



One Law for Us, Another for Them

The road to justice in this country has acquired one more legal roadblock -- the "cultural defense," which lawyers are using to exculpate their criminal clients on the grounds that the crimes they committed in this country are not crimes in their country of origin. A year ago, Fumiko Kimura, Japanese born, drowned her two children, a four-year-old and a six-month-old, in the Pacific off a California beach, and tried to drown herself. Surfers saved her as she was about to go under for the last time. She explained she was practicing the ancient Japanese rite of "shinju" (parent-child suicide) because of her husband's infidelity.

In Fukimo's case, the cultural defense, staged by a shyster named Gerald Klausner, worked perfectly. Instead of getting death or life imprisonment, she was allowed to plead guilty to voluntary manslaughter, which carries a maximum sentence of 13 years. If a Majority woman had pulled off a double infanticide, not having the cultural ploy to resort to, she would have received a much stiffer sentence. One more instance of antiwhite discrimination creeping into Anglo-Saxon common law.

Some other recent examples of the cultural defense are almost beyond belief. In Fresno (CA) a Hmong tribesman from Vietnam drew a jail sentence of only 40 days for rape. He had charged off to Los Angeles with a Hmongess he had decided to marry against her and her family's wishes.

In Los Angeles an immigrant from Thailand sprayed bullets on four Laotians after one of them had put his bare feet on a table and exposed his calloused soles to a Thai singing on a nightclub stage. One Laotian was killed, another injured. The criminal is expected to get a relatively light sentence because the bare foot gesture is supposed to be highly insulting to certain Asians.

Casualties of Circumcision

The *National Enquirer*, not the most reliable source of news, claims that circumcision is killing 200 babies a year and berates the "enormous suffering" the barbaric custom causes infants and the windfall it brings to doctors and hospitals (more than \$100 million a year).

The *New York Times*, a slightly more reliable paper (but only slightly), reports two Atlanta babies were horribly mutilated by a new circumcision method when an electric cauterizing needle overheated. The

penis of one baby was burned so badly it had to be removed and a sex-change operation performed so the infant could be raised as a female. The second child was so badly burned, a medical malpractice suit against Drs. Velkoff, Epstein, Block, Mayer and Joffe charges, that he "has been rendered permanently unable to lead a normal life as a male."

Some 1.5 million circumcisions are performed each year in this country, though the practice is quite uncommon in Europe. Aside from the U.S., it is most common in the Middle East, where foreskin-snipping is a religious rite for Moslems and Jews.

Wrong Gold Embargo

When Congress banned the sale of Krugerrands and Reagan signed the bill into law, the U.S. gave a financial shot in the arm to the other principal source of the world's gold -- the USSR. It was a doleful replay of the embargo on Rhodesian chrome. South Africans, white and black, are being hit in the pocketbook for the benefit of the Russians, all in the name of human rights, but in reality for reasons of hardcore American ethnic politics and the long-lasting media preference for Russian criminal acts over what are perceived to be South African criminal acts.

As *Chronicles of Culture* (Nov. 1985) flatly states: "The history of gold mining in Russia -- a record of the greatest abuses of human rights ever perpetrated -- has seldom been told." With the discovery in 1928 of the Kolyma gold fields in Siberia, "Soviet authorities made gold mining the purpose of the most horrible system of death camps in all human history."

Solzhenitsyn has recounted some of the horrors perpetrated in the Soviet gold fields. Western governments and the Western media have known the sordid details since the mid-40s, but chose to concentrate on German atrocity tales and the Holocaust.

When they first came to power, the Bolsheviks disdained gold and refused to allow it to play any role in their printing press monetary system. In fact, Lenin once said that, come the revolution, gold bricks would be used to tile the bathrooms of the proletariat. But even Communists eventually have to face facts. In 1921 the Soviet government, lamentably short on foreign exchange, resumed gold mining on a grand scale. Western companies eagerly participated, and the old czarist mines were soon back in production. Once the gold was being turned out in record quantities, the Reds, as is their custom, confiscated all the

mining equipment and assets and threw out the Western managers and engineers. In 1928, when new deposits were discovered in Siberia, the Soviets decided to kill two birds with one stone. They transported their political enemies, which included a sizable part of the Soviet population, to the frozen north to work themselves to death digging out the gold, often with their bare hands. The slave laborer was generally able to produce 1.5 to 2 kilos of gold before he expired in two years, the average life expectancy of the prisoners after their arrival. The work schedule for the miners was 16 hours a day, 7 days a week. Of the 10,000-12,000 Polish prisoners of war sent to Kolyma in 1940, only 171 came back; of the 3,000 sent to the neighboring mine of Chukotkav, not one survived. If anyone tried to escape, wolfhounds easily hunted them down in the barren Arctic tundra, where winter temperatures could fall to -60°C.

By banning Krugerrands, the gold for which is mined by South African whites and blacks who, unlike their Russian counterparts, are protected by unions, safety regulations and the highest pay scales in Africa, Reagan and Congress have swung a lot of business to the Russian gold producers, the organizers of extermination camps that out-Auschwitzed Auschwitz.

The Naturist Push in Russia

How goes the nature-nurture war in the USSR? Loren Graham, professor of history at MIT, writes in the *Washington Post* that the nurturists are still winning, though the naturists are beginning to put on a pretty good show. Since Marxism decrees that social conditions, not genes, determine how men and women act, genetic interpretations of human conduct were officially banned in the Soviet Union from the mid-30s to the early 70s. But this didn't stop some Russians from asking embarrassing questions. If Marx was right, and it's the social set-up that must be held responsible for man's fate, why is the Soviet Union plagued with increasing crime, alcoholism and other annoying deviations? How can such sins not only occur but multiply in the dialectical perfection of a Marxist state?

The possibility that genes may have something to do with this distressing situation has been raised by Soviet liberals who dislike the regime for its Stalinist residues and by Russian nationalists who fault it for its lukewarm Great Russianism. Both groups, which make unlikely allies, also oppose the Communist leadership because it still pays lip service to Marxist fundamentalism.

The Soviet rediscovery of genes has already produced one biologist, A.A. Neifakh, who wants to breed superior individ-

uals by genetic engineering. He and his followers are strongly condemned by a nurturist lobby headed by Elena Chernenko, the daughter of the late ephemeral Party chairman, Konstantin Chernenko.

Because of its pipeline to the Kremlin, the anti-heredity crowd is still in command of the battlefield. But the gaps in its defenses are slowly widening. One Soviet geneticist, V.P. Efroimson, a late 20th-century Soviet version of Francis Galton, wants to initiate under the name of "pedagogic genetics" a study of the heredity of the gifted. Concurrently he is busy at work on a "World History of Genius." Another Russian, Lev Gumilev, the son of two famous Slavic poets, Nikolai Gumilev and Anna Akhmatova, has written a three-volume history of ethnic conflicts. Bitterly denouncing racial intermarriage, Gumilev reminds his underground readers -- far too controversial and anti-Marxist for the Soviet censors, his work circulates as a samizdat document -- that the greatest moments in Mother Russia's past came about when native Russians defeated and threw out invaders of another race. Other up-and-coming Soviet hereditarians have taken to E.O. Wilson's *Sociobiology*, while a few have even whispered praise for William Shockley. Unofficially banned in the U.S., Shockley's views are under an official ban in the USSR.

Professor Graham believes the nurturist group will keep "naturist interpretations of human behavior" under fairly tight wraps for the foreseeable future, though they "will continue to have irresistible appeal to 'liberal' anti-Stalinist intellectuals and to right-wing racists . . . Thus, by limiting the debate, the regime solidifies the ranks of its diverse critics."

Death Wish

"Homosexuals in theater! My God, I can't wait until AIDS gets all of them!" So exclaimed theater critic John Simon as he exited the New York opening of *The Loves of Anatol* last spring. He said it so loudly that he presumably meant to be overheard.

Those were not his exact words, Simon maintained later. "Even when I'm angry I sound more elegant." Besides, he couldn't have been completely serious since he once championed Harvey Fierstein's gaypic *Torch Song Trilogy*.

The Loves of Anatol, however, was the last straw, coming as it did the day after Simon witnessed the queer "abortion" called *The Octette Bridge Club*. In his *New York* magazine column, Simon said the latter play exhibited "a typically homosexual, misogynist point of view," and was "manifestly destined to become a perennial favorite in gay bars, there to be performed by all-male casts. As my readers know, I have nothing against honest work by homosexu-

als, but *this* is faggot nonsense." Then, seeing Arthur Schnitzler's *Anatol*, "a serious comedy which tells us something about men and women, butchered, turned into a farce, a cruel stupid joke . . . I was truly outraged."

Destroying Elites

Choosing Elites (Basic Books, NY, 1985) by Robert Klitgaard, a veteran of the sleazy college admissions business, recounts how an important part of higher education has been turned into a sort of racist con game. Education, it appears, is no longer the principal industry of university administrators. The game now is to see how many nonwhites can be herded into colleges without lowering academic standards to the zero point.

Klitgaard brazenly admits that the underlying consideration of all admissions officers, especially in the highly selective (Ivy League) colleges, is race -- a rather interesting confession in that Klitgaard's country fought a war to end racism only a few decades ago. To prove his point, he shows that blacks have a 53% better chance than whites to get into Williams, 51% to Bucknell, 46% to Colgate. Instead of being biased against blacks, SAT tests, Klitgaard admits ruefully, actually overpredict black achievement in college. Nevertheless, the author, in a servile and self-protective bow to the academic *Zeitgeist*, comes out strongly for racial discrimination in college entrance procedures and winds up his argument by saying that the only question remaining about affirmative action in education is not "whether" but "how much."



Robert Klitgaard --
specialist in racial discrimination

In the course of loading colleges with less qualified nonwhites, admissions officers have deprived uncounted tens of thousands of more qualified whites from attending America's highest-ranking universities. How many more tens of thousands of whites have been prevented from attending any college at all because of the massive diversion of scholarship funds and other financial help from whites to nonwhites will never be known.

The Russians, it might be added, also have an affirmative action program in regard to college admissions. But Soviet mi-

norities are not black. They are either white or Mongoloid, which means, as racial IQ scores have indicated, that substituting a Ukrainian or a Tatar for a Russian is not the same educational sacrifice as substituting a black for a white in U.S. colleges.

In one chapter, Klitgaard refers approvingly to an equalitarian egghead named John Rawls who has been touting a philosophy of "fairness" and who has the chutzpah to propose that effort, especially academic effort, should not be rewarded. Why? Because to reward effort is to reward privilege, the idea being that the greatest scholastic achievements are made by genetically favored students and therefore to reward them with higher grades -- and ultimately better jobs -- is to be unfair to the students who have dumber genes. In other words, reward the worst and penalize the best in order to keep the latter down to the level of the former. The logical extension of Rawls's proposal would be to lobotomize anyone with an IQ over 100.

On Passing as a Jew

The review of Tom Hyman's third novel, *Riches and Honor*, in *Book World* (Aug. 4), raises some interesting questions. The book, it is explained, "features an audacious and eerie imposture."

In 1945, as American forces are conquering Germany, an SS guard at Dachau murders a Jewish patient and assumes his identity. The pseudo-Jew emigrates to the United States, marries a Jewish woman, accumulates an industrial fortune, and funnels money to the right places. As the contemporary action begins, William Grunwald (his stolen name) has been nominated as U.S. ambassador to Israel. Before he can be confirmed, he is kidnapped . . .

Hyman's strengths include character portrayal and motivation, and to his initial gimmick of Nazi-turned-Jew he brings not only understanding but compassion: Grunwald gets clear credit for having become a very good Jew manqué. *Riches and Honor* is that rare bird, a thriller with a heart.

The questions begin. Given that many Jews have passed as Gentiles, and entered our innermost ethnic sancta, has any Gentile ever successfully done the reverse? Is it theoretically possible to do so, or are there certain impassable trip-wires, whose existence would cause any well-informed Jew to get a good bellylaugh from this book?

How can the reviewer call Grunwald "a very good Jew manqué" when "manqué" is defined as "failed" or "frustrated in the fulfillment of one's aspirations"? Isn't nomination as America's Jewish ambassador to Israel proof of success?

