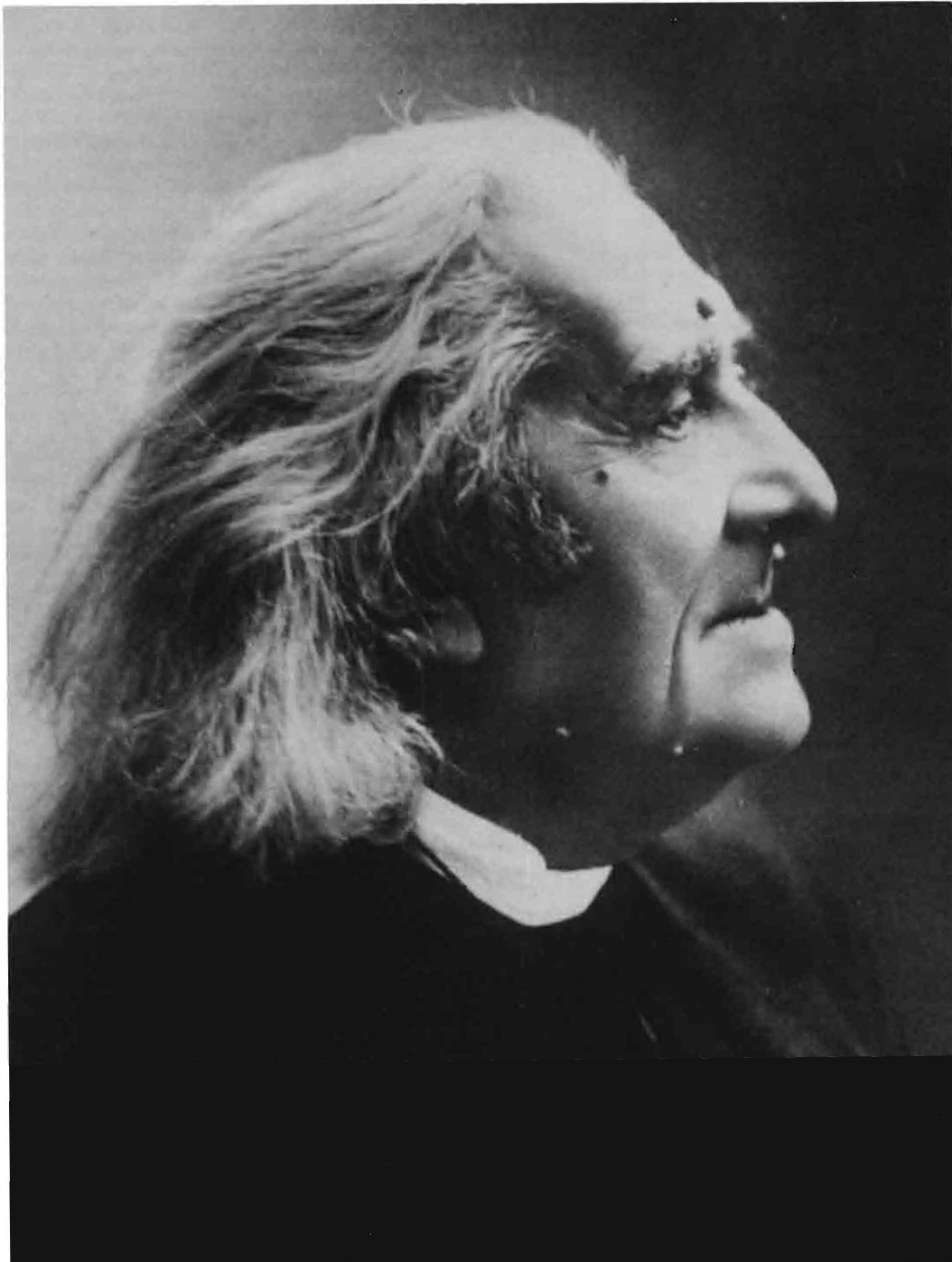


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 9 NO. 11

OCTOBER 1984



FRANZ LISZT TOLD IT LIKE IT WAS

The Safety Valve

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

Peruse the following laudatory words used by the media to describe the Third World and Third Worlders: rich culture; exotic, exciting, interesting and intriguing places; colorful dress; warm and friendly people; handsome, good, lovable and noble; clever and dynamic; indomitable and irrepressible; inventive (probably the most far-fetched); a real aptitude for math and science; wonderful extended families; rich oral history (i.e., no written language). Picking insects out of each other's hair (referring to two jungle dwellers) is described as important for bonding. It should be readily apparent that the objective of this media campaign is to make Third Worlders more acceptable. The flowery press language supposedly indicates virtues, basic knowledge and hidden talents that have not yet been fulfilled due to adverse conditions and a lack of opportunity. Another media habit is to constantly refer to how much we can learn from Third Worlders and how their presence among us will enrich our culture.

981

"And in summer, the sun'll roast your brains if you don't wear a hat," ventured the Honorable Eugene Whelan, Canada's Agriculture Minister, in defending his habit of wearing a grassy green Stetson. Then he added, perhaps a bit unscientifically, "That's one reason why they have low IQs in Africa. They don't wear hats." The shrieks of "racist! resign!" were drowned in laughter and genial Gene slipped away with an irrepressible grin and barely a scratch.

Canadian subscriber

Ever wonder why the pictures of little Nordic girls not infrequently found in pro-Majority publications are sure evidence of "racism," "fascism" and "Nazism," whereas pictures of their grown-up sisters, gynecologically posed in pornographic magazines, are evidence of "free speech," "First Amendment rights" and "artistic expression"?

347

I still can't get that final scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* out of my mind -- the one in which that Ark of the Covenant spews forth its Kabbalistic demons while vaporizing Nordic-looking actors playing wicked Nazis. The camera lingered on their grotesquely melting skulls with loving attention. Yahweh's revenge! Director Steven Spielberg is often said to "have his finger on the pulse of modern America" because of his uncanny sense of what people will go to see in the movie theater. But there was nothing "modern" about that scene; it was the product of an ancient culture extremely well versed in the infinite subtleties of hate.

121

Heard the one about the boy who leaves the farm and goes to the big city for work? He finds a job in a bank but such is the reputation of bankers back home, he is ashamed to tell his parents where he works, so he tells them he has found employment as a piano player in a whorehouse. My father told that joke in the officers dining room of the Continental Illinois Bank in 1964. A friend in Chicago tells me that she knows a man at Continental who has cut his social life to zero; he was tired of answering questions about the bank's condition. Why doesn't he tell his friends that he plays piano in a whorehouse?

941

Have you noticed that practically every major American movie these days is an out-and-out fantasy of one sort or another? What a contrast to 40 years ago, when films like *The Wizard of Oz* were the exceptional novelty items. Even the few American movies today with pretensions to realism are revealed as fantastic on closer examination. The situation is very different in Europe, Japan and the Eastern Bloc, where both serious and comic films still generally deal with the real situations of real people. These situations are typically generated by a conflict of manners, and the film makers guide the captive public toward what they feel is a fitting resolution. It was once so in America, but now, at public showings of older films like *Gone With the Wind*, blacks and others who are outside of the old national consensus laugh and hoot during the idealistic segments. So Hollywood now serves up one film after another where human beings of the most diverse backgrounds confront Incredible Things of every description, thereby creating an illusion of humanity where none exists. The chief alternative to Things is the super-gross movies like *Police Academy*, *Bachelor Party*, *Going Berserk*, and others, where manners (in the broad sense) are again irrelevant because the entire thing is a Jewish director's fantasy of how weird and ugly humans can be without the presence of extraterrestrials. No conflict with that Jewish vision is allowed to intrude. This lack of Gentile input again spells fantasy.

212

ABC News just ran a feature on advertising in Japan. "They're big on foreigners," it was pointed out -- though every example shown was both female and ultra-Nordic. After a passing remark about a "California blonde" (I'd forgotten the two could still go together), the reporter ended with the ludicrous assertion that, "To Japanese, all foreigners look alike."

943

Instauration

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

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$32.50 Canada and foreign
Add \$17.00 for overseas air
Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.
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ISSN 0277-2302

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□ I recently lost my federal job in a "Reagan RIF" (reduction-in-force), where the minority bosses reorganize an agency to put most of the Majority males in a little section and the women and minorities in a big section, and then abolish the little section. In my old office are aliens from Sierra Leone, Cuba, Haiti and Jamaica. I had more seniority than all four of them put together. I didn't have to read *The Dispossessed Majority* -- I've lived it.

223

□ Zip 220 (Sept. 1984) and others who insist on pushing for use of the term "Aryan" to describe the Majority simply do not understand the realities of life in the occupied nation of America. Style is of absolute importance, while substance hardly matters at all. The Kennedys knew how to create the right image, and are still admired even though they stand revealed as a family of criminals, degenerates, womanizers and drug addicts. Ronald Reagan is hailed as a "conservative" by conservatives, although his actions prove he is anything but. Hitler and Nazi Germany are dead, and the American people have been conditioned by 50 years of brain-washing to loathe and despise anything even remotely associated with that era and those ideas. Using the word "Aryan" is tantamount to wearing a swastika, and either is absolutely suicidal in terms of making meaningful progress. Does it really matter if we consider ourselves "white" or "Aryan" or "the Majority" or even "honkies" -- as long as we understand and feel the same thing? "Aryan" may be the proper word, but if we insist on using it, the only place it will endure is on our race's tombstone.

302

□ Racial hybridity is the harbinger of sexual inversion, depravity and moral collapse. If a serious study was made to determine the percent of sexual deviants among mixed breeds, the results would be staggering.

089

□ In the *Safety Valve* (May) Zip 648 defended capitalism as, among other things, increasing "human freedom." I had hoped we were past that sort of thing. Given the individualistic if not egoistic nature of the capitalist, I fail to see how he can put his race first. Race is a collective concept. One of the few sensible statements left us by the late Ayn Rand (not to be confused with Sally) was her assertion that racism is the rawest form of collectivism. For the racist, the operative pronoun is we, not I. Personally, I have no intention of soldiering through a revolution to tidy things up for the country club set. I want a reevaluation of everything, a new world with the magic put back in, a tribal world in which I will be something more to my fellows than a potential sale. We are social animals. We must cooperate to live. Unlimited intragroup competition of the kind inherent in capitalism is unnatural and destabilizing. Consider a soldier in battle. What part of his motivation is financial? He must eat, certainly, but more profound considerations drive him. It's those profound things that must concern us. Surely our passions and energies can be applied to worthier causes than Louis Phillipe's "enriches-vous."

361

□ I have an 8-year-old Selectric typewriter and, wanting to save a little money, decided to take it to the local IBM office for repairs, rather than have a service call, which would have cost me a lot more. When I arrived at IBM, I found the glass entrance doors locked, though I could see there were a number of people inside working. I then noticed a little bell with the sign, "Please ring for service." I rang. A woman, after giving me a thorough looking over, unlocked the door and let me in. She explained IBM had adopted this policy at all its offices after five employees had been murdered in the last couple of years (by two blacks).

288

□ People are always misunderstanding us. They think we are True Believers. But all we really preach is a "negative" -- that our race has a right not to be destroyed. Our worldly "utopia" (which is actually the wrong word for it) would have ample room for communism, fascism, democracy, whites, blacks, browns and yellows, even racially mixed states. Part of the world can always be Christian, part Buddhist, part Moslem, part atheist for all we care. We ain't particular.

All we ask is that our own kind, and its natural aspirations, be given an equal chance -- some time and some territory. The world must not be closed against us. We aren't trying to sell a universalistic creed -- only our own particularity. We are asking for the very least, as "white survivalists" (not "white supremacists"). And so far the world is turning a deaf ear on us, when they aren't shouting abuse. The temptation is to become a fanatic, fulfilling their false idea of us. But that would be handing a victory to fools and villains. No, we must persevere on our moderate path. There is room in the wide world for fanatics of all stripes (we are tolerant), but we are not among them. Our kind of moderation is what the world most needs now. We are the ones who ask the very least -- survival -- on behalf of a once great race. We are the precise moral equivalent of the historic preservationists and the wildlife conservationists (except that we would save something more significant). We are not glib millennialists, but sober folk who anticipate a "long haul" -- perhaps a billion years of suffering punctuated by occasional triumphs. "A billion years of suffering" is no kind of political slogan, but we aren't politicians. A chance to struggle is all we ask -- more of what we have known. Because it sure beats extinction.

