

*illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal*

Instauration®

VOL. 10 NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1985



A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA



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.

Enclosed is my check for renewal -- a bit extra included. Buy Cholly a drink. I love his Rapid Raiser.

774

If the Demos had won the election, the Hintermänner would have blackmailed Ferraro easily. In that district in New York you just do not do business without the Mafia!

104

To assess the amount of nonwhite blood in the veins of the Afrikaner nation is impossible. Those who have made the attempt differ considerably. According to Colenbrander, it is less than 1%. According to Heese, it may be 7%. We find that the more integration-minded an investigator happens to be, the higher he puts the amount of nonwhite blood in Afrikaner veins. To get at us, of course. The English in South Africa have not been investigated on this score as the Afrikaners have been. So, fortunately for them, no percentages are available yet. But you can rest assured that, if such an assessment should ever be made, the chances are it will be about the same as that of the Afrikaners. If Jewish blood is regarded as nonwhite, then the English "nonwhite" percentage will be assuredly higher than that of the Afrikaners!

South African subscriber

Zip 164's prediction that "when white racialism comes back into fashion, the Jews will be running it," is indeed interesting. Then maybe it will not only work, but will even show a nice profit!

222

I heard on the radio today that the United States nuclear energy industry has 6½ times more "accidents" than the comparable Japanese industry. Shouldn't this be seen as a side effect of affirmative action?

302

While the Populist Party's heart very definitely seems to be in the right place, I've read its complete party platform and I have to admit that I have my doubts about a party that would use an obscure word like *mattoid* in a document presumably intended to win the hearts and minds of potential voters. My guess is that by 1992, there will be a new headstone in the same graveyard where the American Independent Party and the American Party are now buried. On the other hand, my best girl recently gave me some literature from the Southern National Party, and my impression is that if any alternative party has a chance of accomplishing anything constructive in the foreseeable future, it would be the SNP. Not so much that the SNP is likely to rewrite the ending of *Gone With the Wind* very soon, if ever. But as a spokesman for local and regional interests, a Southern National Party with a few governors, congressmen and state legislators in office would be in a position to do a great deal. Come to think of it, this is what Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats should have evolved into 36 years ago.

466

A press agent for the American Jewish Committee said on radio last night that this nation is "composed of 30 ethnic strains." He went on to explain there are "5½ million Jews here, but some maintain that figure should be doubled. We really don't know how many Jews there are in the U.S." It's nice to hear a Jew admit it.

941

Zip 302 made some excellent points about why the word *Aryan* is a non-starter as far as effective public relations go, but the fact remains that otherwise there still isn't any properly inclusive (and at the same time, properly exclusive) word to describe our people other than vague terms like *Indo-European*, *Majority* and so on. It's awfully hard to feel instinctive racial solidarity with a people that has no clear-cut sense of being a people (which, I suppose, accounts for genetic debacles like World Wars I and II, when cousins gleefully slaughtered each other in what amounted to family feuds). *Aryan* is a fine word as far as I'm concerned and I'd like to use it myself, but it does carry with it considerable excess baggage. So what can we call ourselves?

As it happens, the word may exist already. This fact was driven home to me when I was watching a news report about an inter-ethnic riot in Massachusetts between Hispanics and "Anglos." The TV news commentators even called the non-Hispanic side "Anglos," although a closer look at the people involved showed a motley crew John Tyndall would be reluctant to acknowledge as family no matter how badly the word *Anglo* is defined. But the Hispanics themselves don't draw the distinctions that are obvious to us: to them, everybody else is an "Anglo." My guess is that as Hispanics pour into the U.S. and increase their numbers, the nation will face a basically three-way racial split between them, blacks and "others," the last of which will be called "Anglos" by default and for lack of a better term. I'd prefer almost any other word than one devised and used by our opponents, but as the Hispanics become fruitful and multiply, and use the word over and over again until it bores its way into the media and then into common parlance, we'll be stuck with it. Then again, maybe it isn't all that bad: almost any word would do, and we could live with it, I'm sure.

601

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Malthus corrected! The decline in food quality lowers mental ability and brings destruction of the civilization long before the food itself runs out.

606

Compare the cases of Andrei Sakharov and Arthur Rudolph. Forty years ago Rudolph employed slave labor on Hitler's rocket program. Thirty-two years ago Sakharov employed slave labor building Stalin's hydrogen bomb. Now the same Jews and the same liberals who weep for Sakharov (because he has a Jewish wife and is critical of Stalin's heirs) have deported Dr. Rudolph, without whose genius Americans might never have landed on the moon. Jews and liberals can forgive the man who built the bombs that today threaten us with annihilation, but the man who helped America beat Russia to the moon can never be forgiven for having built rockets for his own country 40 years ago.

142

An item in Primate Watch (Oct. 1984) refers to the Confederate flag as the "Stars and Bars." What passes for the Confederate flag these days (the Ole Miss flag, the Dixie flag) is not the Stars and Bars. The Stars and Bars designation is properly applied only to the original Confederate States of America flag which, if memory serves, consisted of three red-white-red stripes with a corner patch of blue containing 11 stars. I believe this was replaced by the "Dixie" flag following battlefield confusion at Bull Run. Idea: why don't interested parties simply revive the true Stars and Bars and display it proudly? Most people won't know what it is, and those who should know, will ask.

100

My daughter attends an all-white nursery. It is a delight, aesthetic as well as racial, to look out across the playground and see those hundred or so kids, 50% of them blond, at white play. Sometimes this sight dispatches my mind to the ancient past, to the Neolithic when our race was in its prime, honed to a fine edge and unsullied by the dysgenic effects of civilization, with genes inspected and culled by countless generations under the heartless scrutiny of the most efficient, most relentless and most unforgiving taskmaster the world has ever known. Our ancestors must have possessed a harmony of features, behavior, thought, creed and all else that goes into making a human subspecies that cannot be imagined today. We almost instinctively look down upon them today as "cavemen," yet they were in every way, except in technology, our superiors. And I have little doubt that the happiness they knew more than compensated for their lack of technology.

488

We may disagree with one man about socialism, with another man about racial differences, with another on morality. In my opinion, none of these differences would be proof of irreconcilable world views. The infallible yardstick is New York. If a man loves New York he is beyond the pale; if he truly despises New York I have some fellow feeling for him whatever his race, whatever his other views.

British subscriber

I continue to like Instauration very much. It's an admirable job accomplished in the face of hopeless odds. We are all doomed, of course. Nevertheless, I say unto you, "Well done!" -- if only for the record.

German subscriber

I freely confess to being a poor American, whatever that nearly meaningless term may imply in the late 20th century. There is not one shred of the John Wayne or Jesse Helms syndrome in me. Those afflicted with that syndrome love a corpse, for the America they love is as vanished as the Old South which I love. I cannot look to "patriots" for inspiration, guidance or hope. They are obviously detached from reality. They either do not know the corpse is dead, or they believe the dead can be raised.

293

I can understand an individual white fearing the Negro, but for the life of me I fail to see why we as a people fear them. We didn't used to. For the lone individual, there is much reason to fear them. Hispanics are "cruel," blacks are "brutal" -- a slight but significant difference to keep in mind when dealing with either or both -- and both are "mean." They do not think as we do. They have far less compassion, and they are not inhibited by foresight. They often seem oblivious to any delayed punishment, just as they are oblivious to delayed rewards. They, like all animals including ourselves, can sense fear, and the sense of fear excites them into aggression and violence, especially if they are in a gang where their version of the gang mentality is at work. As vicious as they are with their own, they are more so with fearful whites. It is almost as if fear in a white man is something they detest and cannot forgive.

305

Instauration should have made Bill Moyers, ex-divinity student, ex-LBJ press secretary and currently Dan Rather's point man, Majority Renegade of the Year.

302

The recent controversy among Catholics over liberation theology illustrates how Christianity has helped to spread Leninism and Stalinism around the world. According to Funk & Wagnall's Encyclopedia, the basis of early communism was "voluntary cooperation, with each individual producing goods according to his ability and sharing according to his needs." Modern communism is, of course, no longer voluntary, but the economic goals are the same. According to the Bible (Acts 4:34-35): "Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." It is interesting to note that both modern communism -- Karl Marx -- and Christianity are of Jewish origin. And while communism is atheistic and Christianity is theistic, they both teach the same economic philosophy that attracts the have-nots.

652

A close friend of mine died last summer after a valiant four-year battle with cancer. When her condition had deteriorated to the point where she could no longer drive a car, her friends took turns driving her to the hospital for treatments. The night before she was due for a particularly important treatment, Betty, one of her "calm, confident Christian" chauffeurs, called her and said that a replacement driver would have to be found. Why? Well, amid a flurry of apologies, Betty explained that she just had to go to hear Bishop Tutu speak at the city's most affluent Episcopal (what else?) church. He would only be in town for a day, and having admired him so-o-o-o much for all these years, she simply couldn't deny herself this opportunity. The cancer patient, having no choice, accepted the disappointment gracefully and began to call other friends who might be able to take her to the hospital. The only catch was that they were all Episcopalians, too, and would brook no interference with their determination to sit at the feet of the dusky Tutu. Well, I could string this story out, but you already know the ending. Yep, the old lady heathen from the hills drove the 35 miles to the city, took the patient to the hospital, waited four hours, and drove her home again.

032

I think the Federal Reserve in the proper hands is the only known solution to the cyclical problems of capitalism and the market system, whatever the race of the inhabitants.

652



□ The Jewish computer whiz in my agency who married a gook has gone off to another job. The goyess who also married out has now been joined by a family of in-laws who speak only Korean. The husband is an unemployed duck-carver. (Need any slant-eyed decoys? I can get 'em for you wholesale.) Nothing like having the Camp of the Saints in your own office.

208

□ A civil service boss whines and whimpers to his boss like a hungry puppy and lords it over his underlings like Nero. Altogether, the lot of them are stupid and infantile. The rank-and-file are a bunch of cringing wimps with absolutely no self-respect and no reason to have any. What a working environment! It is most odorous. Certainly the so-called "private sector" is not all that much better. Corporate America is not unlike the government; it's just not quite as incompetent. It has to swindle the public, which takes some brains; all the government has to do is rob the public, essentially at gunpoint. Small businessmen tend to be stupid and narrow-minded, which is one reason so many of them go broke.

852



□ Did you notice at the San Francisco convention that on the platform Jesse Jackson kissed Martha Layne Collins, governor of Kentucky and chair of the convention? A few weeks ago Jesse was in a skit on Saturday Night Live in which he was shown having a "crush" on UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. Jesse knows what he's doing -- driving us wild -- and he knows the feminists can't and won't object. You could say he has a racial sense of humor!

939

□ After 20 years of marriage John was tired of Gerry. She was constantly spying on him and throwing jealous tantrums. On the plus side, she pushed him to become a fairly wealthy man. Certainly, her political connections gave him the opportunity of getting his hands on money accumulated by senile ladies. Still, he was bored with her. In typical Latin style, he determined to get her out of the city by foisting her off on the nation as a congresswoman from Queens. Then John would have plenty of time to chase the tootsies in Little Italy (ever met an Italian man who was faithful?). Well, his money put her in D.C., where she made goo-goo eyes at Tip O'Neill (no sex, of course; he's your garden-variety guilt-ridden Irish Catholic who is impotent anyway from all that boozing). Wouldn't you know it! Tip gets to pick the vice-presidential candidate in exchange for endorsing Mondale. And he picks his little girlfriend. Where does this leave John? Up a creek, I'd say. Gerry is back in Queens full-time now. No more tootsies for John. Did you see the quote from their daughter that said her parents talk with each other six or seven times a day! The dumb kid doesn't know that Mama is keeping hour-by-hour tabs on hubby.

