

W. K. Thoreau

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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**HENRY THOREAU
WROTE OF A
MORE SERENE
UNITED STATES**

Safety Valve

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

Eastern Europe has never really lost the true understanding of the meaning of international Jewry, even if that understanding provides an embarrassingly revealing appreciation of how Communist bureaucrats actually came to overpower the institutional forces of traditional European society in the first place. To say Poland is to say anti-Semitic. To speak of Zionism in the Soviet Union is to risk a full term in jail if the language embodies approval. In fact, it hardly needs saying that the widespread anti-Semitism of the Eastern bloc actually explains a good part of why American foreign policy has grown more not less anti-Communist in the last couple of decades.

708

The "white flight" one sees in southern California is one and the same as that found in southern Florida, or on Long Island -- or in Peoria, for that matter. The same psychological flaws -- cowardice, denial, disunity -- are bringing in the same harvest in Toronto, London, Paris, Munich and Amsterdam. It's even insidiously underway in many smaller European cities. Some genius should tie together the post-war racial experiences of 5,000 white cities with one masterful psychosociobiological theory. And he should consult the back issues of *Instauration* for a part of his data base.

913

A backlash has now started after the latest riots. Even some politicians are saying the repatriation of black immigrants is the only answer.

British subscriber

Those who condemn South Africa for its policy of apartheid would no doubt like to see classified ads such as those shown below, which appeared in the *Washingtonian* (June 1984), in South African periodicals. After all, the bottom line of integration is miscegenation, is it not?

VANESSA WILLIAMS — isn't the only bright, talented BF I'd like to meet. Attractive, warm, sensitive, romantic, 30's, DWM seeks trim, affectionate, non-smoking, attractive, BF to share picnics, theater, laughter, lasting friendship, more. Phone please; photo optional; theatrical talent unnecessary. Box 14121, D.C. 20044.

ADVENTURESOME BLACK MALE — BUSINESSMAN seeks shapely White Female to share friendship and the great outdoors, swimming, boating, dining out and theatre. Full photo please. ISO 205-684 *Washingtonian*.

776

I loaned a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority* to a co-worker who is not noted for mental alertness. The copy was returned rather rapidly. I was interested to learn from him that it was published by a Communist front organization and funded by rich capitalists. I asked this person to add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$. Oh, well, one must experiment.

223

Too many people want to ground ethics, morality and politics on pure reason, but I hope there are a significant few that will cheer on my interest in grounding it upon biology and the brain. The hope is, once they have gotten used to my approach, they won't be appalled at suggestions that racial diversity is a fact, a brute fact, one that simply can't be ignored.

208

Majority members, like Arabs, are quite helpless to oppose Jews. Last year, Jesse Helms asked conservative Americans to buy control of CBS. What a million Gentiles could not do, Laurence Tisch did. He is chairman of Loew's, which has now bought 25% of CBS.

285

It's always been a wonder to me that the "literati" can take seriously the pronouncements of a Sontag or an Ozick without rolling on the floor in hilarious disbelief.

973

There are two dangerous states of mind that are cropping up in the *Safety Valve*. One is that black is ugly and the other is that whites are incapable of collective racism. Neither is true. When not associated with race, black is quite beautiful. The same is true of brown, yellow and red. I had actually slipped into the mindset that whites were incapable of collective racism, even while reading books on the Old South and Nazi Germany. But while perusing Farwell's *Queen Victoria's Little Wars*, it dawned on me that this was a wrong and incorrect way to think. We are quite capable of collective racism. It all depends on the time and place, and the thoughts that are inside our heads. When a new production method is tried out where I work, most of my fellow employees spend vast amounts of time and energy carping about why it won't work. A few spend their time thinking of how to make it work. A close parallel can be drawn between this and the issue of white collective racism.

293

Your *Safety Valve* section has my fondest praise. It lets us know that we are not alone and that some of our "dangerous" thoughts can be sprinkled here and there throughout the population.

142

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□ A recent issue of the New York Times had its first ten pages devoted to Leon Klinghoffer's death at the hands of Arab hijackers. The political importance, moral significance and military consequences of this major event were discussed in great detail. That same issue briefly reported the death of Alex Odeh, who headed the Santa Ana office of the American Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. It seems a safe assumption that Mr. Odeh's murderers will never be caught or punished. Americans can't get interested in someone whose death only rates one-half of one column.

113

□ Regarding the excellent discussion with the black racist in *Instauration* (Nov. 1985), I think blacks are objectively inferior, at least on the basis of what people of all races value. Maybe blacks can shuffle better than whites, but only a sociologist would claim that superiority in the shuffling department makes up for inferiority in brain capacity. The problem is that it is currently considered "uncivil" to say so bluntly, though the blacks would to a man give up shuffling altogether for bigger brains.

818

□ IQ is a measure of several skills, both verbal and puzzle-solving. It's a good indicator of ability in the academic and legal professions. It is less suitable for science, engineering, business and other activities which tend to be open-ended rather than well defined.

087

□ Decent men have no peace in their souls when they walk the American cities and turn on the American media. Alas, we do not have a daily edition of *Instauration* to give us the real news.

842

□ Jesse Jackson and Andy Young better watch out. Louis Farrakhan is attracting large crowds to his speeches. Then again, Farrakhan better watch out. Malcolm X was on the same wavelength until a funny thing happened to him enroute to being crowned *Número Uno*.

401

□ I walk through a white neighborhood and lots of handy white folks are busy repairing front steps, porches and windows. In an adjacent black neighborhood, of almost equal income, nobody is fixing up much of anything. The one area looks great, the other lousy. All those black diplomas don't help very much. Old Booker T. Washington had his priorities in the right order.

606

□ Has anyone seen the new basketball superstar from Sudan? To make things appear difficult, he bounces the ball before he drops the shot in. He is 8' 10" tall and does not have to reach up very far to "dunk" the ball. Man, this guy is great. He might even be greater than "Akeem the Dream," who is a midget at 7' 10", himself brought to America by University of Houston coach Guy Lewis straight from the Congo.

605

□ Zip 402's analysis (Jan.) of the need of Majority members to cleave to the U.S. Constitution is so wrong-headed and naive that I hardly know where to begin. Thomas Jefferson would never for a moment support a Constitution that mandates affirmative action, welfare rights, federal underwriting of dysgenic reproduction, high taxes on workers so the lazy can loaf, persecution of "thought crimes" and all the other excesses we have today. And the Constitution -- whether Zip 402 goes along with the "fraudulent amendments" or not -- does all that under today's government. Our enemies recognize the Constitution because it works for them and against us under current interpretation. Whether this is "right" or not doesn't matter -- that is the way it works. Zip 402 is free to interpret the Constitution any way he likes, but he can't enforce that interpretation. Jefferson did not rebel against England lightly, and he would not vote to dump the Constitution on a whim. But looking at the picture the way it is, and not the way Zip 402 thinks it ought to be, Jefferson would certainly be in the forefront of those wanting to get rid of the once-noble document that has become one of our enemies' most effective weapons against the Majority. The battle of the Constitution is over -- we lost. Now let's move on.

229

□ Dr. Andis Kaulins, co-editor of the rib-tickling *Foreign Policies and Foreign Trade of the German Democratic Republic and the Korean Democratic People's Republic* (Kiel, 1979), has also written a booklet which bolsters one of the wackier themes of the Aryan theory. He proposes that Latvian is the true proto-Indo-European language. This alone would be stimulating, but he goes further and attempts to show the similarities between Latvian (L.A. Waddell fans prick up your ears) and Sumerian. In this connection, no less a person than Raymond Dart has studied the racial types of the earliest Egyptians and decided that the invaders responsible for the founding of ancient Egyptian civilization were, at first, "purely Nordic," and later, "largely Nordic." They're mentioned in Dart's *Africa's Place in the Emergence of Civilization* -- a study hard to come by.

901

□ It is absolutely a "must" for me to vent my frustrations in the Safety Valve. So do not close shop, ever. Thanks.

775

□ The amount of broken glass on playgrounds in this area is in almost perfect linear relationship to the number of blacks living nearby. The formula $B + \frac{1}{4}H + \frac{1}{20}W = X$, where "X" is a given quantity of broken glass, comes very close to expressing reality. That is, one average black child, adolescent or young adult (perhaps they're better after 30) breaks about as many bottles in the park as four average Hispanics or 20 average whites. Football tackling and baseball sliding are life-endangering activities in the park nearest here. The sea of shining fragments never ends. Visiting such a place produces deep depression. Every night is *Kristallnacht* in the ghetto.

212

□ The German colony in the Cape Flats supplies Cape Town with most of its fresh vegetables. They started a hundred years ago from scratch in an area consisting of nothing but sand and bush. They are now surrounded by coloured townships, by those who produce nothing but crime. In return for their feeding the coloureds, the West German government in 1971 withdrew its subsidies, forcing the closing of private schools in the colony because of their association with apartheid. It is therefore difficult to judge whether the Bonn government's ignorance and stupidity is only outweighed by its incredible spitefulness.