If author Tom Hyman provides an honest answer to these questions, it might be worth some Instaurationist's while to pay Viking Press \$17.95 for *Riches and Honor*.



Where Are the WASP Males?

The following names appeared in the masthead of the new "neoconservative" quarterly *The National Interest*: Irving Kristol, publisher and co-editor; Owen Harries, co-editor; Jeane Kirkpatrick, Martin Feldstein, Midge Decter, Charles Krauthammer, Edward Luttwak, Henry Kissinger -- on the Board of Advisers. The first issue featured articles by Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense, whose heart belongs to Israel, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy the Tooth's National Security Adviser. Harries, by the way, is an Australian who once was the gray eminence of ex-Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser.

Seeing Yellow

A favorite theme sounded by Geraldine Ferraro during her 1984 bid for the vice presidency was that of the ethnic "outsider" whom she allegedly represented. At the Democratic National Convention she noted how the number of convention delegates and alternates of Asian ancestry had jumped from three in 1980 to 103 just four years later. "Isn't it wonderful?" she gushed at her party's "Asian-Pacific" racial caucus.

Norman Y. Mineta, a Methodist Japanese American who represents San Jose in Congress, stood by Ferraro's side and said that "a barrier has been broken" with her selection "and soon we will have a flood of others. Those who are Asian, who are black, who are Hispanic will pour through that breach."



Rep. Norman Mineta

Mineta's language was reminiscent of Lothrop Stoddard's in his 1920 classic, *The Rising Tide of Color*. There, some of the chapters have titles like "The Ebbing Tide

of White," "The Outer Dikes" and "The Inner Dikes." On page 268, Stoddard writes, "Only the barrier of the white man's veto prevented a perfect deluge of colored men into white lands, and, even as it is, the desperate seekers after a fuller life have crept and crawled through every crevice in that barrier."

Won't the Minetas at least credit Stoddard for his finger-in-the-dike prophecy? Not a chance!

The phoniness of the Ferraros is nowhere more pronounced than in the way they describe Asians as former "outsiders," cleverly implying that a leap from three Asian representatives to 103 in the space of four years is basically a morality play of "excluded Americans" being given a chance, not a race-destroying tide of foreigners bursting in by the millions.

Our Working Class Is a Looted Shell

America was once a land filled with farmers, clerks, tailors and mechanics who were good-looking, very sharp and of sterling character. Many folks with eighth-grade educations and less were wise, witty and winsome. Ah, America, you were once a land with a bright future.

But, in each generation, the better people were encouraged to climb the ladder of success ("the American way"), leaving the pools of incompetence behind a bit larger and darker. As the pools spread, the ladder-climbing became more frenzied and desperate. ("I'm not *like* those people. I have to get out!") This race-denying social process continues all around us today.

As recently as 1978, a Gallup Poll showed that only 36% of the American people considered a college education "very important" in life. Seven years later, the figure was 64%. It's not that we have suddenly acquired a thirst for knowledge: only 14% of the 1985 sample gave knowledge as the most important advantage of college. The change is explained by the drastic deterioration in the quality of those Americans with only a high-school diploma. America's working classes have become something to get away from!

The new reality is suggested by income levels. In 1950, men between the ages of 25 and 34 with college degrees had incomes only 13% higher on average than those with high-school degrees. By 1969, the differential had risen to 28%. During the 1970s it dropped to 21% because of the glut of "baby boomers" taking nearly useless degrees in the humanities. But today the differential stands at a record 39%.

Employers everywhere are insisting on college degrees, not because they envision

the bearers having any special wisdom or character, but because they need to screen out the riff-raff. That wasn't a problem in 1950.

Today, the high-school student with anything much on the ball is an increasing rarity who is strongly encouraged to go to college and join the ranks of low-fertility, low-vitality pencil-pushers. Central Europe, on the other hand, has not yet caught the American "higher education" bug, and remains filled with young people who build their own houses, read the classics and listen to good music -- without benefit of college. Much of Central Europe still has a sound working class and thus -- with more babies -- a brighter future.

The Termites Are Coming

Jesus "Chuy" Higuera, a member of Arizona's House of Representatives, recently asked his legislative body to approve the following resolution:

That the President, Attorney General and Congress of the United States give their most earnest support and consideration to prompt enactment of legislation which would prohibit persons who do not speak a native language indigenous to the region, or who are not descendants of persons living in the area prior to the purchase, from residing in the territory acquired under the Gadsden Purchase Act of 1853.

The Gadsden Purchase, finalized in 1854, paid Mexico \$10 million for approximately 29,640 square miles of what is now mostly southern Arizona -- territory that had remained in dispute after the Mexican War. If Higuera's proposal had passed (it didn't), for all intents and purposes the Gadsden Purchase would have been theoretically abrogated, since only Hispanics would be permitted to live in the area and all whites would have had to decamp.

To those who think Higuera's resolution was a joke, let them be warned that it is part and parcel of a slow-building Hispanic campaign to recapture the American Southwest. The first termite who eats the first cubic inch of a wooden house does little damage. But it is a sign of massive damage to come.

AIDS Notes

The deplorable, disgusting, degenerative debilitation of the British Empire, whose glory ended in an inglorious sunset under the leadership of one of history's phoniest phonies, Amerbritindian Winston Churchill, was postscripted by the recent death of the son of Sir Winston's assistant undertaker, Anthony Eden. The 54-year-old Lord Avon, as he was styled, blind in one eye

and racked by meningoencephalitis, expired in a London hospital last summer. In his earlier years he had distinguished himself as the owner of a London eatery where he sat at guests' tables attired in his chef's costume and rattled off off-color jokes. For a spell he actually did a little work -- paper-shuffling in Maggie Thatcher's private office. One aristocratic gossipmonger provided a brief but suitable obit: "He was a charming man, but no one knew his friends or what he did out of office hours."

A lot of people did know what he was up to. But they protected his reputation, even after his loathsome ruttiness had given him AIDS, the true cause of his demise.

* * *

When police arrested a drunk driver in Stockholm, Sweden, a few months ago, he produced along with his driver's license a certificate from a hospital certifying that he had AIDS. He then threatened to bite anyone who came near him. Since police, doctors and nurses refused to take a blood sample from him to check his alcohol content, the Swedish authorities had no alternative but to let him go.

* * *

Louie Welch, a curmudgeonly old political fossil, was trailing his trendy liberal rival, incumbent Kathy Whitmire, 20 to 30 points in opinion polls a couple of weeks before the Houston mayoral election. Then, inadvertently on an open microphone previous to a TV interview, he was heard to say that one way to control AIDS was to "shoot the queers." The media had apoplexy. Instead of the expected Whitmire landslide, however, she only beat Welch, who received a majority of the white vote, by nine points. If it hadn't been for the bloc balloting of blacks and Hispanics, Welch would now be Houston's mayor.

Going to the Source

It isn't much fun being the child of a Huntington's chorea victim and not knowing if and when you too will lose control of your mind and body. But now Harvard University has developed a genetic probe which allows the disease to be detected at any stage in life. Decisions about child-bearing (and possible genetic transmission) can now be made at age 25 by those who will be struck down at 35 or 45. Today, fewer than a dozen diseases can be diagnosed with genetic probes, but experts believe that someday perhaps 2,000 to 3,000 diseases or genetic predispositions to disease will be tracked by the new technology.

Once the structure of genes is understood, defective ones can be either repaired or replaced through gene transplantation or

new gene synthesis. That is the aim of research centers like the new Institute of Human Genetics at the University of Minnesota, which recently received \$785,000 in funding from the state legislature for its first two years. Anthony Faras, acting director of the institute, says that only those genes *not* involved in reproduction will be repaired or replaced initially, so that improvements will be confined to the individual patient. This cautious approach means redoing difficult work each generation, during a time of impending budget cuts and social dislocations.

Ultimately, humanity's tremendous and growing dysgenic load must be countered through the repair of reproductive cell lines, a point which Faras readily concedes. Just now, however, he feels we aren't knowledgeable enough for the task.

The Moonies' Farrakhan Fixation

The press keeps denouncing all the attention given to Louis Farrakhan -- and the press keeps giving him more. The biggest offender, if the word is apt, has been Rev. Sun Myung Moon's *Washington Times*, which is trying, probably vainly, to tap the capital's enormous black market.

Ever since Tom Metzger, the West Coast Majority activist and onetime Democratic congressional primary winner, was seen with friends at the Farrakhan rally in Los Angeles last September, the *Moonie Times* has been running one front-page story after another on the beauties and horrors of Farrakhanism. Some of this material was recycled into the November 11 issue of *Insight*, the new weekly public affairs magazine affiliated with the Moon empire (and "delivered free to qualified requesters"). More than a third of the issue was devoted to Farrakhan, with special emphasis on his ties to racialists and radicals of every stripe -- from Metzger to the black El-Rukn gang of Chicago to Indian leader Russell Means to Libyan strongman Muammar Gaddafi.

Such ties are nothing new for the Nation of Islam. At its annual Chicago convention on February 25, 1962, American Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell, an invited speaker, told 5,000 listeners, "I am proud to stand here before black men." As early as 1972, the late Black Muslim leader Elijah Muhammad was given a \$3 million "loan" from Gaddafi -- larger, allowing for inflation, than the celebrated \$5 million "loan" from the same source which Farrakhan received somewhat ungratefully (calling it "chump change") last winter.

Other facts which emerged from the relentless Moonie digging:

- Louis Eugene Wolcott (Farrakhan's real name) was born in the Bronx in 1933, but grew up in the Roxbury section of Bos-

ton when it was still largely Jewish. The Jews were "in open rebellion" against the black newcomers, and racial tension was constant. Today, Farrakhan says that Jews are the group most afraid of him "because they have an idea of what's rolling around in the back of my brain."

They knew me before I was born. Some of those Jews, they know me like a man knows his own son. I don't have any evil in my heart, but I know if I'm allowed to continue to do what God . . . has put in my heart, we'll have the most awesome war machine that the Earth has ever seen.

- When Elijah Muhammad died in 1975, after 42 years of leading the Muslims, many assumed that Farrakhan, the radical leader of the Harlem mosque, would succeed him. Instead, Elijah picked his own son, Wallace Muhammad, who promptly ended the organization's racism and isolation from mainstream Islam. Wallace presided over the decline of the group's membership from 500,000 in the early 1970s to 100,000 today. Farrakhan, after initially denying there was any discord in the movement, absconded with the racist hard core in 1977.

- Some blacks feel Farrakhan is partly responsible for the death of Malcolm X. After visiting Mecca in 1964, Malcolm began urging his followers to love people of all races and religions. In the December 1964 edition of *Muhammad Speaks*, Louis X (as Farrakhan was then known) wrote: "The die is set, and Malcolm shall not escape, especially after such evil, foolish talk about [Elijah Muhammad] . . . Such a man is worthy of death . . ." Two months later, Malcolm was gunned down while orating in a Harlem ballroom.

Clearly, the Moon publications have a Farrakhan fixation. But weren't these the folks who only recently sang the praises of "America, the great multiracial melting-pot" -- to the point of staging mass interracial weddings? Now, however, the Moonies' financial angel -- presumably, the South Korean government -- is heaping publicity on America's racial separatists.

Insight didn't have to twice give its readers the Nation of Islam's address. Or tell them that "nearly \$2,500 worth of videotape . . . cassette recordings [and] books" may be ordered from 734 W. 17th St., Chicago, IL. Or feature prominently a fanciful map dividing America along racial lines. But it did all those things -- while pretending to decry such visions of the future.

So where does the *Washington Times* and the American conservatism it supposedly represents stand on Farrakhan? Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave thinks he has found a circulation booster. So he is playing Farrakhan for all he is worth, without regard to the havoc being done to the Moonie party line.