223

□ Have you ever noticed the grim humorlessness common to so many feminist leaders? While such a pose is, at least in part, adopted out of a desire to convey the dark sense of oppression which they claim to be woman's lot, it is also an indication of the kind of woman who becomes a standard-bearer for this particular cause. As these women obviously fancy themselves to be the prototype for the new woman, we see that one of the most attractive aspects of a woman (and indeed, any human being) -- a sense of humor and a certain joy in life -- is apparently not slated for inclusion in the Feminist New Order.

917

□ Sometime back, a letter in the *Safety Valve* begged you not to run any more pictures of black men and white women together because they offended the writer's sensibilities. This is a sure sign that such photos ought to be plastered all over *Instauration*. As long as we can move out of our "transitional" neighborhoods, as long as we can ignore the mixed couples, as long as we can isolate ourselves and pretend the problem does not exist, we will not be able to summon the will and the determination to do anything about it. The same goes for Zip 606's comments (Sept. 1984) on anti-white TV documentaries. He smugly boasts that he's never seen any of these slanderfests and doesn't plan to. He should be forced to watch. Perhaps that would inspire him to do something more to arrest our collective slide into the abyss than write anonymous letters to magazines.

222

□ There is a lot of reference these days to our alleged debt to a Judeo-Christian ethic. It is junk talk and junk think.

021

□ I guess I figure in the violent-attacks-by-whites-on-blacks statistics. Attack #1: pulled a knife to ward off assault in a bar by a large Negro who moments earlier had me in a chokehold (no blood spilled). Attack #2: used chemical mace to stop paranoid Negro who accused me of stealing his sunglasses (later found in his pocket) and advanced upon me saying he had a gun.

630

□ You might know that every country store owner (white) in our state has been shot or is in danger. The toll is unprecedented. Often they are killed after they have given all the money, just for the pure joy of it. One fellow (very precious to the community) had no job for a black who came in, but offered food instead to tide him over. The black didn't approve of the food that was offered and stabbed the owner 70 times.

276

□ I hate to take the fabulous Nobull to task for anything, but in his review of "The Man Who Would Be King" in the June issue, he stated: "The brilliant photographer Oswald Morris has caught the colour and squalour of India, as well as the overwhelming splendour of the mountain peaks." To the best of my knowledge, the film was shot in Morocco, and those mountain peaks are part of the Atlas range. Nobull's acceptance of the native Moroccans used in the film as bonafide Indians is both a credit to the skill of the filmmaker's art of illusion and an interesting comment on the frequent indistinguishability of the swarthy Third Worlder to the European eye.

121

□ Your magazine should be as realistic about the Nordics and whites in general as it is about other races. Our race does not seem to have retained an instinct for self-preservation, which is a pretty big flaw.

Expatriate in Italy

Imagine how flummoxed the poor Indians would have been had our conquering ancestors insisted they were only taking back what once was theirs. Yet a similar lie is being heard all over the Southwest today. How many white Texans still realize that, as late as 1900, there were only a few thousand people of Mexican ancestry in the entire state? We may have "stolen" the Southwest from the Mexican government, but it was inhabited mostly by native Indians.

709

Let me say this about homosexuals: Their sympathizers must be avoided as if they were Herpes-Quadruplex. My own brother has surrendered to this unspeakable activity, and successfully aged my father in a manner he does not deserve. Also a crippling amount of the family assets has been dissipated to try to cure my brother. I can truthfully say he would be better off dead. People that have not experienced homosexuality in their families have no idea of the destruction and misery it causes.

468

White America (wherever you draw the line) is probably hopeless. It needs Jewish orthodontists to straighten its teeth, Jewish lawyers to straighten its affairs, Jewish doctors to replace its defective organs.

075



Zip 468 says he would not raise an eyebrow to see the Pope checking door passes at a Masonic lodge. This he will never see, as the Brotherhood has long since been checking door passes at the Vatican.

774

The whole meaninglessness of life in a racially diverse, mongrelized society driven by the produce-and-consume-and-throw-away ethic has brought us to an unprecedented state of racial ennui. It is lugubriously amusing to look at this sterile breed of upwardly mobile "yuppies," the 30- to 40-year-old bourgeois class of pinstriped, suburbanite WASPs and their Jewish counterparts. They were previously hard-working, butt-kissing strivers in high school and college and were breathlessly, relentlessly pushing themselves to obtain the "good life" and all the plastic accolades and social acceptances of buckling down and becoming solidly employed white-collar professionals. In their ideologically formative years they believed in the integrationist Bobby Kennedy ethic and to a lesser degree in the castrati establishment conservatism of William F. Buckley. Well, they've made it big now! They shed their long hair and naive radicalism of the 60s and are now living in suburban condos, townhouses and sometimes even better. They are driving the coveted BMWs, Porsches and Volvos. Perhaps most have married members of their own race. Some have adopted little refugee Third Worlders to "show that they care." Their sterile little offspring wear designer jeans, eat McDonald's hamburgers, play video games, avidly learn to use the family's home computer, listen to Michael Jackson, and learn breakdancing at the local Y.

Is the meaning of life to hang out at the Unitarian Church on Sunday morning to deny the existence of God and yet get worked up over the plight of Haitian boat people and the musical chair regimes of Latin America? Is the ultimate thrill of existence to get off from working 10 hours a day on system analysis and then dash to the video shop on the way home to rent a Richard Pryor or Woody Allen flick? Is the new house of worship a seen-one-seen-them-all concrete aesthetic disaster known as a shopping mall?

208

Thank God for the Safety Valve. I need to blow off steam. I also need to channel it productively into a racial turbine, to get the wheels of racial resurgence churning ever so mightily.

621

Nothing new here except that my friends are very happy that Jesse Jackson brought home a lot of dope dealers from Cuba. With more competition comes lower prices, right? Let us be honest about Jackson: he is zapping the Establishment and they don't know how to respond. When he gets together with Louis Farrakhan, they must laugh and laugh. They are truly laying the groundwork for a racial revival -- on our part. I wonder if they know it.

550

Can I put in an early vote for serial-killer Christopher Wilder as Majority Renegade of the Year? That bastard, by systematically picking out and brutally killing young and attractive white women, was a sort of one-man World War I in the way he destroyed the better components of our gene pool to no good purpose whatsoever. Let us hope that this monster is toasting and roasting in a particularly hot corner of hell at this very moment!

042

Adrian Anson (1851-1922), one of pro baseball's first superstars, was a manager-player for Chicago during the last two decades of the 19th century. Unlike his modern counterparts, Anson refused to have anything to do with the Negro teams and players of that era. Lately, liberals have been bewailing Anson's "bigotry," claiming that his policies were responsible for keeping Negroes out of major league baseball for sixty years. To add insult to injury, Anson is in baseball's Hall of Fame. May I suggest that a place for Mr. Anson be reserved in the Instaurationist Hall of Fame?

161

There is perhaps nothing I have read in recent memory that quite so touched my heart as the article in the July issue about the auctioning off of Hans-Ulrich Rudel's personal possessions. That the widow of a man who was a hero in every sense of the word could not be accorded the common decency of being presented with her late husband's belongings, especially his Knight's Cross; that she had to attend an auction to try to retrieve what should have been hers in the first place; that she was outbid by a show-biz sleaze type . . . All this adds up to the best definition of "moral bankruptcy" I have yet come across.

866

Why are all these people willing to do absolutely anything in order to be President? They don't ever do anything after they get in.

300

Just as we have the curious situation of alleged "anti-racists" agitating conflict between racial groups by forcing them together, so too a similar scenario is unfolding in the literally MAD (Mutually Assured Destruction) nuclear standoff between the Soviets and the U.S. Staunchly "anti-nuke" types, vehemently opposing a Star Wars type program which would turn the Communists' vast arsenal of missiles into rusting hulks of metal, are attempting to keep us hostages to fiery annihilation. Scientific breakthroughs influence the outcome of conflicts. For example, the newly invented smokeless powder used in the Boers' Mauser rifles cartridges and field guns permitted them to rip up the numerically superior British Army forces at the turn of the century (black powder's white smoke would have given away their entrenched positions to retaliatory artillery fire). After British General Buller's bloody trouncing at the Battle of Colenso (Natal province, Dec. 1899), he wrote: "I do not think either a Boer or a gun was seen by us all day."

641

☐ Very much enjoyed the cover story on Verwoerd in the June issue. It's so important that we "honor our dead" in this era of Mondales. The thought occurred to me that another historical figure worthy of Instauration's rehabilitative efforts might be the Tsarist Prime Minister Stolypin, assassinated in 1911. Solzhenitsyn speaks very highly of him in his anti-Communist essays as one possessing very great abilities while being committed to a strong program of reform within a Russian nationalist framework. It is of course symptomatic of our time that the Stolypins are forgotten while the Marxist lunatics and criminals have become household words -- both in Russia and the West. The destruction of the traditional Russian aristocratic and intellectual classes always strikes me as a vast tragedy.

991

- ☐ These are our realistic futures:
1. Nuclear shootout (Pentagon alternative)
 2. Biosphere collapse (businessman's choice)
 3. Tidal wave of wogs (liberal dream)
 4. UFO takeover (our only hope)

103

☐ In the article on Breker (Instauration, Aug. 1983), I thank you for your remark "he all too often shaped his work to the times," but being German and well acquainted with the art of that period I cannot agree that "He was probably the most acclaimed sculptor of the Third Reich." No, the greatest were Georg Kolbe, Fritz Klimsch, Josef Thorak, and Prof. Troost. In my view Breker only came in fifth. He surely was not "a genius of the first water." He was an opportunist!

German subscriber

☐ Sweet and lovely songs once filled the inner mind and not the outer air of a far happier society which softly crooned and whistled to pass the day. Today's avant-garde racial music -- for the most part -- repels us. It abounds with "bent" notes and constantly repeated riffs and contains no narrative complexity at all (children and aboriginals dig it a bit). It fills the air, though is on the lips of no one -- not even its practitioners. It seems almost hideous much of the time, with its persistent, mindless beat. Technically smooth and arrogant, it is spiritually dead. Perfect for the times!

Canadian subscriber

☐ Good riddance to that old Stalinist hag Lillian Hellman. Let us hope that her beloved Uncle Joe has saved a place for her right next to him in that Very Hot Place.

382

☐ I was in a small convenience store when a nun entered. What was unusual, at least to me, was that this particular Catholic sister was wearing an object that was a composite of the Christian Cross and the Star of David. I inquired as to its meaning. She informed me that it shows that Christ was a Jew and that Christians must follow the Jews. She completed her comments by smiling contentedly and uttering, "Besides, I am a Polish Jew."

142

☐ I sent the Instauration (Sept. 1983) which contained the article "Uneducational Education" on to a former professor of mine, a bleeding-heart liberal, who surprised me by answering that he and his colleagues had liked the article very much, but that he could not agree with the remaining articles. Even so, he had to admit that Instauration cover to cover, was well written, and he wished there was someone at his university who could write as well.

774

☐ The major old-line "acceptable" political parties of Canada -- Liberals and Conservatives -- have always ruled the country. Yet only one out of three electors can be cajoled into casting a ballot at election time for either of these now thoroughly corrupt outfits. There is not a worn dime's difference between them. They stand for nothing of value. They are cowardly in the extreme, bowing to every and all pressure groups. Still, when their respective time comes to exchange political chairs, they rule with arrogance and disdain for the Majority. As one radio open-line caller put it, "they are perfect for the moral garbage dump this country has become." Public indifference to establishment politicians shows even more clearly at lower levels of government. Mayoralty and school board contestants, for example, are lucky to get a 25% voter turn-out. It is not unusual for an office seeker to be elected after garnering the support of but one out of twenty or thirty of his constituents. The trouble is that most voters now understand the futility in trying to choose from a crowd of sanctioned hacks.