South African subscriber

□ Just read *FDR* by Ted Morgan (Simon & Schuster, 1985). Nothing much new, except for a lot of bogus psychoanalysis. Jesus, did Roosevelt and his stooge, J. Edgar, go after the isolationists and anti-New Dealers -- wiretaps, IRS investigations, the works! Nixon should have used *FDR* in a "tu quoque" argument against any impeachment trial, but he lost his nerve. He might have beaten the rap by citing *FDR's* and J. Edgar's and Henry Morgenthau's illegal chicanery. Morgan indicates that *FDR* had gone "round the bend" by 1940. Willkie might have won in 1940 if he had run on a keep-out-of-war campaign, but he was too beholden to the Wall Street crowd to take that route. Morgan made me think that *FDR* used the Jews, not vice versa, to get us into WWII. Roosevelt was a certified nut case, who wanted to reorganize the universe. If the Jews could help him, so much the better. At the end, Morgan concludes that the world now is pretty much what *FDR* wanted it to be: only two superpowers; the old European balance of power destroyed; Germany divided; America the world's policeman.

509

□ I heard a tape of Farrakhan's speech at the Forum in Los Angeles not too long ago. Afterward there were callers. From their tone, I'd say that Louis and his movement command a certain sympathy within the middle-class black community. I certainly hope so. Anyway, Louis definitely has a messianic bent. I don't know whether he'd go so far as to ascribe Mahdi status to himself, but he definitely puts himself up there on the messenger-prophet-of-Allah level. In his speech he again implied that if he is assassinated, the country will go to pieces. He believes the Feds will get him into court -- à la Jesus, as it were. When there, he plans to remain mute. How this is to take place wasn't spelled out, but he gave a clue. He's been spending a lot of time with American Indian activists. The Navajos of northern Arizona are sitting on some oil-rich, uranium-rich and gold-rich land that the federal government wants. The forceful takeover of this land by the Feds is to occur sometime this year. Louis states that he and his Fruit of Islam will be there to aid the resistance of their Indian brothers. Perhaps this is the turning point Louis is referring to when he says that 1986 will be the end of 430 years of slavery and the beginning of racial warfare in this country -- as if it hadn't already begun long ago.

926

□ The conclusions that a reasonable person can come to after reading *Onward Christian Soldiers* by Donald Day, *Stuka Pilot* by Hans Rudel and *Campaign in Russia* by Leon Degrelle are depressing to say the least. The sight of American, English and Soviet fighter planes strafing women and children as they fled the carpet bombing of their cities and homes has left me in tears. My father, exempted from European combat only to fight in the Pacific, has been requested by me, his son, not to read these three books, which indicate an estimated seven million children 10 and younger either were killed by the Allies or starved to death.

577

□ I recently attended a sickening rally against the white population of South Africa staged on the campus of my alma mater, the University of Cincinnati. The rally was attended mostly by students, perhaps half of them whites. There were booths outside the auditorium at which students were selling pamphlets by such notables as Lenin and Chairman Mao. The rally was reinforced by a white dean at the speaker's table, a Jewish speaker and a couple of do-good Aryan types. Naturally, only one side of the issue was presented. What motivates the faculties of American universities to turn white students, some of them from good families, into political, economic and racial masochists?

741



□ The other night, after having sworn off the west side of Houston for recreational nightlife, I made a reconnaissance sortie into the zone to see if anything had changed. Most of the heinous crimes committed in the Houston area originate there, as chronicled in the daily papers. Therefore, it came as no surprise to see girls in punk regalia that would make those pictured in *Instauration* (Oct. 1985) appear as if they were at a grade school Halloween party. As I walked from my car to the door of a club, two blacks tried to sell me dope and one Mexican acted as if he wanted to put a knife in me. This is new because Mexicans usually choose to fight whites in gangs, outnumbering their victims ten to one. Inside the club, one hailed by the yuppie media as being "where it's at," was a sea of mud people, plus the sad faces of a few lost Nordic males drowning themselves in alcohol, served mostly by pretty young Nordic girls. The waitresses were desperate to make a sale and get a tip, while trying to avoid the groping hands of the mud people. Racial slurs, "blonds bleed too" and "we're gonna get you, whitey," were mixed in with the disco noise. The hatred of the mudders for us is frightening. They seem to be getting ready to explode. It's accurate to describe the west side of Houston as the Twilight Zone. In another two years it will be the Combat Zone.

775

□ If it were not so tragic from a racial point of view one could find a lot of humor in Britain's racial, spiritual and economic problems. The future King of England dances with Negroes and so does the Prime Minister, while the ordinary Brit is having a bad go of making a living and trying to keep his family together.

British subscriber

□ Quite ironically, one actually finds the greatest attention to the power of the Jews flowing from the extreme wing of the Black Consciousness movement. This rather embarrassing fact should itself be sufficient warning that we are being dangerously left behind in the war of ideas. Who could deny Farrakhan's fundamental thesis on the power of the Jews, especially as that observation characterizes the plight of Majority members, as well as the condition of Black America? But what will be done about it? With only one (black) voice speaking out so clearly on this matter (and in the same breath giving other important pronouncements hardly beneficial to the future of the American Majority), how can we mainstream Americans look with any confidence to the vindication of truth over Jewish propaganda?

941

□ The "Stingy Breeds" item (Nov. 1985) in *Cultural Catacombs* reminded me of a joke a waitress once told me. Q: What's the difference between a Negro and a canoe? A: Occasionally a canoe will tip.

121

□ The hot bloods in the White Survival Movement accuse *Instauration* of abdicating the role of true leadership. I say our low profile is prudent and appropriate. There are different tasks for different people in any world-historical movement, and ours is to advance slowly along a broad front, much like France's *Nouvelle Droite* (which, perhaps going too far, declines even to defend the embattled Robert Faurisson), rather than presenting an easy target as suppression grows. While recognizing the heroism of (some of) those who get their heads lopped off, we prefer to stay deep in our shell most of the time. "Slow and steady wins the race" applies to people as well as turtles. In his essay, "Fate," possibly the most eloquent defense of hereditary thinking ever penned, Emerson remarked, "The sufferance which is the badge of the Jew has made him, in these days, the ruler of the rulers of the earth." Sufferance means patient endurance, and perhaps the best thing *Instauration* can do is provide continuity and consistency across the decades for a cause which has had precious little of it. We are reliable ammunition for the real leaders who must one day arise, and ammo should be secreted in the rear, not exposed in the front lines.

416

□ Zip 205's (July 1985) comment on good Majority men being too broke was enough to raise the wrath of the most philosophical. Certainly, as an *Instauration* reader, she should realize why the really good Majority males -- except for some of the self-employed -- will be invariably held down economically at this point in history. The lady is obviously a spoiled brat, and should be treated as such. The only thing that will bring her down to earth will be an indignant suitor who turns her over his knee and whales the daylights out of her.

336

□ A head rabbi in South Africa recently took time out from denouncing apartheid to remind his Jewish audience that their future in the country (or lack of same) depended 100% on the white minority. That's a pretty clear admission of who the real host organism is!

South African subscriber

□ Deep discussions with politically conservative Germans on the future of Western society in this postwar era of social democracy's enormous contradictions suggest that the "old fighters" from the time of National Socialism are tired, too badly damaged by the gigantic personal losses and sacrifices engendered by the war, and quite completely outflanked (politically speaking) by the large majority of "good Germans," anxious to get along with the masters of affairs in Washington and Moscow. Psychologically, Germany is exhausted, despite its gigantic achievements in industrial production and social reorganization. The romantic notion that some hardliners have about a politically and racially aware rebirth of German National Socialism seems clearly to be a chimera. If a regeneration is to occur in the West, it will have to come from the bosom of power here in America and nowhere else.

220

□ The Keegstra article (Sept. 1985) was very well done and provided a sound and factual account of his trial. A Senate committee here recently prepared a report calling for a more balanced Canadian foreign policy in the Middle East. The report was considerably watered down due to the efforts of two Jewish senators. Needless to say, the report was either sharply criticized or deep-sixed by the media and is unlikely to have any effect.

Canadian subscriber

□ I'd like to tell you about the black neighbor we were "fortunate" to have during our stay at a North Dakota motel. His live-in girlfriend was a blonde who ran a day care center out of their motel room. Aside from sleeping and sexing, he ran a drug dealership out of the same room. When there was a knock at their door, they didn't know if it was some poor working mother coming to pick up her kid or some dazed drug addict looking for his next fix. When it came time to pay their motel bill (they managed to put it off for months), they tried to skip town. The police caught them fairly easily because he was the only black within 50 miles.

585

□ When I hear white six- and seven-year-olds seriously debating the virtues of creatures like Madonna and Prince, it makes me wonder how much like my childhood their own can possibly be. We children of the fifties and early sixties were at least protected from rock until we were 12 or 13.

421

□ Let me congratulate *Instauration* heartily on the article, "Don't Bother Mr. Holocaust with Shades of Gray" (Sept. 1985). I believe I would have been tempted to use "truth" in place of "gray," but who could quibble over that when the article itself was so satisfying? It posed a pregnant question, "What is a Jew?" and neatly tossed the ball to Mr. Holocaust himself. No "right-wing extremist" answer here! No siree! We got our reply straight from the horse's mouth -- the best way always and ever to answer any such question.

402

□ Some white women like the "disconnected rap" of the blacks. This is primitive talk that places no burden on the listener other than to listen. There is nothing there but rap. The female listener is subjected to something she doesn't understand, so no pressure is put on her for any sensible reply. She can be conversationally passive, a mood which females often prefer in the presence of certain males.

022

□ When blacks or Jews are upset about some racial matter, they feel "anger" or perhaps "rage." When whites are upset, we feel "hate." To "hate" is always wrong -- except, of course, for hating white "haters," which is mandatory. Getting angry with those who feel "anger," on the other hand, is a clear sign of "insensitivity." How many Americans have the least inkling of how their perceptions are shaped each day by such easily mastered wordplay?