441

□ A few days after Mondale, the blacks' unanimous choice, lost his bid for the presidency, an enraged young black male accosted my middle-aged landlady and me in front of her house in a racially mixed neighborhood. Apparently he was upset about the pro-Reagan poster in the front window. He accused us of doing nothing but sitting on our rear ends. My landlady had been raking leaves and I had just returned from the laundromat with two bulging laundry bags. This black stranger proceeded to point across the street to three jovial, well-fed, decently-clad black children and berated us for not "giving" them anything. I finally told this creep that I was not under any obligation to stand there and listen to his abusive language. My landlady came between us and managed to placate the black, who finally walked away. She told me that we had to learn to live with "those people." I reminded her that one of the messages "those people" should have gotten from the Reagan landslide is that they have to learn -- or relearn -- how to live with us.

222

□ The Democrats need a theme song. How about "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"?

648

□ I am constantly amazed by the number of people who boast in the Safety Valve about their total lack of contact with television, radio, newspapers and the establishment media in general. How can ignorance of current events help our cause? How can we mount an offensive if we don't know what the other side is up to? The techniques used to manipulate the masses should be studied and mastered by our people, not ignored with the obvious contempt displayed in so many Safety Valve letters.

223

□ Good analysis of the election on the back cover of the November issue. Efforts of Jesse and Farrakhan in polarizing Afros and the Chosen maybe need more appreciation. Will be interested to see how long Jews stick to a loser and a loser party. Their decade-long flight from Marx and Trotsky to the beauties of Konservatism (actually underway in the post-Korea '50s) may now accelerate. Most "free enterprise" palaver in their hands already. Overpoweringly dominant in Libertarian ranks also.

809

□ I no longer treat feminists as women. They are "its" and I turn a deaf ear to their whining about how insensitive men are. I fight with them when I have to and ignore them as much as possible.

896

□ I didn't vote! Wife and friends gave me that caca, that is, no votee, no bitchee. You know, the third-grade logic.

189

□ The Majority woman is only beginning to comprehend how indispensable she is to the enrichment, power and pleasure of the opposite gender. I do believe most of us women are virtuous and reliable. What was once a good, inspiring relationship with men has gone up in smoke -- the glow and mystique evaporating in the noonday sun. You guys really need us, you know, to make your life complete. Will you be happy with a unisex world of animated plastic figures? A woman's work is to nurture life, not to be exploited for her allurements. Remember when you tipped your hat to us? Gone with the other nice behavior. Don't blame us, we didn't do it. You did. We have come a long way, baby, at your behest and our eyes are dry with unshed tears. To be demeaned and vulgarized wholesale in the eyes of men for profit engenders contempt, and now this women in the workplace madness is entrenched in our midst. I'd like to see her back in the home doing a woman's work, but not at the whim of man. He alone is responsible for the miscarriage of events. So backward we slide, brutalized, unrestrained, or sensitively liquidated.

037

□ I'm not tired of McEnroe (Scotch-Irish, I believe). I wish to God we had more like him, telling off the staid, lying mouthpieces worldwide -- fine with me. And foul-mouthed if need be. A gutsy guy, the spirit that wins! Hope he doesn't apologize.

764

It is interesting to try to determine when our civilization's train went off the track. I used to say that Roosevelt started it all. Then I decided Woodrow Wilson represented the great continental divide of history. As I read more, I saw Abraham Lincoln as the significant departure. Now I think it all went wrong at Runnymede.

462

I'm not too enthused about the new addition to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. A white soldier and two fraggers. What class!

077

As a Lutheran I was very interested in the observation in "Putting Our People Back Together Again" (Oct. 1984). I lived for a while in an area that has the combination of Southern Baptists, Lutherans and blacks mentioned in the article. I would explain the nearly all-black Sunday schools as a result of decisions made by the denominational bureaucrats of the Lutheran Church in America. I pulled my membership out of that group last year in disgust with its race-mixing social policies. As long as Lutheran church leaders were educated in semi-isolated church colleges and seminaries among their "own people," Lutheranism was in pretty good shape. Unfortunately, a generation of Lutheran "Young Turks" in the 1950s started to attend divinity schools at Ivy League universities as well as Union Theological Seminary. Members of this generation have since taken control of numerous Lutheran colleges, seminaries and denominational bureaucracies and have proceeded to replace sound theology with superficial sociology. A dissident American Lutheran church bishop who started out as a fellow traveler with this group finally blew the whistle on them and exposed what may legitimately be described as a conspiracy to change the theology and social politics of Lutheran churches in a leftist direction. A lot of Lutheran laymen have "voted with their feet" as I did. The LCA and the American Lutheran Church, the two most liberal Lutheran denominations, lost approximately 10% of their combined membership in a recent decade. Those two Lutheran church bodies are expected to merge with a third denomination, the Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches, in 1988. A careful study indicates that this merged Lutheran church will lose 20% of its membership between 1988 and 1998. Meanwhile, some relatively intact Lutheran denominations will continue to exhibit various degrees of concern for racial integrity, and independent churches of the Temple Tabernacle variety run by their own congregations are booming.

535

Satcom Sam must have missed the MTV show, "Dream on white boy, dream on black girl, dream on black boy." Absolutely consistent with the Instauration article of a few months ago about "the mixing of white and black music." Behold the change in the lyrics of Rod Stewart's "Young Hearts Beat Free Tonight" to the new "Young Turks Be Free Tonight," featuring, you guessed right, a young Turk with a blonde girlfriend creating mayhem in Zoo City.

775

Burning books? No, never. That is Nazi stuff. Melt the printing plates. Metal is worth more than junk paper and ashes! Then alert your bookdealers not to stack the alloy. Or, preferably, ask your neighborhood Jewish operatives to use specially imported fire-bombs.

104

It is elementary that we clean up our geography. Tel Aviv is closer to Washington, D.C., than Baltimore.

471

Kicking around the subculture today is a particularly nasty little video tape -- a piece of crude, racist burlesque and poisonous political porn dressed up as theater. In its evil chicanery it is about as entertaining as the plague. Dishing out the dirt is that most vicious of Hollywood hucksters, that clown prince among the sleazy, cheesy people who run the dump -- one Mel Brooks. This loathsome, low-life lout, this creature of bigotry at its worst, this ultimate vulgarian and darling of the controlled media, attempts to play the part of Adolf Hitler in this sick skit. He caricatures that star-crossed leader in the most obscene manner imaginable. Near-naked racially mixed dancers, representing German soldiers, simulate intercourse in a pristine Grecian temple. To finish off this exercise in naked hate, "Hitler" -- the real-life abstainer -- is shown as a roistering souse. Now strutting, now slinking, he yells, "the Russians are coming, let's get the hell out of here." He then grabs a blonde and a six-pack of beer and flees. The dialogue is, naturally, pure filth. But there is something else. There is something so hideous in its nature as to educe the feeling that one has been touched by a totally foreign malignancy, something so monstrous as to cry out for redress. This profane horror, this outrage about which it is difficult even to write, is performed to the strains of the German National Anthem.

Canadian subscriber

Please accept my nomination of Dr. Robert Klark Graham as Man of the Year. His single-handed efforts on behalf of biological advancement constitute a step into the future unparalleled by anyone else.

642

I hope that the editors of Instauration are not lawyers. If you are, you can take your deserved lumps along with the rest of that nefarious breed which, like a voracious plague of locusts, is sweeping across this nation devouring its very substance. There is hardly a single endeavor affecting the human condition that the lawyer is not privy to -- and always to the enrichment of their fat purses. Small wonder then why Christ condemned them; why Shakespeare loathed them. The American Bar Association is nothing more than a black-robed Mafia. I propose that it be made a general rule -- a law if you will -- that no lawyer be permitted to hold public office.

913

This year's renegades are those Norwegians who gave the Nobel Peace Prize to Bishop What's-his-name.

100

After seeing the movie Red Dawn, wherein Russian and Cuban troops ravage middle America, thereby provoking counterattacks which finally destroy them, it occurred to me that such a self-defeating scenario would never be adopted by the Communists, or anyone intent on destroying us. An enemy would want to capture America intact. Making a clumsy grab that could easily backfire is just not the way to do things. Slowly, imperceptibly, over several generations, you drain off, adulterate, or otherwise destroy, the human element which is most independent. You manipulate the society in such a way as to replace the sons and daughters of the pioneers with timid shopkeepers, mindless mongrels and alienated intellectuals. As always, tribal cohesion and endogamous marriage customs will both define and maintain the ruling ethnic group. So when I stepped from the theater onto the streets of Manhattan, it wasn't Russian paratroops or Communists that worried me. It was the lack of Nordic faces and the rapid social flux that convinced me the invasion had already taken place. The enemy was here. He made the movie I just saw. With subtlety and spectacle he'd guided every thought. Against his occupation there will be no armed revolt. For we lack the words and images we'd need to overthrow him. They all belong to him. He's invented what we think.

111

As a Nordic I feel it is a disservice to my race for you not to point out where we fall short vis-à-vis other races. Those races which have characteristics superior to ours are at least as much a threat as those which are inferior. No one discusses race in an objective manner, surely not the media, nor Instauration. Among friends I am not ashamed to call myself a racist. But I am not a white supremacist. I do not believe an objective case can be made that whites or Nordics are supreme. To me, a racist is one who believes that there are objective qualitative differences among races.

Expatriate in Italy

If you can't talk argle bargle, you might as well forget employment in South Florida.

331

Recently I had the opportunity to visit the Toronto (Canada) public library during what I presume was a typical weekday afternoon. I could not help noticing the high percentage of Orientals and Indians among the youthful patrons. Without exception the Asians were working diligently. In contrast, most of the extremely attractive Majority youngsters seemed preoccupied with various forms of "socializing," lounging about in poses apparently intended to be irresistible to the opposite sex and scurrying about in obviously non-academic pursuits. Only the most incurable optimist could believe that any inherent white genius will eventually compensate for the grim determination shown by the Asians. The only blacks that I encountered were to be found in the entrance vestibule. They were waiting for a bus and had sought shelter from the intermittent rain.

142

A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA (I)

"Nusaybin Hadut Kapisi," read the fresh Turkish exit stamp in my passport. Yards ahead was El Qamishliye, Syria, a remote, sleepy frontier post near the point where Turkey, Syria and Iraq converge. I felt as confident as an Iranian about to enter the U.S. at Sweetgrass, Montana, in the summer of 1980. What was Syria going to be like? I hadn't been able to find a single guidebook to the country in any Zoo City bookstore, settling instead for a few sheets of skimpy info provided by the Syrian UN Consulate. In all my travels I'd met only two people who had been to the country. In Kahta, Turkey, I'd made the acquaintance of an offbeat, crewcut Irishman who had just completed a year of voluntary service in a Palestinian refugee camp in Jordan. He had come up through Syria, and while his trip had gone smoothly, he told me that the Syrian people consider themselves at war with America. This frightened me considerably, but turning back was out of the question. I'd come too far and waited too long for this moment.

Fingers crossed, heart pounding, not knowing a word of Arabic, I proceeded through the open gate to never-never land, towards three uniformed Syrians sitting under a tree, sipping tea. I handed my passport to the nearest one. He examined it for a few seconds, then looked up and said, not too surprised, "American!"