Cholly Bilderberger



FROM THE MAILBAG:

Dear Cholly,

I notice that a lot of letters have appeared in the Safety Valve criticizing Zip 205's July letter outlining her reasons for not having children. Most of the responses claim she is selfish, and doing the wrong thing. The responders are nearly all men, as far as I can see, and have the usual basic argument: if women have hope, they will have children; if women don't have hope, there's something wrong with them. I wonder if these men really read Zip 205 carefully. She is saying that female hope must follow male hope; it can't precede it, or stand alone. Her position is really that of the so-called old-fashioned woman, and should delight the traditionalist male. He is to lead and she is to follow. She won't have children because the message he is now sending is that he doesn't want children with a racial future. He wants to be a wimp, knuckle under to minority oppression, and let his children and their descendants be ultimately lost in a dark North American race. She respects this decision as final; there is no contradictory message. But respect for him as the decision-maker does not mean that she must obey him. If the white man tells the white woman she must have children who will live in, and be lost in, a dark world, she may refuse out of a sense of personal honor without challenging his primacy as the decision-maker. (The Viking king orders his princess daughter to marry a man she cannot abide. She throws herself from the cliff and dies. She had been true to herself, but has not denied her father's right to authority.) In the case of Zip 205, by refusing to have children, she is committing a sort of symbolic suicide.

Male readers of *Instauration* who write to the Safety Valve don't seem to appreciate that insofar as women are concerned, it will take more than words to reverse the overall male decision to cooperate in the creation of a dark world. Exhortations to go to a sperm bank are ludicrously simplistic. (A mother cannot be totally interested in the mental and physical protection of her child. Of equal importance to her is the world in which that child and its descendants will live. Unless gifted children via sperm banks could be produced in such numbers as to guarantee their control of the world -- which is impossible at this time -- they and their descendants would be at the mercy of the world as it is.) None of them seems to understand that he is asking women to do something that he himself will not or can not do: that is, something active. For the woman, having a child in these times is equal to a man's taking up arms. If he can't or won't do that against his (and her) oppressors, he is really telling her in the deepest and most primitive way that she should be barren. When he then

consciously and verbally urges her to have children, she realizes that he is just a little boy all confused and frightened in the dark, and that she must know what he really means, and act accordingly.

Zip 223's November letter is the funniest example of this. He admits the situation is hopeless, and advises stoic acceptance of the end, and in the same breath castigates Zip 205 because she won't have children under such circumstances!

Because you, Cholly, have always been so scathing about male wimpishness, I am writing you to ask if you think I am right on this.

Childless and Proud of It

Dear Childless,

Of course you are right. I can only add that as a man, I, too, am confused. Not so much so as to ask Zip 205 and you to have large families, but in wondering how things came to such a pass. Since you seem to have read my columns, you may recall that I find American men uniformly wimpish, myself included, because we all live under minority oppression and show no signs of revolt. (A modern Diogenes would look in vain for an American male who is not a capon.) At the same time, I hope you understand that even if a small band of non-wimps existed, it would not be possible, given the odds, for them to take up arms against their oppressors, as you put it, and succeed. They would be wiped out in the shortest order.

The contemporary wimp has a good excuse, then, but he is still a wimp. And one has to wonder whether he'd spring to arms even if he could succeed.

He can claim that the present situation isn't his fault, but the result of past generations who set the stage. Even if we agree, we have to wonder what the past generations would have to say about that, if they were available for comment. They would probably blame their ancestors, and the chain would chase itself all the way back to the beginning of time.

My own guess is that Western man has gotten into this mess because he is up against a problem which is beyond his powers to solve. He knows, however dimly, that he is betraying himself and his race, but he is helpless to reverse the betrayal. So he has wimped out. And not recently; he's been a wimp in this country since the Civil War. And when anyone reminds him that he's a wimp, as Zip 205 did, he reacts predictably, throwing up a smoke screen and trying to hide himself from appraising eyes.

Whether consciously or not, Zip 205 has come up with an implied reversal of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*: women will withdraw from child-bearing until men make war.



Dear Cholly,

I noticed that when all those members of The Order came to trial out west, quite a few of them turned state's evidence. How could so many go against their own kind in what was supposed to be a tight little revolutionary group?

Flabbergasted by Informers

Dear Flabbergasted,

There may be many reasons — cowardice and self-preservation obviously come to mind — but I think there is also the revelation of the enormous legitimacy of the Establishment position. When a member of The Order is jailed in a controlled environment, he may see for the first time how incomprehensible he and his actions are to people who are his exact social and racial peers: the deputies, turnkeys, interviewers, and so on, whom he sees over a period of months. He may then realize, also for the first time, that he and his group never had a chance, that the white American mind is closed at all levels to racial survival. So he may become extremely depressed, so much so that he is open to any suggestion, and willing to sign and say anything.

By Establishment legitimacy, I mean that not only does the Establishment believe in the infallibility of its racial (or counter-racial) doctrines, but that the great mass does, too. Impetuous revolutionaries in any period of history always come up against a far more imposing force than they anticipate.

Even so, I do agree that the number of turncoats does seem large.



Dear Cholly,

You are always so pessimistic, and think you're so amusing. As an antidote, I was delighted to see, in the October issue, an article by Robert Throckmorton which was intelligently optimistic. He gave hard reasons why the situation is getting better all the time. I wonder if any of this sank in on you, and whether you dare have any reaction except apology for your attitude, and agreement with his.

Vindicated

Dear Vindicated,

With due humility, I can only say that I have respect for Throckmorton's position but that I must reluctantly — and, I hope, politely — disagree.

He starts by seeing the chief portent of change for the better in "the explosion in biotechnology and computers." We have been told incessantly since the start of the industrial revolution almost two hundred years ago that mechanical advances were going to solve our problems. Instead, in that period we have become wholly deracinated, and have no control over anything important to us. He says things will be wonderful because someday "we would intervene directly in evolution." I read minorities and liberal whites for "we," as in the administration and application of all such inventions to date. If the past, especially the immediate past, is any indication, genetic intervention would be extremely bad news for whites.

He says Jews are now out of the closet, and can be criticized for "the first time, however hesitantly." True, but

the criticism has been so mild compared to the gains, that they are tremendous winners on balance, and should continue to be.

He says Holocaust exposure is gaining. As "Exhausted by Thinking" wrote me (see December issue), Holocaust exposure may well be a trap as well as a dead end. And the Mermelstein case may be a fatal rock on which all future exposure will break up. Professor Brackley feels Holocaustianity is just starting, and on the record to date he is bang on.

However, even though I disagree with Throckmorton, I don't want to leave you with the impression that I am a mindless doomsayer. It is just that I have criteria for optimism which may not be yours, or his.

I feel that we are in this mess because of a wrong turn taken a long time ago, and that we cannot clean up this mess until we go back, so to speak, and take the right turn. Most "optimists" look to the future (especially to the technological advances promised therein) for salvation. If you must know my view, I consider this a false and childish sort of optimism which, unfortunately, suits the American temperament no matter which side of the argument that temperament is on.

True optimism looks to the past to find the reason for the present and the possibility for the future. For well over a hundred years (and much longer, according to Eliot and our other seers), we have had the wrong priorities: materialism and technological "advancement." Self, family and race have been pathetic also-rans. In order to progress in a real rather than an illusory sense, we would, individually and as a people, have to recognize our mistake, with the accompanying consumption of huge helpings of crow, and start off again on the right track. Or as right as is ever possible.

To me, those who insist on pushing into the future carrying the burden of the mistakes of the past are hopelessly encumbered, and can only increase the present mess.

As you can see, my notion of getting back on track starts with seeing the silliness and hubris which has created the modern Western world and rejecting it utterly and forever. Behind their false modesty, Americans are quite arrogant, and would have to beat this out of themselves and come to a suitable humility before they could do anything else. To paraphrase Lenin, the road to white ascendancy lies through white modesty.

Whenever a good American hears that materialism and technology might have to be given up as priorities if he wishes control of self and country, he immediately shows his real concern and asks if that means "we wouldn't have all the things we have now, because if that's what it means, count me out." The answer is that no one knows how much of what makes life comfortable would be retained. The point is that such retention is not what should be the first concern. Incidentally, despite all advertising claims to the contrary, Americans probably lived better, in terms of being free of television, noise and other irritations, while still having a decent standard of living, fifty years ago than we do today. We are retrogressing even in our materialism.

The good American is also suspicious of anything which demands a return to the past for illumination. In this he

forgets that the framers of the Declaration of Independence, the basis of the American Revolution, did not think they were setting up a new kind of state, but that they were returning to the rights enjoyed in England centuries before their elimination by Norman invaders. America was founded on a return to the past to correct an error.

I think it unlikely that contemporary Americans will go back in order to go forward sensibly; but nothing is impossible. In the meantime, I shall not be taken in by those who tell us we have a bright future, and I urge you — however

vainly — not to, either.

It is true that it would take a miracle (an instinctive rather than an intellectual decision) to effect real change, and this may seem impossible to the modern American mind. But the American/Western mess is the result of a miracle, albeit a “bad” one (the perversion of an entire race to an addiction to “things”), and the only solution to the mess is a “good” miracle. Realistic optimism lies solely in understanding that such a miracle, while not a probability, is a possibility. No more, no less.

What's Wrong With This Picture?



Those who want a more trendy doll with a little more razz-ma-tazz can order the new Baby Jesus Doll from Heavenly Dolls Inc., Littleton (CO), for \$31.50. It's available in Anglo, black and Hispanic models and has a "Glo-in-the-Dark Halo."

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

The second part of a review of Jonathan Guinness's The House of Mitford.

Now we come to the Mitford children, six of whom have become known as "The Mitford Girls," a designation which rather suggests the Andrews Sisters than the complex reality. Nancy, the eldest child, has attracted the most attention, on account of her novels, in which she often drew on her family experience. The key to her character appears to be that she was spoilt as a child, because her father's elder sister, Frances Keasey, insisted that she must never hear an angry word. Not surprisingly, she became a bullying tease when the others arrived on the scene. In adult life, she was a rather stately lady with a sharp tongue and few real friends.

A spell at a boarding school would have done Nancy a lot of good, but both David and Sydney (Lord and Lady Redesdale) were against boarding schools for girls. In fact, it was Sydney who took over most of the children's education singlehanded, as David hardly ever read a book. As the daughter of a master mariner, she saw to it that the children learnt to identify the constellations, trees and flowers -- the names of which far fewer children know nowadays. Unity, who was sent to boarding school for a time, also learnt to love Blake, Keats and Shelley.

When she grew up, Nancy became involved with the pansy literary set, becoming especially fond of the degenerate Brian Howard, described by Martin Green in his *Children of the Sun* as being largely responsible for the collapse of the British Empire. But of course it was not intellectuals with Communist sympathies who brought that about, so much as people like ourselves who felt slightly sick at the thought of ostracising them. Well, a merciful Providence has now sent us AIDS to bring the problem into perspective.

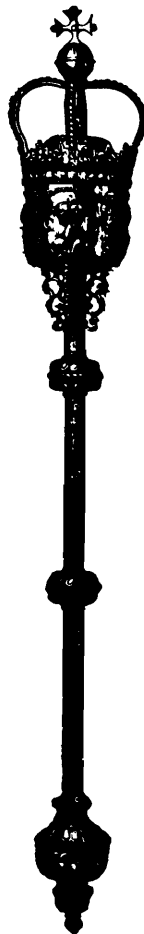
Nancy was not all that stable, and an unhappy love affair (disapproved of by both her parents) with Lord Rosslyn's younger son, Hamish, ended with her putting her head in a gas oven, though she decided not to go through with it at the last minute (p. 301). When Nancy did get married it was to Peter Rodd, one of the biggest bores in the Sceptred Isle.

In 1940, Nancy denounced her sister Diana to Lord Gladwyn as "an extremely dangerous person" (p. 460), a fact which Diana later concealed from Mosley, who would have resented it deeply. Yet it was Diana who helped Nancy by translating a great deal of German for her excellent book on Frederick the Great, and was endlessly kind to her when she developed cancer.