Canadian subscriber

☐ I recently had an interesting experience while dining in a New York City restaurant. A group of perhaps a dozen young men sporting identical "casual athletic wear" uniforms came in and sat at a nearby table. At first I thought they were a suburban softball team, but soon found out that they were the Italian water polo team, here for the Summer Olympics. What immediately struck me was how "un-Italian" the entire entourage looked. The young men, fine physical specimens all, appeared to be, with perhaps two or three exceptions, solidly Nordic. Most had light brown hair, and several were dark blond. Many of the women had blonde hair as well, although peroxide might have played a part here. And lest you think (as I did initially) that these were South Tyrolean Germans, let me assure you that they were all real, Italian-speaking Italians. And yes, their hand gestures reminded one of that old joke about rendering an Italian mute by cutting off his hands. I very much doubt that one American in a thousand would have taken these athletes for a collection of Italian Americans had they been in plain clothes. Indeed, New York Governor Mario Cuomo looks like something riding a camel and wearing a burnoose in comparison with the rugged Nordicism displayed by most of that team.

719

☐ Sometimes I think Alfred Hitchcock's motion picture *The Birds* is a sort of allegory of America's racial future.

404

☐ There is a form of insect parasitism that Majority Americans would do well to consider. It is the kind where female insects oviposit an egg through the wall of another species' cocoon. The resulting larva then gradually devours the defenseless host from within. In fact, so skillfully is the host exploited that its remaining tissues are kept fully alive until the moment they are ready to be eaten. The larva then pupates and eventually emerges -- through the cocoon -- in its own adult form. This is what's happening in America today. A parasite has entered our social organism and is now in control of every vital process. In the silence and the darkness our living substance is being consumed from within. Shortly, a new creature will emerge through the hollow shell that is presently called America.

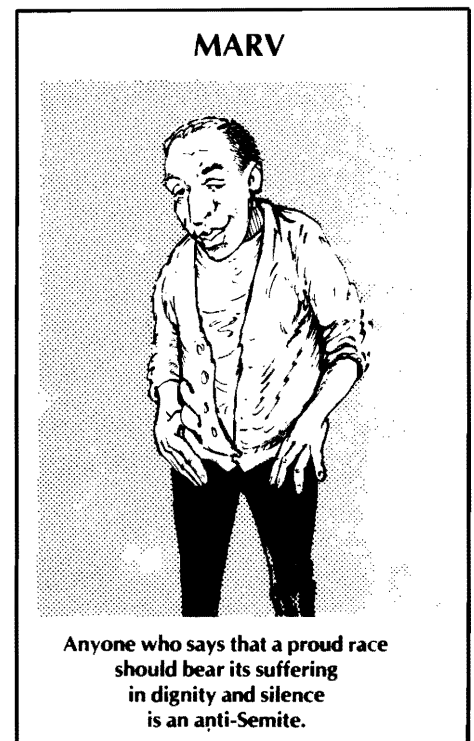
113

☐ To 113: Your poem "Memory" was a closing delight to June's issue. Thank you. To Cholly: Your "Racists Anonymous" tomfoolery so tickled this household that we are sending out copies.

Canadian subscriber

☐ Unlike conspiratorial groups of the left, Majority activism, what little there is, has been plagued with entrapment, exposure, prosecutions and inevitable defeats without much accomplishment. Whereas the Left has a legacy of conspiracy almost a century old, with time tested organizational systems, security procedures and rules of conduct regarding agents provocateurs, spies, traitors and internal communications. Majority activists seem to be total dilettantes without knowledge of basic techniques for self-preservation.

608





The young Liszt

FRANZ LISZT VS. THE INSTANT GENIUS MACHINE

at a stroke. It follows, therefore, that they are also the only nation to offer us examples of what may be called the "happy genius," as well as the first to show us how to have, at one and the same time, a great talent and a great fortune. From them we may also learn how to do honor simultaneously to your art and your social position; and how to be as much at home in a drawing-room as before the public -- in the orchestra, as at the court.

How often we hear about Richard Wagner's "notorious" tract, "Judaism in Music." How seldom we hear of Franz Liszt's remarkable book, *The Gipsy in Music* (translated by Edwin Evans, London: William Reeves). One of the best kept secrets of the musical world, the Liszt volume, with its several striking chapters on the Jews, is rarely mentioned even in full-length Liszt biographies.

Much of what Liszt told mid-19th-century Europeans about Judaism in music, and in the arts generally, is directly applicable to late-20th-century America. Consider his thoughtful words on so-called "Jewish precocity":

Of music the Jews directed their attack upon every kind, both in execution and composition. In the course of this campaign they had some reputations so brilliant that they were generally thought to be on the point of becoming grandiose. But they never succeeded in maintaining themselves at the level which the prestige of their early successes seemed to indicate for the future.

They [Jewry] had no sooner arrived on this [musical] ground than they commenced to raise an agitation -- to use the English expression. They acquired a controlling interest in the press; and, by the use of exploiting influences such as those of coterie and comradeship, they were able to say with Molière: *Et nul n'aura de talent hormis nous at nos amis*. [And there shall be nobody of talent except ourselves and our friends.]

Considered in bulk . . . their success was not always merited. The press has much overstated the achievements of certain composers; and completely gone beyond those of many virtuosi.

Among the artists of all nations we must remember that it is those who are the least sure of posterity who are the most sure of themselves and of the moment. And that the Jews are the only nation capable of providing individuals already gifted, as it were, with "eminence." They provide these in the musical world just as, in the financial world, they provide those gifted with financial eminence -- millionaires

Think of the "brilliant" Jewish showmen-violinists of our own time, arm-in-arm with stand-up comedians and mulatto torch singers. So-called "genius with the common touch" is what they offer us, now as in Liszt's day. (As one of *Time's* art critics recently announced, "Culture heroes these days are made, not born.")

The contemporary music critic Robert Craft describes a famous instance of Jewish musical precocity in his book *Prejudices in Disguise*. When he was 27, Felix Mendelssohn confided to Robert Schumann that the main reason for his great melancholy was "the sad thought of creativity drying up." In Craft's opinion, Mendelssohn's string Octet, created when he was 16, surpassed in "sheer precocity" anything written by a composer of about that age except perhaps for Bizet's Symphony in C, written at 18. Similarly, the delightful Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* "burst into the world full grown" when Mendelssohn was yet an adolescent. The piece's Intermezzo was added 17 years later, yet

the passage of so much time is not reflected by any change of musical language, and it would be difficult to establish chronological order between the two compositions. In short, Mendelssohn did not grow beyond his miraculous youth . . . After his visit, aged 12, to Goethe, it is as if the *Wunderkind* had come away with a Faustian pact of his own; and as if the great magus, having foreseen the works of genius Mendelssohn would soon compose, had cast a Mephistophelean spell to imprison him in his brilliant youth.

For Craft, the "phenomenon of Mendelssohn" is that

at the time of his life when the other great composers were barely entering adolescence, he had reached full musical maturity, the fullest, at least, that he was ever to attain. He was in possession of these powers for only a few years, however, after which, failing to broaden or increase, they began to wane. After that he was able to regain the heights of his earlier music only sporadically . . .



Felix Mendelssohn

Liszt himself cited Mendelssohn as an illustration of his ethnic thesis, saying that like Meyerbeer he "only [aspired] to . . . combine and splice the elements which we [Gentiles] create."

Incidentally, there is widespread agreement that Mendelssohn was a fine (if somewhat neurotic) fellow, a man of exceptional reserve who felt most at home among English gentlemen, and hardly to be confused with the glibly virtuosic type of musical Jew.

* * *

Jewish precocity and "genius" surround us today, if the mass media are to be believed. Both of this year's leading Democratic presidential candidates apparently leaned heavily on the services of Jewish "boy wonders." The *Washington Post* related that "one of [Gary] Hart's top campaign advisers," Scott Berkowitz, was exactly 14 years old! According to the *Post*, the Hart campaign might never have gotten off the ground without the aid of Berkowitz -- whose IQ was said to be "at the 'boiling point' " (a cute way of saying 200+) -- and of Bob Shapiro, Hart's ancient 23-year-old "national field coordinator."

For good measure, the *Washington Monthly* reported one month later on Marty Kaplan, the virtually adolescent "renaissance man" said to be steering the Walter Mondale candidacy in the critical "issues and speechwriting" department. Kaplan's wide range of interests makes him comparable, in the eyes of certain reporters, only to Isaac Asimov -- or perhaps Leonardo da Vinci.

The pattern repeats itself in the literary field. The late Irwin Shaw emerged from World War II (during which he wrote for *Stars and Stripes* and made films) to write *The Young Lions*, a novel about a young Jewish veteran named Noah Ackerman who refuses to bow before the terrible beatings of his anti-Semitic American comrades-in-arms. For this, Shaw was widely trumpeted as an emerging literary giant, just as the late, superficial, overblown playwright Clifford Odets had been all but likened to Shakespeare a decade earlier. Shaw's obituaries last May could not overlook the many critics who said he "failed to meet the promise of his youth" (a false promise which they themselves created).

And then there is the case of Norman Mailer, whose first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, appeared in the same year

as Shaw's *The Young Lions* and qualified him for a lifetime of celebrity treatment. A recent review of Mailer in *Psychology Today*, written by Leslie A. Fiedler (himself a ballyhooed Jewish "superstar" in the field of criticism) and entitled "Going for the Long Ball," summed up the entire revolting phenomenon of Instant Genius. *Advertisements for Myself* (1959) was apparently Mailer's representative work, wherein his super-jock alter-ego Sergius O'Shaughnessy resolves "within ten years to hit the longest ball ever to go up into the air . . . of our American letters." (Shades of filmmaker Mel Brooks, who has publicly fantasized about the erection, in Brooklyn, of a huge neon pyramid to honor him.)

Half of Mailer's jottings seem to have dealt with the Great Novel he would write someday. Now, writes Fiedler, "suddenly, embarrassingly, the myth is here on my desk: *Ancient Evenings* . . ." Its main themes and motifs are familiar ones for Mailer: "ritual cannibalism, righteous sadism, unwitting misogyny, sacramental sex -- and especially Pop Occultism." The book presents Egypt as the world's anus, just as previous Mailer tracts offered Israel as its penis and Africa as its nose. (When Jews accuse others of being "anal," it's their "polite" way of saying they don't much like them.)

What will the great Mailer do for an encore after *Ancient Evenings*? He has already given us the answer in his new novel *Tough Guys Don't Dance*. It is filled with every known illicit drug. Oh yes -- the decapitated heads of beautiful blondes are also prominently featured.

Ponderable Quotes

On the urban intellectual Jewish writers: Very talented, very powerful, and very parochial. I call them the Jewish Mafia. They exclude too many good writers. They're afraid of me. I can manipulate beyond their reaches. I never would play the game. Styron is accepted because if there was a gay Yid, it's Bill Styron.

Interview with Truman Capote
New York Magazine, May 13, 1968

Judaism and homosexuality (most intensely where they overlap, as in a Proust or a Wittgenstein) can be seen to have been the two main generators of the entire fabric and savor of urban modernity in the West.

George Steiner
"The Cleric of Treason,"
New Yorker (Dec. 8, 1980)

Jews and homosexuals are the outstanding creative minorities in contemporary urban culture. Creative, that is, in the truest sense: they are creators of sensibilities. The two pioneering forces of modern sensibility are Jewish moral seriousness and homosexual aesthetics and irony.