"American, yes," I replied, trying to be friendly. He nodded as if to say, "Well, good for you," and directed me to a small building. I walked inside and up to the counter, behind which a young official was tending to some paperwork. He took my passport and flipped through the pages. Then he looked up.

"American?"

"Yes." He examined the visa carefully (it bore the stamp of the Syrian Embassy in Washington), then walked back to another room, where I heard him discussing the situation with some other officials. In a few minutes he emerged and handed me an entry card. I was in! From then on it was just a matter of filling in one or two forms, a few red-tape border formalities, a mandatory exchange of \$100 into Syrian pounds and a cursory suitcase inspection, which ended with the question, "Do you have a gun?"

"I sure don't."

The man who asked spoke fairly good English. He was very friendly and helpful, and curious about my somewhat flexible itinerary. I told him I wanted to spend the night in Deir-ez-Zor and continue on to Aleppo the following day. Since there were a few taxis parked nearby, I asked him if he would be so kind as to write a message in Arabic so that I could hand it to one of the drivers, indicating that I wished to be taken to where I could find a bus to Deir-ez-Zor. He said it would be easier if he accompanied me. So we piled into a cab -- a '55 or '56 Pontiac -- and drove into downtown El Qamishliye. As we raced through the side streets, I instinctively knew there'd be nothing to worry about trav-

eling around Syria. I was feeling good.

El Qamishliye was somehow different from the Turkish border towns -- more squalid, congested and animated. After five weeks in Turkey, I was glad to be in a country I was certain would have fewer tourists. There was no mistaking the fact that it was indeed a different country: Arabic script everywhere, Arabic dress everywhere, ancient American cars everywhere!

No scheduled bus was leaving for Deir-ez-Zor for several hours, but a local jitney would depart for El Haseke, a major town nearly halfway to my destination, as soon as enough passengers filled it. This didn't take long. Soon we were zooming through the northeastern Syrian desert on a narrow tarmac road. My friend from the border station had told the driver I was an American and I was given the best seat up front and offered cigarettes, grapes and nuts during the entire trip. Sitting in front afforded the best view of the small, nameless, sunbaked villages and of the peasant women in their bright, dazzling dresses walking along the road. Although the Arab music blaring from the tape deck at full volume was all my ears could stand, it added a large dose of local color to our dilapidated little bus with the imitation marble paneling, the carpeted dashboard decked with plumes and plastic feathers, the windshield moulding plastered with small stickers of veiled woman, along with sayings from the Koran (I presume) and family photographs. Glancing over at our mad-dog driver, his black-checked kafiyyeh flying in the wind, I wouldn't have changed places with any traveler anywhere.

El Haseke, where I traded my jitney for a bus, was full of fierce-looking women dressed in the most vivid colors with strings of golden coins dangling across their foreheads. They sat in the sand patiently, minding their sacks and goats and crying babies. I was dying to reach for my camera, but I knew I'd only be asking for trouble in these parts by attempting to photograph the fair sex. Instead, I wandered over to the food stalls for a sandwich, watching in helpless disgust as the vendor crumbled a couple of hardboiled eggs into a flat blotter of bread with his dirty fingers. I was too hungry to turn it down.

Why was I going to Deir-ez-Zor? No special reason, aside from the tantalizing name and remote location. The city is a major desert crossroads. The road to the west goes to Aleppo, which was my destination; the road to the east follows the Euphrates for 80 miles or so before reaching Iraq, a country nearly impossible to visit at the present time. Every Syrian I spoke to expressed solidarity with his Arab cousins in Iraq, but they also told me that their government's support of Iran in the Gulf War was primarily due to a personal feud between their president, Assad, and Hussein, the president of Iraq. The general population of both countries, I was told, couldn't care less about the enmity of their leaders.

I pulled into Deir-ez-Zor at half-past five and went into the bus station to inquire about a ticket to Aleppo. I had a bit of communication problem at the ticket window (my Arabic vocabulary now consisted of "water," "hotel" and "thank you"), though I was armed with an Arabic-English dictionary. I think the message was that I could come back at eight in the morning and buy a ticket. Since the bus station was on the outskirts of the town, I took a cab. By golly, we drove right over the Euphrates River, that magical stream where I had been taught as a schoolboy that history began.

"Fondok," I told the driver -- hotel. I was looking up the word for inexpensive, but before I could find it he deposited me in front of the Al-Arabi, a cozy, second-story hostel on a dusty, colorful side street where donkey carts creaked along and men smoked hookah pipes and played backgammon. After signing the register, I took advantage of the remaining daylight to wander through the wonderfully weird streets of this provincial outpost.

Intriguing as it was, Deir-ez-Zor was not the kind of place I'd prefer to hang around. There was a travel agency of sorts beneath the Al-Arabi where I managed to buy a ticket for the 6:15 A.M. express to Aleppo. Next morning, I was riding on the relatively luxurious government-owned bus line, whose coaches are the equivalent of our Greyhounds. Besides the standard amenities, an attendant periodically came down the aisle with a water jug and a tray of hard candies.

In Aleppo I took the advice of a cabbie and got a room at the Venicia Hotel, near the landmark Bab el-Faraj clock-tower. The hotel printed a cute little brochure which contained an inadequately detailed map of the city. I took one and headed for the covered souk (market), supposed to be one of the best in the Mideast. I had my mind set on a wrought brass tray or an engraved dagger, but soon discovered that where tourists are few and far between, you're not likely to find any exotic souvenirs.



Aleppo street scene

Soon I was hopelessly lost in a maze of dark alleys. While floundering about, I heard a voice ask, "Excuse me, are you lost?" I turned around and faced a neatly dressed Arab who appeared to be in his mid-twenties.

Before I had a chance to answer, he asked a second question.

"Do you mind if I talk to you?"

"O.K. Why don't you help me find my way out of here and we'll go have tea or coffee or something."

Sami turned out to be a goldmine of information. He had recently returned from a year of medical study in Connecticut, where he had lived with an American family, and was about to serve his mandatory two-year stint in the Syrian military. We sat at a café across from the ancient Arab Citadel, Aleppo's most famous landmark, drinking tea and chatting for hours about every conceivable topic. Much of our conversation was in hushed tones, for as Sami informed me, there were quite a few plainclothes secret police lurking around. Talking against the government could get you into big trouble. He explained that what he was confiding in me he wouldn't dare discuss with anyone except his family and closest friends. Assad, he said, was an opportunistic, bloody tyrant who enjoyed very little popular support. I asked him if what I had read about Hama was really true, that Assad's men had massacred 10,000 of the Islamic Brotherhood there.

"Of course, it's true. It was much more. The government will crush anyone who tries to change things."

Some of Sami's sentiments I would hear over and over in Syria. One that quite surprised me was the widespread contempt for Saudi Arabians: the poor ones because of their backwardness, the rich ones because of the way they flaunted their money. Another surprise was the positive feelings toward America. Most Arabs realize that Americans aren't really bad people, that they've merely been duped about events in the Middle East by the Jewish-oriented media and -- how they love that term! -- the "Jewish lobby."

"We are at war with Israel," Sami reminded me more than once, but neither he nor any other Syrian I spoke to seemed to be fired by any sort of virulent Kahane-like hatred. Rather they expressed concern over Israel's territorial designs, as well as a seething resentment of the ongoing repression of Arabs living inside and outside the borders of the Zionist state.

A tour bus pulled up near the entrance to the Citadel, and well-dressed men and women began filing out. "Iranians," Sami said. "You'll see many of them in Damascus. Nobody in Syria likes them. Assad hates Hussein so therefore he tells us we must support Iran in the war. But this is not how we feel. We like the people of Iraq because they are Arabs like us. Nobody likes Iran, but they won't tell you that."

It was great talking with Sami and watching the world go by on the streets of Aleppo. Sometimes you'd see a silky-haired, smartly dressed young lady in high heels walk briskly past a waddling old creature draped under black sheets. Syria was like that -- a dramatic mix of ancient and modern.

"What about the Russians?" I asked.

"We don't like them, we don't hate them. But we must buy weapons from them so that Israel does not become stronger than us."

Sami had some afternoon business to attend to, but offered to stop by later in the evening with some friends. When he left, I crossed the street and climbed to the top of



Ourouba Mosque, Aleppo

the Citadel for a splendid view of both the old and new sections of Aleppo. I paid a visit to the interesting archaeology and folk art museum, mailed a few postcards (with stamps commemorating the Olympic Games in Los Angeles), and stumbled upon a newsstand selling the *International Herald-Tribune*. Whose face adorned the cover? None other than Geraldine Ferraro's! What a place to learn about our first woman vice-presidential candidate!

That evening Sami came by with Yussuf and Hosam, both well-mannered, educated young men who spoke English. Yussuf was a practicing physician, having graduated from a medical school in Michigan.

We sat in a large, crowded outdoor café. Waiters rushed about us, and the air was noisy with conversation. I ordered a tall, label-less bottle of Syrian brew, which wasn't bad. We had a lively conversation that continued as we wandered around town. I couldn't get over how modern and Western-oriented everything seemed.

We passed a music shop stocked with all the latest Japanese stereo equipment. There was a large display of tape cassettes in the window. Most were in Arabic, but some featured Western rock groups. I wanted to pick up a few tapes, more for the Arabic script written all over them than for any expected auditory pleasure.

"You like Arab music?" Yussuf asked.

"Not really," I replied. In the store I purchased a recording of the 1972 Baalbeck (Lebanon) Festival and another with a picture of a beautiful Arab woman with flowers in

her hair named *كاهن سوزنجا*. I would have preferred the primitive village music I had heard on the bus from El Qamishliye, but I had no idea what to ask for.

"You must like American country music," Sami said to me as we left the store. I nodded.

"So do I," he said, rattling off a list of his favorite singers and tunes. "I don't know why so many people in America laughed when I told them I liked this music. It is very rich." I agreed. His word, "rich," intrigued me.

"Look. Jewish people. I know some of them." Sami nodded toward a mixed group clowning around a silver 1957 Chevrolet. Only when I looked at them carefully could I tell they were Jews. Sami had told me earlier that Aleppo had a small Jewish community. When I asked him why they didn't pack up and leave for Israel, he asserted they had no desire to become third-class citizens in that country.

I did a double take when we passed an American-style ice cream parlor. Every time we turned a corner after that I was prepared to see the dreaded Golden Arches.

We parted company at the clock tower. The following day I met Sami for tea on the terrace of the Baron Hotel, which he told me quartered the French administrators in the days when Syria was a mandate. It reeked of colonial atmosphere. There were several uniformed UN soldiers drinking beer on the terrace, most of them Austrians.

"Why didn't you stay here?" he asked me. "This is a very famous hotel."

"It must be expensive."

"No, it's not expensive. Why don't you go inside and ask?" I did, and couldn't believe it when the clerk told me there was a room on the third floor without bath for only \$10. Not bad for a fondok whose guestbook is graced with such names as Lawrence of Arabia, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Lindbergh, Kemal Ataturk, Cardinal Spellman and Yuri Gargarin, among others. I made a reservation and moved in the next morning.

Two days later I was enroute to Hama. I wanted to see the famous water wheels and visit a city where some horrible things had happened very recently. The literature I had received from the Syrian Consulate stated that the water wheels were 2,000 years old. Sami told me they were more like 150 years old. They were in plain sight from the bus station, where I arrived in the afternoon. But first I had to find a room. A few blocks away I found two hotels, the Cairo and the Riyadh. It was an old habit of mine to pass up the first hotel and check out the second. This time, I said to myself, let's be different; just for the fun of it, let's try the Cairo.