320

□ I am in real estate sales. Occasionally I have had some Arab clients and each time, even though I identified myself as a member of the American Arab Anti-Defamation League and displayed sympathy for Arab affairs, none of them stayed with me until a sale was consummated. All through my 25 years of study, activity, donations, lecturing, radio and TV appearances, very few of my fellow activists remembered me when it was time to sell their real estate. Even the listing of their property would have given me a nice commission, whether I sold it or not. I am quite embittered.

190

□ A couple of weeks ago I went to the Tacoma Public Library and filled out a number of slips for book order recommendations. I requested various books from the list on the back page of the October 1984 issue of *Instauration*. I turned the slips over to a librarian who commented that it would probably make more sense to request the books through interlibrary loan since there might not be sufficient demand to justify purchasing them. What this slightly snide gentleman did not know is that I was a librarian myself for nine years. I have heard this "insufficient demand" excuse so often from librarians who merely want to avoid rocking the boat. I wonder where the books in question are to be borrowed from since librarians in many libraries practice their own form of censorship. "The pimp philosophy of librarianship" calls for giving the public whatever it wants, no matter how trivial or degrading. Since the public's money gets spent on a lot of junk, there is not enough money to buy books for which there is "insufficient demand."

984

□ Please read Oswald Mosley's *My Life*. I highly recommend it. It seems likely that had he become prime minister, he could have prevented WWII. He's probably the sanest politician who existed during those mad years. It was, of course, inevitable that Britain should imprison its greatest 20th-century statesman. Isn't this humanity's standard practice?

953

□ One of the largest Chevrolet dealers in America is located in Atlanta: Nalley Chevrolet. It has been running ads on radio and TV which have the tag line: "We be Nalley" or "That be Nalley." That's Willie's lingo! That's what I call responsiveness to demographic shifts!

303

□ The Front National is cited in every TV and radio news program -- generally to be either insulted or criticized. It is now part of daily French political life. My own opinion is that it will fetch between 20 and 25% of the vote in the upcoming elections to the French Parliament. In my small (200 souls) village, two temporarily unoccupied houses have been emptied of their movables within one night after the scouting visit of Arab carpet peddlers. The post office box was broken into and the public telephone sawn off (for the cash). Le Pen better hurry up and become president or France is going to turn into a European Lebanon.

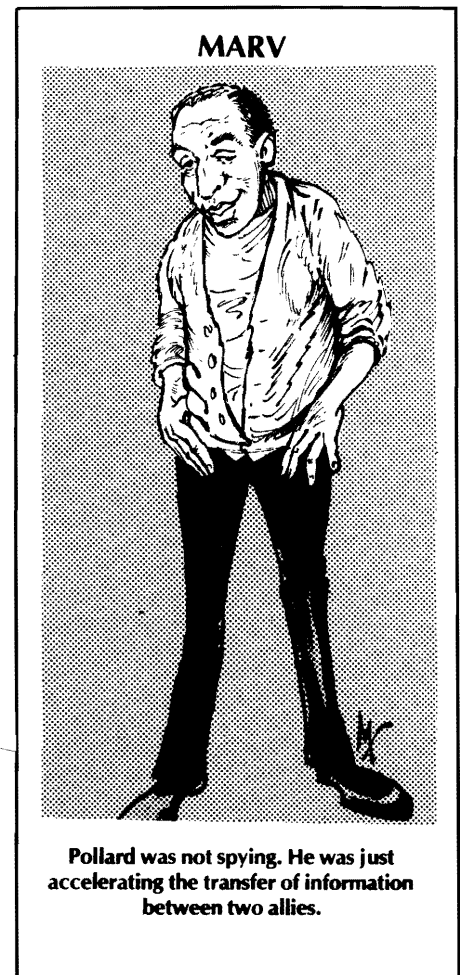
French subscriber

□ Has anyone noticed the decline in American jazz since about 1960? I am a great admirer of the dozens of brilliant black musicians who created this music. I listen to their records constantly. Why has the vigor of jazz so declined in the past 25 years? I suspect it comes from our attempt to bribe the blacks into being like ourselves rather than leaving them to flourish and flounder in their own ways.

870

□ During dinner the night before a friend's wedding, I asked the minister if his church was a member of the World Council of Churches. He said, "Yes, of course, why do you ask?" I asked him if he thought it was Christian to take money from our little community and give it to the black African National Congress to kill white South Africans. He replied, "You are not a Christian. You are a racist." I said, "Answer the question, please." He said, "Yes, it is perfectly all right to destroy the enemies of God." He went on to explain that was the church's primary mission, to do God's work and annihilate all vestiges of racial feeling. He then told me how proud he was to have several new black and Oriental members in his church in a town that was exclusively white five years ago. Later he started to hit me up for a donation, but I reminded him that I was not a Christian and was a racist.

075



Pollard was not spying. He was just accelerating the transfer of information between two allies.

HENRY THOREAU DESCRIBED THE SILENCES AND SOFT SONORITIES OF AN EARLIER TIME

Vision is the master sense in man, and when we survey environmental deterioration it is usually the testimony of the eye which is considered first. Our aural environment is often completely disregarded. One explanation may be our lack of control over the situation. We can at least hope to turn from ugly sights, but who dreams of escaping the jackhammer, the airplane, the ghetto blaster, the TV set, the air-conditioning outlet, the thunder of traffic on distant highways? Much of rural America suffers almost as badly from noise pollution as the cities. We soon abandon the quest for silence, if we ever began it.

It may be that attacks on rock music of the louder, more obnoxious kind are futile, that it is destined to be the mainstream youth music of the urban future, from everlasting to everlasting, the chosen fare of people weaned on noise. Geniuses like Thomas Edison and William Shockley may, with their technical innovations, have placed a curse on their own sensitive kind. More than half a century before Edison was born, Immanuel Kant, in his *Critique of Aesthetic Judgment*, warned of the intrusiveness of music:

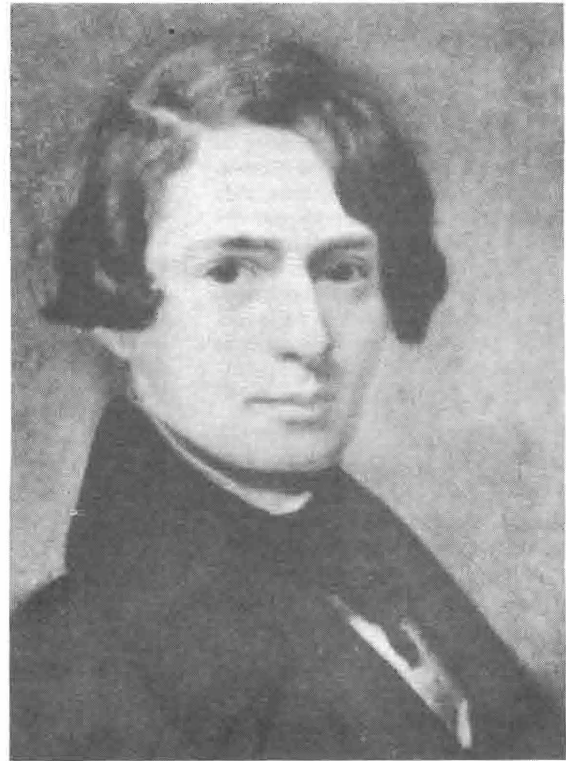
[M]usic has a certain lack of urbanity about it . . . [i]t scatters its influence abroad to an uncalled-for extent (through the neighborhood), and thus, as it were, becomes obtrusive and deprives others, outside the musical circle, of their freedom. This is a thing that the arts that address themselves to the eye do not do, for if one is not disposed to give admittance to their impressions, one has only to look the other way.

In Kant's day, and long after, the threat to freedom was minimal. Music was unamplified, and most of it was *genial* in character (i.e., "marked by or diffusing sympathy or friendliness"), not self-assertive like a great loud baby. In 1857, Henry David Thoreau could write in his journal, "When I hear music I feel no danger, I am invulnerable, I see no foe." Most people at that time felt the same way, never conceiving of a music which would make them hostile or defensive.

Few are so fortunate today. The classical music lover is often bitter about rock and its socio-cultural dominance. The alienated rocker feels paranoid toward the classics. Those who listen to white pop music hate most of the black stuff, and the blacks feel a reverse loathing.

How different it was for a man like Thoreau, who, spending his lifetime in a relatively stable and racially homogeneous setting, never encountered music which failed to send his spirits soaring -- indeed, never conceived that such could exist!

It is not that Thoreau was an overly tolerant sort, slow to find fault with people and things. On the contrary, he was often crabby, finding many objectionable features in Con-



Thoreau as a young man

cord life in the 1850s. Everything he wrote suggests he would have hated jazz and what came after. Yet, in his experience, all music -- indeed, nearly all *sound* -- was a benison. He lived in an aural environment utterly unlike ours today, one which permitted him to be a persnickety connoisseur of sound. The attentiveness of his ears would be a handicap today to almost anyone living much below the Arctic Circle.

Lovers of Thoreau concur that much of his best writing is to be found in the rough-hewn journals, rather than polished works like *Walden*, *The Maine Woods* and *Cape Cod*. The eastern Massachusetts which the journals depict is utterly unlike today's -- a wide open country where one could roam for days without passing a soul. But even greater than this change in appearances has been the transformation in sound. Of blue jays in winter, Thoreau could write, "They tear our ears."