Nancy spent the war in London, attracting fashionable customers to the bookshop where she worked and acting as an air raid warden at night. It was there that she met Gaston Palewski, a well-known poseur in the entourage of General de Gaulle, who was to become the Duke Fabrice de Suaveterre of her *Pursuit of Love*. Towards him she behaved "like the heroine of a penny novelette," in fact like Linda in the same novel, who was "filled with a strange, wild, unfamiliar happiness, and knew that this was love" (p. 473). In *The Blessing*, Nancy has another idealised portrait of the egregious Palewski, who appears as Count Charles Edouard de Valhubert (tall and good-looking this time, instead of short, stocky and very dark, like Fabrice). Like Palewski (and Peter Rodd), this beau ideal is by no means faithful, and Nancy affects an air of sophistication toward the situation. Jonathan comments dryly: "Frenchmen, then, always chase skirts, and their women are far too poised to mind" (p. 518). He also compares her passion for Gaullism with Unity's for Nazism. He sees them both turning towards power in a typically feminine way, "with a plant-like inevitability, as a flower turns towards the sun." The same might be said of Decca's attitude towards Communism. So many of the menfolk in their class had been selectively killed off during 1914 and 1915, when the British had only volunteers at the front, and the remainder had been to some extent demoralised in the self-indulgent post-war period. Hence the attraction of virile movements from abroad.

Nancy's passion for all things French led to her sister Debo dubbing her "the French lady writer" or "the old French lady," though Nancy, to do her justice, could sometimes see the absurdity of her enthusiasm, being too much of a clever mimic not to. It was her quick ear which led her to write about "U" (upper class) and "Non-U" expressions. Though her revelations in this connexion have been much deplored, in my view they did some good, because they showed that class is not a mere matter of money (not in the same generation, anyway), and so made many of our upstart meritocrats feel uncomfortable. She detected changes in pronunciation, too, as when her nephew Alexander Mosley once said, "We call *them* the Shah." "What, like the Shah of Persia?" she asked. "No, like a Shah of rain" (p. 524). In the end, however, Nancy will probably be best remembered for her descriptions of court life before the French Revolution.

Pam, the second Mitford sister, was a quieter and nicer person. Being born after Nancy, she bore the brunt of her teasing and bullying, and lameness resulting from polio cannot have made her life any easier. A family friend



remembers her saying, not in a mood of self-pity, but rather as an interesting fact: "Nobody talks to me. I go for walks by myself; the other day I was so lucky, I found a penny" (p. 243). Like Nancy, she was unable to have children, but this deprivation made her kinder to them, not more distant. She married the mercurial, brilliant Derek Jackson, and remained on good terms with him till her death, long after their divorce. Most of her life has been spent in the country, and John Betjeman, a family friend, describes her as "gentle Pamela, most rural of them all."

Before the war, Pamela was sent to the Oktoberfest in Munich. Hitler noticed her "eyes of startling blue" and asked if she were Unity's sister, subsequently inviting them both to lunch. There was no discussion of politics, though he was rather concerned when he heard that she had motored alone from the Carpathians, saying it wasn't safe for a young girl to do that on the Continent. "The encounter was entirely pleasant, entirely friendly, entirely ordinary." Pam found him "like an old farmer in his khaki suit" (p. 346). Can this be the Hitler we have all learnt to hate, with the hectoring voice and you-should-half-seen-those-eyes? Or can it be that Pamela, with her mother's directness of perception, saw an aspect of him that the international press had somehow missed? Altogether, it is hard to find fault with Pamela.

Her brother Tom seems to have gone through an incipiently homosexual phase at Eton (which now appears to have much less homosexuality than it had after the first world war), but he very soon developed heterosexual tendencies. He was an omnivorous reader and an outstanding amateur pianist, studying both music and German in Vienna. Among his lady loves was the beautiful Viennese actress Tilly Losch, who is photographed again and again in Cecil Beaton's *My Royal Past*, a spoof on Countess Marie Larisch's *My Past*.

As a lawyer, Tom had a number of Jewish clients, but was not afraid to join Mosley's movement. At the great Earl's Court peace meeting of 16 July, 1939, he turned up with Tilly Losch and his sister Debo, and gave the Fascist salute. Two journalists who saw him reported this, and objected to his being an officer in the Territorial Army. The Colonel rejected their complaint, and even the *Evening Standard* argued that he still had his rights as a citizen. Earlier, in July 1939, Tom went to a ball at Blenheim Palace, where Churchill said to him: "Chamberlain says war produces nothing But look at all this!" And he "waved his hand to indicate the magnificent house and furniture earned through war by his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough" (p. 484). The catch of course was that men like Tom Mitford were going to have to die in Churchill's war.

Mosley told his followers that it was their duty to fight, even if they believed the war was mistaken. When some of them were interned, strange incidents took place. For example, an RAF pilot, returning from a dangerous mission over Germany, was arrested and sent to the concentration camp on the Isle of Man. Tom was not interned, joined the Rifle Brigade, and fought in North Africa and Italy for a cause in which he did not believe. Nor did this experience change his opinions. Once, on leave, he dined with Churchill after visiting his parents in gaol. Mosley was suffering

from phlebitis and in critical condition. A doctor's report which indicated that Mosley might indeed die, coupled with the fear of making him a martyr, decided Churchill to release Sir Oswald and Lady Diana, despite anger on the Left.

On 27 August, 1944, when Tom was back in England for a staff college course, his friend Lees-Milne met him in the street and they discussed politics: "Tom said that if he was a German he would be a Nazi; all the best Germans were; he added . . . that he was an imperialist" (p. 485). Jonathan hastily genuflects, telling us that "had he lived to know of the Holocaust, he would certainly have been horrified, though perhaps, like Diana, he might think that it would not have happened if Britain and France had not gone to war with Hitler."

Tom could have been sent to Germany, where there was now little danger, but he volunteered for Burma because "he did not want to risk being ordered to ill-treat German civilians during the occupation that was clearly coming" (p. 486). He was killed in combat with the Japanese in early April 1945.

(To be continued)

Ponderable Quotes

The threat of theft from offices, especially in the D.C. area, is so rampant that all employees should be on notice of this fact and should also be aware that claims for the loss of personal items and money, even if from a locked desk, will be denied. Locked desks are so routinely broken into that they do not constitute a reasonable security measure Even a locked file cabinet may not be enough. Employees should endeavor to lock up money in a safe or convert it to travelers checks as quickly as possible, or simply not obtain it from the imprest [petty cash] fund if it is not going to be given to the responsible employee immediately.

From a U.S. Department of Commerce letter to employees on the subject, "Theft of cash"

[American neo-Nazis are] motorcycle bums wearing swastikas They're non-achievers and bigmouths who have trouble getting girls. If Hitler was alive, he'd put them all in concentration camps. [They are] fakers who haven't the slightest idea what National Socialism really is.

John Toland, Pulitzer Prizewinning author, who is married to a Japanese

[T]he fused ideology of physicalism and antifederalism, usually called democracy (no two people have exactly the same concept of democracy), has taken over in the western world to such an extent that even the slightest implied criticism (as in these lines) is usually rejected with complete intolerance.

Ernst Mayr,
The Growth of Biological Thought

Some weeks ago, *60 Minutes* put on a lavish puff job for the Gurkhas, the little brown mercenaries from the Himalayas, who have been fighting and dying for Britain for nearly a century. The soldierly qualities of the Gurkhas were praised to the skies by Morley Safer, while British officers chimed in with encomiums that made them out to be the kind of men that Leonidas would have liked to have had with him at Thermopylae. Indeed, Morley gave the impression that if the Gurkhas had been there instead of the Spartans, the Persians would have been stopped cold.

The puffery, however, was poorly timed. Shortly before Morley's panegyric was aired, the Second Battalion of King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles was ordered to stand to attention in Uxbridge, England, as six of the soldiers were charged with smuggling some £110,000 worth of hashish and heroin into the country they are sworn to defend.

* * *

Dr. Ruth Westheimer, a short, squat, underly attractive Jewess, appears nightly five times a week on one of the highest-rated cable shows. *Good Sex* (Satcom 3R, Transponder 17, 10:00 P.M. EST) consists largely of a lot of dirty language camouflaged as sex education. How this creature managed to acquire this vast love life which made her such an expert in sexual matters is a great mystery. It is difficult to imagine her being pursued by even one ardent wooer.

Dr. Ruth's latest angle is a deluxe 17-day "sex tour" of India at the bargain price of \$3,499 per person. Visits to the "ancient sexual sites" of the subcontinent are promised, including the Temple of Love (wherever that is). Another stop will be Mathura, the birthplace of Krishna, the Hindu divinity who "really knew how to fool around with the ladies," as a Westheimer tour promoter described him.

There is an English Dr. Ruth show called *Agony*, in which a female character, Jane Lucas (actually Maureen Lipman, another Chosenite), dishes out torrents of smutty advice to a weird crew of transvestites, pot-smokers, porn film producers and the hostess's own nagging mother. The "genius" who thought up this triumph of bad taste was not a Brit, but an American named Len Richmond, "born and raised in Hollywood," according to his "bio" (as they call the press release that is handed out to his show-biz admirers). Instead of inspissating a kind of fake morality like "Dear Abby," the *Agony* guruess mentally disrobes down to her bare libido with a plethora of unabashed boosts for homosexuality, abortion, miscegenation and general kinkiness.

An American version of *Agony*, starring Luci Arnaz, was videoed last year, but only lasted for six performances. Richmond ascribed the failure to bowdlerizing. He was horrified by the removal of so many of his beloved Jewish jokes. At last report the original British



version is being syndicated over a score of PBS stations.

Meanwhile, Richmond is in England working on a sequel to *Agony*. This time the chief character will not be the smart-mouthed Jewish dispenser of total permissiveness. It will be -- guess who? -- her chicken-soupish mother.

* * *

Black Entertainment Television started on Jan. 25, 1982, with two hours of programming a week. Today BET broadcasts 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and is carried by 500 cable systems with a potential audience of 10 million -- a considerable hunk of people, though still low in comparison to the 33 million of Ted Turner's Cable News Network and MTV's 28 million. Robert L. Johnson, BET's black promoter, has managed to hold on to a controlling 52% interest, the other 48% being shared by white-owned TCI Taft Cablevision Associates (32%) and Time Inc.'s Home Box Office (16%). The white companies, as you might expect, have provided practically all the financial backing and have consequently lost a great deal of money in this TV affirmative action enterprise, which is still far from reaching the break-even point -- and may never do so.

BET programming is not very exciting -- a lot of sports, a lot of interviews with prominent blacks, gospel music, a cooking show, Bill Cosby reruns and 16 hours a day of mostly hard-rock videos. Most of the audience consists of black women who have finished high school and whose income, combined with that of the men (if any) they live with, exceeds \$20,000 a year. The majority of blacks, however, still tune into white programs or black programs produced by whites. The average Negro watches 70 hours of TV a week, several

hours more than the average white, which may be one reason there have not been too many riots of late. The tube has turned out to be an effective way of keeping blacks off the streets.

* * *

ABC's last-minute cancellation of a 20/20 sequence devoted to Marilyn Monroe was blamed on the close friendship between Roone Arledge, the network's news and sports boss, and Ethel Kennedy. Actually, it was a tempest in a teapot. Right plunk in the middle of the controversy, Telstar 301 ran a BBC program on the last days of Marilyn that directly or indirectly charged John and Bobby Kennedy with trading her back and forth like a common prostitute. The immediate cause of her suicide (or murder as one detective described it) was attributed to Bobby's decision to break up his love affair with the Sex Goddess as his presidential hopes began to soar. Witness after witness appeared on screen to testify that Bobby had been in Los Angeles the night of Marilyn's death, the announcement of which was delayed for several hours, it was alleged, so the presidential hopeful could be spirited away from Los Angeles by helicopter to a ranch south of San Francisco and so Peter Lawford or someone else could have time to remove any embarrassing notes or documents before the police arrived. A detective who had bugged Lawford's home testified about tapes made of pillow talk between Marlyn and the Kennedys, with background noises of creaking beds. The tapes were paid for by Jimmy Hoffa, who had an ongoing vendetta against Bobby. The most damaging charges were made by Peter Lawford's ex-wife, who said Marilyn had promised to go public and "tell all" about her lascivious doings with the brothers. She complained that Bobby had jilted her and that she was tired of being treated like a piece of meat. A press conference was scheduled for a Monday. She died the preceding Friday.

* * *

A TV film review by Zip 926. The massive dissembling of the Zionist propaganda mill assumed monumental proportions recently in a made-for-television movie, *The Covenant*. The prologue advised the viewer that there are those who believe that most of the world's discord is sowed by a family of conniving international bankers.