The man behind the desk didn't speak a word of English, but signalled me to wait while he made a telephone call. He spoke at length in Arabic, then handed me the receiver. The voice at the other end identified himself as the man's brother-in-law. He announced that there were no singles left, only one large room with six beds, one of which was occupied by an Englishman. This sounded interesting, so I told him I'd stay. He explained he had to come down later to work the night shift and was looking forward to meeting me.

I had an early dinner at a restaurant where whole chick-

ens were revolving on spits in the front window. I ordered half a chicken served on a bed of rice and a plate of pickled vegetables. After finishing my meal, I wandered over to the water wheels. They did look ancient, though it was hard to believe they had been turning for two millennia. They



Ancient water wheels, Hama

filled the air with a dreamy, creaking sound. I bought a bag of pistachios and sat on the low stone wall by the groaning wheels, surveying the scene. It was a setting that people like George Will would never want to see because it would undermine his fervent need to believe that Syrians are nothing but programmed, Jew-hating robots. Nevertheless, there was a dark side to all this. A river of blood had raged through this city recently. I wanted to learn more about the massacre of the Islamic Brotherhood.

I returned to my room after dark. The Englishman was there, now joined by two Arabs who were also staying the night. The Limey was actually a spaced-out, factory-issue, know-nothing college kid who quickly got on my nerves. Every word he uttered sounded as if he were struggling to stay awake. Trying to make small talk, he asked me my choice for president. Reagan was the lesser of two evils, I told him. He was shocked. He was a Hart booster.

Daoud, the young man I had spoken to on the phone, invited me down to the hotel office for a chat and brought out three cans of Heineken. He had a two-year-old daughter, whose photo he proudly removed from his wallet. He explained that his wife was now expecting another child.

"So, what do you think of the women in our country?" he asked.

"Some are pretty, some aren't, and some you can't even see," I told him.

He laughed. "You know, the Saudis come here for holidays and they think that with all their money they can buy every beautiful woman in town. The Arab men, they are very bad in this way." He went on:

Before I am married, I have taken a trip to Egypt and I stay in a very nice hotel in Cairo. The women who work in the hotel, they want you to give them money for sex because they are so poor. One night I am in my room and the woman knocks on my door. I open and she says, "Anything I can do for you?" [He spoke the woman's part very sensually.] "Yes, maybe you can bring me a bottle of beer." She

comes back with the beer and says, "Anything else I can get for you?" I said, "Yes, I would like some nuts to eat." So she returns to my room with a dish of nuts, saying, "Sure you wouldn't like something else?" [We were both laughing hard at this point.] "Yes, I think I need a pack of cigarettes." Then she puts her arms around me and says, "Don't you really want me?" And I said to her, "No, because I don't love you."

We were discussing religion and politics when I subtly broached the subject of the Islamic Brotherhood. "Oh, it was a terrible time," Daoud said. He walked to the doorway and ran his finger over the jamb. "Look here, bullet holes made by the soldiers when they came in like crazy men and started shooting everywhere." Daoud seemed reluctant to discuss the episode in detail, so I didn't press it. I never did get the real lowdown on the Hama massacre.

There were no buses that made the relatively short run from Hama up through the Ansariye mountains and down to Latakia, a resort town on the Mediterranean coast. You can only get there in bits and pieces by less formal means of transportation. Consequently, I found myself in a Roadmaster station wagon with eight other passengers and two sheep heading toward Masyaf, a fairly large mountain town. The driver wanted to put the sheep on the luggage rack on the roof, but their owner, a tall man in flowing robes, wouldn't hear of it. Instead, he stuffed the discouraged animals between the rear seat and the tailgate. The smell was awful.

At Masyaf, I got a ride on a Datsun pickup that was heading for Baniyas, which was in the right direction. There were two passengers, an evil-looking man who spoke a little English and a nice-looking man who didn't. The English speaker opened a newspaper and tried to translate for me.

"It say 40 million people in America is" -- he searched for the words -- "not rich."

"Poor, you mean."

"Yes, poor!"

I asked him if he believed it. He smiled and shrugged as if to say, Why shouldn't I?

He turned a page. There was a photograph of Reagan and one of Meir Kahane, a few inches apart.

The Arab mind often extrapolates the pernicious trends of American influence in the Middle East into equating the sufferings of the dispossessed Palestinians with the woes of what they conceive to be the oppressed peasantry in the New World, although the conditions are totally dissimilar. This is something many Arabs don't understand, and their expression of solidarity with leftist uprisings thousands of miles away comes across to Americans as implicit Marxism. The Jews love this, of course. They never miss a chance to exaggerate the tenuous links, which their activities created, between the Arabs and the Soviets, the buffoon Gaddafi or some other "terrorist" voicing support for the Sandinistas and the rebels in El Salvador. These shadowy developments naturally disturb Americans while allowing Jews to bolster their fabrication that Arabs are the natural-born allies of the Russians and that Israel stands as the lone bulwark against Soviet designs in the Middle East.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

An honest, insightful social scientist tells us what went wrong but not how to make it right

THE FIASCO OF U.S. SOCIAL POLICY

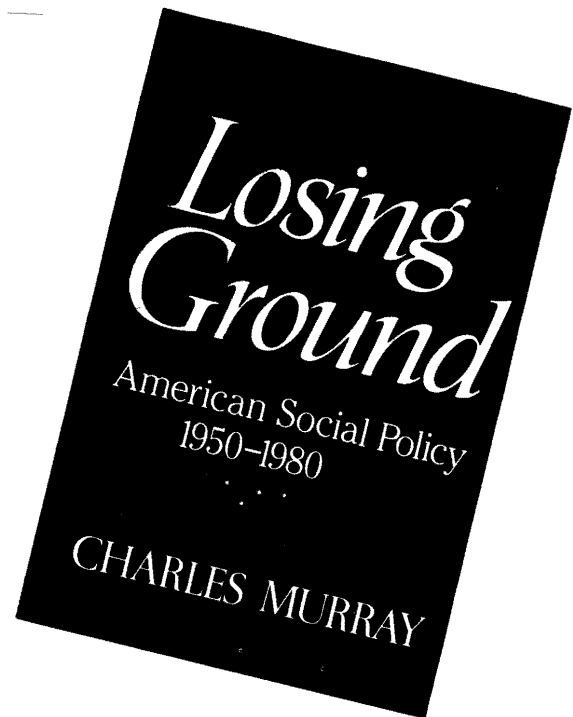
Most of us have always known that the social policies of this country are hopelessly flawed. We may have sensed the reasons, but we have never been able to provide ourselves with completely satisfactory answers as to the cause of the mess. *Losing Ground* by Charles Murray (Basic Books, NY, 1984, \$23.95) throws a pretty powerful beam on some subjects which were little more than shadows in a dark room. Now it's all so much clearer. What a relief to realize that there are still some finely tuned brains out there, people willing and able to fill in the holes in our arguments!

Programs that disprove what their authors set out to prove. Projects that exacerbate the problems they were supposed to solve. Legislation and court rulings that rot the moral fiber of the people who need every last ounce of courage they can muster. Such, says author Charles Murray, has been the net result of welfarism in recent decades, and he documents his case with an avalanche of figures.

Why has the divorce and illegitimacy rate shot up to such a culture-threatening level? Because the government's AFDC program made the splitting up of families and the practice of bastardy more economically rewarding than having legitimate children and a steady husband with a steady job. Murray proves his point with a dollars-and-cents spreadsheet.

Why have our schools become a national disaster? Because federal money brought with it rules and regulations favoring the low-achieving students at the expense of the most promising students. The Department of Education acted as if it believed the dumb could be made as smart or smarter than the bright. Today the few good students in the inner-city schools are shamed by their uneducable classmates into adopting the worst possible learning attitudes. Any Negro pupil who tries for good marks is considered an ersatz honky. Mephistopheles himself could not have devised a more effective means of extinguishing in the classroom the slightest spark of talent, the slightest manifestation of a serious desire for learning.

Federally enforced and federally encouraged leniency and permissiveness in the criminal justice system have taught ghetto children a very dangerous lesson -- crime pays! As it turns out, the lesson has become more dangerous to us than to them. Juveniles can commit serious



felonies with the odds heavily in their favor that they will never get caught and, if caught, will never spend a day in jail. Today the incentive for violent crime has become almost irresistible to the street kid and the youthful gang member.

All this has happened in the last 30 years, and it started happening just when the federal government began to dump huge sums of money into education, welfare and crime prevention. We always knew no nation could buy its way out of crime waves, educational chaos and the moral and mental decline of huge segments of its population. But we never knew until we read *Losing Ground* that the more we applied the cure, the worse became the disease.

As a diagnostician of liberaldom's sickness and what the politicians and bureaucrats have done to increase it to epidemic proportions, Murray is superb. He is a veritable one-man Mayo Clinic of social diseases. In a footnote he even hinted at the existence of racial differences in intelligence. But though he is a marvel at telling us what went wrong, he is only so-so in telling us what to do about it. To put education back on track, he recommends vouchers. Affirmative Action must be replaced by the colorblind policies that went out of style with Lyndon Johnson. Welfare must be returned to the states -- greatly reduced -- and the able-bodied jobless must be forced, if necessary by the threat of starvation, to get off their posteriors and find work.

Nothing much new or startling about these suggestions. Obviously they have some merit, but they have a zero chance of getting through the Senate and House.

Where our genial analyst really goes awry, however, is in his suggestions for ending the evils he has portrayed so vividly. He doesn't seem aware that they are based on false or shifting premises. A colorblind society with equal op-

portunity for all -- and no more special privileges for blacks -- simply means that blacks will always remain at or return to the low end of the performance graph because they are born at the low end of the IQ scale. So all we will be doing if we follow Murray's advice is to go back to square one. All the plans and projects and hopes and dreams of all the liberals, conservatives, monetarists and supply-siders can do nothing about the genetic time bomb that is always ticking in their ideology. The only sensible thing they can do is suit their actions and thoughts to the biological facts -- and this, of course, they will never do. And the "they" include Charles Murray. It would be the same as asking the Christian to give up Jesus, the Communist to give up Marx or Ma Anand Sheela to give up the Bhagwan.

Another weakness of the author, whom we started out cheering with loud praise and are now damning with the faintest of praise: he devotes almost no thought to the economy. Two or three upticks in the unemployment rate, a recession, the giant budget deficit tipping into the gigantic -- any one of these events would send Murray's data banks crashing into irrelevancy.

There is only one way out for the American social order, and that is to get the parasites off our backs before they suck the very marrow out of our bones. This means either the return of the Negro to his previous ground-level niche in the economy or the physical separation of the races by establishing an independent Negro homeland in the U.S. or Africa. Since the chances of any of this happening are very remote, books like *Losing Ground*, though welcomed by those of us interested in learning about the monumental stupidity going on in high places, will be words blowing in the wind. They will give us a brilliant rundown of what

went wrong, but their prognostications will be of little help to us in the coming Time of Troubles. The crucial issues will continue to be bypassed because any effective attempt to deal with them will be "politically impossible," which in the contemporary jargon means meritorious but unrealizable.