If, as Socrates was convinced, good music has the power to build up a state, and bad music the power to pull one down -- and if today's raucous, aggressive beat is partly the offspring of sheer noise -- then our future welfare demands that we heed the saner counsel of a quieter past. A good place to begin is in the bountiful journals of Henry Thoreau. The sampling on the next page should inspire frazzled ears and harried souls.

There is all the romance of my youthfulest moment in music. Heaven lies about us, as in our infancy. There is nothing so wild and extravagant that it does not make true. It makes a dream my only real experience, and prompts faith to such elasticity that only the incredible can satisfy it. It tells me again to trust the remotest and finest, as the divinest, instinct. All that I have imagined of heroism, it reminds and reassures me of it. It is a life unlived, a life beyond life, where at length my years will pass. I look under the lids of Time.

(Jan. 30, 1841)

There are in music such strains as far surpass any faith in the loftiness of man's destiny. He must be very sad before he can comprehend them. The clear, liquid notes from the morning fields beyond seem to come through a vale of sadness to man, which gives all music a plaintive air. It hath caught a higher pace than any virtue I know. It is the arch-reformer.

(Jan. 8, 1842)

Be ever so little distracted, your thoughts so little confused, your engagements so few, your attention so free, your existence so mundane, that in all places and in all hours you can hear the sound of crickets in those seasons when they are to be heard. It is a mark of serenity and health of mind when a person hears this sound much.

(July 7, 1851)

There is always a kind of fine aeolian harp music to be heard in the air. I hear now, as it were, the mellow sound of distant horns in the hollow mansions of the upper air, a sound to make all men divinely insane that hear it, far away overhead, subsiding into my ear. To ears that are expanded what a harp this world is! The occupied ear thinks that beyond the cricket no sound can be heard, but there is an immortal melody that may be heard morning, noon, and night, by ears that can attend, and from time to time this man or that hears it, having ears that were made for music. To hear this the hardhack and the meadow-sweet *aspire*. They are thus beautifully painted, because they are tinged in the lower stratum of that melody.

(July 21, 1851)

My heart leaps into my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was but yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing.

(Aug. 17, 1851)

The wood thrush's is no opera music; it is not so much the composition as the strain, the tone -- cool bars of melody from the atmosphere of everlasting morning or evening. It is the quality of the song, not the sequence. In the peawai's note there is some sultriness, but in the thrush's, though heard at noon, there is the liquid coolness of things that are just drawn from the bottom of springs. The thrush alone declares the immortal wealth and vigor that is in the forest. Here is a bird in whose strain the story is told, though Nature waited for the science of aesthetics to discover it to man. Whenever a man hears it, he is young, and Nature is in her spring. Wherever he hears it, it is a new world and a free country, and the gates of heaven are not shut against him. Most other birds sing from the level of my ordinary cheerful hours -- a carol; but this bird never fails to speak to me out of an ether purer than that I breathe, of immortal beauty and



Thoreau's hut on Walden Pond

vigor. He deepens the significance of all things seen in the light of his strain. He sings to make men take higher and truer views of things.

(July 5, 1852)

How cool and assuaging the thrush's note after the fever of the day! I doubt if they have anything so richly wild in Europe. So long a civilization must have banished it. It will only be heard in America, perchance, while our star is in the ascendant. I should be very much surprised if I were to hear in the strain of the nightingale such unexplored wildness and fertility, reaching to sundown, inciting to emigration. Such a bird must itself have emigrated long ago.

(July 27, 1852)

To make a perfect winter day like this, you must have a clear, sparkling air, with a sheen from the snow, sufficient cold, little or no wind; and the warmth must come directly from the sun. It must not be a thawing warmth. The tension of nature must not be relaxed. The earth must be resonant if bare, and you hear the listing tinkle of chickadees from time to time and the unrelenting steel-cold scream of a jay, unmelted, that never flows into a song, a sort of wintery trumpet, screaming cold; hard, tense, frozen music, like the winter sky itself; in the blue livery of winter's band. It is like a flourish of trumpets to the winter sky. There is no hint of incubation in the jay's scream. Like the creak of a cart-wheel. There is no cushion for sounds now. They tear our ears.

(Feb. 12, 1854)

My mother was telling tonight of the sounds which she used to hear summer nights when she was young and lived on the Virginia Road [in Concord] -- the lowing of cows, or cackling of geese, or the beating of a drum as far off as Hildreth's, but above all Joe Merriam whistling to his team, for he was an admirable whistler. She says she used to get up at midnight and go and sit on the door-step when all the house were asleep, and she could hear nothing in the world but the ticking of the clock in the house behind her.

(May 26, 1857)

THE SNOOPERS OF ZION GET A BRIEF COMEUPPANCE

Some subscribers have been in a deep state of puzzlement over the attention paid by the media to the Israeli spy, Jonathan Jay Pollard, and his presumably Gentile wife, Barbara Henderson-Pollard. If TV and the press are controlled by Jews, they want to know how the Zionist espionage story managed to filter through the censorship screen. Although the question is not exactly legitimate when put in that dirt-simple fashion, let's try an answer.

First of all, Jews only own or directly control part of the U.S. communications industry. The three TV networks are giant corporations and growing more gigantic every moment now that RCA, which owns NBC, is being taken over by General Electric and ABC has been gobbled up by Capital Cities Communications Inc. (provided, of course, the Justice Department doesn't disapprove). When corporations get this big, financial control by one stockholder or by a group of stockholders is hard to come by. It's the executives and the directors who are in charge and they generally set up a self-perpetuating ruling clique, since no one can round up enough stockholders to throw them out. Only CBS, which has approximately 30 to 35% of its stock owned or controlled in three large hunks by three Jews -- founding father William Paley, Laurence Tisch, chairman of Loews Inc., and Ivan Boesky, an arbitrageur (a fancy name for stock exchange sharpie) -- is vulnerable to a Jewish double-whammy.

For the moment, at any rate, the CEOs of all three major networks and General Electric and Capital Cities Communications are non-Jewish. So is Ted Turner, the king of cable who is now trying to take over MGM. The exceptions are Leonard Goldenson, the senescent and obsolescent chairman of ABC, and Sonia Landau, the chairwoman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the principal funder of PBS. It's a different story, however, when we descend to the network TV news and show business divisions. There the Jewish presence is palpable and ubiquitous. It isn't going off in the wild blue anti-Semitic yonder to say that at least 80% of the writers and producers of prime-time sitcoms, dramas and docudramas are Jews.

Another major source of Jewish influence on TV and, for that matter, on all aspects of the American communications industry is Jewish watchdog organizations, which are on 24-hour-a-day guard against any anti-Jewish or anti-Zionist treatment of the news or what passes for TV entertainment. These outfits can make it awfully difficult for anyone who transgresses their one and only commandment: thou shalt not speak negatively of anyone or anything Jewish.

On the other hand, network TV anchormen, TV reporters and the working press in general are non-Jewish. Over the years most of these people at one time or another have been accused of selling out to Jews and Israelis. The

charge, they might be honest enough to admit in an off moment when no one is listening, is basically true, and it bothers the conscience of some of them, the "some" who have any conscience left. Dan Rather, who obviously considers himself a bigshot (annual salary more than \$2 million a year), doesn't like to think that the couple at the next table in an expensive Zoo City restaurant may be whispering, "There's Dan Rather, the guy who feeds us Israeli propaganda every night." It hurts his pride, of which he has considerable. It reminds him of the embarrassing fact that he is more the prisoner of news than the dispenser of the news; that for most of his nightly 22 minutes on the tube he simply echoes what is written for him on the teleprompter by writers who get most of their news from the *New York Times*, a purely Jewish enterprise. In addition, these writers have early on been housebroken by the Anti-Defamation League, the American Jewish Committee, the World Zionist Council, and tens of thousands of Jewish letter writers.

Having said this, we return to Jonathan Pollard, a rather loud-mouthed type who often boasted to acquaintances he was an officer in the Israeli Defense Forces. The FBI arrested Pollard as he tried to seek political asylum in the Israeli Embassy in Washington. An employee of the U.S. Naval Intelligence Service, he confessed to having received approximately \$50,000 from the Israelis over a period of a year and a half for furnishing them top-secret defense information. Once the FBI had made the announcement, the press and the TV news had no choice but to report it. To try to suppress it completely in a town that can't keep a secret for two seconds would have made the matter worse. We must remember that the Rathers, Brokaws and Jenningses boast of their independence, a false claim which quite a few of their naive listeners believe, and they don't relish the idea of being accused of knuckling under to anyone, especially when the knuckling is obvious for all to see.

Put yourself in the shoes of the three TV anchormen when faced with the Pollard story. The news writers don't want to be accused of downplaying it because that is exactly what they are expected to do with any story critical of Israel. The Pollard affair, however, was so simple and straightforward that there was really no means of fudging it. In other words, it was the opportunity of a lifetime for non-Jews toiling in the TV vineyards -- to be critical of Israel without being accused of anti-Semitism. How can a newsman be raked over the coals for reporting the simple facts, no matter how damning? Finally, the anchormen and the writers had a unique chance to get even with the Israelis and Jewish organizations for all the flack they had taken in the past, when they had inadvertently strayed into the forbidden ground of media fairness.