A docudrama on the Rothschilds? Think again. Producer Joseph B. Wallenstein quickly lets us know that the family's patriarch, Victor Noble (played by José Ferrer), was Hitler's economic braintruster. Noble built his bank with Nazi gold in order to finance terrorism and destruction throughout the world. Furthermore, he is the most recent descendant of an ancient, fair-skinned people who made a covenant with evil just prior to pushing through the Kush Pass to conquer India circa 1500 B.C. Get the picture? Periodically

dropping from history, these evil white racists always reappear whenever and wherever evil and inhumanity infect the planet. The Sanskrit word for them is Aryan. Wallenstein's satirical transliteration is Noble.

Periodically throughout the picture, one or another of the Noble women (who are endowed with such nasty supernatural powers as the spontaneous combustion of anyone who annoys them) descend into the bowels of the earth to commune with their home base, ominously depicted as a perpetually roaring inferno blazing behind a metal gate fancifully rendered as the face of a horned goat.

As *Instauration* (Sept. 1985) aptly pointed out, Jews have an ethnic fascination with mnemonic devices, "dig symbols" and aren't a bit shy about using them to make propaganda points. The Nobles move through a nightmarish backdrop of orange lights which bathes them in an eerie, hellish glow that illuminates Nazi-like bodyguards hovering in the background. The family yacht is aptly named *Cerberus*. The family logo is a single "N" in German script inscribed within a circle of horns.

* * *

After all the fuss and commotion about buying control of CBS -- the ball was started by Jesse Helms and picked up by Ted Turner -- the exact opposite of what was supposed to happen happened. The liberal-minority crowd is more in charge of Dan Rather than they were before the ruckus started. Lawrence Tisch, the hectomillionaire CEO of Loews (hotels, insurance, Bulova Watch, Kent cigarettes), increased his company's share of the network's stock from 11.7% to 25%. CBS founder William Paley still owns slightly less than 7%, which is about the amount owned by Ivan Boesky, the Jewish speculator from Detroit. (Boesky, incidentally, is now being investigated by the SEC for "insider trading.")

Tisch, who allegedly gives \$1 million a year to Israel and who looks like something that belongs in a zoo, which qualifies him as a typical Zoo City denizen, is now sitting on the top of the CBS heap. Whether he will use his financial clout to make CBS even more liberal and more minority-oriented or whether his acquisition of so much CBS stock was simply another one of his speculative stock ventures remains to be seen.

What doesn't remain to be seen is that once again low IQ conservatives set the stage for another anti-conservative victory. Jews, blacks, gays and assorted northern Democrats would rather lose their right hand and other more important parts of their anatomy than lose CBS. The Helms and Turner threats of a takeover simply fired up a frantic defensive maneuver that has now effectively routed the loud-mouthed conservatives who gave away the game before it even started. In war, military or economic, you don't boastfully inform the enemy of your objectives before you start to fight.

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 5 9 7 2

37 women now serve on New York City's firefighting force of 10,000. About 10% of the city's 26,236 "policepersons" are females.

#

Nobel Prize laureates in the hard sciences (1961-76) by country and per million population: Switzerland 2.62; Denmark, 1.43; Austria, 1.19; Holland, 1.19; Sweden, 1.13; United Kingdom, 0.91; West Germany, 0.71; U.S., 0.41.

#

110.2 per 1,000 white residents of Washington, D.C., were victims of violent crime in 1985, compared to 57.4/1,000 blacks.

#

Jacob Fraidin's North American Credit Corp. charged what amounted to more than an annual 50% interest rate on a \$10,000, 36-month home improvement loan to a Baltimore couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dorman were later awarded \$366,949 in punitive and compensatory damages by a jury which found that Fraidin had trashed Maryland's usury laws.

#

70 million rats are believed to inhabit Bombay, India.

#

98% of Northern Ireland's Protestant population (about 59% of the electorate) want to remain part of Britain, as do about one-third of the Catholics. Only 20-25% of the voters seriously want to opt out and make all of Ireland an independent state.

#

As of August 28, only seven months into its 1985 campaign, the United Jewish Appeal raised \$598 million (including pledges and guarantees), \$64.5 million more than it raised in the same period in 1984.

#

A thousand Jews jammed the Lincolnwood Jewish Congregation in Illinois to hear Rabbi Meir Kahane rabble rouse. When he finished, hundreds rushed forward and showered him with checks.

#

Though he received no thanks from Jewish organizations, Francisco Franco saved 45,000 Jewish lives in WWII. The Portuguese Consul in Bordeaux issued 10,000 visas to Jewish refugees in 3 days in June 1940. (Chaim Lipschitz, *Franco, Spain, the Jews and the Holocaust*)

Nine-tenths of Apple's Macintosh computer is assembled without the help or interference of human hands.

#

15,000 or 28% of America's 53,629 motels are owned by Asian Indians, thousands of whom have the same surname, Patel, an old Indian caste moniker for a certain type of businessman.

#

Average SAT scores were lowest (890) in 1980; highest (980) in 1963. The 1985 score is 906, an increase ascribed to a marked improvement in Hispanic SATists.

#

Americans buy \$40 billion worth of marijuana every year -- about as much as they annually shell out for foreign oil.

#

Europe is estimated to have more than 100,000 heroin addicts; North America more than 500,000.

#

Of the 4,113 New York males known to have AIDS, 2,646 caught the African disease from what the New York City Health Department called "homosexual/bisexual intimacy"; 985 from "intravenous drug use"; 95 from living in areas with a high incidence of AIDS (Haiti, Black Africa). The remaining cases were blamed on a miscellany of causes.

#

In 1984, 15,000 more Jews left Israel than arrived, compared to a net loss of 5,000 Israelis in 1983. 1984's disquieting deficit may have doubled in 1985.

#

6.2 million West Germans visited East Germany in 1984; 60,000 East Germans returned the favor.

#

43 of the 50 states allow their governors the privilege of line-item vetoes of state appropriations bills.

#

The most recent count of Britain's Jews is 337,000. Their death rate is 15/1,000 compared to 11.8 for the British population as a whole. 75% of British Jews are Orthodox; only 15% of American Jews. In the U.S. 12,000 to 15,000 people convert to Judaism each year; in Britain, 100. (*Economist*, July 27, 1985)

Recent polls indicate that black leaders are significantly more in favor of affirmative action in jobs and education than the black rank and file (72% to 23%); more in favor of forced busing (69% to 47%); school prayer (40% to 17%); allowing gay teachers in schools (60% to 40%); disinvestment in South Africa (59% to 26%). (Center for Media and Public Affairs)

#

Insurance companies have boosted premiums on household insurance in British inner city areas by 50% in reaction to the leaping crime rate. An estimated 12 million offences were committed in Britain in 1983, of which only one-third were reported. Nearly one-third of 11,000 householders questioned in a Home Office survey said they were "very worried" about the possibility of being raped.

#

Time (Sept. 2, 1985) asserted that as many as 25% of American women now capable of having children may never have any.

#

America turns out 65,000 engineers a year; France 30,000; Japan 70,000; Britain 8,000. The Soviet Union is reported to graduate 6 times as many engineers each year as the U.S.

#

Salih Soysal, a 103-year-old Turk, has a 22-year-old wife (his seventh). She just gave birth to his 18th child.

#

The average pay for a public school teacher in the 1984-85 school year was \$39,751 in Alaska; \$15,971 in Mississippi.

#

It costs about \$40,000 to build a prison cell these days and about \$16,000 a year to keep a prisoner in it. (*Time*, Aug. 12, 1985)

#

During the first half of the 1920s, Jews in Russia constituted between 16% and 23% of the Central Committee and between 23% and 37% of the Politburo. By 1952, one Jew, Kaganovich, remained on the Politburo. After his dismissal in 1957, the Politburo was bereft of Jews. The Central Committee had four Jewish members and candidates in 1956 (1.5%), but only one (0.2%) in 1971. For a long time now, Jews have been absent from three important ministries -- foreign affairs, defense and interior. (Benjamin Pincus, *The Soviet Government and the Jews, 1948-1967*, Cambridge University Press, \$59.95)



GILBERT GAUTHE, that faggoty Catholic priest who had long been protected by a church coverup, was finally brought to trial in New Orleans. To date his diocese has paid out \$4 million to parents of the young boys he seduced (he apparently raped one of them, who was under 12). In Holdenville (OK), a **METHODIST MINISTER** is out on bail after being charged with sexually molesting three girls, 8, 9 and 13. In Providence (RI), a judge sent a **CATHOLIC FATHER** to jail for three years for sexually assaulting four male teenagers.

☆ ☆ ☆

RUPERT MURDOCH, the Zionist-kowtowing Australian press lord who recently became a U.S. citizen so he could tighten his grip on the American media, has had his yellow journal, the *New York Post*, screaming against apartheid and incessantly talking up disinvestment in South Africa. All the while, the *Post*, it was recently learned, had been buying some 30,000 tons of South African newsprint. **HAROLD RUBENSTEIN**, a Murdoch mouthpiece, lamely explained that the newsprint industry in South Africa was responsible for a lot of black jobs. There is a word for Murdoch's Janus-like foreign policy -- situation ethics.

☆ ☆ ☆

The publishing house of **LYLE STUART**, an ad hoc name, has been boastfully touting a new bestseller, *Gangster #2*. Its real-life hero is **ABNER "LONGY" ZWILLMAN**, who is complimented and even glorified for being the "inventor" of organized crime. Jewish publishers and Jewish authors have reached the point on their racist roll where they won't even give the Mafia its due.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOEL W. GREENBERG, a vice president of Heinhold Commodities Inc., has been sued for filing false financial statements to obtain loans of \$10 million for speculating in pork belly and hog futures in Chicago. When his gambles didn't pay off, Greenberg found himself owing some \$8 million. One way or another, we will all pay for Joel.

☆ ☆ ☆

Patrolman Joseph Callan of Hartford (CT) needed eight stitches to close the head wound he received from **GARY MILNER**, who happens to be the brother of the city's first black mayor, Thirman L. Milner. Calling the altercation an "unfortunate incident," the Mayor didn't say if he would kick his brother -- charged with first-degree assault -- out of the house he shares with him.

They had a smashing time of it on their night out at La Colline restaurant, did Senators **TED KENNEDY** and **CHRISTOPHER DODD**. Fat Face and the Senate's #1 Sandinista booster ripped their framed photos from the wall, threw them on the floor and stomped them into extinction. They then proceeded to give the same treatment to the photo of Senator Dale Bumpers, the Arkansan who unseated Senator William Fulbright some years ago with the help of a Croesus-sized Jewish campaign treasury. A Senate aide was sent to the restaurant the next day to hush everything up.

☆ ☆ ☆

OLEN KELLEY calls himself "just a country boy who came to the big city." The native West Virginian has been held up five times in his 17 years as a grocery manager in the Washington (DC) area. The fifth time, when he almost died, made him angry enough to go to lawyer **HOWARD SIEGEL** in search of a solution. Kelley and Siegel might have sued the NAACP for causing racial integration; or the ACLU for freeing thousands of criminals; or the INS for letting the most violent maniacs from Cuba settle here; or CBS for suppressing the real story of crime in America. Instead, they asked for \$500 million in damages from Roehm Gesellschaft, the West German manufacturer of the handgun used in the holdup. Similar suits had been rejected by appellate courts elsewhere, but, in early October, the **MARYLAND COURT OF APPEALS** ruled that makers and sellers of cheap handguns can be held liable. The case now goes to U.S. District Court.

☆ ☆ ☆

Cheryl Bess was an attractive honor student at San Bernardino High in California. On October 24, 1984, she accepted a ride from **JACK OSCAR KING**, the black maintenance man at her housing project. King drove her out into the Mojave Desert and tried to rape and choke her. Then he emptied a bottle of sulfuric acid over her head and left her for dead. Today, Cheryl is blind and nearly without a face. King got only 34 years, and will be eligible for parole in 17. Luckily for the other Cheryls, he's 65 years old.

☆ ☆ ☆

Three Rhode Island banks loaned **Rep. FERDINAND ST. GERMAIN** (D-RI) \$1.3 million to buy five International House of Pancakes franchises. One of them, the Old Stone Savings Bank, then congratulated St. Germain, Chairman of the House Banking Committee, for opposing legislation that would have cut into its earnings.