We need to know the mistakes of the past, but much more important, we need to know how to avoid them in a future that will not be like the past. This means going into biopolitics, into eugenics, into the mass transfer of population groups, into economic systems that go well beyond antiquated capitalism and socialism -- all the taboo, unmentionable and untouchable subjects of the late 20th century.

The country today is bankrupt. But in modern welfare states bankruptcy is not merely a mass of red figures on a balance sheet; bankruptcy in its contemporary guise is primarily a state of mind. Accordingly, we will be led deeper and deeper into bankruptcy until that fateful moment when the truth of our economic predicament becomes both financially *and* psychologically self-evident. That moment, of course, is bound to come because the bankrupters and the bankrupts will not and cannot change their ways. When it does come, the "politically impossible" will finally become possible. Then and then only, if it is not too late, will we have a last chance to undo the damage, clear away the wreckage and start down a new road swept clean of the old roadblocks. Then and only then, despite the well-intentioned efforts of sociologists like Charles Murray, will we start gaining ground and stop losing what little ground we have left.

LIKE THE ANTS, WE ARE DRUGGED AND DREAMING

*Man of white, don't be blue,
Nature's full of chumps like you*

Any successful living thing -- species, race or individual -- is sure to attract free-loaders. The best biological con artists, in the long run, are those who "know" their own limitations, if only by instinct, and so restrain their deceptions.

Parasitism was an important theme of the fascinating article, "Ways of the Ant" (*National Geographic*, June 1984). Take the shiny, ever-busy black wood ant (*Lasius fuliginosus*) of Europe. As the Bavarian-born ant expert Bert Hölldobler tells us, a number of beetles have broken its chemical communications code, "Ultra-Secret." The nitidulid or highwayman beetle, for example, though it does not look even remotely like an ant, can approach a food-laden "worker" of this species, touch her lip (all worker ants are female), and induce regurgitation of the food. Sometimes the ant belatedly realizes it has been tricked

and attacks the highwayman beetle, but by then the latter has withdrawn, turtlelike, beneath its hard shell.

Black wood ants must worry about muggers as well. The staphylinid beetle of the genus *Pella* will pounce on the back of a lone ant, bite her neck, and drag her off to be eaten by the comrades. Yet if a horde of sober, respectable ants should discover several staphylinids lurking in the ants' debris-filled garbage dump, there is little they can do about it. The entomological "legal system" was rigged against them long ago. As the outraged ants swarm to the attack, the beetles "offer pleasant secretions from glands in the tip of the abdomen that appease the ants, diverting aggression and permitting escape."

It gets worse

Some beetles are such excellent chemical mimics of ants that they live their entire lives inside ant nests. An ant of the European species, *Formica sanguinea*, will feed the short-winged beetle, *Lomechusa strumosa*, even as one of the latter's gigantic larva, immediately adjacent, consumes an

ant larva! Not only does the beetle look nothing like an ant, but its larva is at least 10 times larger than the ant larva. How can it get away with such outrageously obvious "obligate parasitism" (i.e., parasitism that is required for its very survival), when the relationship confers no advantage whatsoever on the ant? By "secreting irresistible scents into dense clusters of bristles on its back," that's how. On the positive side, these beetles "also eat their own larvae, preventing overpopulation of their species and the total elimination of their hosts."

Ants, writes Hölldobler, are "little chemical factories," which is what makes possible their superb social instincts. Pheromones, an array of secretions from specialized glands, serve as their language, making possible perhaps 50 distinct messages in the case of the weaver ant. "Through these pheromones the ants can convey messages ranging from the location of food to the presence of danger. They use pheromones as well to orchestrate social behaviors as diverse as tending the young, grooming the queen, marking their territory, and mating."

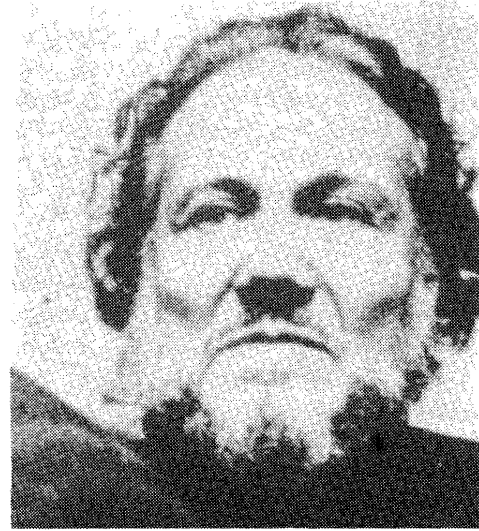
The catch is that ant communication works so smoothly that an outsider organism -- perhaps a beetle, perhaps an ant of the same species but belonging to an alien tribe with different chemical "passwords" -- can sometimes exploit a colony once it has cracked its code.

Ant communications are based upon *pleasant* experiences for the ant. This is basic. Show a worker ant a "good time" and she will unwittingly betray the welfare of her entire colony. In the examples given above, one kind of fakir beetle had a seductive abdominal tip, a second had irresistible back-bristles, and the third literally had "hot lips."

In each case, the end result is fewer ant babies -- though the trial-and-error of millions of years has at least "taught" the tiny alien Casanovas their permanently "marginal" place in ant society. Like so many violin-playing, fortunetelling Gypsies, who, their novelty worn thin, must periodically pull up camp and move on to the next host town, these beetles "know" instinctively that the exotic but superficial "pleasures" which they offer can be tolerated only in small doses by the industrious ant society. That is why they sometimes literally "consume their young" (which, interestingly, is what dozens of feverish minority writers have metaphorically insisted their own parents wanted to do).

In Praise of "Beetles"

To pursue our study in parasitology, we now invite to the podium a prominent Jewish literary critic. Leslie A. Fiedler, once busted for smoking pot *en famille*, was profoundly excited when he first read in the Sixth Satire of Juvenal ("a most *goyish* poet") that, in ancient Rome, "for a few pennies" one could buy any dreams his heart desired "from the Jews." These dubious Jewish goods were especially tempting to women, warned Juvenal. His imagination "fired," Fiedler began "reflecting in wonder on the strange wares that have been in the course of Western history Jewish monopolies, real or presumed: preserved mummy, love philtres, liquid capital, cut diamonds, old clothes -- Hollywood movies . . ."



Leslie Fiedler

What, asked Fiedler, were Freud and so many other Jewish intellectuals at bottom if not masterful dream merchants? Such illusionists are sorely needed by Jewry since "when the Gentile dreams of the Jew in his midst," he dreams of him as "Shylock or Fagin, the Bearded Terror." Since Freud's day, however, the dreams of Western man have been captured by the Jews:

[In] the work of Nathaniel West [1903-40] . . . begins . . . the great take-over by Jewish-American writers of the American imagination . . . of the task of dreaming aloud the dreams of the whole American people. How fitting, then, that West's first book -- published in 1931, at the point when the first truly Jewish decade in the history of our cultural life was beginning -- be called *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* and that it turned out to be, in fact, a fractured and dissolving parable of the very process by which the emancipated Jew enters into the world of Western Culture.

Not for the Jewish Dream Peddler, Fiedler says, is the high road of cultural refinement, or the middle way of mystical contemplation, but rather "in any age . . . the 'Acherontic,' Freudian back entrance: the anal-sexual approach." (Does this mean that the AIDS epidemic will hit Jews, too?)

Freud prefaced his classic work, *The Interpretation of Dreams*: "*Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo*" -- or, as Fiedler interprets this, "If I cannot influence the Gods above, I will set the world below in motion -- set Hell in motion . . ." (And yes, the Jewish literati -- many of them -- love their Leslie Fiedler.)

The Sixties were perhaps the ultimate Jewish Decade (so far). According to Fiedler, "It was left to the sixties . . . to celebrate psychosis; and to attempt, for the first time . . . to make a politics of schizophrenia recognized for what it is: a total and irrevocable protest against Things-as-They-Are in the world called real. And behind this movement, too, there is a Jewish dreamer." He meant the shaggy "beat poet" Allen Ginsberg, that "Pharaoh of Misrule" who wrote of "sanity a trick of agreement." But Ginsberg did not sell our good worker-ants "the chemical stuff of dreams directly" -- i.e., drugs (or mind-altering pornography, like

Ralph Ginzburg's). Content to be "the pusher's pusher," he sold instead the *idea* of drugs, of dope for dopes (with plenty of help from his well-placed fellow beetles -- not to mention the Beatles).

A careful reading of Leslie Fiedler's works on "Jewish dream-pedlary" (the preceding quotes are from a 1967 essay in *Partisan Review*) reveals a profound self-recognition of Jewish *marginality* in human affairs. Yet this same critic can write, with equal confidence, of Jewish *centrality* in the new "human ecology" of Western decadence.

The concepts of "nature" and "the natural" help resolve this seeming paradox. In any natural order, Jews must be marginal men, yet they have skillfully superimposed upon this a highly "artificial" order in which they are indeed essential. A thousand dreams peddled to wishful thinkers, plus a thousand "drugs" (in the broad sense of a lulling agent) have together facilitated this extraordinary conquest-from-within.

With each passing year, it becomes more the case that Western man's only *short-range* options are, first, a further entrenchment of the "artificial" moral-political order, with a small Jewish minority at its manipulative center, and, second, *no order whatsoever*. Perceptive Jews delight in this awesome *collective* creation of theirs, this cosmic blackmail: of layer on layer of artifice across every vital area of our race's life.

It is exactly as if the short-winged beetle, which spends its entire life within a colony of *Formica sanguinea*, had developed the sci-fi-like ability to destroy the colony when threatened with eviction. (A lesson in the price paid for taking *sanguinity* too far?) Since ant and beetle rely entirely on instinct, such a tragicomic dénouement can never arise. But in a rational animal facing analogous circumstances, it must ultimately arise.

The Right to Independence

"Every country gets exactly the kind of Jew it deserves," is one of several obliquely terrifying slogans which certain Jews have used to frighten off people who were toying with the idea of anti-Semitism. (So much for Jewish "free will"!)" "God deals with each nation as it deals with its Jews," is the theological version of the same veiled threat. In *The Gulag Archipelago I*, p. 92, Alexander Solzhenitsyn clearly implies that the two threats are really one and the same.

But what if a happy, flourishing white nation should desire not to have Jews in its midst? Wouldn't "the Jews it deserves" then be *no Jews*?

What can be done? Much should be attempted, though only one novel response will be suggested here. The Jews have little censorial leverage in the nonwhite and Communist worlds -- as the votes against Israel in the United Nations keep proving. White Westerners who have recognized certain disturbing parallels in human and insect social life should begin cultivating the acquaintance of thoughtful and influential individuals in places like India, Japan and Eastern Europe.

India, for example, was only recently dominated by a few thousand aliens and the people there well understand how such things are possible. Some Indians are bright enough to make important contributions to higher mathe-

matics and physics; others are surely capable of doing the same for human sociobiology. They won't have to restrict themselves in print to cryptic hints to prevent the "local ADL" from breathing down their necks. We must be patient with these foreigners as we explain the bizarre trap into which our race and civilization have fallen -- but there is good reason for believing that some of their more agile minds will soon grasp its essence.

The world is not yet the one rigid power bloc of Old Testament dreams. Should a long night of censorship fall across the West, should our people, doped up by a tribe of pleasure-peddling dream merchants, refuse to heed the sober warnings of its seers, all will not be lost. In faraway lands, our forbidden wisdom may yet flourish, even as the science of racial anthropology thrives today, against all odds, in Communist Poland. On friendly distant shores, small colonies of beneficent Westerners might endure as self-conscious minorities -- hopefully, never becoming *de facto* Jews in their long exile.