> Susan Sontag,
"Notes on Camp,"
Against Interpretation, pp.291-92

ISRAEL'S 268 "PAC" MEN

Former Republican Congressman Paul Findley of central Illinois is still smarting from his loss by a 1,410-vote margin to Richard J. Durbin in the 1982 elections. In an interview which he gave recently to Americans for Middle East Understanding (AMEU), Findley noted that Durbin's big-city Jewish supporters not only funneled \$103,325 to their man through 31 different pro-Israel political action committees (PACs), but also gave him an even greater sum as private individuals. Durbin's victory margin was so small that Findley is certain the nearly quarter of a million dollars raised by Beverly Hills housewives like Barbara Weinberg and Chicago North Shore activists like Robert Asher thwarted the will of his constituents. Even had he won, says Findley, the Israeli lobby would have won as well.

[M]y colleagues were aware of the national scope of [the pro-Israeli] challenge and this awareness has a chilling effect . . . [T]hey would have said, "I don't want to go through that. At least I won't take any chances."

Asked if most congressmen are ideologically committed to the Zionist line or follow it from fear, Findley bluntly replied, "It's out of fear." A good case in point is California's black, Trinidad-born Rep. Mervyn Dymally, who, according to the *Wall Street Journal*,

often grumbles during subcommittee sessions that aid to Israel is too high . . . Whenever Representative Dymally grumbles, he says, he receives a prompt visitation from the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee or one of the Jewish PACs, usually accompanied by someone from his district. During one recent session, he explained that while he sometimes complains, in the end he always votes for more aid to Israel. " 'Not once,' I told them, 'have I ever strayed from the cause.' And they said, 'Well, you abstained once.' That's how good they are."

In his interview, Findley related a particularly chilling example of Jewish omniscience on Capitol Hill.

There was an occasion on which I hadn't even drafted an amendment. I hadn't even spoken to anybody else about it except whispering to somebody else on the [Foreign Affairs] committee with me that I thought I'd offer an amendment to cut maybe \$50 million out of the aid bill to Israel, which is just a tiny portion of what was pending. Within half an hour I was visited by two other members of the committee who were in the room during that period. Clearly they'd had calls from their home districts of concern about what this Findley was up to -- what amendment he was going to offer. It shows the efficiency of the network. Obviously the word was passed very swiftly and got out to the districts, then calls came back. That was very impressive. Chances are there was an AIPAC representative in the room. They normally are present during all deliberations of the committee. They cover the Hill. They have four or five people full time that deal with Congress.

AIPAC not only maintains a computerized listing of Israel supporters in each congressional district, but also has received "power of attorney" from many of those on the list. This means that when an urgent matter pertaining to the Middle East is pending, congressmen often receive telegrams from constituents, billed to the latter's home phone numbers, long before those constituents realize that telegrams have been sent out over their names! (Here, one might add, is a perfect illustration of the argument that the Jewish nation often conducts its affairs as though it were one corporate entity rather than a number of discrete individuals.)

The preceding information, and much more of interest, appeared in the January-March issue of *The Link* (Room 771, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10115; \$20 annual subscription is voluntary). This issue, devoted to "The Middle East Lobbies" (both Jewish and Arab) reprinted a table from *Mideast Observer* (Nov. 1, 1983) listing all 268 congressional candidates who received financing from pro-Israeli PACs during 1982 (including 10 U.S. senators who were not even up for election that year). Every state except Alaska was represented among the 268, with Florida (26 candidates), California (25), New York (19), Pennsylvania (15) and Illinois (14) leading the way.

Forty-three candidates received \$10,000 or more. For example, there was Wisconsin state senator Lynn Adelman who received \$15,350 from 14 Jewish PACs for challenging veteran congressman Clement Zablocki in the Democratic primary. Zablocki, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee (where he occasionally dared to be even-handed on the Middle East), held Adelman to 39% of the primary vote. He then captured 95% of the November vote in his Polish southside-Milwaukee district, but died of a heart attack on November 30, 1983.

In five congressional districts, including three in Florida, the Jewish PACs put their money on three different candidates in each of the five races. Not surprisingly, they emerged with a winner in all five. In Michigan's seventeenth district, Democrats Sander Levin and William Brodhead and Republican Gerald Rosen all received Jewish PAC support. Brodhead, who retired early in the campaign, later observed: "They're [PACs in general] trying to buy votes. There's no other purpose of it . . . Democracy can't survive in this country if people are going to be buying and selling votes in the lobbies of the United States." Former Senator S.I. Hayakawa put it more bluntly, calling such payments "bribes."

Last February, *Instauration* listed the 16 U.S. senators who received "honoraria" for appearing before Jewish organizations during 1981. On the facing page, based on *The Link's* complete listing of 268 bribe-takers, are those 26 senatorial candidates and 17 House candidates who qualified as the Israeli lobby's leading PAC-men for 1982.

Leading Recipients of Money from the 33 Pro-Israel PACs Active in 1982

Candidates for the United States Senate

Rank	Candidate	State	Elected?	Contribution	# of PACS Giving
1	George J. Mitchell (D)	ME	Yes	\$77,400	27
2	James R. Sasser (D)	TN	Yes	58,250	23
3	David Durenberger (R)	MN	Yes	56,000	20
4	Robert C. Byrd (D)	WV	Yes	55,500	19
5	Ted Wilson (D)	UT	No	53,200	23
6	Paul Sarbanes (D)	MD	Yes	48,500	16
7	Jacob (Chic) Hecht (R)	NV	Yes	46,500	17
8	Quentin Burdick (D)	ND	Yes	44,775	21
9	Richard J. Davis (D)	VA	No	44,600	22
10	Lowell Weicker (R)	CT	Yes	42,075	17
11	James A. Guest (D)	VT	No	40,800	16
12	Jeff Bingaman (D)	NM	Yes	36,575	19
13	Howard Metzenbaum (D)	OH	Yes	35,175	15
14	Dennis DeConcini (D)	AZ	Yes	32,000	12
15	Julius C. Michaelson (D)	RI	No	31,250	11
16	Donald Riegle Jr. (D)	MI	No	29,000	14
17	Rodger McDaniel (D)	WY	No	28,200	19
18	John C. Danforth (R)	MO	Yes	19,950	8
19	David N. Levinson (D)	DE	No	18,500	10
20	H. John Heinz III (R)	PA	Yes	15,500	9
21	Henry Jackson (D)	WA	Yes	11,750	6
22	William Roth Jr (R)	DE	Yes	11,500	6
23	Spark Matsunaga (D)	HI	Yes	11,000	5
24	Daniel P. Moynihan (D)	NY	Yes	11,000	5
25	Frank Lautenberg (D)	NJ	Yes	10,500	5
26	Edward M. Kennedy (D)	MA	Yes	10,420	5

Candidates for the House of Representatives

Rank	Candidate	State	Elected?	Contribution	# of PACS Giving
1	Richard Durbin (D)	IL	Yes	\$103,325	31
2	Lynn G. Cutler (D)	IA	No	58,600	24
3	Dante Fascell (D)	FL	Yes	40,750	22
4	Samuel Gejdenson (D)	CT	Yes	30,175	20
5	Clarence D. Long (D)	MD	Yes	29,250	18
6	Robert Shamansky (D)	OH	No	23,200	15
7	Ike Skelton (D)	MO	Yes	20,000	12
8	Martin Frost (D)	TX	Yes	18,300	13
9	Tom Lantos (D)	CA	Yes	15,500	13
10	Lynn S. Adelman (D)	WI	No	15,350	14
11	Richard M. Fellman (D)	NE	No	14,500	9
12	Sidney Yates (D)	IL	Yes	13,450	11
13	George H. Sheldon (D)	FL	No	11,500	6
14	Les AuCoin (D)	OR	Yes	11,250	7
15	Matthew F. McHugh (D)	NY	No	11,200	7
16	Phillip Burton (D)	CA	Yes	10,250	8
17	Barney Frank (D)	MA	Yes	10,000	8

A South African Instauratorist paints a not entirely bleak picture



THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA

(First of Three Articles)

Short of outright invasion, South Africa, in her own words, is facing a worldwide "Total Onslaught" of an unprecedented intensity and malignancy, not to say pettiness as well. This, as everyone knows, is no exaggeration, though the motives for it vary, which in itself would seem to indicate either a surprising degree of confusion as to what exactly South Africa's unique crime might be, or else an overabundance of plain old-fashioned political expediency and hypocrisy. To be sure, we all know that South Africa's crime is called Apartheid, a foreign word which forms a much more useful Liberal-Communist "spit word" than segregation because few people really know what it means (so that anyone can make it mean almost anything he wants it to mean) and, even much more importantly, because the overwhelming majority of white people in the world prefer segregation to integration anyway. However, not to beat about the bush, the general conception is that South Africa represents a cruel oppression of a nonwhite majority by a white minority which should not be allowed to continue. It is everywhere accepted that her official policy itself constitutes a flagrant crime against humanity, even if a quite cursory examination of the various underlying motives for the concerted campaign against her soon reveals that a genuinely agonised concern for the supposed sufferings of her nonwhites is almost entirely absent and little more than a screen for something altogether different. Indeed, only a political simpleton could imagine it could be otherwise. The nations of the world -- or their rulers -- are activated by self-interest, not by selfless and transitory enthusiasms which they have themselves often inculcated. And this at least is something to feel reassured about.

Broadly speaking, Russia would like to take control of South Africa because of its great mineral wealth and strategic position. Black Africa, envious and racist, would also like to lay its hands on South Africa's riches and is longing to overrun her because she is the last and biggest "colonial" power in Africa to remain unconquered -- though of course South Africa is not a colonial power and, except on its eastern and north-eastern fringes, was never a black man's country any more than North Africa was. And the West itself, led by America with its postwar integration mania, is bitterly antagonistic towards South Africa because of its Apartheid and its insistence on white minority rule. This is considered literally iniquitous, and it is entirely overlooked that the supreme example of Apartheid in the

world is Europe itself, with its segregation according to nation, even though all its peoples are overwhelmingly white and far more alike than blacks and whites. And it is the same with white minority rule, for what are the Western nations' powers of veto at the United Nations but guarantees to ensure that the vital interests of the civilised but greatly outnumbered whites are not jeopardised by the democratic votes of the tumultuous nonwhite swarms? Yet it must be admitted that in many instances such inconsistencies are not so much hypocritical as simply unperceived.

Another obstacle in the way of Western acceptance of South Africa is that in spite of her being only a very small country numerically, she has always been most stubbornly independent and, at least until recently, wholly immovable. In consequence she is no longer a member of the Commonwealth "Club"; the late Dr. Verwoerd, after due warnings, deciding to take his country out of it when its nonwhite members, notably India, took advantage of every conference to criticise South Africa's internal policies, while failing to persuade any of its persecuted Indians to return to India even when the government in Pretoria offered to pay their fares. It is significant that neither Harold Macmillan nor any of the other white prime ministers of the Commonwealth (except Sir Roy Welensky of Rhodesia) actually expected Dr. Verwoerd to act upon his warnings; they had had no experience of a white political leader who actually meant what he said. ("If only he had compromised!" Macmillan complained.) On the strength of this, one might well wonder why South Africa has not withdrawn from the United Nations as well, and perhaps Dr. Verwoerd might have done so, had he lived. But in any case the fact of the matter is that South Africa, unlike all the other white powers in Africa that have since vanished, insists -- incomprehensibly, it seems -- on surviving, and survival is a very nasty word indeed in the international liberal lexicon, quite as bad a word as Patriotism or Nationalism or even Fascism. Whatever the future might hold, she should always be given full credit for having been the only postwar "Western" country to be governed throughout by unashamed and unapologetic white men, and the world's consequent execration has always paid unconscious tribute to their uncorrupted white manliness. On the other hand, of course, there is no pleasure to be had from kicking all the other Western nations that positively enjoy being

kicked because it helps them to expiate their guilt, or something mystical like that.

