for their people's benefit, and at white people's expense. "They have absolute control and exercise it," complains Bill Gipe, owner of the Ft. Courage tourist stop. "They can pass any revenue measure they want and not cost them a red cent." That's "representation without taxation." He and a hundred others are refusing to pay their property taxes. The Arizona backlash is only part of a growing national campaign against special treatment for Indians, whose prolific reproduction at white expense bodes far greater tensions to come.

Honest Almanac

Max Kampleman was chairman of the U.S. delegation to the recent Madrid Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. At a plenary session there, he addressed the issue of "rising anti-Semitism" in the Soviet Union. One of his main exhibits was an article entitled "Zionism and Crime," by the Russian author, A. Filipenko. What galled him most were these words: "[Although] the myth has become established that gangster bands consist exclusively of Italians, the facts prove that an active role is played in the U.S. criminal syndicates by persons of Jewish origin."

On page 58 of *The Jewish Almanac*, compiled and edited by Richard Siegel and Carl Rheins (Bantam Books, 1980), one may read: "It would not be an exaggeration to say that their [Jewish gangsters'] influence on organized crime in the United States during the 1920s and 1930s rivaled, if not exceeded, that of their Italian counterparts."

Yet in the scores of gangster movies made over the last half-century, Italian names have outnumbered Jewish ones by perhaps 30 to 1. It is not Max Kampleman who should be flying about the world at our expense and attacking foreigners who dare to write less incriminating things about Jewish crime than Jews themselves publish in mass paperback editions. It should be some Italian American telling the world that Hollywood's deliberate twisting of the facts must end.

The Jewish Almanac devotes a small chapter to the horrendous doings of sleazy brutes like Phil "The Stick" Kovalick, Charles "King" Solomon, "Waxey" Gordon, Lewis "Shadows" Kravitz, Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, "Dandy Phil" Kastel, Jacob "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, Max "Boo Hoo" Hoff, Abner "Longie" Zwillman, Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer, Jacob "Yasha" Katzenberg, Arnold "The Brain" Rothstein, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel and Detroit's "Purple Gang." The worst of them all was Louis "Lepke" Buchalter (1897-1944), one of eleven children, the brother of a rabbi, a dentist and a pharmacist. After helping to organize the Syndicate in 1934, Buchalter created Murder, Inc., a "crack corps of killers . . . made up primarily of Jews from Brownsville, East New York and Ocean Hill."

Buchalter's hands were deep in the pockets of union men and businessmen alike, all over New York. When anyone tried to remove these hands, he got an icepick in the ear, acid in the face, lead in the belly or a blackjack in the skull. So much for the "American way of life." It never stood a chance with "culture enrichers" like Buchalter, "the only top underworld figure of his generation to be tried, convicted and executed for murder (at Sing Sing Prison on March 4, 1944)."