A young wheelchair-confined woman was returning late at night to her home on Seattle's Capitol Hill when two men grabbed her chair and pushed it two blocks. They then threw her into a station wagon and raped her. A passerby witnessed the crime and took down the car's license. Arrested were **FAUSTINO RAMIREZ** and **ANTHONY MORADO**. About the same time, in Minneapolis, a young woman with artificial arms was attacked and raped in her car as she prepared to drive off from her high-security apartment building one morning. No one knows how the **TWO MEN**, who appeared to be American Indians, got into the guarded underground parking lot. As the victim started her car, with her doors locked, one of the men punched out the driver's window with his bare fist.

☆ ☆ ☆

Also on the Minneapolis-St. Paul crime front, **JAMES LOVE**, a 30-year-old black, was charged with a series of sexual assaults and burglaries. In one recent case, he raped a young woman while crushing her seven-year-old son with a tire iron. The boy survives, in guarded condition. Then there was **CHRISTINE KREITZ**, a 16-year-old white girl whose mother died when she was four. Pressed to join the **BLACK GANGSTER DISCIPLES**, Christine, a good student, was caught during the robbery of a gun store on September 22. Someone in the 600-member gang apparently thought the honky girl had turned informer, and weeks later she was shot dead in Martin Luther King Jr. Park.

☆ ☆ ☆

DANNY ESCOBEDO has been arrested again. Twenty-odd years ago, the U.S. Supreme Court sprang from prison this murderer of his brother-in-law on grounds that the police had denied his request to consult a lawyer before confessing. Later, Escobedo drew a 22-year sentence for dealing in heroin and was paroled after seven years. Last year, he was convicted of sexually molesting a 14-year-old. Out on bond while appealing that conviction, Escobedo, in September, shot Jesus Reyes in the face outside a Chicago bar.

☆ ☆ ☆

The doctors, pharmacists and other members of California's **VIETNAMESE MEDICAL COMMUNITY** appear to be a bunch of low-life crooks. Fifty-one of them were arrested in a MediCal fraud crackdown in February 1984, and many have since been sentenced to prison terms. The latest is **THUC-OANH THI VU**, a woman physician in San Jose who bilked the state health insurance program out of more than \$100,000 for patients she never treated. Madame Vu must pay a \$15,000 fine and spend a year in the slammer.



Britain. From a London subscriber. As you no doubt know, we have been plagued by violent black riots in this country. It is ironic that the Conservative Party, which came to power partly on the promise of establishing law and order, has presided over a 40% increase in incidences of violence in its six years in office. Meeting at a time when part of London was burning, the Conservative Conference almost entirely ignored the situation except for mild talk about more black police and proposing yet another law. David Waddington, Minister of State at the Home Office, a fat little man from Lancashire, said repatriation was unthinkable, though nobody else had mentioned it. Most of the talk was about unemployment and the evil doings of the Labour Party, the silent implication being that "we might be terrible, they would be worse." Bernie Grant, the Guyanese Labourite who applauded the London riot, was a useful punching bag, but no mention was made of his colour and immigrant background. Bernie, who recently left his coloured wife for a white mistress, was happy that the rioters had "given the police a bloody good hiding."

Another interesting point was also ignored. Tory support in Scotland is now so low that polls suggest it might not return a single Conservative M.P. at the next election. The only notice taken of this important political development was an editorial in the *Daily Telegraph* saying it could be argued that a Conservative government had no moral right to govern a country where its support was so low.

David Waddington, who has recently visited the U.S., said in his speech to the Conference that the government must introduce "positive discrimination." However, Douglas Hurd, the new Home Secretary, says he is against this. In fact, the Conservative Party seems in a state of bewilderment and is simply trying to ignore what is happening as much as humanly possible, hoping the electorate will be so disgusted by the utter chaos of the Labour Party, voters will "keep with Maggie."

More attacks are being made on the blacks in respectable circles, but always with the cover that Jews and Asians are the main sufferers from the violence. All in all, it seems to be a pause in which everyone is waiting for some catastrophe.

Meanwhile, the Radical Right doesn't seem to be making much input. Part of it seems to be taken over by continental fantasies and is much happier to talk of Codreanu, the romantic Romanian Legionnaire, than proposals to repatriate the rioting West Indians. One thinks of Queen Mary's famous exclamation, "Really, this might be Romania."

Other far right-wingers have started attacking the Royal Family as Greek/Jewish, which is not likely to win them many friends. The truth is that the Greek Royal Family is Danish by blood, the founder of the dynasty being the younger brother of Queen Alexandra, the wife of Edward VII. The "Jewish" part relates to long since disproved gossip about Prince Albert's parentage and to the Cassels, the late Lord Mountbatten having married Ernest Cassel's part-Jewish granddaughter.

The rumor mill has it that one of the causes of the drug plague is that drugs are being used by pro-Western groups to finance their fight against Communist regimes. Consequently, Western governments, especially the U.S., have been soft on them. Examples are the Afghan "freedom fighters," the Iranian refugees, the Vietnamese mountain peoples and the Nicaraguan contras. The Afghans, many of whom are feuding with each other, seem to be the main culprits and a large part of their struggle is reportedly financed by the heroin they are pouring into Europe. Having lived on what was the northwest frontier as a small child, I know the callous ferocity of these people and have no sympathy for them. Interestingly, they always seem to have an appeal to the Scots and some of the bloodier incidents in their infighting have strong echoes of Scots history in the Highland and on the borders.

Newham, east of Tower Bridge, is the toughest section of London. About 212,000 people call it home, nearly 40% of them members of an ethnic minority. Not surprisingly, the National Front has obtained more votes in Newham than anywhere else in Britain. Thirty percent of all London crime and 35% of all major crime occurs in the area. Last year's Newham crime total was over 24,000, of which 144 incidents came in for special treatment as "racially motivated."

What follows is based on Brian James's account of the Newham situation, in the *Daily Mail* (Aug. 7, 1985).

A bus is hit by stones thrown by 10-year-olds. As two policemen survey the scene, a third pulls up and asks, "Were there any blacks on board? No? Thank gawd for that!" He speeds off. Had a black or Asian been riding the bus, the bobby would have been required to fill out Form G.O. Sec. 49, Para. 76A -- "Racial Incident." The case would then have proceeded automatically through a Duty Officer (who would have had to make many calls), and the Chief Inspector (who would have had to arrange

for follow-up home visits by beat officers) before it eventually got to the desks of the Chief Superintendent and the District Commander. This "experimental approach" to black and Asian crime victims has been going on in Newham since August 1984. The goal, says Commander Eddie Jones, is "to elevate the whole question of race in the eyes of the police force." In the past, adds Chief Inspector Peter Smith, "the colour of the victim . . . was not supposed to come into it." Now it's considered critical.

* * *

An unemployed black in Brixton named Andrew Neil recently took out his frustrations on his one-year-old daughter, Tyra. She was bitten 57 times in the week before she died, and apparently thrown around the room. The court pathologist believes that Neil must have picked up the girl in his mouth at times, and perhaps forced her hands and wrists into her own mouth as well. The jurors who sent Neil to Old Bailey for life turned ghastly colors themselves while examining the evidence.

* * *

Andrew Brown is a nice white liberal who, one day in August, was headed back to his London flat with a girlfriend to "finish an article on multiracial education." Along the way, the pair was swept up in the fun of the 500,000 strong Notting Hill Carnival. Without meaning to, they bumped onto All Saints Road, a notorious no-go zone for Caucasians. Though "sensibly dressed in scruffy clothes," Brown soon found himself being punched on all sides, then tripped and rhythmically kicked around the face by blacks who made him a part of their tribal dance. "White honky," screamed one redundantly. Brown's female partner received much the same treatment until a bobby monitoring a mounted video camera (the only way police care to "patrol" All Saints Road) came to the rescue. Later, at the police station, Brown was told that any attempt to arrest his attackers would have provoked a major riot.

As he finished writing his article on multiracial education, Andrew Brown could feel 10 distinct boot-marks on his body.

* * *

Don't give up on the British. By the sound of letters to the editor in *The Times* (London), racial consciousness is alive and well. Themes repeated over and over: "Send 'em back; pay their way; but this time, don't let them back in." "Poverty does not justify criminality and rioting such as we have seen. It is the work of particular groups." "Why continue to pretend that the immigration policies of the 1970s have been a success? They are unhappy, unemployed and unable to compete. We want our cities back."



France. Suppose *U.S. News & World Report* came out with a cover story warning its readers that America was turning brown and black, which it is, and that in 30 years the people of America would no longer be Americans. Pretty heady stuff, what! Certainly the kind of article that needs to be featured in a mass-circulation publication, but unfortunately won't be.

At any rate, this is the kind of cover story that appeared in the Oct. 26 issue of France's *Figaro* magazine, a weekly supplement to the newspaper of the same name. It was written by (who else?) Jean Raspail, the author of *The Camp of the Saints*, the book that foretold more than a decade ago what is now taking place on the

U.S.-Mexican border. The story's headline, as French-reading Instaurationists can glean by looking at the illustration on this page, proclaims in large type: "Will We Still Be French in 30 Years?" The subhead adds, "Save this immigration study. In it you will find, for the first time, the secret figures which in the 30 years to come will seriously threaten our national identity and determine the fate of our civilization."

The principal part of Raspail's argument rests on a projection of the demographic results of the low birthrate of the French whites compared to the high birthrate of the North African (mostly Algerian) immigrants who have streamed into France since WWII. The most devastating figures indi-

cate that in the year 2015 a significant part of the population of France under 15 years of age will be North African (3.7 million vs. 6 million native French). What these numbers will mean for the composition and esprit de corps of the French Army can be left to the reader's imagination.

The reaction in France to the *Figaro* article was a salvo of clichés from the mouths of the cliché masters. Laurent Fabius, the Jewish prime minister, whined: "Immigrants have contributed in large part to the richness of France. Those who have been manipulating immigration statistics are going counter to our country's genuine national interest." Jack Lang, the Jewish minister of culture with the deceptive Anglo-Saxon name, smeared *Figaro* as "an organ of racist propaganda," and said that the article was "completely grotesque and ridiculous." Disagreeing was Gérard François Dumont, one of the world's most respected demographers and the director of the Institute of Political Demography, who countered with the statement, "Our methods have never before been contested."

Raspail allowed his demographic futurology to stray well beyond the borders of France. In 30 years' time, he estimates, the combined population of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco will be 111.3 million, compared to France's 53.1 million. He predicts a somewhat similar scenario for the U.S. and its southern neighbors. In 2015 his estimate for the U.S. population is 265.8 million, compared to 245.2 million in Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean area. By then, of course, the Hispanic component of the U.S. will probably have passed the 20-25 million mark, as many American population experts have forecast.

* * *

With the elections to the French National Assembly only a few months away, Jean-Marie Le Pen was given another chance to appear on the state-owned television and radio network on the prime time (8:30 P.M.) "Hour of Truth" program. Once again, Le Pen made an excellent impression in front of a vast audience and the betting now is that his Front National will do extremely well in the upcoming balloting. A poll after his speech indicated an approval rating of 40%.

Nevertheless, the media kept bay at his heels. Shortly before his TV appearance, *Le Monde* published a scurrilous attack in which an old Le Pen supporter, who defected from the Front National, broadly hinted that his ex-boss had actually had a hand in the death of a French millionaire who left him a couple of million dollars.

If that weren't enough, the office of the TV and radio network on which Le Pen was to appear was bombed 15 hours before the speech. The damages were considerable. The mounting of the verbal and physical violence against Le Pen is conclusive proof

UNE ENQUÊTE DÉMOGRAPHIQUE JAMAIS ENCORE RÉALISÉE

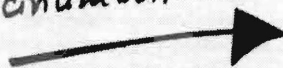
SERONS-NOUS ENCORE FRANÇAIS DANS 30 ANS ?

par
Jean
Raspail



avec la collaboration
de Gérard François
Dumont
président
de l'Institut
de démographie politique

Conservez ce "Dossier sur l'immigration"
Vous y trouverez, révélés pour la première fois,
les chiffres secrets qui, dans les trente années à venir,
mettront en péril les identités nationales et
détermineront le sort de notre civilisation.