Notwithstanding the world's hostility and childishly petulant boycotts and self-defeating Western arms embargoes, the incursions of SWAPO and the presence in Angola of Russia's willing cat's-paws, the Cubans, it should be clear to most observers that, with the sole possible exception of America's incessant pressure, the Total Onslaught against South Africa is being conducted mainly from within the country, not from without, and certainly by whites and not by blacks. It is a cohesive and carefully synchronised movement, not so much a Trojan Horse as a Liberal Elephant, or rather a world-encircling Midgard Serpent, and it consists of Big Money and its bespoke press, the universities, churches and even city municipalities. It acts in concert with, or in the last analysis could even be an appendage of, that which rules America, and its unstated purpose is to bring about total racial integration and Black Majority Rule, an aim which is irreproachably democratic and would meet with world-wide acclaim, and which would also hardly differ from the worst that Communist Russia itself could inflict. In other words, it wants South Africa to go the same way as Rhodesia, which only makes sense if we assume that the subjugation and eventual extermination of the white race is the supreme political objective, not only in South Africa but throughout the West. It is a mongrelised West that is wanted (aside from isolated breeding colonies to maintain the supply of blonde girls) and until we begin to suspect that which is staring us in the face there will be no hope for any of us.

However, in South Africa, because they can never achieve their ends democratically in Parliament through their inconsequential Progressive Federal Party, the liberals depend on the discontent they can stir up within the country, especially among the nonwhites, and on the pressure they can bring to bear upon the country from without. The liberal press goes through its daily paces, much like a performing poodle, calling for immediate change and reform, though without ever defining what they really mean by these terms. It insists that its nonwhite readers must be seething with discontent at the injustice daily meted out to them, and that they must be in a positively rebellious mood. The press detests "racism" but almost never departs from the subject of race, which it supposes to be justified because its racial fixation is an inverted racialism. Amid all the torrents of verbiage poured out daily by the liberal media, involving the destruction of countless noble forests over the years and decades, there has never once been a single word of criticism of the nonwhites; the venom is reserved exclusively for the whites. Its leading articles are written for the most part by university professors, foreign experts and exiled South African journalists who refer to the land of their birth as an international polecat. The writings analyse the political situation at great length in the accustomed liberal manner and are notable only for their instant forgettability. And on top of all this, almost needless to say, the liberal press excels in hypocrisy. It demands freedom of expression, but not for anyone else. It is atheist Humanist, but never hesitates to invoke Christian morals and give publicity to anti-Apartheid Christian churches. It claims to be free, but marches rigidly in step with all the

other newspaper groups in the English-speaking world in matters of any real consequence -- especially in the all-important matter of race. Yet it overestimates itself. It might imagine itself to possess the enormous power of the press in America, but in fact it has no real power at all. It is not something that will ever affect the future of South Africa, for of all the component parts of the Serpent, it is Big Money alone that might do that. As a last observation, however, is it not strange that such a press, conforming in every way with what H.A.L. Fisher so aptly described as a rodent press, can flourish as it does in a supposed police state?

It scarcely needs to be said that if South Africa is to survive, it is vital that she should have no illusions about anything. For one thing, she commonly talks about her "friends," just as Rhodesia did before her friends ditched her. It is very necessary for South Africa to understand that she has no friends, or at least no friends worth talking about. It is quite extraordinary that she should imagine America is a friend and not a deadly enemy, especially when represented by Henry Kissinger, who arranged with the late Mr. Vorster (who succeeded Dr. Verwoerd as prime minister) for the capitulation of Rhodesia. How on earth can South Africa trust Kissinger after that, even as an ex-partner in crime? Who could ever deal with him and not hear the alarm bells clanging? Said to be the rudest man in American society, his mock solemn speeches in Pretoria are listened to with awed respect by senior South African politicians, especially by Pik Botha, the Foreign Minister, even though he has told them outright that America will not come to South Africa's aid in time of need. I might mention here that when in 1975 I was asked to write an article on "The Outlook for Rhodesia" for *Instauration* (it appeared in the January 1976 issue), I predicted that the gravest threat to that land-locked country, entirely dependent on South Africa for its supplies, would in fact come from South Africa. It was obvious that America would eventually begin to discern that South Africa might well be persuaded to act against Rhodesia in return for certain big favours such as protection at the United Nations. And sure enough, it was only about four years later that Henry duly came tripping along to Pretoria to arrange the deal, which could never have been made with Verwoerd.

To be sure, many U.S. generals are good friends of South Africa, as most military men are, but in a civilian-directed state, they have no power. Soldiers are concerned with the defence of their countries and the support of natural allies. They are just the men we need, for if war is too important a matter to be left to generals, it is certain that our survival is too important a matter to be left to politicians. President Reagan himself is not, I believe, an enemy of South Africa, but an American President's influence is strictly limited. He often seems more like a prisoner than a leader. Reagan is nonetheless ultimately responsible for the appointment of Herman Nickel as the U.S. Ambassador to South Africa, a man who is always lecturing his host country on the evils of Apartheid. Is it even remotely possible that he is a friend? And what about Walter Mondale who, when Vice-President, informed Helmut Schmidt that "the U.S. could pressurize South Africa so much that Apartheid would crumble within a year or two." (That was in 1977, and it is reminis-

cent of Harold Wilson's assurance to Black Africa that Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence would not be able to last more than a few weeks. It actually lasted 14 years.)

Then there is the matter of the U.S. Information Service library in Soweto, with 400 out of its 600 books dealing with revolution. America is urging us to accept "evolutionary change," and what is that but total integration and black rule? In her resolve to destroy Apartheid, America pretends it is the main cause of unrest in Southern Africa, as if nothing had ever happened to integrationist Portuguese Mozambique and Angola. True, the whites are so much more advanced than the nonwhites that Apartheid, by making the difference clear-cut, actually makes it look like oppression. It is true, also, that Apartheid's great success as a policy (everyone knows that good fences make good neighbours) shows up the failure of America's policy of integration. But the crux of the matter is that Apartheid really has to be abolished because, aside from its international implications, white social cohesion and subsequently white rule itself would collapse without it. The whites would simply be lost and drowned in a swirling black sea, and this at least our American friends readily perceive. Therefore there will have to be continuous "change" and "reform" until the radiant liberal millennium has at last been attained and everlasting peace has finally been assured, as in any other graveyard.

It is not true that the British ambassador, Ewen Ferguson, is any better than his American counterparts. He, too, is forever decrying Apartheid and lecturing South Africa on what to do and what not to do, though he has more recently been on the defensive, protesting Britain's right to offer hospitality to the African National Congress, the terrorist wing of the outlawed South African Communist Party, which has its headquarters in London and has been exploding bombs in the centres of South African cities, blowing up blacks and whites alike and, inadvertently, themselves as well. The Nationalist newspapers have rightly charged that this hospitality makes the British government "an accessory to every African National Congress bomb that goes off in South Africa." Fergusson naturally denies this, but what would Britain say if South Africa were to offer aid and comfort to the IRA, and let them have their head offices in Pretoria? Or send congratulations to the Libyan government savages who shot an English policewoman dead in the heart of London?

I had always supposed that an ambassador had to be acceptable to the government of the country to which he was posted, and that he would be obliged to leave if his behaviour was found to be intolerable. I did not know that ambassadors were authorised to make public condemnations of the domestic policies of host countries. South African ambassadors have certainly never criticised the internal affairs of the United Kingdom or the United States, no matter how much they might shake their heads over them. Nor did South Africa hesitate to expel the entire Russian Embassy after the war when positive proof was obtained of its inevitable revolutionary activities, so why does she put up with the openly revolutionary activities of the ambassadors of the United Kingdom and the United

States?

One would never imagine, with their constant critical carping, that South Africa's critics had any problems of their own, least of all race problems. One would never believe that Ulster is in Britain and not South Africa. One would never believe that burning Bristol and its rioting black mobs were not in the Transvaal. We need not examine America's enormous racial problems, but how about Canada, Australia and New Zealand with their burgeoning Amerindian, Aboriginal and Maori headaches. In Britain, every effort is made to rationalise black behaviour. It is explained that the young blacks are only burning down the cities because of adverse job discrimination, as if they were not unemployable anyway. But black rioting cannot be rationalised; it is something in their blood. With the black race, destruction is an end in itself; they need no "reasons" like white people. They cannot create anything of their own except babies and uproar, and this is why there has never been a Negro civilisation and never will be one.

The irony of the situation is that there is actually very little Apartheid left in South Africa to attack, and that it is not the Progs (the PFP) who have brought about the change but the National Party itself. It will no doubt amaze foreign readers to know that Mr. Vorster himself, far from being a "racist," was actually a confirmed racial egalitarian and, if anything, believed the nonwhite peoples of the world were superior to the whites because they had great civilisations when our own forebears were "crawling on their hands and knees in caves"! This was also one of Harold Macmillan's favourite themes.

Foreign Minister Pik Botha has stated that "Discrimination based on the colour of a person's skin is indefensible. We shall do everything in our power to move away from discrimination on grounds of race or colour." And then the



Pik Botha

prime minister himself, P.W. Botha, told the BBC, "Morally and religiously there is nothing against a racially mixed marriage," while the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, Louis Nel, deploring the bad image of the word Apartheid, was saying that South Africa was in fact moving from paternalism and domination to co-operation and joint decision-making, and that Apartheid was dead. This new philosophy has caused many former Nationalist members of Parliament to break away and form their own Conservative Party under Dr. Andries Treurnicht, cleaving to the ideology of Dr. Verwoerd -- and to the policy that swept General Smuts out of office and brought the National Party to power in 1948. This event was a cause of great consternation among liberals because Smuts, while nothing like so liberal as themselves, was nonetheless safely in the bag, so to speak, whereas the upstart Nationalists represented a terrifyingly uncontrolled threat to the entire postwar situation. A world war had just been fought by the extra-European powers of Capitalist America and Communist Russia to destroy Nazism or European nationalism forever, and here were a group of Afrikaners, even speaking a form of

Low German, or Dutch, coming to power in an obscure corner of the globe on an openly racial basis, as if the war had never been fought at all! Imagine the panic! In no time America, in the form of Eleanor Roosevelt, was announcing to the world that South Africa had been plunged into a "reign of terror," invoking visions of tanks in the streets and machine-gun nests at every corner, with shootings and mass arrests and so on, though in reality absolutely nothing unusual was happening at all. South Africa, it was claimed, had become a seething volcano, the world's most explosive country, because it was subjecting the nonwhites to the agony of keeping their own company. South Africa simply *had* to explode to prove to the world that racial segregation is unendurable, and the fact that it has never exploded and is not likely to explode, whereas national explosions occur almost daily in other parts of the world, including all of "liberated" Africa, is simply not noticed by the heedless peoples of the West, for the good reason that it is never pointed out to them.

(To be continued)

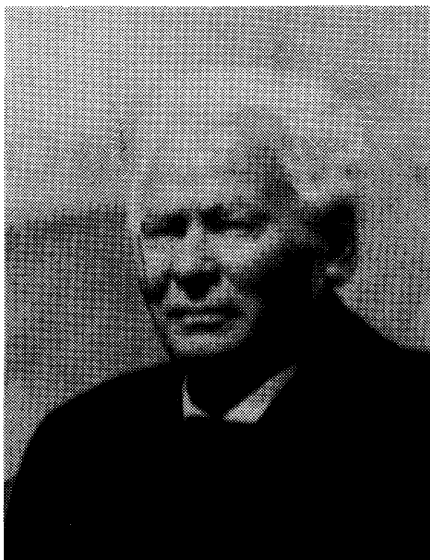
Our In-House Anthropologist Digs Deeper Into Chernenko's Physiognomy

I want to comment on the piece entitled "The Old Order Changeth -- Slowly" in *Inklings* (May 1984). It said, "Admittedly, his [Chernenko's] eyes and cheekbones display a touch of the Mongoloid . . . Asiatic hordes have scattered Mongolian genes like mushroom spores throughout Russia during century-long wars, invasions, border raids and in those less violent types of interfacing known as sex."