This sudden effusion of objectivity did not, unfortunately, extend to Congress, which has practically become a

western branch of the Knesset.* No congressman rose up in his wrath to denounce the "traitorous ally" and demand a reduction of or an end to Israeli aid. That would have kept the pot boiling and given the TV evening news a chance to extend and ramify the story. Nor was there any coverage of Pollard being led around in handcuffs and chains, as happened in the case of the Walker family and other recently arrested stealers of secrets. As for the *New York Times*, which is owned, operated and controlled from top to bottom by Jews, it did not have the problem of the networks with their non-Jewish anchormen. The *Times* downplayed the Pollard story so much that it took several days for it to make the front page. Even then the touchy word "Israel" was carefully omitted from the headlines.

To sum up, the short-lived TV handling of the Pollard story could be entitled "Dan Rather's Revenge." In a rare fit of honesty, Injun Dan spoke in his own voice instead of his master's. It should have made him feel good. Maybe he will repeat this act of catharsis sometime. Indeed, a few nights after the Pollard story wound down, CBS devoted a few seconds to a secret gun-making process being unlawfully delivered to Israel. Again Dan's voice sounded peculiarly enthusiastic in the telling, almost as enthusiastic as when he tells how blacks are raising hell in South Africa.

Senators Shocked

A few weeks before the Pollard story broke, there was a brief but interesting "revolt" against the Israeli lobby in the Senate, a story about which Dan should have informed his viewers, but which, conforming to his usual (pre-Pollard) practice, he deliberately ignored. Early in November the Senate Appropriations Committee met to mark up a foreign operations bill, only to discover that Senators Daniel K. Inouye (D-HI) and Robert W. Kasten Jr. (R-WI) had slipped in a little provision reducing the interest rate Israel pays on its loans from 11.5% to 5%. Although Inouye and Kasten carefully failed to acknowledge it, this would amount to a gift of about \$531,700,682 to Israel from the U.S. Treasury. Even worse, Kasten and Inouye tried to transform the loss into a gain by playing accounting games with \$500 million of Export-Import Bank funds. This allowed them to make the totally false claim that the half-billion-dollar windfall to Israel would cost the taxpayers nothing.

Senator Inouye, who once actually worked as an Israel bond salesman and claims to have a mezuzah on his office wall, almost makes a profession out of lavishing American money and favors on Israel, and the Pollard spy case has not reduced his ardor one whit. Senator Kasten, a bachelor for 43 years until his marriage last month, is apparently repaying the monetary favors he received from Jewish PACs (\$55,000 in Jan.-June 1985, the biggest amount given by Jews to any politician in that period). Ironically the tried, trusted and true senator from Wisconsin was arrested for drunken driving in the capital in December.

Neither Inouye nor Kasten want to give the time of day to Rev. Benjamin Weir, the hostage who was released after

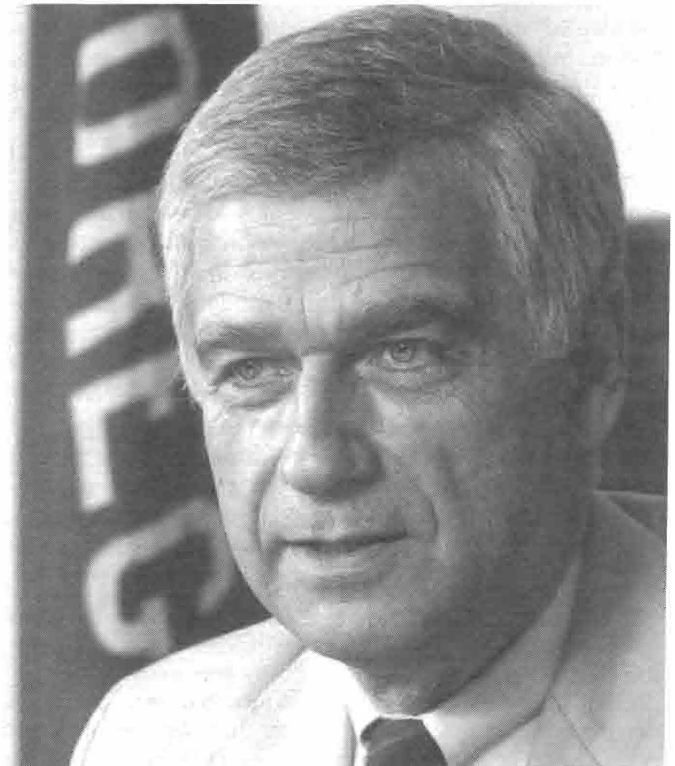
* "Israel is not the 51st state of the United States of America, as some would like to think: rather the U.S. Congress is one of the occupied areas of Israel." Uri Averim, Knesset member, in the Israeli daily, *Haaretz*.



**PACman Kasten,
the drunk-driving senator**

being held for a year in Lebanon. Weir was awarded a huge one-night splurge of publicity by the media and then quickly sank out of sight and mind. One good reason: in a narrowly distributed newspaper interview, he called Israel an "oppressive, aggressive, militaristic" country and claimed the Israeli lobby "pretty much runs U.S. Middle Eastern foreign policy."

Inouye's and Kasten's financial "fast one" was so brazen that a few senators dared object -- something they would never dare do ordinarily because the Senate's and the House's watchword has always been, "What Israel wants is what Israel gets." One member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Senator Mark Hatfield (R-OR), said if there was \$500 million lying around in the foreign aid budget, he knew of some American farmers who would have a better use for it. Senator Lawton Chiles (D-FL) added that if the provision got through, it would become another permanent fixture in the already massive annual aid to



Mark Hatfield -- a rare stand against Zion

Israel program -- now running at about \$3.75 billion a year, not counting such perks as the new Free Trade Treaty*, tax deductibility for private contributions to the Zionist state, and so on ad infinitum.

All this is not to say that Kasten and Inouye will not get their (Israel's) way in the end. But at least it didn't get hidden as just another "item" in the middle of a large foreign operations bill.

Kosher Nostra

For about a week Israel stonewalled on Pollard. Foreign Ministry officials denied they had ever heard of him, although after his arrest they quickly recalled two scientific attachés who had obviously been part of the spy net. The U.S. demanded that the two be sent back to Washington for interrogation. Israel refused, but agreed to let them be questioned by an American investigating team in Israel. When it was announced that the head of the team would be Judge Abraham Sofaer, a Jew born in Bombay, India, the Zionists were understandably enthusiastic.

As time went by, it took some severe criticism from Jewish moneybags in the U.S. to get Prime Minister Shimon Peres to bestir himself and announce he would "spare no effort" to uncover "all the facts to the last detail no matter where the trail may lead." Secretary of State Shultz, who had adopted a tough attitude toward the matter, immediately surrendered and purred, "I think this is an excellent statement and we are satisfied with it." Dan Rather also seemed to be happy to get back on track when he informed his viewing audience that the Israelis had returned all the important documents that Pollard had purloined.

The defection and redefection of KGB apparatchik Yourchenko showed how deeply Russia had penetrated U.S. intelligence, but until the Pollard case there had been few "in-depth" stories in the news magazines of Israel's penetration. What Israel has largely been up to for years has been the acquisition of U.S. weapons technology for its own burgeoning arms industry, its "merchant of death" business. On the legal side, Israeli officials have tried to persuade the Pentagon to buy Israeli-modified U.S. weapons. On the illegal side, they have moved heaven and earth to bypass the U.S. arms embargo on Iran by acting as middlemen for all kinds of weapons deals. In the time of the Shah, Israel tried to sell Iran a modified version of the Harpoon missile, which had been acquired from the U.S. and which could be refitted to carry a nuclear warhead. In 1977-78 both Ezer Weizmann, at that time Israeli Minister of Defense, and Moshe Dayan, then Foreign Minister, tried to sell a refurbished Harpoon to Iranian officers, though everyone concerned knew that such a sale without previous U.S. approval was clearly illegal under U.S. law.

Last August, a certain Paul C. Cutter, a Yugoslav whose

real name is Sjeklocha, was arrested by the FBI on an arms smuggling charge. Cutter was closely associated with a Washington group, the Jewish Institute of National Security Affairs, founded by Stephen Bryen and now run by his second wife, Shoshana. In October 1982, this group, whose business it is to promote the sale of Israeli arms, arranged an all-expense-paid (by the Israeli Defense Forces) trip for Cutter to Israel and occupied Lebanon. On his return to the U.S. he got into the illegal Iranian arms trade in a big way. The media have almost completely ducked the Cutter case and it is expected that "pressure" from on high may actually get the charges against him dropped. Already he is claiming he was framed by FBI operatives.

Pollard has been the first Israeli spy to be arrested. Generally all Israeli intelligence agents have to do is pick up the phone to get any information they want from government officials. Israeli fellow travelers hold high government positions. Richard Perle, a dual loyalist of the first water, is Assistant Secretary of Defense and represented the Pentagon at the recent Gorbachev-Reagan-Jesse Jackson summit. A few years ago an Israeli company paid Perle \$140,000 for consultations on U.S.-built armaments. Then, after Perle, a former aide to the late Zionophile, Senator Henry Jackson, had been moved into the Defense Department, thanks largely to Israeli pressure, he countermanded a decision to buy a British-made mortar, so a similar Israeli weapon could be tested. At one point in his two-country career, an FBI wiretap caught Perle giving defense information to the Israeli Embassy in Washington.