In any case, so long as the tottering First Amendment holds up in America, we undaunted ants, at least among ourselves, can still call a beetle a beetle.

1985 Political Thesaurus

affirmative action: revenge.

Alamo: portentous Hispanic police action.

American Way: the *true intentions* of the Founding Fathers, determined by Norman Lear.

bigot: a white who works for the interests of his race.

Cinco de Mayo: a national holiday in Mexico and large parts of the United States.

community: 1. a folk memory. 2. a bad neighborhood.

compassion: a tax-collector's self-advertised virtue.

conscience: conformity.

conservative: ostrich.

decency: abasement.

history: began January 30, 1933.

insensitivity: a hypocrite's brief though unforgivable lapse into sincerity.

Judeo-Christian ethics: the ethics which modern Christians are permitted to espouse.

minority civil rights: special privileges conferred by America upon its "victims."

morning newspaper: toilet paper for clearing the mind.

non-violence: the prelude to an attack.

normative: Norman Podhoretz, Norman Mailer, Norman Lear.

Republican Party: the party of money over mind.

segregation: 1. a minority civil right. 2. a criminal practice of whites outlawed in the 1960s.

sensitivity: obedience training.

YUPPIES: Young Upwardlymobile Professional Persons Into Everything Safe.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A HOSTILE STATE

Instauration generally steers away from manifestoes, believing that presumptuous rhetoric about racial salvation is a waste of the reader's time. "The Birth of a Nation," however, reveals an emotional intensity and an honesty of expression that cannot be dismissed as idle political posing. The author, Robert Miles, the guiding light of the Mountain Church (Box 331, Cohoctah, MI 48816), enunciates a doctrine which, though now a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the ideological horizon, may someday represent a consensus of the political attitudes of the Northern European people in America. Sooner or later the United States is going to break up, as all nations which have outlived their nationhood break up. Robert Miles' trumpet call for separation may be ignored or ridiculed today, but it may represent the only way out of the dark tunnel in which we have become completely lost.

When, in the course of events, a political state separates itself from a people originally comprising such state, a hard choice is offered to those of the original people who can no longer follow the course of such political state. History is replete with examples of racial and ethnic nations which have existed, even thrived, within the borders of hostile political states. A political state and a racial nation are not necessarily one and the same, even if being one and the same are ideal conditions.

At this point in time, the white race in America finds itself in a historical crisis. The government of the political state has determined that it shall destroy all racial differences among those who live within its borders. That this is the policy of the government is not news. The trend has been obvious for decades. It is not the racial nation which is seceding from the political state. It is the political state which is seceding from the originally unified state and nation. We have not left America. It has left us!

Consider that we are now becoming a minority in a land which we tore from the vines and tangle of the wilderness. Observe that government laws and favors are now to be bestowed first upon those who only recently came to these shores, or who were slaves and servants when the nation-building was undertaken, or were the very savages against whom our forefathers had to strive in order to forge a civilization out of a nomadic vacuum. Ponder the impact of minority status on your children when you see combinations of hostile peoples, anxious for vengeance and desirous of reducing them to the lowest economic levels, rising to political power. Measure the degree of force which the political state is ever ready to use against our people as compared to that which they quite reluctantly use against foreign forces openly hostile to this country and hypocritically proclaimed by this same political state as being the mortal enemies of our culture and society.

The beginning of peace between peoples lies in the beginning of respect by both toward the other. But as long as we identify ourselves with the political state, we receive only contempt. And as long as we beg like dogs for bones and cringe before the whips of the masters of the political state, we deserve such contempt. If we cannot have respect and peace within such a political state, if our desires to pursue the beliefs and practices of our fathers and our fathers' fathers are to be ignored and disregarded, if we are no longer to have a voice in the affairs of the political state, then the hour has come for us to declare our independence.

When we are challenged that we have the option of expression via the election process, we smile. The ability of any group to be heard in America is dependent upon its economic clout, its ability to intimidate congressmen directly or indirectly, its ability to use force in the streets of cities, or its manipulation of the news and educational media. Without such abilities and privileges, no group has a chance at the election polls. There are no free elections where dominant, special-interest groups control the media, the schools, the churches and the entertainment fields. What a farce is an appeal to voters when those who hold the reins of power pile abuse, distortion, ridicule and hatred upon the heads of those seeking redress. Where is the fairness in such acts? Where can our beliefs be heard and coolly evaluated? Has not "our" present-day democracy become a process to bury us in history?

The media take delight in calling our activists "unemployed," "itinerant workers," or even changing their occupation from insurance executives to "insurance salesmen," as if they were knocking on doors to peddle politics! If we are the modern Neanderthals, then leave us in peace. Let us, our families and our children be free of your materialistic garbage, your cookie-mold laws that compress everyone into a mud-colored nothingness. Let us be considered a separate nation living within the manmade boundaries of a political state. Let us be recognized as a folk with beliefs, values and lifestyles different from those of the "loyal" citizenry. Accept us as an element which is dolefully indigestible.

We know that territorial imperatives ever guide the destinies of groups. Yet we are also aware that groups, historically, have proven that they can exist, maintain and perpetuate their cultures, despite lack of territory or political statehood. Whether such is a desirable condition is not the question. We who are white in skin and white under the skin know that we do not have sufficient numbers at present to occupy and to hold territory. Therefore, we must proceed along the avenues of activity that are available to us.

To continue to mouth phrases about "patriotism" and <

the "Constitution" is to continue to deceive ourselves. All too many Americans would mate with a chimpanzee if federal tax laws gave them a 50% reduction for doing so. The Constitution has been interpreted so many times and in so many ways that even the congenial enemies of self-government have come to love it.

It has been through the manipulation of the Constitution by that new presidium, the U.S. Supreme Court, that discrimination against our people has been advanced. It has been under the guise of "loyalty" that our folk has been neutralized, confused and divided. How can you preach loyalty to a political state out to destroy your race? We cannot even put our books and writings on the shelves of schools. The burning of our books is mild compared to the book removal program which the political state has conducted against our writers.

The hour to separate has come. We must pull away from the corrupt and the unclean in every way possible. We must shake the dust from our shoes and speak only to those who listen. We have had enough of the grandstanding that leads to larger egos but smaller memberships and diminished respect. We must organize a means of existence for our people. Now is the time to begin the building of that structure. Now is the time to produce results from theories. We shall begin the construction of our nation, even as it is enchained within the borders of the political state of our foes.

Is this step illegal? The answer is no. Indian tribes have their own governments. Some rest upon treaties long outdated and confused in terms. Some merely rest upon differences between their culture and the prevailing culture. The Rom, or as they are incorrectly termed, Gypsies, have long existed as a family nation which ignored political states as best it could. We want that which belongs to us and let the devil take the hindmost. *Their* political state is nearing its end. Its hour is already ticking away on history's clock. Let it go its own way. We watch it pulling its canvas to leeward as we sit becalmed behind the doomed armada. It is time to set our own course and set our own sails.

Each of us has a clear-cut duty. In each state and each community, quietly and without publicity, each of us must draw together those who believe as we do and make of each area an invisible island in a visibly hostile sea.

Building the resurrection of our race begins with you. Before any meetings or any gatherings or any pronouncements to press and world, the building of your consciousness of being a part of a separate, a different, a special and a unique nation must begin. It begins with belief and inner discipline. You already have territory. It exists within your home. It lives wherever you and others of our folk gather.

We must pull away from the quagmire in which we find ourselves. We must move on out. It is time for us to understand that we are no longer sovereign citizens of America, whether we like it or not. We are now outlaws beyond the pale, pariahs and heretics in the eyes of the government of the political state. So be it. To us, the political state is a racial heresy, the worst that was ever devised. Let us proclaim the birth of a new nation, *our* nation. Let us prepare once again to build a land in which the temples of our fathers will be honored.

Senseless Wordplay

One of the most striking features of contemporary American journalism and political discourse is the cheapening of communication by depriving words of their specific meanings. Increasingly, pejorative adjectives are coming to be purely emotive utterances on the level of "ugh." Take the words, "cowardly" and "senseless." When the Islamic kamikaze truck driver barreled into the Marine base in Lebanon with his truck of explosives, witnesses said he died with a serene smile upon his face. As an American of Northern European descent, I have no particular fondness for Muslims in general and Levantines in particular. I grieved at the tragic killing of the Marines, whose blood vanished into Lebanese sand like that of the Frankish knights of Outremer. However, as I waited for our "leaders" to react, I asked myself how soon it would be before I heard the predictable epithet, "cowardly," applied to the Islamic warrior.

George Bush (who else?) was the first to condemn "this cowardly act." Cowardly, Mr. Bush? Surely, someone who gives his life for a cause and dies with a smile on his lips is anything but cowardly. Bush, as is his habit, made his statement with his eyes on the all-powerful Zionist machine, which had applauded and practically demanded the dispatch of Marines to Lebanon. To give credit to an enemy in the chivalrous tradition of our ancestors would be unthinkable in these craven times to the likes of our wimpish Vice President. It would also be political suicide, which Bush lacks the courage to commit with or without a smile on his face.

Nowadays, whenever an assassination or terrorist act takes place anywhere in the world, we can anticipate the word, "senseless," to describe it. Sure enough, when Sikh guards shot down Indira Gandhi, Reagan immediately dubbed the assassination "senseless." The murder of Mrs. Gandhi may have been appalling, tragic and criminal, but it was not "senseless." It was an act of calculated revenge for India's and Indira's assault on the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the Sikhs' holy of holies.

In a similar vein, I am weary of hearing right-wingers and Birchers refer to liberal political leaders or proditors as "stupid." If I had \$10,000 for every time I've heard someone denigrate Jimmy the Tooth with that word, I could achieve my goal of retirement and take up the pursuit of demi-vierges on the French Riviera.

"Stupid"? Let's look at the Tooth's resumé: (1) graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy with a major in nuclear physics (this after a skimpy education in a hick high school in the rural South); (2) member of the Sumter County School Board; (3) member of the Georgia State Senate; (4) Governor of Georgia; (5) President of the United States.

Sorry, folks, but that is not the record of a "stupid" man. Some of you may look down on a school board member, state senator or, if any Yankees are reading this, governors of Georgia. If so, let me ask you how many of your friends who are so quick to drop that word "stupid" have ever beaten out any talented group of men or women for any desirable goal? There are hundreds of reasonably well-educated, well-to-do, aggressive, sharp individuals in Sumter County, Georgia, who want to be on the school board or be state senator. There are tens of thousands of such people who want to be governor of Georgia. However, only one person can make it. That Carter was able to elbow aside so many others is testimony to his intelligence. Anyone who climbs so high may be a lot of things, but *ipso facto* he is not "stupid."

Sam Dickson



THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA

(Last of Four Articles)

South Africa cannot hope to survive and rule except by force. She must always develop and depend upon her own white strength, and it is reassuring to know that she is doing just this with her so-called destabilisation of abutting Marxist states. Destabilisation entails the launching of attacks by conventional military forces into these hostile territories, collaboration with anti-Communist guerrillas operating within them, and the use of economic pressure. The idea is to hammer the enemy militarily and economically until he sues for peace, and then be expansive and fold him into the South African economic web to make him comfortable but dependent. The black Marxist states had to be shown how powerful was the country they were dealing with, since there is nothing the blacks, rather like their Russian allies, respect more than brute strength. In fact, Prime Minister Botha pointed out to them that South Africa, in its successful military actions, had employed only a fraction of its real and potential might. They were also made to realise that no foreign power or combination of powers, not even Russia itself or the UN, would be able to stop South Africa from making its incursions or would come to their assistance.