First, let me quote from Carleton Coon's *The Races of Europe*, the bible of Caucasoid raciology, 1939 edition, p. 569:

Mixture between Russians and Tartars was not, however, frequent or important in the early days of the Tartar hegemony, when the Slavs kept for the most part to their own farming environment and the Asiatic nomads to their pastures; it has taken place in greater measure during the last few centuries, in consequence of the more recent Slavic expansion eastward over Tartar territory into Siberia and Turkestan.

It is fair to say that far more Caucasoid genes have been absorbed by Mongoloid and semi-Mongoloid populations in Russia due to this expansion than have Mongoloid genes been absorbed by Caucasoid Russians, Ukrainians and White Russians. Since Chernenko's parents were Russian or Ukrainian settlers in Siberia, there was no



A touch of the Ladogan

way he could have absorbed Mongoloid genes there. In recent times Caucasoid Slavic settlers in Mongoloid, semi-Mongoloid and Turkic areas of Russia have generally remained rigidly segregated from the non-Europid populations in question, especially when it comes to miscegenation and marriage. Because of the physical, religious, cultural and social differences of enormous degree, the Slavs of Russia and

their Mongoloid, semi-Mongoloid and Turkic invaders through the centuries, from the Huns and Avars to the Mongols and Tartars, remained fairly rigidly segregated during the periods of non-Europid domination of parts of Russia. Genetic interchange through forced intercourse with Slavic women resulted largely in the absorption of Caucasoid genes by the non-Europids, not the other way around.

It is a common misconception that the "Mongoloid" features of some Slavs, such as Chernenko, are the result of the absorption of the genes of Mongoloid and semi-Mongoloid conquerors from Asia. Such is not the case. These "Mongoloid" features which we see in much of the peasantry and lower classes in Slavic lands, especially in Russia -- the cheekbones, eyeform, facial flatness, nostrils visible from the frontal view and the long convex upper lip -- are the result of the absorption by the originally Nordic Slavs, who were of Danubian Nordic type largely, of the genes of the Ladogan populations who were the Upper Paleolithic aboriginal inhabitants of much of Eastern Europe when the Indo-European Slavs and Balts -- the last groups to leave the original Indo-European homeland -- migrated to the areas in question. The resulting mixture Coon calls Neo-Danubian; it is usually blond and gray-eyed and fair-skinned. When much Alpine mixture is involved, it

is usually dark-skinned and dark-eyed. This Neo-Danubian type is usually called East Baltic, though Coon uses the latter term to designate what are essentially Borrabby-Corded, Nordic-Ladogan mixtures. This Neo-Danubian type characterizes much of the Slavic peasantry. As for the Ladogans, Coon has this to say in *The Races of Europe* (p. 291):

Ladogan: I propose to give this name to the descendants of the mesocephalic and brachycephalic forest-dwelling population of northern Europe east of the Baltic in Kammerkaramik times. This type is a blend of a partly mongoloid brachycephalic element with a mesocephalic form of general Upper Paleolithic aspect; these elements are seen in crania from Lake Ladoga and Salis Roje.

The Slavs in Russia expanded southward into the Ukraine, carrying these Ladogan genes with them; other Slavs, expanding southwestward and westward, carried them into other parts of Eastern Europe and into Central Europe as well.

The Danubian Nordics are very interesting. They form and formed the principal Nordic element in the Nordics of Asia, ancient and modern, and in Eastern Europe; but the type carries over into Central Europe as well and is occasionally found even in Western Europe.

Russia, unlike countries such as Spain,

Portugal and Italy, still has enough remaining Nordic genes so that one need not search them out on a class basis (one would not, in any case, have much luck doing that in Russia, as the upper classes, among whom Nordic genes from various sources -- Teutons, Iranian-speaking Scythians and Sarmatians, original Slavs, Balts and Finns -- were heavily represented, were largely driven out, fled or were exterminated from 1917 on.) At least in 1939 one could still find entire regions of Russia which were predominantly (Danubian) Nordic, such as (preeminently) the region lying partly in the Tambov, Penza and Saratov governments. Admittedly, Russia lost probably the majority of its Nordic genes in the course of the Bolshevik Revolution, the Civil War and the Leninist-Trotskyist-Stalinist purges, but some Nordics did survive. An excellent example in the Soviet hierarchy itself -- a rare example in that milieu -- was the late party ideologist Suslov.

The evolution of the states of Eastern Europe into full-fledged fascist states in everything but name is inevitable. It is these ranks of vigorous and race-conscious Slavs and others, with the good-hearted and anti-Jewish Russian people in the vanguard, who represent the last wave of Europeans. They are and have been the real bulwark against Asia. When the Hellenes went down, when the Romans degenerated from within and disappeared in a racial sense, hordes of

vigorous and fine Teutons and Celts stood outside the gates of Rome and entered and founded the states of Western and Central Europe. Now it is their descendants who have become weak and degenerate, as have the nations they created. Dostoyevsky may well turn out to be right: Russia may indeed redeem the world -- the world of Occidental Man. What present developments in the U.S., Canada and Western Europe are likely to create is not permanent nonwhite and Jewish domination, but chaos and a political, economic and social vacuum. Who is likely to fill it? Either the Mongoloids of East Asia or the Slavs of Eastern Europe. If we had to make the choice, which would we prefer? When I see Negro and Hispanic U.S. troops and then look at pictures of Russian troops standing guard in Central Asia and Siberia, I can only ask: from which do I stand in danger? It is the most profound proof of the utter degeneracy of modern deracinated "conservatism" that its protagonists would unhesitatingly answer: these black and brown U.S. troops are ours and on our side because they are Americans, and these Russian soldiers are the enemy and alien because they oppose America.

Bear in mind, when I say this, that I grew up filled with nationalistic and patriotic feelings.

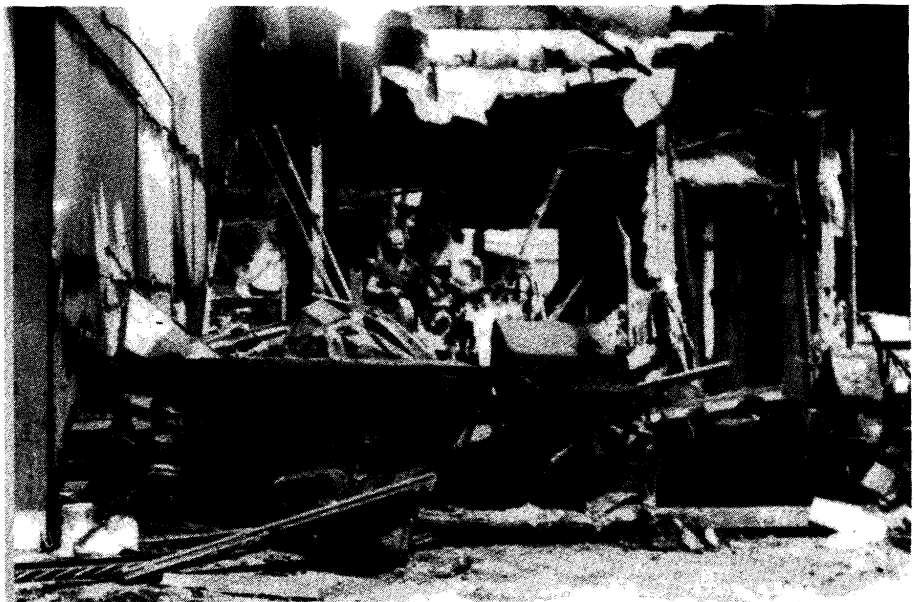
The book burners strike again

The Ultimate Form of Censorship

For the second time in less than three years, a southern California publisher has been burned out. In October 1981, the Truth Seeker publishing house in San Diego was obliterated in a predawn blaze. The wheelchair-confined octogenarian who had kept the 150-year-old *Truth Seeker* journal going, James Hervey Johnson, was insured for only part of his \$175,000 loss, which included rare books and pamphlets on eugenics, Zionism and other topics, some of which became instantly out-of-print (*Instauration*, March 1982).

A year earlier, in England, the Historical Review Press, Britain's leading publisher of revisionist books, was burned to the ground. This time the criminal was caught. He was a Jewish arsonist named Manny Carpel, and after being given a short prison term, he is now prowling the streets of London again.

On July 4, 1984, a date which may have been deliberately chosen to display their ingrained hatred for the freedoms pro-



What was left of the world's most courageous publishing house.

pounded on an earlier Fourth of July, the book burners struck again, this time wiping out an estimated \$300,000 worth of revisionist history books belonging to the Institute for Historical Review (IHR) and the Noontide Press. Also destroyed were office and typesetting equipment and supplies, the IHR Revisionist Library, plus irreplaceable documents, manuscripts and files. The total loss came to some \$400,000.

This was the fourth attack on the IHR office. Previous firebombing raids, all unsuccessful, were staged on June 25, 1981, and April 25 and September 5, 1982. In each instance, windows were destroyed and the inside of the office was seared by flames. IHR personnel have also been terrorized at home on countless occasions and have suffered at least 14 tire slashings on their cars. The Jewish Defense League (JDL), which appears to be behind nearly all of this vicious behavior, has been able to obtain the unlisted home telephone numbers of IHR personnel from the phone company only hours after they were assigned. Phone calls from the Institute offices have been routinely monitored by illegal listeners.

The *Spotlight* recently described one of the JDL's crueler "pranks" to date.

The son of a woman employee was telephoned from Tucson, where he worked. He was told by a JDL caller that his mother and father had been killed. The son was unable to call his parents in Torrance because they had taken their own telephone off the hook because of the harassing and sadistic calls they were receiving.

The folks at the IHR have received no sympathy from the local Establishment for their sufferings. Torrance Mayor James Armstrong and other officials have attended far too many lavishly catered Zionist testimonial dinners to respond to IHR Director Tom Marcellus and his team with more than a contemptuous silence. The town's police have been incompetent at best. Lt. Jim Pabst was quoted in an Associated Press wire dispatch as having said the inferno was "triggered by someone who hurled a Molotov cocktail into the building or doused the offices with gasoline and set them afire." Any amateur investigator could have proven him wrong on both counts. Because of previous attacks, the IHR had fitted all its windows with bullet-resistant Lexan. No human could have thrown a Molotov cocktail or anything else through Lexan. Also, the fire started in the rear warehouse area, which required illegal entrance through two sets of doors, one of them dead-bolted.

As to Lt. Pabst's second point, gasoline was not used by the arsonists but rather a sophisticated flame propellant like thermite, which burns slower, hotter and long-



The incinerated books -- a picture that should live forever in the history of censorship.

er than gas. The job required a highly trained crew, which could have completed its dirty work safely in three minutes. Fortunately or unfortunately, there was no night watchman in the office with gun at hand on the critical night.

Several businesses in adjacent suites were badly damaged. Jack Rockwell, who owns and operates Rockwell Medical Supply, Inc., and lost \$130,000 worth of inventory in the fire, phoned JDL leader Irv Rubin afterwards and said, "If you have anything to do with this, I'd just like to thank you for putting me out of business." Later a yarmulke-wearing exultant Rubin climbed on top of the 12-foot-high mountain of charred books on the IHR lot and staged a press conference -- a rather paradoxical posture for one who over the years, like other Jews everywhere, has never stopped reminding the world about the Nazis' book burning in the Third Reich.

Finding the arsonists would be relatively easy. The Torrance Police Department has high-quality telephotographs of most of those who have picketed the IHR, spat on its employees and tried to force their way

into the building. They also have many of the names, addresses, license plate numbers and criminal records, plus a small library of tape recordings of JDL callers who have threatened IHR personnel with death. But the official strategy seems to be inaction, in hopes that a despondent IHR will pack up and move to . . . where?

In the long run let us hope that the pen will once again prove mightier than the match. But helped along by the newest flame propellants -- like the jelly substances so profligately expended on poor Lebanon -- the match can do its work a lot faster than even the latest word processor.