Note the veiled Marianne in the *Figaro* magazine illustration

that France's powers-that-be are seriously worried about the rising star intruding on their political firmament. If they don't manage to murder him, he may well be president of the country someday. On that day, the airplane and boat traffic to North Africa is destined to boom.

One more word on Le Pen's television triumph. Some French insiders claim that *la bonne affaire* was actually engineered by that sly old pol, François Mitterrand. Knowing that his Socialist Party will lose a lot of seats in the next election and that the two conservative parties, Chirac's RPR and Giscard d'Estaing's UDF, are certain to gain a lot of seats. Mitterrand is supposed to have okayed Le Pen's appearance in the hope that he will split the conservative vote and consequently prevent the two conservative parties from forming a majority in the next National Assembly.

* * *

August is the Frenchman's traditional vacation month. Government economists have estimated that the nation could increase its industrial productivity by as much as 10% each year if summer holidays were staggered. As it is, factories and offices become almost lifeless for four weeks, and resorts grow uncomfortably crowded.

With all those tourists on the road, one would think that the demand for outdoor advertising would be at an annual peak. Instead, there is a shortage of clients, which, this year, led three agencies to use 9,000 billboards to push a new message: "France needs children" and "Life is not just sex." A cute baby was shown.

A recent poll disclosed that 62% of the French people are concerned about the birth dearth. The issue is a perfectly respectable one, unlike in West Germany, where it is sometimes demagogically linked to Hitlerism, and in America, where one is told (often by implication) that further increases in Third World immigration will solve any birth shortfall.

Ironically, the French fertility problem, though serious, is not as serious as it is for France's Northern European neighbors. Though French women are averaging only 1.86 children -- with 2.12 needed for replacement -- the comparable figures were 1.65 in Sweden, 1.60 in Denmark, 1.50 in Switzerland and 1.37 in West Germany. One explanation is that France still blames the two World Wars partly on its fertility level from about 1800 to 1940, which, generation after generation, was much lower than its German rival's.

* * *

No one talks much about the man who was killed when French secret agents blew up that Greenpeace ship in New Zealand. The victim was Fernando Pereira, a 25-year-old photographer, a onetime deserter from the Portuguese Army and former

member of West Germany's super-terroristic Baader-Meinhof gang. Pereira, the name means "pear tree" in Portuguese (there are some well-known Jewish Pereiras in the U.S.), later bobbed up as an editor of *Der Waarheld*, a Community Party rag in Holland, a job that ended when Dutch police arrested him as a Soviet agent. Pereira was a bigwig in the Soviet-backed World Peace Council, a hive of antinukery, before he went to sea with Greenpeace.

West Germany. On November 11, Frankfurt's city theater reluctantly canceled the long-awaited world première of the play *Garbage, the City and Death*, by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, because some local Jews were prepared to get violent and create a major international incident over it. The première had originally been scheduled for October 31, but on that night two dozen Jews occupied the stage as the curtain went up and refused to move. The actors, their adrenalin at peak flow, must have found the situation maddening. Then, eleven anxious days later, the play was canned indefinitely, although many of the anti-Semitic passages had been sanitized.

Frankfurt's Jews are angry about a character called simply "the rich Jew," the epitome of the postwar capitalist who tears down nice old houses and builds ugly high-rises for a handsome profit. A tenant character says during a four-minute monologue: "He sucks us dry, the Jew. He drinks our blood and puts us in the wrong because he's a Jew and we carry the blame. If he had stayed where he came from, or if we had gassed him, I could sleep better today." The rich Jew himself observes that "the city protects me. It has to [because] I'm Jewish."

Frankfurt is often called the New York of Germany, for its many skyscrapers and for its large, powerful Jewish community, officially 5,000 strong. It is common knowledge that the Jews have a lock-grip on much of the city's real estate, and that "the rich Jew" in *Garbage, the City and Death* is based on a flesh-and-blood Semite. Since 1975, when Fassbinder wrote it during a fit of anti-materialist rage, the play has waited for an opening. The Frankfurt production would have given a green light to small theatrical companies around the country to produce their own versions.

Defenders of the play argue that "the rich Jew" has some redeeming traits, and that the other characters are equally unlikable. Some left-wing intellectuals say that, 40 years after the war, Germans should be free to make their own judgments about Jews and anti-Semitism. Fassbinder, a homosexual who died at 36 of a drug overdose, isn't around to take part in the debate.

Fassbinder died shortly after a similar tempest arose over his being asked to make a TV production of Gustave Freytag's great best-selling novel *Soll und Haben* (*Debit and Credit*). This Christian novel of the late nineteenth century contrasts the lives of

two businessmen, one Jewish and one Gentile, as they repeatedly confront choices between conscience and money-making. Along the way, Freytag's readers are given a careful depiction of the honesty, perseverance and enterprising spirit of the North German Protestant merchant class during the early 1800s. The Freytag project, too, was dropped when Jews threatened to make trouble.

* * *

The Turkish newspaper *Yanki* reports that almost 60% of the Turks in West Germany wish to return home. Another 36% say they want to stay put.

The bad news is that nearly all of the Turks who return to Turkey soon feel they have made a huge mistake. The message is fast seeping back into Germany: "Stay where you are! We were crazy to return and are paying dearly for it."

The younger returning Turks, who grew up in Germany, are finding assimilation to their ancestral roots almost impossible. "I couldn't care less how many victories the Ottoman army won," says young Zemre Bal. What she wants to know is "things such as why Turkey always needs help." Does anyone have the heart to tell her?

When Mustafa Aydogmus recalls Germany, it seems like an impossible dream. "Those hospitals in Germany were lovely, as clean as a whistle, and the nurses and doctors were friendly." In Turkey, nearly everyone is out to rip off his neighbor. The rancor is so thick you could slice it with a scimitar.

A Turkish survey of 25 returned families found not one person entirely satisfied with being back in his own land. Growing numbers of returnees are applying for readmission to Germany. But Dr. Karl Leuteritz, the consul general in Istanbul, says firmly -- not a chance. Still, the applicants are desperate. One promises to work 16 hours a day, instead of eight, if allowed back in paradise. Another says he will happily pay back his repatriation grant from Bonn with compound interest.

The glum Turkish repatriates are now staking their last hopes on the suicidal German birthrate. Germans don't wish to have families, they observe, but prefer to "realize their potentialities" (often by buying fancier cars on which to speed down the autobahns at 100 miles per hour, generating high levels of exhaust which are now being blamed -- rather than acid rain -- for killing off much of the Black Forest). Soon, the Turks think, the German labor market will again cry out for waiters, assembly line workers and street sweepers. Then, with five children apiece in tow, they will again be permitted to swarm into the European heartland.

Netherlands. Harry Mulisch has been called Holland's leading postwar writer. One of his best-known works is *The Affair*



40/61, a personal account of the Eichmann Trial in Jerusalem. A more recent work, newly translated into English, is *The Assault*, which tells of a fictional schoolboy named Anton Steenwijk, who, in 1945, saw the Nazis burn his house and kill the rest of his family, as retribution for illegal partisan activities. The event remains frozen in Anton's mind for life, and the book describes how he deals with the obsession. Reviewer Tom Clark, who is working on a World War II-era novel of his own called *The Exile of Céline*, calls *The Assault* "the finest novel -- European or other -- I've read in recent memory; it left me shattered."

Harry Mulisch must have a few obsessions of his own: his mother was Jewish and his father a collaborator with the Germans who was imprisoned after the war.

* * *

A team of Dutch forensic investigators is putting the alleged works of Anne Frank through every kind of authenticity test it knows. It was only when Anne's father Otto died five years ago that the "original manuscripts" came into the possession of the Amsterdam Institute. Researchers David Barnow, H. Paape and G.P. van Stroom are sworn to secrecy while the ink, paper and glue are being studied to determine whether they can be dated to 1943-45.

Meanwhile, the complete edition of the alleged diaries will be published in the near future. The so-called *Diary of Anne Frank*, which *People* magazine calls "obligatory" reading matter "in schools throughout the world," is actually a fragment assembled (and probably partly written or rewritten) by Papa Frank.

* * *

A 71-year-old Dutch woman, widowed for 40 years, has been sentenced to one month in jail and a \$1,000 fine for the "thought crime" of defending her late, murdered husband's beliefs and conduct. Florence van Tonningen was the wife of the minister of finance in the wartime Dutch government. In May 1945, he was seized by Canadian occupation troops and tortured to death. His body was thrown into a pit with 35 other victims of the anti-fascist crusade. In 1983, Mrs. van Tonningen traveled to Canada to search for her husband's killers, after some of his property was offered for sale as war loot. But a wall of official silence protected the war criminals.

On October 1, Mrs. van Tonningen was hauled into court for the "crime" of possessing revisionist history books in her Arnheim home. The contents of her private library were paraded before the world as evidence of her evil ways. But her worst sin, in government eyes, was allowing her

home to be used for the distribution in Holland of the booklet *Did Six Million Really Die?* The prosecution was largely the doing of the Anne Frank Foundation in Amsterdam. An appeal is planned.

South Africa. *From our man on the scene.* Let me assure you that South Africa is not about to blow up. In a very real sense, nothing is happening here at all. I mean by this that the disturbances, with one or two exceptions, are confined entirely to the nonwhite townships -- thanks to that heavenly institution known as Apartheid, whereby civilized people are widely separated from the uncivilized. I live in the very heart of Cape Town, and the nights are undisturbed by even a single cry or sound of breaking glass, still less shots or sirens. The media are completely misleading the world again, with the result that Europeans are writing to their emigrant children in South Africa begging them to come home before they are killed in a race war. More to the truth is a cartoon in this morning's newspaper. A young lady in England is taking a telephone call from Aunt Agatha in South Africa, who is offering her refuge in Johannesburg because the blacks are burning down Birmingham and London, which indeed they will continue to do because there is no Apartheid in England.

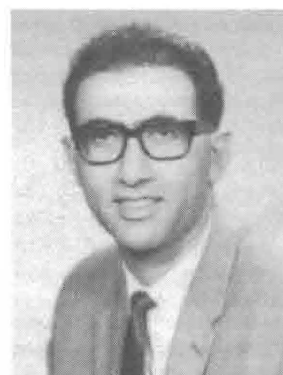
With regard to the disturbances in the townships here, the TV pictures are superficially impressive to those people overseas who don't know South Africa. The billowing black clouds of smoke, suggesting that an entire city is ablaze, come from burning tires. There are burning cars with smashed windshields, but they are not the cars of whites. As always, when blacks go on the rampage, they burn and wreck their own facilities, clinics, beer halls, schools and welfare centers. Whites are in a very angry mood about all this wrecking because they will have to pay for the rebuilding. We build, they wreck.

Carefully concealed by the Western media's anti-South African propaganda is the fact that the township rioting is not directed so much against whites as against other nonwhites -- rival tribes and rival political groups. Zulus have taken advantage of the unrest to burn down the shops and houses of the Indians and slaughter as many of the shop owners and householders as they can get their hands on. That nonwhites are mainly fighting one another and not the whites is something which I am sure is downplayed overseas. The media have to rig their news so that blacks, coloured and Indians are fighting Apartheid. Else the moral of the story is lost.

Prime Minister Botha has declared a state of emergency in various areas. I don't really know why because so far he has not taken

any meaningful action against the rioters. A real state of emergency would bring in the army, with real bullets, helicopter gunships, tanks, heavy artillery and all the rest, which would soon wipe the arsonists, rock throwers and looters out of existence. The army would certainly be ordered to act if white areas were being seriously attacked, and this the nonwhites know would cost them a mountain of casualties. But the government is afraid of "world opinion," which effective anti-riot action would instantly provoke and which the perverted masters of the Western media are longing for.

Australia. The Jewish community of this desert-splashed continent is aghast at a new novel, *The Merchants of Melbourne*,* written by Alfred Zion, one of those rare



Author Zion

literary tribesmen who feel compelled to spill the beans and ventilate tribal secrets. Most of Zion's Jewish dramatic personae -- peculators, avaricious millionaires, cunning shysters, murderers and other repulsive characters -- were modeled after living persons, who are not too difficult to identify. The "hero" is a hard-hearted Israeli turned Australian, who gets even with some fellow Jews who bankrupted him. After murdering them along with their wives, he escapes to and presumably lives happily ever after in an Arizona condo.