Stephen Bryen, Perle's deputy, was overheard passing sensitive defense data to Israeli officials in a Washington hotel. Then there is Michael Ledeen, who left the State Department in 1983 after being heavily involved in Israel's invasion of Lebanon, and is now a White House adviser on terrorism. The head of the new U.S. terrorism suppression project is Assistant Secretary of Defense Noel C. Koch, a former paid Israeli lobbyist. Joseph Churba, a onetime pal of Rabbi Kahane, after working some years for the Pentagon, is currently running an Israeli lobbying group, whose activities are rumored to be funded by Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, which owns the *Washington Times*, America's leading kosher conservative newspaper.

An editorial in the Israeli paper, *Al Hanmisher*, had the final word on the booming Israeli espionage industry:

Alongside an established tradition of prudence, sensibility and respect for friends, we can also point to an inglorious tradition of disregard for others, an "after me, the flood" attitude toward other nations and a naive belief that the Jewish-Israeli genius is capable of getting the better of even the cleverest Gentiles. Those responsible for the affair . . . will surely have to pay for it, and this had better be done openly, without any attempt to cover up.

Wouldn't it be nice if Israeli and U.S. officials listened to and followed *Al Hanmisher's* editorial advice. The chances are about one in a quadrillion.



* The agreement went into effect Sept. 1, 1985. Since then there has been a significant increase in the export of Israeli apparel to the U.S. as the American textile industry goes into a deeper and deeper slump. Meanwhile, Britain has inherited the \$4 billion sale of advanced aircraft to Saudi Arabia that was first offered to American companies but rejected by Israel's lackeys in Congress despite the horrendous American trade imbalance.

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THE CLASSIC JIVE OF AMOS 'N' ANDY

Triumphantly resurging from the musty vaults of the cultural catacombs is that jewel of entertainment known as *Amos 'n' Andy*. Recently, thanks to the miracle of home video, it has been given a new lease on life.

As some of you older readers know, this TV series, produced in the early 1950s, was merely a video continuation of one of the most popular and longest-running radio programs. *Amos 'n' Andy* was a comedy series about the lives of a small group of black people in Harlem. The menfolks' favorite hangout was the Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge Hall. Originally the show focused on two characters, Amos Jones, an honest, hardworking cab driver and his buddy, Andy Brown, a womanizing, cigar-smoking, good-natured shuck-'n'-jiver who habitually shied away from steady employment. Later, the character of the ever scheming, ever devilish, bon vivant, George "Kingfish" Stevens, was hatched and became the most memorable of the series.

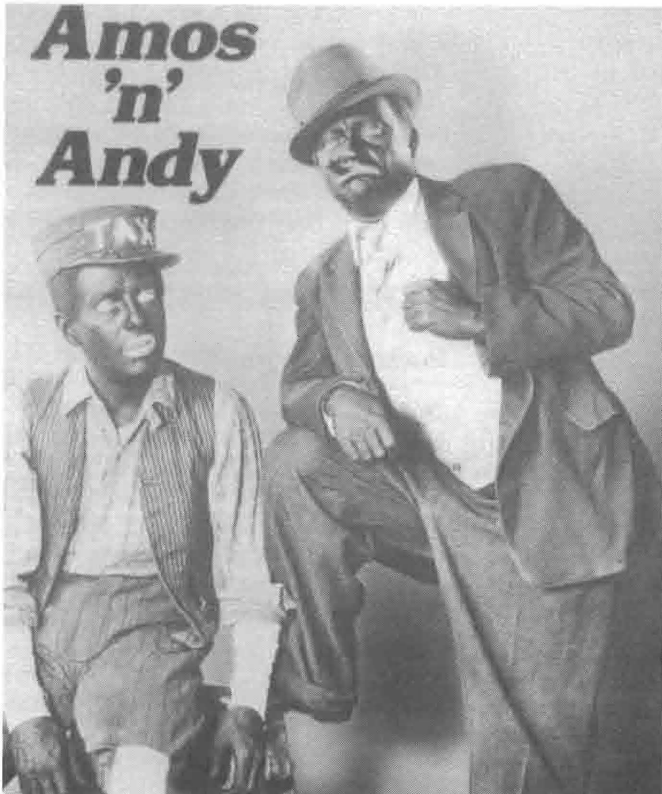
The creators and original radio performers of *Amos 'n' Andy* were two white men, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll. As the radio show's tenure and popularity increased, more characters and performers (some of them black) were added.

The show began in the middle 20s and its ratings peaked in the middle 30s. At one period, one out of every four Americans tuned in and listened with rapt

fascination to this electromagnetic minstrel show. At a time when blacks were at the bottom of America's social totem pole, it was particularly ironic that tens of millions of whites were enthralled by the raspy-voiced antics of black characters. Whitey's attentions and affections were captivated by blacky's jive repartee. My own grandfather once cut out of a friend's funeral early in order not to miss that day's episode. Be it admirable or not, when it came to this form of entertainment, blacky was definitely the master and whitey the slave.

When the civil rights movement hit this nation with hurricane winds in the 1960s, the *Amos 'n' Andy* TV show (then playing in syndicated reruns) fell victim to the overly touchy liberal censorship. The official story goes that the NAACP ran it off the air, on grounds that the black English, simpleton antics and somewhat subservient mannerisms of the show's black cast were racially offensive and inconsistent with the objective of instilling the black masses with a more dignified, upwardly mobile Negro self-image. A still deeper rationale can be surmised. Most TV network moguls (who just happened to be members of another minority) did not want the white majority to perceive blacks as a different, unassimilable race (which is exactly how *Amos 'n' Andy* portrayed them). The media game plan was to promote a false image of blacks as a bland, tame bunch of middle-class oreos so as to grease the social skids for massive integration and race-mixing. The goy polloi were to be primed for the serendipitous lie of racial equality.

Having viewed several dozen episodes of the *Amos 'n' Andy* TV show on home video, this writer concludes that it was a masterpiece. The genius of the story-creating talents of Gosden and Correll combined with the acting genius of Tim Moore (as the Kingfish),



In the radio show, Amos 'n' Andy were in blackface



In the TV series, the actors were black all over

Spencer Williams (Andy Brown), Alvin Childress (Amos Jones, the cabbie) and Johnny Lee (Algonquin J. Calhoun, the slick-talking, shady lawyer) synergized into a rare and beautiful TV classic. Thank God it was filmed and is now on videotape. If the liberal Catos and malicious TV moguls had their way, it would have been trashed and shunted down an Orwellian "memory hole."

There are various reasons why *Amos 'n' Andy* can be considered a classic of lasting significance. One is that its appeal springs from some genuine facets of the black race's soul. The black dialect and lingo were for real. That the grammar was not the Queen's English or that a heavy dose of malapropism cropped up in Andy's and the Kingfish's speech is really no grounds for black shame. Black slaves were rarely taught how to use faultless English. Segregation of the black race, combined with its laid-back linguistic habits, made the emergence of a black dialect inevitable. The *Amos 'n' Andy* dialect, though a bit doctored and larger than life, was really quite representative of how blacks talked at the time.

The assonance and resonance of black voices seem to act on white audiences like a hypnotic mantra. The same effect may help explain why otherwise rational whites can be moved to listen to Michael Jackson or Prince. Not only is it exotic, but it seems to make an entrancing imprint on deep levels of the nervous system. Every time the Kingfish strokes his chin, grasps his thick rubbery lips and says his trademark, "Hmmm! Yeaahh!", followed by that cackling, raspy chortle of "Hyeh! hyeh! hyeh!", it throws the white observer into a transcendent paroxysm of laughter. The vibrations penetrate to the very subconscious.

Andy's melodious greeting to every attractive, bronze-skinned female of "Hellooooh!", followed by his doffing his derby, has a similar magic charm. The pithy witticisms, the non sequiturs and raspy vocal cords of Calhoun, the slick, jive-talking lawyer, are a wonder to hear and behold. One of his most memorable lines was, "Kingfish, if you gonna 'splain, you'd better 'splain fast, 'cuz you got a mess of 'splainin' to 'splain."

The bouncy, wiggly walk and bodily movements of the Nubian are occasionally touched upon in the series. Once Lightnin', the lodge hall's janitor, accidentally falls seat-first into a trash can and must extricate his buttocks from this tight-fitting harness. The wild, crab-like gyrations he went through are akin to modern-day break-dancing.

The storylines and comedic situations were always very simple and straightforward, yet their moral and philosophic significance were quite profound. Many episodes contained the most meaningful parables. In one episode, the Kingfish tried to lure Andy into one of his countless get-rich-quick schemes. Andy quickly caught on and was preparing to beat up the con man when Calhoun, the lawyer, tried to intercede as a peacemaker. The Kingfish, ever clever and crafty, thinks fast and accuses Andy of being a coward. The latter angrily insists, "I ain't no coward!" The Kingfish

counters with, "You is too a coward!" Andy again replies, "I ain't no coward!" Whereupon the Kingfish snidely suggests, "Well, if you ain't no coward, go ahead and prove it! Go and hit Calhoun!"

Andy, like a thick-headed Sambo, snaps at the bait and smacks Calhoun, who woundedly replies, "Andy, Andy, what is you doin', hittin' me in my face?" Andy quickly apologizes and returns to arguing with the Kingfish, who again goads him a second time, they argue again, stop and begin to make up. In the confusion, the Kingfish beats a hasty retreat out of the Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge Hall. Andy and Calhoun belatedly realize how they have been fooled and a madcap chase ensues through the streets of Harlem.