What the torching of the IHR and other publishers demonstrates is that in this land of free expression there is no free expression when it comes to the most important issues of our times. In its place there is an active inquisition that is dedicated to keeping certain items from reaching the public consciousness. And these inquisitors will go to any length to silence their critics and any criticism of the historical lies by which they perpetuate their power.

Ponderable Quote

Many Israelis feel offended by the way in which the Holocaust is exploited in the Diaspora. They even feel ashamed that the Holocaust has become a civil religion for Jews in the United States. They respect the works of Alfred Kazin, Irving Howe and Marie Syrkin. But of other writers, editors, historians, bureaucrats and academics they say, using the word *Shoa*, which is the Hebrew for Holocaust: "There's no business like *Shoa* business!"

Jacobo Timerman,
The Longest War: Israel in Lebanon

The Mondale File

Who is the "quintessential Mondale man"? The *New York Times* asserts he is Michael Berman, a Duluth (Minnesota) member of the Jewish people who entered Mondale's employ as long ago as 1966 when he ran Fritz's Senate race. Berman then moved to Washington and was put in charge of the senator's Capitol Hill office. When his political idol became Vice-President, Berman was installed as a White House counsel and soon gained a reputation as the Carter administration's top expert on campaign financing and "ethics." Berman, who also serves as Mondale's personal lawyer, was treasurer of his boss's nail-chewing campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination and therefore bore some responsibility for the money-raising shenanigans that were certainly unethical and probably illegal.

Representative Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, described Berman as "the keeper of the body [Mondale's body]." In July, Fritz made his man Friday the director of the Democratic National Committee. Two Majority renegades, James Johnson and John Reilly, are probably as high in Mondale's affections as Ber-

man. But we may be sure that if Mondale makes it to the Oval Office, Berman's desk will be just down the hall and covering one wall will be a huge map of Israel.

Is Mondale guilty of racial discrimination because he refused to take money from Arab Americans? Jerome Zogby, head of the Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee, says that he is and points out that the Democratic presidential candidate returned five \$1,000 checks from five Arab Americans "as a matter of policy." Apparently, Mondale, who is constantly preaching that all Americans must receive fair and equal treatment, draws the line when it comes to Arabs.

In point of fact, it was Thomas Rosenberg, Mondale's chief operative in Illinois, who returned the money on the grounds that the five Arabs had made an "anti-Israel, anti-Semitic diatribe" during a 45-minute session with the presidential hopeful.

Poor Arabs! When will they ever learn that if you criticize Israel you are automatically an anti-Semite and when you are an anti-Semite you are automatically a social pariah. In Europe, it's even worse. There

you're not just a pariah; you're heading for the hoosegow the moment you publicly criticize Jews either on the soapbox or in print.

To treat any American differently solely because of his place of birth or his race and not to treat him individually on his merits is certainly the essence of the Democratic Party's definition of racism. But Arabs, Germans, South Africans, Iranians and Libyans can get the racial hot foot from the biggest political bigshots and no Democrat -- or Republican -- utters a syllable of regret.

What the Arab Americans will have to do is breed about 26 million little Arab Americans in short order. The moment they grow up they can form a Democratic Party voting bloc and be as anti-Semitic and anti-Zionist as they please. Their leader will get as warm a welcome from a future Mondale as Jesse Jackson did from the present one. And the future Mondale will beam at him and debate with him and give him the rostrum at the Democratic Convention. Ten million new voters can miraculously change social pariahs into fellow pols and good ole boys. The Arabs might also have an easier time in Democratic politics if they managed to get control of 30% of America's wealth.

Choice Excerpts from the Democratic Party Platform

We establish the goal of doubling the number of minorities and women in Congress by 1988

The Democratic Party supports self-determination for the District of Columbia that guarantees local control over local affairs and full voting representation in Congress. Towards this end, the Democratic Party supports the attainment of statehood for New Columbia; ratification of the District of Columbia Voting Rights Amendment; legislative, judicial and financial autonomy; and a formula-based federal payment

Specifically, we oppose employer sanctions designed to penalize employers who hire undocumented workers We oppose identification procedures that threaten civil liberties, as well as any changes that subvert the basic principle of family unification

The Party will continue to provide the necessary oversight of the Depart-

ment of State and the Immigration and Naturalization Service so as to ensure that the unjustifiable treatment visited upon the Haitian refugees will never again be repeated

To ensure that government is accessible to those Americans for whom English is a second language, we call for federal hiring and training initiatives to increase the number of government employees skilled in more than one language We will support legislation to prohibit discrimination in the workplace based on sexual orientation. We will assure that sexual orientation *per se* does not serve as a bar to participation in the military And we will ensure that foreign citizens are not excluded from this country on the basis of their sexual orientation

The Democratic Party strongly condemns the Ku Klux Klan, the American Nazi Party and other hate groups. We pledge vigorous federal prosecution of actions by the Klan and the American Nazi Party that violate federal laws,

including the enactment of such laws in jurisdictions where they do not exist. We further condemn those acts, symbols and rituals, including cross-burnings, associated with anti-civil rights activities. We urge every state and local government to pursue vigorous prosecution of actions by the Klan and Nazi Party and other such groups that violate state or local law

Our appointments will be ones of which Americans can be proud. Our selection process in staffing the government will be severe. We will not tolerate impropriety in a Democratic Administration

Violent acts of bigotry, hatred and extremism aimed at women, racial, ethnic and religious minorities, and gay men and lesbians have become an alarmingly common phenomenon. A Democratic Administration will work vigorously to address, document, and end all such violence.

Putting Our People Back Together Again

Last week, I participated in two dispiriting social gatherings. The first was a small party among racially conscious friends. At one point, all seven of those present were young males. The second was a supper and hymn-singing session held at a nearby Baptist church. Two-thirds of those present were women aged 60 and older. The demographic imbalances set me to thinking.

Those old women I saw at church undoubtedly have sons and nephews who are not only starved for religion but also are angry to see their country being stolen from them lock, stock and barrel. And the young men at our party all have mothers and aunts who look and think exactly like those aged females. The two groups are obviously close kin, and yet each would feel terribly uncomfortable in the meeting place of the other. This mutual alienation stems less from age/sex differences than from contrary professions of belief. (Private feelings are another matter.) The old women hear in church that those whites who stubbornly retain racial pride are sinister, while the young Majority activists are told that the contemporary perversions of Christianity are killing us all. Such a gap, at once biological and ideological, will be very hard to breach -- and almost no one is even trying.

The church I attended was Southern Baptist, a relatively youthful, dynamic denomination. Yet only about eight children (of all ages) could be mustered for the children's choir. About half of those were offspring of the church's young ministers. Another child had a serious genetic defect. Yet another was a very light mulatto boy, the son of a Nordic mother. All the children stood ramrod straight for the singing except the mulatto. He sort of swayed and danced as he sang. The audience began to giggle at this, then to laugh, and finally to roar. I decided that all the prim old WASP ladies -- who were seeing the dire forecasts of their daddies and uncles coming to pass, and with scarcely a red-blooded male in the hall to witness (much less oppose) the spectacle -- were laughing to keep from remembering.

As the hymn ended and the children trooped off, the choir director patted the little mulatto's wavy hair and joked, "We even had some dancing tonight."

I know the WASP mind. If the minister were to voice a pro-white sentiment just once, every WASP in the congregation would immediately think, "Oh, dear, what must he be thinking?"

Many of the old ladies will leave their life savings (and hubby's) to the church. Several have done so in my own family. In time, the Southern Baptists will be as completely subverted as the United Methodists

and the Episcopalians. Someday, the very church that I attended will be mostly black, mostly Hispanic, mostly Asian, or -- mostly "neo-American." (Even some of our local Lutheran churches, which have a strong ethnic/regional base upon which to draw, now have nearly all-black Sunday school classes!)

What can we do about the fissures in our race? For one thing, we can stop fuming at the "old Christian ladies." They don't enjoy sitting around by themselves any more than virile young white activists relish the traditional dearth of females at their gatherings. We are both equally victims of a tragic racial fragmentation.

I wonder what irritating things my local church's two young white male ministers said over the years to scare off virtually every husband around. As Richard Swartzbaugh has argued, the vast majority of contemporary Christian ministers are out-and-out *mediators*, who seek to bring the world into the midst of their religious tribe, so that they can mediate between the two. Such an approach to "ministry" must scare off most males, who have been entrusted by their very hormones with the never-ending task of making a secure and separate place in the world for their womenfolk. (Rabbis, however, are not mediators but conscious tribal leaders, says Swartzbaugh. They help keep the world away from the sacred Jewish places.)

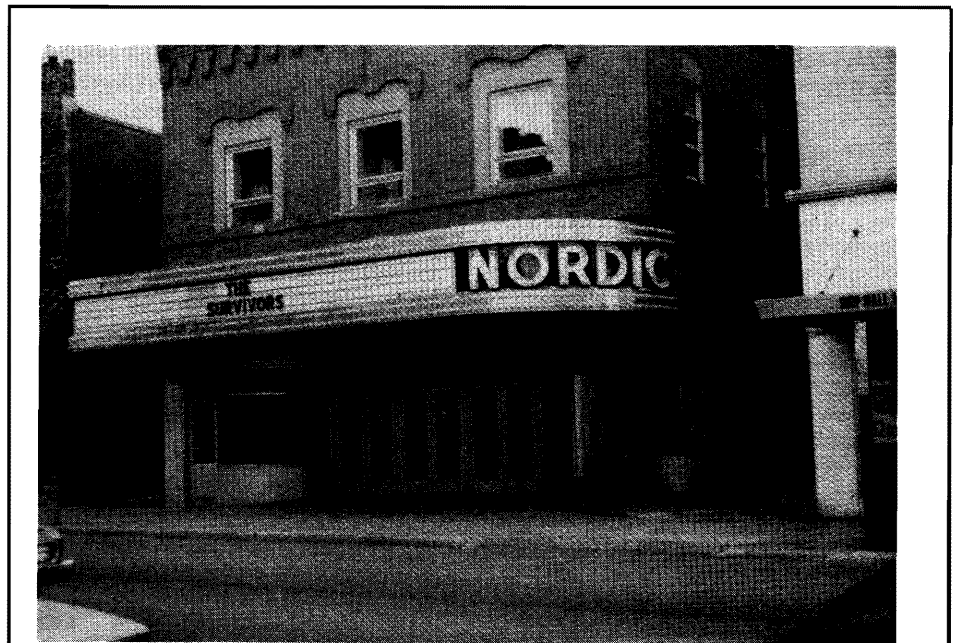
At one time, our better Christian minis-

ters were also tribalists. The great Luther himself warned that the Jews were as much a *nation* as a religion, and thus threatened the German *nation* as well as the Christian religion. Both threats concerned him. Luther also recognized that a lot of precious German blood was being lost through religious celibacy, so he bravely defied the establishment in that regard as well. (The present writer owes his very existence to this Northern Christian defiance of celibacy. Luther is almost literally his "patron" saint.)

To put our Humpty-Dumpty people together again will require moral courage, perseverance, and intelligent sympathy -- courage to overcome a profound emotional estrangement from many of our kin; perseverance to withstand the assault on our racial identity; intelligent sympathy so that we may yield ground where yielding is wise, but we must never forget the "bottom line" beneath all bottom lines.

Christianity may be a spent force in parts of Europe, but that is hardly the case in America. It is easy to sit at home and be a "purist," to meet only fellow "pure" spirits and read only "pure" publications. If only doing so led somewhere!

Let us, by all means, protect and nourish our "pure" strongholds. But let us also get out there and mud-wrestle with the world as it is. Ten thousand abandoned grannies deserve to know what their idealistic but church-shy youngfolk are thinking.



This photo of a movie house in Michigan's upper peninsula with the current feature displayed on the marquee seems to be telling us something.

Southward Ho!

Jeff Wexler is editor and publisher of a new regional magazine, *Shenandoah-Virginia Town and Country*, that "touts the virtues of everything from Virginia ham to wood stoves and country inns."