One part of the *roman à clef* recounts how Australian Jews switched their loyalty from the Labour to the Liberal Party because Gough Whitlam, the Labourite boss, saw some justice in the Palestinian cause. When Jewish deputations couldn't get Whitlam to change his mind by threatening to stop the large amounts of Jewish money being funneled into his party treasury, they diverted their opulence to the Liberals, with whom, despite the more conservative political platform, they felt more at home. After all, Malcolm Fraser, the Liberal leader, had a Jewish mother. It wasn't too long before Whitlam's Labourites were out and Fraser's Liberals were in.

If Zion's thesis is correct, then it may also explain the ousting of Fraser by the current Labourite prime minister, Bob Hawke. Unlike Whitlam, Hawke prides himself on his love of Zionism, an opportunistic kind of love that is ideal for filling the pockets of politicians who practice it.

* Arioso Pty. Ltd., 114 Bulleen Rd., North Balwyn, Australia. \$6.95 (An Australian dollar is currently worth 87¢.)

Two Undaunted Authors

L. Neil Smith has managed to accomplish a literary feat that few writers successfully pull off any more -- mixing political ideology and fiction and coming out with a good read. The author of six sci-fi/fantasy novels promoting libertarianism, Smith's alternate version of history hypothesizes that the Whiskey Rebellion was successful and that George Washington was hanged as a traitor. We are also asked to believe that Albert Gallatin founded the very individualist-minded North American Confederation in 1794, that Texas was the victor at the Alamo, that John Wilkes Booth was assassinated in 1865 by an obscure Illinois attorney. And so on.

Once virtually all government was removed from the backs of the people, Smith lets it be known that the sky was the limit. By the 1980s there is no poverty, almost no crime, space has been conquered, cancer and all disease abolished. The average lifespan is hundreds of years.

Aside from the naiveté of some of Smith's utopian ideas, almost every page is entertaining light reading. Perhaps the best parts are the author's asides -- particularly those aimed at the people who are not a part of his idealized North American Confederation -- "Everything was scarce, everything rationed, especially freedom Well, I'll be registered and licensed! . . . Democracy reared its ugly head."

The titles of the novels in Smith's Confederation series (all published in paperback by Del Rey/Ballantine) are: *The Probability Broach*, *The Venus Belt*, *Their Majesties' Bucketees*, *The Nagasaki Vector*, *Tom Paine Maru* and *The Gallatin Divergence*.

* * *

Instaurationists should not get too effusively dogmatic about the strong-arm literary censorship in this country. There are a few exceptions and we need to know about them and admit them, else our arguments will be shot down by our propensity for wide-sweeping generalizations and our opponents' skillful ability to cite the exceptions that disprove our case.

A noted British fantasy author, Michael Moorcock, has written a novel, *Byzantium Endures* (Random House, 1981), in which a wacky but somewhat sympathetic Ukrainian sounds off on the Jews on almost every page, as he describes his youthful days in revolutionary Russia. It is carefully noted by the author in his introduction that the American edition diverges from the English edition. What these divagations are we leave to some dry-as-dust pedant in the Library of Congress to determine. A good guess would be that they amount to a "softening" of the original text, which means that while the American edition is hot, the British edition must have been sizzling.

Moorcock has made *Byzantium Endures* the first of a series of novels that trace the Gil Blas meanderings of his Ukrainian hero through the 20th century. The second is called *The Laughter of Carthage*, in which the protagonist leaves Russia and plunges into Europe's Roaring Twenties. We haven't yet had an opportunity to look into this book, which was sent to us by a friend. We hope to devote an extensive review to both volumes in an upcoming issue.

Not for Ostriches

Those who believe this country is on the fast track to perdition may reinforce their pessimism with a new book by Richard Lamm. It's called *Hard Choices*,* and it's the first of several volumes promised by Colorado's governor on the political, economic and social crises which Reagan and his crew have managed so far to

* Send \$3 to Gov. Richard D. Lamm, 400 E. 8th St., Denver, CO 80203.

stave off, but which are bound to break over our heads as soon as we get them out of the sand and are willing to face, not run away from, our crescendoing problems.

Lamm is a doomsayer, but he is not a Jeremiah. He came to his doomsaying by facts, not visions. He methodically lists the horrendous bottom lines of the budget deficit, the trade deficit and the reckless overspending for health services, education, affirmative action, welfare and all the rest of the budget-busters. He then lets his readers chew their cud over his sense-making proposals to solve the pile of what seems to be insurmountable problems. In other words, he avoids none of the stumbling blocks over which politicians usually trip. He even takes on the thorniest problems of all -- crime, immigration and race, though he does have a slight failure of nerve in coming to grips with the latter.

There is a flip side, however, to Lamm's lambasting. It is well known, or should be, that all the things that need to be done in this country will never be done until enough people, enough Majority members, are radicalized and impelled to act by large empty spaces in their stomachs. If Lamm's view of the future is correct, the time of our troubles is just about at hand, which is another way of saying that the time will soon be ripe for the actions that will either save us or send us into history's dump heap.

Better to fight and lose than go down the drain without a gurgle. And who knows, if once we are forced to resist in order to just plain survive, we might even win.

The Quota Battle Continues

When, last August, Attorney General Edwin Meese III called American civil rights activists "a very pernicious lobby," liberals



Attorney General Meese

were incensed. Yet it was they who had first upped the rhetorical ante. In May, at an "emergency civil rights summit conference," NAACP Chairman William Gibson called President Reagan a "reactionary . . . racist." About the same time, Ben Hooks, of the same organization, called William Bradford Reynolds, head of the Justice Dept.'s Civil Rights Division, "a right-wing, ideological nut."

The "civil rights" issue dominating the 1980s has been and will continue to be "affirmative action," otherwise known as racial quotas or reverse racism, and known in Britain under the more appropriate designation of "positive discrimination." As an illustration of the status quo, Clarence M. Pendleton Jr., the black, Reagan-appointed chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, points out that the mean grade-point-average (GPA) of *rejected* white medical school applicants, nationwide, is consistently higher than that of *accepted* black applicants. (The gap between these two groups is larger yet on standardized test scores, he might have added.)

Two of the big affirmative action battlefronts of 1985 took shape when the Justice Department tried to rein in certain excesses of the practice. Not that the Reagan Administration is against affirmative action per se! In the latest of many pronunciamientos on this point, Attorney General Meese, speaking -- or rather, "doublespeaking" -- at Dickinson College on Sept. 17, said that the Reagan team

firmly supports it -- so long as there is no "preferential treatment" of nonwhites.

The first of 1985's great anti-quota initiatives came in the spring. Fifty-six states, counties and cities were told that they must modify their affirmative action plans so as to end the use of *numerical* goals and quotas. Among those notified were the state police in New York, New Jersey, Ohio, North Carolina and Arkansas. A New York decree, adopted in 1979, scandalously sets aside 40% of all openings in the state police academy for blacks and Hispanics.

Most of the jurisdictions are fighting the modest reform. One nauseating example is William Hudnut, the "conservative" Republican mayor of Indianapolis, who wants to continue with the 25%-black hiring requirement forced on the city's police and fire departments under President Carter. One of the few jurisdictions to enthusiastically join the new limited quota ban is San Diego.

The foot-dragging seen in most places shows that the main danger to white interests is no longer concentrated in Washington, D.C., and a few other places, but scattered widely around the country in the form of an East European-style "New Class" of bureaucratic tyrants. The Hudnuts of America are saying, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Of course, since whites as *whites* have no means of public protest in this country, the Hudnuts don't know that the racial quota system *is* broke.

The second major anti-quota offensive of 1985 surfaced on August 14, when a copy of a draft executive order on the subject was leaked. The order, which was later watered down with several compromises when the press began to howl in unison, partially revised Lyndon Johnson's notorious Executive Order 11246 of 1965. The Johnson order required all federal government contractors to set numerical goals for hiring minorities and women. At last count, the hiring practices of 73,000 private firms with 23 million employees had been affected.

Labor Secretary William E. Brock and Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, the latter egged on by her truckling, presidency-seeking husband, did everything in their power to sabotage this Meese/Reynolds initiative. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak pinpointed a part of the problem when they observed that Brock has been living a bureaucratic existence "inside the [Washington] Beltway" for 23 years, and has lost touch with the angry, populist mood in the rest of the country. Some administration officials "may have been around Washington too long to wage the Reagan Revolution," they concluded.

Unfortunately, minority racism and Majority truckling emanate from all points of the compass. In Denver, Oscar Moran, president of the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC), declared that Reagan's draft order was unthinkable. "We will not take a compromise on this order," he insisted. As 1985 wore on, however, both sides did think about compromising, partly by making the continuation of private companies' quotas "voluntary."

That sounds good on paper. The problem is that many firms, PUSHed hard by the blackmailing, boycotting likes of Jesse Jackson, will "voluntarily" go along with quota hiring. Any way you look at it, American blacks and Hispanics with anything on the ball are going to be grazing in affirmative action clover at white expense for many years to come.

Hungry for a Religion?

People tuned into Majority activism may occasionally hear a few whispers about Odinism. This ancient Nordic faith is acquiring a relevance to our modern predicament that should earn it a niche in our present-day racial and cultural ecology.

Despite its somewhat unusual approach, Odinism has several factors going for it. Not the least of these is that it's a religion which belongs to *us*. In ancient times our ancestors and only our ancestors practiced it. A wealth of material from sagas, the Eddas and folklore awaits those who are looking for a credible religion in this modern age. And Odinism doesn't have to be invented, only rediscovered -- a much easier and much more organic approach to faith than starting from scratch. Also, the racial message in Odinism is rooted in ancient spiritual concepts of kinship, which puts it on firmer ground than some cultish mystique based on political or ideological expediency.

Most Odinists feel that the advance of scientific knowledge has given their faith a better chance of revival than at any time since it eclipsed a millennium ago. While Christianity has reeled under Copernicus, Darwin and textual criticism of the Bible, the old religion of the Northlands is quite comfortable with the Big Bang birth of the universe and the bones of *Australopithecus*. Odinists are also happy to invoke the psychological insights of C.G. Jung and recent scientific probings into the structure and workings of the brain to substantiate their beliefs. The elaborate Norse mythology, of course, is only looked upon as a valid expression of spiritual realities, not historical ones. Such a reasonable attitude gives Odinists a definite edge on those who still believe the Devil has surreptitiously inserted fossils into the geological timetable.

Needless to say, Odinism must overcome some formidable roadblocks before it can hope for a major breakthrough, principally because it is a light year away from the Christian, or even the secular, frame of reference. Although they are quite familiar with *The Cosby Show*, few Majority members have ever heard of Odin. Woeful and willful ignorance of our heritage and the competing pulls and tugs of life in alienated America make it difficult to get the Odinist message across.

A second disadvantage, from the standpoint of the Majority activist, is that Odinism is a religion, not a political party. Its potential for aiding the Majority cause will have to unfold organically, at its own pace, while not neglecting the serious task of promoting spiritual growth. This evolutionary process is quite different from street demonstrations and issue-oriented leafleting (although these things are not unknown to religious groups). In short, Odinism is a solution for the long haul, rather than the quick fix, notwithstanding that its benefits to individuals have been immediate and real, especially when it offers them a social sanctuary.

Balancing the pros and cons, what do we see on the religious horizon for America? Given its gradual maturation and the accumulating experience of its leadership, Odinism will persist and enjoy slow, but probably continual, growth. Whether it will play a major role in the religious, cultural and political scene will depend in part on how desperate Majority members become as the threats to their survival multiply.

Readers who want to know more about Odinism may write to: Asatru Free Assembly, P.O. Box 1754, Breckenridge, TX 76024, or to the Odinist Fellowship, P.O. Box 1647, Crystal River, FL 32629.

Ponderable Quote

Once I was coming down a street in Beverly Hills and I saw a Cadillac about a block long, and out of the side window was a wonderfully slinky mink, and an arm, and at the end of the arm a hand in a white suede glove wrinkled around the wrist, and in the hand was a bagel with a bite out of it.

Dorothy Parker in 1956