At his first exposure to the show, the sophisticated white viewer may think that only blacks behave like fools. However, he may just be inspired to make some invidious comparisons, such as the not exactly non-foolish white civil wars known as WWI and WWII. There were a lot of Kingfishes in those days telling the Americans, black and white, "Go ahead, bomb dat Hitler! Prove you ain't no coward!" Andy and Calhoun just got into a mild altercation. Whitey in World War II laid waste to millions of bearers of his race's best genes. Andy and Calhoun eventually realized they had been conned. A large proportion of whiteys never have. Who are the dumbest Sambos?

Amos 'n' Andy capitalized on the fact that no other race holds a candle to the blacks when it comes to "walkin' dat walk and talkin' dat talk." The natural behavior of jiving blacks can be incredibly funny and droll. In the final analysis, it is better to radiate blackness while playing the part of a common, simple Negro than it is to ape whitey, such as Bill Cosby does. Cosby and his TV family look black, but they speak and act white. The black cast of *Amos 'n' Andy* looked black and spoke and acted black, so black indeed that the show was forced to close down, despite its high ratings. There is white magic in the Cosby show. But there is black magic in the *Amos 'n' Andy* videocassettes. Rent them as soon as you can. Everyone knows that black magic is much more powerful than the other kind.

Ponderable Quote

The exquisite hypocrisy shown by some liberals during the [West Virginia] textbook protest was epitomized for me by the editor of the Montgomery County, Maryland, *Journal*. He ridiculed the actions of those who opposed certain textbooks because of their obscene passages. Yet when confronted by a local parents' group, he refused even to publish those portions of the textbooks being criticized -- because, he explained, they were too vulgar to print in his newspaper. That is, too vulgar for his adult readers in one of the most sophisticated counties in America, but not too vulgar for nine-year-olds in West Virginia!

Robert J. Hoy, "Lid on a Boiling Pot,"
in *The New Right Papers*

rewritten by M. W.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES (II)

There are about 2.5 million public school teachers in the U.S., not to mention several thousand superintendents, principals and other instructional staff. Such a large number of people includes all types and shapes of individuals, many of them dedicated and competent. Nevertheless, there are dominant forces in the education profession that are moving east by left to totalitarianism while ignoring, confusing or overpowering those teachers whose main concern is their students.

The National Education Association (NEA) with over 1.6 million members and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) with over 500,000 are the two principal teachers' unions. Their combined strength was less than 100,000 back in the 1950s when they functioned as professional organizations instead of labor unions. In the late 50s and early 60s they adopted the uncompromising anticompetitive, antiproductive, wage-spiral stance that signalled their maturation into authentic unionhood. Since the AFT has been somewhat more restrained -- it's anti-Communist, favors the competency testing of teachers and places some emphasis on maintaining academic standards and discipline -- the following very brief study will be concentrated on the NEA.

The NEA has a long history of warily promoting socialism, expressing support for the Soviet Union and striving to create a monopolistic public education system. A lengthy and well-researched discussion of these matters can be found in *NEA: Trojan Horse in American Education* by Samuel L. Blumenfeld.

The NEA, which forcefully advocates the right of public servants to strike, is 100% for the closed shop. It has opposed all competition in education such as vouchers or tuition tax credits. It has attempted to create and control a system of mandatory licensing for all American school teachers, public or private. Lastly, it has tried with a good deal of success to make it impossible to dismiss any teacher for any reason except, it goes without saying, the refusal to pay union dues. All of these are standard Big Labor attitudes and are looked upon favorably by the union bosses.

In the last two decades the NEA has become a major power broker in the Democratic Party, having developed a leftist agenda that has much to do with politics and practically nothing to do with education. In 1980 the largest single voting bloc at the Democratic National Convention was the NEA's 302 delegates and 162 alternates. In 1984 five Democratic presidential candidates vied with each other in making extravagant promises of high spending for pork-barrel educational projects at the annual NEA gathering. The eventual winner of the union's endorsement was Walter Mondale, whose former boss, Jimmy Carter, had

created the Department of Education as a direct political payoff for the NEA's support in the 1976 presidential election.

On the current agenda of the NEA are the following items: support for the old-hat Equal Rights Amendment, mandatory equal pay for men and women doing totally different work (the liberal horror known as "comparable worth"), legal perks for homosexuals, moral relativism on matters like suicide and premarital sex and, finally, circumlocutory advocacy of unilateral nuclear disarmament.

Despite the leftist hornet's nest that buzzes so mightily in the upper reaches of the NEA, various polls have shown that only a minority of teachers (NEA members included) call themselves Democrats, though a considerable part of their dues wends its way to the treasury of the McGovern wing of the party. The situation is neatly summarized by Blumenfeld:

The simple truth is that most of the money collected from teachers by the NEA goes for union organizing and political action. The NEA now employs 1,172 full-time, highly trained field organizers which the *Reader's Digest* of May 1984 called "the largest grassroots political army ever deployed in the United States." Of the \$77.5 million the NEA spent in 1982, only \$2.4 million, or a mere 3.1 percent, was spent on "Instruction and Personal Development." The rest went for organizing and training members for political action, bargaining and job action (strike) situations, processing membership lists for political purposes, maintaining legislators' voting records, implementing the NEA's legislative agenda and ERA coalitions, operating a clearinghouse on "extremist" -- that is, conservative and fundamentalist -- groups, operating NEA-PAC, etc. No wonder the teachers have little time to teach. Mary Futrell, president of the NEA, expressed it well in the *Los Angeles Times* of July 4, 1982, when she said: "There's no alternative to political involvement. Instruction and professional development have been on the back burner for us, compared to political action."

Reviewing the NEA's position on educational issues is enough to make one wish it had devoted *all* its time and money to non-school matters. The union has long supported the look-say method of teaching and reading, which attempts to teach children to identify each word as a separate entity instead of first learning the alphabet in order to view words as collections of letters. The look-say method is appropriate for a language like Chinese, which has no alphabet and uses a separate character for each word, but is totally inappropriate for English.

What the NEA ignores is that virtually every European nation (Communist and non-Communist) uses the alphabet-based phonic system. None has the myr-

iads of illiterate school children that plague education in the U.S. The one other Western nation that relies on look-say is Canada, which -- it is no surprise -- finds itself in the same analphabetic morass as its southern neighbor.

The NEA supported the "new math" fad of the 60s that contributed so heavily to declining math test scores. The union is determined that only holders of degrees in education should be allowed to teach and that the salaries of these teachers should be determined by the number of education diplomas they acquire. Caught in the bear trap of its own false logic, the educational establishment feels compelled to go against the time-tested, commonsensical approach to teaching math, reading or almost any other subject. Else it might have to admit what every disinterested observer has long since concluded: a degree in education based on courses in educational methodology is of little or no value in the classroom.

The NEA ruling elite is fanatically opposed to paying teachers on the basis of merit and is blatantly indifferent to the supply and demand status of a given academic specialty. Consequently there is an enormous nationwide shortage of qualified high-school math and science teachers. By going into industry, graduates in those subjects can earn considerably more than they would earn as teachers. The NEA response to this depressing situation has been to continue to reject higher pay for the skills most in demand, while insisting that a qualified scientist or mathematician cannot teach high-school students without first being certified by a teachers' college. On top of that, the NEA educationists propose that surplus physical education teachers, guidance counselors and others who have an education degree (but no background or aptitude in math or science) can be transmogrified into qualified math and science teachers simply by attending a summer workshop.

Partly if not entirely as a result of NEA arm-twist-

ing, America's supposedly competent colleges of education graduated only 798 mathematics education majors in 1981, at the same time churning out 19,095 physical education majors. On a Department of Education list of bachelor degrees in education awarded in 1981, the number of graduate math teachers ranked 15th -- lower than the "other" category, which was 14th.

How much the quality of those entering the teaching field has deteriorated can be demonstrated by the 1982 SAT tests, which showed that students majoring in education had far lower scores than high-school graduates bound for biology, business or the social and physical sciences. The only groups with lower SAT scores than the education majors were home economics, ethnic studies and trade-school students.

There is, however, one ray of hope in all this academic darkness. In 1984 the NEA was forced by public pressure to accept the idea of merit pay, but in such a convoluted way that the education junta will control the program. In the same year, the union reluctantly agreed to the concept of competency tests for new teachers. Apparently the national sense of outrage over the decline of our public schools is slowly yielding results. But there is many a slip between the concept and putting it effectively to work.

To recapitulate, test scores and literacy rates have fallen drastically during the last several decades, although the U.S. has spent unprecedented sums on education. Many of our public schools have watered down their curricula well below the level of the lowest common denominator, as more and more administrators' and teachers' time is devoted to allaying classroom and schoolyard violence. As is their habit, the teachers' unions continue to cast a blind eye on the real problems facing the school system, as they concentrate on lobbying for ever bigger boondoggles in order to augment their already immense power over American politics and the American learning process.

Whatever Happened to the Eliots?