"I find it terribly ironic that a New Yorker is running a Virginia magazine," says the stocky, fast-talking Wexler. He concedes that he is a "damn Yankee," but "Virginians are too polite to say it to my face." Yet 20,000 have shelled out good money for his slick bimonthly, which one reader calls the "provincial's *New Yorker*."

Meanwhile, down in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the professor-critic Louis D. Rubin Jr. has started his own literary press, Algonquin Books, with a "nationwide network of sales representatives" already in place. Rubin had planned to call his press Bright Leaf Books (after the local tobacco) and concentrate on Southern-oriented works, but decided to drop the regionalism act. Central North Carolina has become a magnet for young, rootless, upper-income migrants, a part of what local novelist Reynolds Price calls "the lemming rush to the Sunbelt."

Most of the new wave of "Southern" writers and publishers feel no Southern identity -- indeed, many feel superior to the local folk who have welcomed them since their Great Liberal Experiment failed up north. For many literary carpetbaggers, the South is merely land to be "consumed" by aliens, and its Anglo-Saxon natives a temporary obstacle who will fade away like the New England Yankees of old. The morally depressed Southern WASPs are obliging, by lowering their birth rates drastically, just as their Northern WASP kinsmen did a century ago.

Distraught Judge

"I work in a garbage dump and nobody cares," roared 6' 5" Judge Bernard Bloom of Brooklyn on July 3. Rats, roaches and bums roam everywhere in the Kings County courthouse -- all the elevators are broken -- jurors have no place to sit but on the floor -- thieves have taken his hubcaps -- one of his fellow judges was robbed on the back steps, and another was mugged in the parking lot -- on and on went Judge Bloom's theatrical kvetch. He had written to his superior, Judge Betty Weinberg Ellerin, about the situation, but pen and ink had effected no miracle cure. So now he was bellowing in the courtroom at the top of his lungs.

It's scary walking to your car [Bloom continued]. You just don't know what's going to happen. It's a shame because this building is only 25 years old and they [the city? "society"?] let it go to pieces.

Meanwhile, at the Hotel Sahara in lower Manhattan, things are even uglier. There have been nearly 40 fires there recently, not to mention all the rapes, murders and robberies. Dead cats float in stopped-up water in the basement. Jay Wurtsky runs the giant flophouse with the help of his goon squad -- "Shorty," "Paris," "Carlos" and "Mr. Medina." When tenant organizer Mimi Rosenberg started griping recently, Wurtsky allegedly threatened to throw her off the roof. After a knifing, says Rosenberg, with blood all over the place, "the hotel management just brought out linoleum and tacked it right over the blood. They didn't even wash it up."

Literary False Faces

Well, what do you know! Danny Santiago, the much feted and much rewarded author of a best-selling first novel, *Famous All Over Town*, a vivid recounting of life in the Los Angeles barrio, is no Hispanic, but a renegade WASP named Dan James, a 74-year-old ex-playwright, ex-film hack and ex-Communist who lives in the white enclave of Carmel. It's humiliating for the critics who praised the book to the skies for its precise description of Hispanic life in Southern California. But, although the press reports carefully avoid the point, it's also humiliating for Majority literature in particular. White authors have now sunk so low that some of them are adopting alien names and concentrating on alien themes to get publishers interested in their manuscripts.

Dan James is by no means the only Majority member to take such a prideless approach to modern literature. For many years, Amado Muro was eulogized as a highly gifted Chicano writer -- until he turned out to be a non-Hispanic newspaperman named Chester Seltzer. Then there is the Amerindian literary light, Jamake Highwater, who was recently revealed by Jack Anderson to have "fabricated much of the background that made him famous." Indian leaders have long been skeptical of Highwater's Indian ancestry. Anderson says that the self-proclaimed redskin has "finally admitted that he has lied repeatedly about many details of his life."

Horse Sense

The yearling colt known only as Hip No. 93 picked the best of sires and dams. Northern Dancer is the greatest stallion in the world, having sired his 100th stakes winner last year. Ballade is probably the world's greatest mare. Her first foal, Glorious Song, won more than \$1 million. Her second foal was syndicated for \$36 million.

All this explains why Hip No. 93 was

sold in July to Britisher Robert Sangster for \$8.25 million -- before he had seen his first race track. It wasn't just his pedigree that made the untried colt so valuable, but his looks as well. An enthusiastic breeder explained:

He's very enticing. He's a glistening dark bay, good-sized, with good balance. He's intelligent and well-behaved, and he holds himself very regally. I haven't been able to fault him. He's the epitome of what you attempt to go to the summer sales with.

In sociological jargon, one would say that the lofty status of Hip No. 93 is 100% "ascribed," and 0% "achieved." When social scientists apply these terms to humans, they rarely try to hide their ferocious biases. Almost to the last man, sociologists will tell you that "ascribed" status (which could just as well be called "collective," "genetic" or "typological" status) is a wicked holdover from the past, whereas "achieved" status (which pretends that each new day marks the dawn of creation) is the glorious wave of the future.

We are no longer supposed to notice that young John Trueblood's ancestors have been Olympic athletes and brilliant innovators for three generations, and that "intelligent and well-behaved . . . he holds himself very regally" as he confronts the world at age 18. We aren't supposed to help him meet young men and women of similar quality, so that their interactions can create something far better than the sum of its parts. No, we're supposed to surround Trueblood with a "demographically fair" mix of minorities and dullards, so that he can fritter his potential away. If he can overcome such mandated entropy by, say, writing a novel that "explores the beauties of ghetto culture," then and only then will the new American Establishment award him with its recognition of "personal achievement." But any children he should chance to have by a woman of like quality must then commence the 100-to-1 struggle all over again.

Free to be "Gay"

A new law in Minnesota makes being a good Samaritan a duty. Those who fail to give aid in an emergency are liable to be fined \$100.

Meanwhile, in Texas, anyone who knows they have gonorrhea or syphilis and exposes someone else to their disease is now committing a Class B misdemeanor, punishable by up to one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine. (Texas had the nation's highest syphilis rate in 1982, with more than 11,000 cases.)

California homosexuals haven't been so lucky. For years they told the police "hands off" -- and now they are fated to have their way. In one recent case, an airline steward

from Montreal with AIDS has continued to visit queer bathhouses all over the state for anonymous sex. Dr. Selma Dritz of the San Francisco Health Department says, "They [homosexuals] have called and said he's in town again. 'He's running wild through the bathhouses,' they say. 'Can't you deport him?'" "No, she tells them, even though he is risking hundreds of "gay" lives, he cannot be deported. The health department's hands are tied, and they can only "reason" with the promiscuous queers and ask them to police themselves.

Such reasoning won't come easy given that some homosexual clubs now have vile gimmicks like "glory holes" -- apertures in the wall which permit truly anonymous sex between men. It's hard to break such habits, especially if, like many "gays," one is secretly self-destructive.

Dale Baer, who manages San Diego's 3,000-member Club Bath, hasn't noticed any drop-off in clientele since the AIDS epidemic began. The San Diego County Health Department declines to inspect anything in such "baths" except for swimming pools and food concessions. If they want to live like Sodomites, let them die like Sodomites, seems to be the popular attitude. Or to put it another way, let Mother Nature play cop.

Their Man Friday

There are a lot of sinister forces out there who don't like to believe that God forbid there could be an alternative Atlantic tradition to the great Greco-Roman, that contrary to what we've been taught to believe, all of the Western Hemisphere doesn't just derive from Europe. But all that's about to be detonated because there are a lot people [sic] working on this now and we're headed for a showdown of scholarship which is going to be a preshadowing to other final show-downs.

Professor Robert F. Thompson rapping with Greg Tate
Village Voice, Jan. 10, 1984

In a contest for Majority renegade of the Century, Yale's white expert on African art would be in the front rank. "I'm a guerrilla scholar, man," he says.

Robert Thompson's fourth book, *Flash of the Spirit* (Random House), follows closely in the tradition of radical Afrocentric "historians" like Chancellor Williams, Josef ben Jochanan and Ivan Sertima. From a boyhood in El Paso spent learning to jive-talk and play the blues, Thompson has graduated to initiation in several African religions, whose dogma he has accepted.

"Centuries of racist assumptions go packing it in *Flash of the Spirit*," according to the *Voice's* Greg Tate, whose own uneven writing could hardly inspire confidence in a smart Negro. In one sentence he is praising Thompson for his "Afrocentric

perspective" ("it's more informed by genuine reverence and enthusiasm than by the savage arrogance we've come to expect as the Anglo-Saxon norm"); a few lines later, he says Thompson "doesn't play by the charge-countercharge game -- he never dignifies running dogs of Eurocentricity with an argument." Well, is ethnocentrism good or bad? The Eurocentrists, at least in recent years, have been more than happy to let black and Jewish scholars depart in peace, so to speak.

Not so the new Afrocentrists. "We want it all!" are the words Jesse Jackson used in kicking off his campaign. And Thompson is delighted that New York City, more than 95% white in the 1930s, is today "an incredible African city." He plans to write a book on the subject.

For Thompson, blackness is a transcendental state of being, which both pleases and displeases Tate, who adds: "Even for those of us convinced of that by our mamas from day one, Thompson's hyperbolic eloquence can seem a bit romantic." (How many white mothers of today serve their race in that way?)

In spite of everything, many blacks have trouble accepting that the WASP-visaged Thompson is not an incredible phony. He cuts up in class, beating on drums and dancing. He spouts obscenities, like suggesting that we put Shakespeare to a "f--

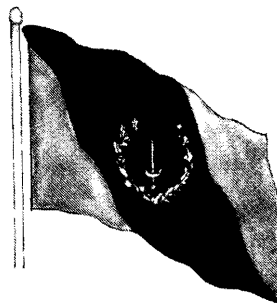
beat." He calls Africa "our mother continent, where we all come from." The fact remains -- some blacks don't like this honky with the "booming drill sergeant delivery" telling them what they're about.

Media Raciologist

Elio Gasperetti has 40 file cabinets stuffed with newspaper and magazine clippings that have to do with race. As a reward for his accumulatory acumen, he has been appointed the "multiethnic curriculum specialist for the District of Columbia school system." Some of Gasperetti's trivial racial pursuits: Wonder Woman Lynda Carter and singer Linda Ronstadt are one-fourth Mexican. Chicago was founded by a black Frenchman. Jackie Cooper is half-Jewish and half-Italian. Cher is one-quarter Turk, one-quarter Armenian, and the rest of her is Indian and French. Robert Stack's real name is Robert Modini.

Gasperetti himself is of Austrian and Italian extraction. "Few people," he says, "think I started the collection because my wife is black." He claims it was just the reverse. He got into the civil rights movement before he became a one-man ethnic clipping service. It was in the ranks of the "freedom marchers" that he met his wife, Edna, who besides being black is also Irish and Shawnee Indian.

THE BLACK AMERICAN HERITAGE FLAG



THE PURPOSE OF THE FLAG IS TO ESTABLISH WITHIN BLACK AMERICANS A UNITY OF NATIONALITY AND A SENSE OF PRIDE IN HISTORY AND TRADITION.

Designed by: Gleason T. Jackson
Melvin Charles

The Flag has a diagonal black stripe centered between two diagonal red stripes. Superimposed on the black stripe is a gold wreath of fig leaves. In the center of this wreath is an inverted gold Moorish Boarding Sword.

Whose Heritage?

The flag at the left is being widely advertised in the Negro media by the Black American Heritage Flag Society, P.O. Box 202, Main Post Office, East Orange, NJ 07019. A 12" x 18" version costs only \$2. A 3' x 5' flag with oak pole and base goes for \$130.

The flag has a black parallelogram separating two red triangles. Centered in a gold wreath of fig leaves is a "gold Moorish Boarding Sword." Perhaps some *Instauration*-subscribing heraldist can enlighten us as to the meaning of the flag's color scheme and symbols.

One question: Will this flag be allowed to fly where the Confederate Flag is now forbidden?