Everybody knows that the South African armed forces have in recent years been operating in Angola against SWAPO to forestall its raids into South-West Africa, have been supporting Dr. Savimbi's UNITA forces who operate against the MPLA and the Cubans and have raided Mozambique and Lesotho for harbouring ANC terrorists. SWAPO, in spite of its supplies of sophisticated Russian weaponry and its Russian military "advisors," has been deprived of its sanctuaries and extensive underground strongpoints deep in Angola and is suing for peace, while the Angolan government itself is showing strong signs of doing the same because it has lost control of most of the country. It has agreed to prevent SWAPO from raiding across its borders into South-West Africa in return for a South African withdrawal from Angola, though how it intends to cope with the remarkable Dr. Savimbi is another matter. (It should be pointed out that in these incursions into

Angola the South African army has twice clashed with the Cubans -- "the superb Cuban troops," the press called them, even before they had seen action -- and on both occasions routed them, as you would expect, so that they have kept their distance ever since, though this is the very opposite of what the people in the West have been told.)

Mozambique's travails have been even worse than Angola's. President Samora Machel has been forced to sign the Accord of Nkomati with P.W. Botha at Komati-poort on the South African border, whereby Mozambique has pledged to cease harbouring African National Congress terrorists in Maputo, which was their main nest. (It might be added that Swaziland has also expelled its ANC residents, probably refugees from Maputo, after a series of pitched black-on-black battles.) Machel has been struggling with the anti-Communist Mozambique National Resistance Movement ("blood-soaked murderers and desperadoes," the liberal press calls them), which has been operating effectively, no doubt with South African support, right up to the outskirts of Maputo itself (or Kaputo, as German seamen call it) and have cut off all electricity from the Cabora Bassa Dam, the biggest hydroelectric project in Africa, which South Africa helped to build and from which she would be happy to derive some benefit. Moreover, Mozambique is starving, with 10,000 reported to have died from hunger in 1983 and with the UN estimating that 750,000 more are in urgent need of relief. On top of that the country was hit by the same cyclone that hit Natal, causing disastrous floods. That really finished her off and made Machel toe South Africa's line. In return for his submission, South Africa will cease supporting the MNR, will improve the port of Maputo and the railway system, recreate the tourist trade, supply food and fill the empty shops with goods, and generally create a condition of capitalist plenty in a place of Marxist dearth -- or in other words, restore Maputo to something like the old Lourenco Marques, with its Continental atmosphere, its sidewalk cafes, its plush and remarkably inexpensive hotels, its busy streets and shops, its casinos and all the glitter and fun so completely lacking in dreary Communist dumps. Yet no doubt the Mozambique Marxists themselves, aside from their personal lust for power, sincerely believed, like so many indoctrinated school-children, that with their rule Mozambique

would be a far better and happier place than it was under Portuguese colonial rule.

Naturally, South Africa has to put its own interests first, but it is not a laudable deed to abandon one's erstwhile allies such as UNITA and the MNR once they have served their purpose, especially when they are engaged in fighting Communist rule. According to Washington insiders, this has been due to American pressure again. Chester Crocker, the assistant secretary of state for Africa, not only abandoned Angola's "pro-Western, anti-Communist" rebels but prevailed on South Africa to do the same, and forced South Africa to "cut a deal with Mozambique at the expense of the MNR freedom fighters." South Africa agreed to these demands, it was reported, in the face of threats that the Reagan administration would not contest anti-South African legislation pending in the Export Administration Act.

Why would South Africa have fought for so many years to prevent SWAPO incursions into South-West Africa if it had been her intention to get rid of the territory anyway? Why should she plan to hold elections in the territory which the numerically superior Ovambo (the SWAPO tribe) are bound to win, thereby giving it a political victory and a whole vast non-Ovambo country to boot? To be sure, a SWAPO in the dense bush of South-West Africa will be much more easily and cheaply dealt with than in the dense bush of distant Angola, but one would hardly give away a virtual province of South Africa just for that consideration. It is costing South Africa a good half-million dollars a year to run the drought-stricken territory (some parts have had no rain for seven years) and this at a time when South Africa itself is going through a prolonged period of considerable financial strain. But the overriding factor is that the government has suddenly decided to agree with its foreign critics that South-West Africa is not a part of South Africa. This was certainly not Dr. Verwoerd's view, but he has been discredited now, as if he had been some kind of outdated crank. Here one can smell American pressure for miles.

Having seen that there is no possibility of any African power or combination of African powers overrunning and conquering South Africa, we have to look now at foreign powers, and here we need only consider the superpowers, America and Russia, both of whom are hostile. Either could of course easily blot South Africa out of

existence with its nuclear missiles, but for reasons that should be obvious, this can be altogether discounted as a possible happening, especially as South Africa is no kind of threat to them and is not so important anyway. Much the same applies to the possibility of an actual invasion; it would be a vast, unpractical undertaking to quell a comparative nonentity. Consider also the American failure to rescue the hostages in Iran, with its helicopters falling out of the sky (due to Affirmative Action assembly workers and mechanics?). The American Navy might still be as magnificent as it once was against Japan, but you do not conquer countries with navies (you shell Druse villages with them), and the American Army is racially mixed (one-third Negro), drug-ridden and with poor morale, and perhaps only capable of putting down any attempt by the Dispossessed Majority of Occupied America to reassert itself. In any case, America has more pressing matters to attend to, and so does Russia. South Africa is not Russia's top priority, by any means, though she will always push in where she finds no resistance, as in Angola. Russia would not attempt a direct attack against South Africa; she would at best make an indirect attack through Africa, after a long build-up and using surrogates, which without massed divisions of hundreds of thousands of Russian troops would be futile. In fact, the whole idea of foreign attack is simply preposterous, and South Africa has little or nothing to fear from it.

Nor should South Africa be afraid of isolation, as P.W. Botha is. On the contrary, in the present degenerate state of the West, we should welcome it. Let us not forget Spain, which deliberately isolated itself from the rest of Europe, disposed of its hostile minorities by means of the Inquisition and then emerged to become the strongest and richest and in many ways the most cultured nation on earth. Nor need we fear a hostile World Opinion. What good did that fear do Rhodesia? What good has the artificial monster ever done any white nation, or ever will? Nothing can appease South Africa's enemies and critics, so why bother to try? Only our obliteration will satisfy the world, including the West in its present stage of madness, so let us please only ourselves. Let us live as we want, and not as others want. How absurd to suppose the abandonment of Apartheid will appease anyone or do other than make life unpleasant and unendurable for the whites, as in America itself. So why abolish it or dilute it? Have we learned nothing from integrated sport, which was expected to open all the doors? Creeping integration achieves nothing except to incite our enemies to renewed efforts to overthrow an obviously faltering government. Although the West concerns itself only with the real or imagined sufferings of the world's teeming discoloured multitudes, which it would be much better off without, the fact remains

that the white race, the only genuinely threatened race, is fast declining, its cities overrun with blacks and Asians and Hispanics, its national barriers against non-white invasion torn down, its birthrate falling like a barometer before a tempest. In fact, there is no need for a genocide program against whites; we have already stopped breeding.

South Africa's most serious problems, more serious than those we have examined, are the exploding nonwhite population (they breed, we feed), which at its present rate will soon make it next to impossible to maintain decent living standards and contain crime. There is water for no more than 65 million people, and it is reckoned that by the turn of the century, if the black population growth rate is not curbed, the entire population of South Africa will die of thirst! Black political leaders, moreover, have stated emphatically that their people will not reduce their birthrate and that the very suggestion is no more than a white plot. So we can perhaps visualise the situation in fewer than twenty years time, when the white race secures the available water supply for its own use. Sterilisation and abortion are urgently called for among nonwhites, and a good start could be made by sterilising all criminals, though so elementary and sensible a measure would bring the whole world down on us as never before.

Of those matters we have examined, the most difficult to understand, and the most dangerous, is South Africa's present subservience to America, as if she believes she cannot hope to win the struggle for survival without America, when the opposite is so obviously true. Aside from blackmail, why does she accept advice or guidance from a country whose own policies have proved consistently disastrous, both internally and externally, from Vietnam to the latest shameful performance in Lebanon. Does she not realise that these disasters are due to America actually not having any real foreign policy of its own; that what was left of it went out of the window with James Forrestal? Has she learned no lesson at all from Iran, where the Shah was persuaded by the Americans to modernise his country, and quickly deserted by them when it proved to be yet another disaster? How in any case can she allow herself to be swayed by a country that has instituted a national holiday in honour of a trouble-making, Soviet-leaning racist such as Martin Luther King, an honour which he now shares with George Washington himself? America insists on True Democracy, but democracy needs racial homogeneity, if not a population of Northeast European descent. And what is so superior about modern democracy, anyway, with the right to vote of the unqualified many? It is what Oswald Spengler called anarchy become a habit. It is lauded in America, a land where the builders have given way to the manipulators,

because it is so easily subverted, unlike dictatorships or rule by an aristocracy, and has proved to be by far the best system for destroying the American people, for destroying them in the name of their own values by extending these values to all racial groups.

South Africa's completely dependable detestation of communism renders her defenceless against cynical American manipulation, and it is extraordinary that she does not learn from history and play one superpower against the other, for she is in a perfect position to do so. She should study the history of Byzantium, the Eastern Roman Empire that survived for a thousand years, much longer than Rome itself, by playing one power against another in good Roman style, *Divide et Impera*, and the judicious use of gold, not to mention Greek Fire and the unailing use of Germanic mercenaries as warriors and the emperors' Varangian Guard. Is it believed that America is ruled by Christians? Is the Christian religion more important than our survival itself, on which it so entirely depends? South Africa has signed a treaty with black Marxist Mozambique, so why not with white Communist Russia? Think how the West would jump out of its pink liberal skin if South Africa were to offer the use of Simon's Town to the Russian Navy! And why should she not? The West refuses to use it and says it has no need of it, though the British sorely regretted the lack of it during the unexpected war in the Falklands so far from home bases, with all those nasty Exocets. Mrs. Thatcher only two days ago admitted the immense strategic importance of South Africa to the West -- the first Western politician ever to do so. The choice is odious but forced. Russian rule offers us nothing but slavery, but is that worse than the degradation and everlasting mongrelisation guaranteed by American rule? As it happens, South African and Russian diplomats are known to be particularly friendly and obliging towards one another, and this is born of mutual respect. Recently, too, for that matter, the Soviet Union defended South Africa at the UN when the envious African states demanded South Africa's expulsion from the Antarctic Treaty. The Russian representatives vigorously rejected the demand while the Western representatives sat dumb.

The future of South Africa? For the reasons already given, and as far as my mind can visualise, white rule in South Africa will last for a long, long time, and there will never be black rule. I also expect, as I did 30 years ago, a form of recolonisation to take place in Black Africa because the inhabitants are incapable of running their lands and are ravaging the surface of our globe. And I hope this recolonisation will be white, though there will have to be a few 180° shifts in our thinking for this to become possible. □



Reckless Rhetoric

Allegations of racism have given liberals and minorities so much political mileage over the years that it's to be expected that some conservatives would climb on the bandwagon. Recently, some of the "pro-lifers" have begun charging that abortion on demand is "racist" because it terminates proportionately twice as many black as white pregnancies.

Thomas Monaghan, the general counsel for the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, contends, "There is obvious discrimination in financing a program the net impact of which is the elimination of a minority." By that reasoning, opponents of a proposal for a 65-mile-per-hour speed limit could call it a minority racist plot if its implementation would kill proportionately twice as many whites as blacks.

Sensible "pro-lifers" should stick to calling abortion "evil" if that is what they think it is, because otherwise every law enacted must be "racist" since it will affect differentially the survival rates of various races.

The reason why blacks more often use abortion for birth control is not that they like it better but that far more of them lack the foresight and self-control to use contraceptives. Banning abortion for blacks would thus be very "racist" indeed toward whites, because it would permit black numbers to overtake white numbers. Apart from illegal abortions, natural selection via starvation would then be the last way to keep the black population reasonably in line, and starvation is certainly an evil. Consequently, basic white (and black) self-interest demands low-IQ black abortions. Let those "pro-lifers" who feel differently suffer the long-term consequences -- but not force others to share their fate.

Jews in Education

Jews comprised 16.3% of the freshmen in 1974 in "highly selected" public universities; 29.2% of the freshmen in "highly selected" private universities. These figures should be raised by one or two percentage points because some students whose parents are Jewish do not list themselves as Jews or are not listed as Jews by college head counters.

In 1971 Jews comprised 19% of the faculties of America's "elite colleges and universities."

About 80% of college-age Jews are enrolled in higher education, compared to 40% of the population at large.

For the immediate future, Jewish enrollment in college and the number of Jewish professors will probably increase because Jews, being the most affluent U.S. popula-

tion group, can more easily afford a higher education than non-Jews, particularly at a time when federal student aid is being cut back. Also, the fact that Jews now comprise a significant segment of the college alumni population means that their offspring will qualify for more and more "legacy" admissions, the quotas reserved for sons and daughters of graduates.

The figures given above were taken from an article by Fred Hargadon, Dean of Admissions, Stanford University, in On One Foot, (April 1975), a Stanford Jewish publication. Whether Dean Hargadon is still at his post and whether On One Foot is still in business is unknown to Instauration at this time.

Jim Crow Crash

Injun Dan and the rest of the TV mafia had no end of fun running and rerunning the film of the Boeing 720 that burst into flames after it had crash landed, despite a fuel additive that was supposed to prevent the jet fuel from misting and exploding on impact.

The CBS oracle neglected to tell his captive viewers an interesting little tale about the 75 life-size dummies on the plane. They had been shipped to NASA in two batches -- first the white batch and then the black. Since the white dummies had arrived first, they were installed in the airliner's seats from front to back. When the black dummies arrived, they were placed in the back seats and moved progressively toward the front.

During a routine check NASA officials saw with amazed perplexity what had happened. It looked as if Jim Crow himself had taken charge of the doomed plane. By the time the pilotless jetliner was airborne, however, all the dummies had been carefully rearranged and scrambled. When they went up in flames, they went up in integrated flames.

Nothing New

Contrary to popular opinion, "break-dancing" and similar manifestations of black culture were common to the New World long before the advent of Michael Jackson. When the Spanish brought African slaves to Mexico and South America, Negroes wasted no time in "talkin' their talk and walkin' their walk."

In Mexico, blacks "taught" music and dancing and directed "Oratorios," which were actually more akin to minstrel shows than to any works of Bach or Handel. In Mexico City, blacks staged "Oratorios" of such emotional intensity that they metamorphized into drunken orgies. Eventually, the Spanish authorities had to ban the bash-

es in civilized areas, though they continued to be performed for the "benefit" of the Indian population.

From the first moment the Indios heard the blacks "lay down that jungle beat" they were so enthralled they believed the early-day breakdancers were divinely inspired. One slave, Lucas Olola, wore an Indian costume, put on an act of being enraptured, fell on the ground as dead, rose frothing at the mouth, and pretended to be seven gods, able to pass through walls. The terrified Indians curried his favor by leaving their women alone with him.

In Peru a Spanish priest noted in 1791, 'a Negro named Galindo, who although unable to read or write, made up verses to sing' and no learned cleric could match him in improvising rhymes. To this day, Andean Indians dress up as black slaves in their elaborate fiestas. Only when so attired (complete with ornamental chains) do the Indios shuffle in their dances. For over 400 years of American history, blacks (in the words of *Soul Train* host Don Cornelius) have had "the groove so smooth, it's got to make you move!"

Black Sweetheart

We have mixed feelings about Ben Hart, the Dartmouth grad who was bitten by a Negro alumni fund director when he was distributing copies of the *Dartmouth Review* on campus. Crowded among its vituperous salvos against queers, feminists, nuclear freezers and racial quotamongers, the *Review* carried an anti-welfare article in the dialect favored by *Instauration's* Willie.

The black chomper, Samuel Smith, 55, was fined, put on probation, suspended from work for a week, and had to buy three false teeth. The *Review* was formally censored by the faculty. Hart, the son of *National Review* pundit and Dartmouth English professor, Jeffrey Hart, was given a tetanus shot.

Young Hart has now written a book, *Poisoned Ivy* (Stein & Day), that tells all about the incident, while lambasting the Dartmouth administration for running a thoughtless liberal think tank instead of an educational institution. But Hart's book has a minor theme designed to prove the author's goodness of heart. The author tells of his affair with April Cooper, his black college sweetheart:

A lot of people thought the reason we were going out was that I was trying to refute charges of racism . . . Absolutely not true. We were actually in love with each other . . .

That explanation does not satisfy Instaurationists. All it explains is the blatant racial renegadism of those contemporary ideologues who have chosen to call themselves conservatives or neo-conservatives.

Horny Herzfeld

Run-of-the-mill believing Christians simply cannot imagine the depths to which their clergy have fallen. From the fundamentalists on the ultraviolet right with their support of racial Zionism -- kill, kill, kill the Palestinians in the name of Christ and Yahweh -- to the High Church bootlickers of black terrorists on the infrared left -- kill, kill, kill white South Africans -- the entire spectrum of Christianity has become muddied over with hypocrisy, Machiavellianism, moral turpitude and Mammon-worship. Boccaccio, Chaucer, Molière and Sinclair Lewis couldn't resist taking a few potshots at the immoral divines of their time. They would have a field day with the likes of Jerry Falwell, William Sloane Coffin Jr., Bishop Tutu and Bishop Herzfeld.

Bishop Herzfeld? He is the new head of the Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches, a left-skewed, integrated congregation that has pulled out of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. Here is how the good bishop regaled his flock at the AELC convention in Chicago last September (as reported in the AELC Forum Letter, Oct. 26, 1984).

Announcing that he was "a bishop for people of color," Herzfeld, the first black head of any Lutheran body, told

the convention how, when he was engaged with some companionable strangers in nude bathing at Esalen and a game of what is rather inelegantly called "grab-ass" got underway, he definitely detected the reluctance of white folks to mix it up with blacks, which goes to show how deeply racism is rooted in our culture. And there were other colorful stories of this sort which elicited appreciative laughter from those who enjoyed seeing whitey's stage being taken over to expose his honky hypocrisies.

Wonder what Jesus would have to say about Bishop Herzfeld and his co-religionists? In Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, the Grand Inquisitor tells the returning Jesus to get lost, that the Church is in good hands and that the presence of God's Son at this late date would simply be a disruptive influence on Christianity. If Jesus should ever happen to drop in on Bishop Herzfeld, he would probably be invited to attend a touchy-feely session in a San Francisco bathhouse.

To warp up our argument against the Herzfelds and other members of the degenerate club of holy fakes, we hasten to report that Father Ian Robson, a 31-year-old priest in the Church of England, died in London a few months ago -- of AIDS!

Platform Smashers

Who is president of the College Democrats, which claims 350-500 chapters on

campuses nationwide? Stephen Girsky. Who is president of the College Republicans, which claims chapters on 1,100 campuses? Jack Abramoff. "On Jewish issues and specifically Israel issues, both platforms [of the two college groups] are extremely supportive of Israel," writes *Israel Today* (Oct. 29, 1984). The College Republicans' platform called for the retention of the iron Zionist grip on the West Bank, the recognition of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, and the transplantation of the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. More bellicose pro-Israel than their Democratic counterparts, the College Republicans scorned the platform of their national leaders in these matters and paid no mind at all to the Middle Eastern policy of their President.

A Star Is Born

The nation is now being enlightened by a fireball of high culture known as Whoopi Goldberg, who puts on a one-woman, non-musical traveling minstrel show that has been given rave notices by such culture enrichers as Dustin Hoffman, Bette Midler and Mike Nichols, the last-named being Whoopi's producer.

The *Village Voice* has called the black bombshell "one of the great actors of her generation." The *New York Times* wrote, "Miss Goldberg is a warm, almost childlike performer with a sweet clown's face, an elastic body, a sensitive social conscience and a joyous stage name." The *Times* critic then went on to compliment her for being able to "instantly transfer herself from a jiving, feral black male drug addict to a whiter-than-white 12-year-old Los Angeles Valley Girl."



Whoopi Goldberg

One of Whoopi's skits that went over particularly well with the New York audience involves a Harlem mugger who gives up his evil ways after a visit to the Anne Frank Museum in Amsterdam. Another Goldberg vignette concerns a young Jamaican woman who inherits a \$62 million fortune from an 85-year-old white lecher who expires on her backside in the

midst of some hard-breathing dorsal sex.

Whoopi, a Zoo City native who developed her routines on the West Coast, says it's "nobody's business what her real name is. There's a name from [my family's] past that is Goldberg. How much a part, I am not going to say."

Fertile Desert

Over the years the media's anti-Nazi smearcaust has convinced most Americans that the Third Reich was a cultural desert. Only now are curious minds penetrating the fog of hate propaganda and discovering the wealth of artistic endeavor, particularly musical performances, that took place in Germany in the taboo years of 1933-45. William Morris, the music critic of the *Buffalo News*, devoted an entire article to the subject (July 6, 1984). A few excerpts:

Here is an album *Wagner on Record 1926-1942* (Seraphim IG-6130) that will show you . . . the golden age of Wagnerian performance. Anyone interested in classical music and Western culture should own this album . . .

I have heard records made in Germany during the war and there are wonderful things on them . . .

Another gem from this era [is] Mozart's *Magic Flute* conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham . . . (Seraphim IC-6129) . . . It sounds almost like modern recording, though it was done in Berlin in 1937. There is nothing like this going on today.

Honor the Killer, Forget the Killed

When a sniper shot down one athlete and wounded another outside the University of Oregon football stadium last year, there were the usual split-second TV abstracts and a garbled page 6 paragraph in the press. The viewer or reader was able to glean next to nothing about the killer or his victims.

A memorial service -- not for the murdered athlete, but for the murderer -- held recently in Eugene, Oregon, finally filled in some of the missing details. The sniper, who committed suicide after the murder, was Michael E. Feher, 19. That some cocaine had been found in his possession was considered an extenuating circumstance by the 20 members of his fraternity and by Rabbi Richard Rosenthal, who presided over the ceremony. It wasn't the fault of Feher; it was the fault of the drug. "We need to remember him as a person who shared his love," intoned the rabbi.

There was, of course, no wire service report of any ceremony for the man who shared Feher's love by dying from his bullets. In fact, most people, including those of us at *Instauration*, were never able to learn his name.