The patrician Eliots were determined that their daughter Celeste would not marry the Podowski boy. Though Celeste was a bit lazy, and George Podowski a hard worker, Celeste was also tall and graceful, with a longish oval head and face, piercing blue eyes and a long aquiline nose and perfect chin, fair, blooming skin, and long golden hair. Her value was more than personal. George and family, bless their striving neo-Republican souls, looked, well, rather different. Bill van den Bosch was another matter; barely Celeste's height, thickset, bull-necked, with a moderately round face and a rather low-bridged nose -- still, his hair was blond, his eyes bright blue. Besides, he was a Protestant, and his family had been

around nearly as long as the Eliots. His ambition and Celeste's aristocratic complacency would make an equitable match. (In the back of one senior Eliot's head lay a cold-blooded calculation: Celeste, racial value 10 + personal value 8 = 18; Bill, racial value 8 + personal value 10 = 18.) So Celeste became a van den Bosch one fine spring day in 1905.

The thriving couple soon had a boy and a girl of their own, who took mostly after "Dad." "Mother," it seems, had been loaded with recessive, specialized traits, emotional as well as physical. "The kids," as Dad called them, were partial to the ram-bunctious, plentiful van den Bosch clan; the Eliots always seemed cold and forbidding.

When young Carol came of age, her parents had to make it clear that the witty, handsome Mark Costanzo was out of the question. Later, they had misgivings about the dark, tempestuous John Karpenko -- but what an artist he was. Carol loved him deeply. (An instinctive wheel turned deep in the parental subconscious, yielding: Carol, racial value 8 + personal value 8 = 16; John, racial value 6 + personal value 10 = 16.) At Carol's interfaith wedding, the slow-smiling, finely-wrinkled Eliot grandparents, nearing their eighties, towered high above a chubby, fluttery widow named Lyudmila Karpenko. It was 1935, a stormy August afternoon.

* * *

Caught up in an early "white ethnic" revival, John Karpenko insisted on naming his brown-eyed girl Lyudmila. Carol, full of doubts about her own heritage, readily consented. Years later, when Luddy brought home one Roosevelt Franklin Jones, he went right back out the door. But the pockmark-faced, stub-fingered Armando Herrera proved at last to be one "hokay" guy. (By this stage, the mental calculations had been greatly simplified: Luddy was "just swell" and so was Armando!) The two were wed in 1965 -- on the last day of Indian summer.

The Herreras named their girl Dolores -- after Armando's grandmother -- and were startled by her blue eyes. No one could understand how such an otherwise Mexican-looking little thing could have such heavenly orbs. Especially since no one even remembered that the baby was 1/8 WASP, or that her great-grandmother, Ce-

leste Eliot, had once in a school play (circa 1900) half-persuaded the audience that her angel wings were real.

Armando's family had been the first Hispanics in their neighborhood. Bitter memories made him militantly "anti-racist." So when Dolores Herrera brought Robinson Spottswood Jr. by after a movie date, her dad hardly batted an eye at his coal-black skin. (Mid-winter, 1985.)

* * *

Old man Spottswood made good money in the bureaucracy, just like Herrera. Those Karpenkos who had remained white were doing all right too. The ever-bumptuous van den Boschs were keeping busy marrying every ethnic group in sight, acting like good all-American materialists, cramming their suburban split-levels and carpports with every kind of detritus, growing more snub-nosed and pasty-faced with each gen-

eration, and rapidly losing all sense of origin and history. They were the "survivors" -- for a little while, anyhow.

As for the Eliots, some of their genes -- as we have seen -- were "melted" beyond recognition. Others were lost during the two great fratricidal fights with Germany. Downwardly mobile Henry, last of the Eliots, had left the old homestead in Connecticut just in time. Heading for the hills of rural south Indiana, he took there what work he could get. With a trailer home, a vegetable garden and a local wife, he got by. *His* boys looked just like their great-grandfathers. They had no schoolmates named Herrera, or Karpenko, or even van den Bosch -- yet. They hadn't been drafted to fight for Israel or against Russia -- yet. But this being America, and the Eliots being WASP "survivors," maybe it was all just a matter of time.

Hate at Its Dullest

The monstrous cable TV "comedy," *The History of White People in America (Instauration, Sept. 1985)* was newsworthy for the raw contempt it showered on an entire race. The book version which has followed is noteworthy largely for its breathtaking unfuniness.

Whatever one thought of a WASP-bashing farce like Lisa Birnbach's *The Official Preppy Handbook (Instauration, March 1982 and March 1985)*, one had to concede its occasional mirthful moments. The ethnic and class content of the book was instantly recognizable from real life, partly because a team of young WASPs ghost-wrote most of it. The printed version of *The History of White People in America*, on the other hand, while seldom as vicious as the video, affords little more than an arbitrary scaffolding on which to hang some of the limpest and stalest "humor" conceivable.

What co-authors Martin Mull and Allen Rucker have done is to take three standard satiric targets of recent times -- the white "prole," the Polack/Rooskie, and the "square" who's caught forever in a 1950s time warp -- and recycle them as a composite "white person."

The stereotypical prole, brilliantly dissected by Professor Paul Fussell in his serious book, *Class (Instauration, June 1985)*, is that beefy, red-faced fellow down at the plant who has been left behind by a yupified, high-tech society. The Polack is pretty much the same type, but with an ethnic twist. The Rooskie is his overseas equivalent gone hypertrophic on a fertile political and racial soil. The Rooskie male can be seen in the pages of *National Lampoon*, salivating over the centerfold in *Plowboy* magazine, which displays a

"new" (actually, 1940s) tractor named "Helga." As for the all-American square, he or she is a generally less stocky butt of satire, often a skinny, "repressed" geek who rails on into the 1980s against old foes like "the killer weed marijuana," "be-bop music," "godless Communism" and "Negroes."

It is no coincidence that working men, Poles, Russians and Moral Majoritarians, all happen to be white types who by their very presence have applied some brakes to the Jewish social offensive. Groups guilty of a really serious showdown, like the Germans or Palestinians, are "inappropriate" for humor. What Mull, the shameless goy front in this sordid humor operation, and Rucker, presumably his Jewish brains, have tried to bring off is the extension of something like the Polack stereotype to the entire Northern European branch of the white race.

In the opening chapter, "What Makes Us White?", the white man is defined by his "White Artifacts," which all happen to be props out of *The Life of Riley*: the bowling ball, the humorous doormat, the Expand-A-Belt trousers from J.C. Penney's, the Readers Digest Condensed Bible ("but you won't find a bookmark in it . . . the Bible is more furniture than literature"). White artifacts are uniformly *dowdy* artifacts, because the white world is obviously an old-fashioned one, lingering on only in backwaters like Zanesville, Ohio, which the vibrant Third World minorities have not yet blessed by their appearance.

The book's last two chapters are entitled "White Death" and "Whither the White Man?", but don't expect a humorous discussion of serious issues. Mull and Rucker

never rise above the topical level of smile buttons. Only one gag in the book really comes off, the last will and testament printed on page 132. Along the way, readers are treated to some of the most tedious, senseless writing ever to appear in this age of mass schlock, enlivened only rarely with such poisoned barbs as:

To many, the title of this chapter ["White Sex"] is an anomaly, a contradiction in terms, like "towering mini-series" or *Bob Hope Special . . .*

If it wasn't for lying, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg would be running a kosher catering service in the Bronx; we would be celebrating Judas's birthday on December 25; and Joan Collins would be riding the bus for half fare . . .

To say that the language of the White American is simply English is like saying that Mahatma Gandhi was just a "nice guy."

The usual "knowing" references to Einstein, rabbis (*never* ministers), Eddie Murphy and *Wheel of Fortune* seed the book. Without such outside assistance, white Americans would apparently lead a cultureless existence.

The antithesis of Zanesville is supposed to be San Francisco-the-Hip. So Patricia Holt, who holds a plum book reviewer's job there with the *Chronicle*, must be a true American sophisticate. Of the Mull/Rucker opus she writes, "[S]atire is alive and well in America -- sometimes outrageously so, thank heaven." For her, this is a "very funny and insightful takeoff," a "dry and scathing attack in the disguise of an affection-apologia."

A step-by-step program for activating the rest of us

Fan the Flames!

As I read *Instauration* each month it always disturbs me that each collection of insights, facts and ominous straws-in-the-wind are not being used to their full potential. It's a classic case of the sermon heard only by the choir. We readers know basically who and what is wrong with this nation, and each issue adds to our knowledge and anger -- but mostly to our anger.

What I'm saying, of course, does not apply to Majority members in general. Ninety-nine point nine percent of them have never heard of *Instauration*. Even if it were mailed to their home free of charge, they wouldn't look beyond the first page for fear the nearest liberal would scream racism and the Jewish family next door would cry Holocaust.

The bulk of the white population is exposed to very little of what we subscribers read about regularly in *Instauration*. The truth is, Majority members as a whole are woefully uneducated about such matters, despite the whispers of discontent occasionally heard about the flood of Latinos, Orientals and whatnot crossing our borders. This discontent indicates some white ethnocentrism still exists.

These small hot spots of white racial defense should be considered as embers. The news about what's being done to our race may be thought of as fuel for the flames of discontent that can later flare into flames of resistance. And the sooner the better. In view of the abysmally low Majority birthrate, there may not be a later. Time is in short supply.

Accordingly, I propose Instaurationists take a tentative first step from frustration and indigestion to action. For some of us, going out and doing something for our race will probably sound very scary. I can promise you, however, that the opening blow

will be legal, relatively painless and possibly even fun.

Ever been in combat before, son? Hands sweating? Heart pounding? Good! This time that feeling won't come from procrastination, but from anticipation.

STEP 1. Gaze at the copy of *Instauration* in front of you. Look at it not as a publication, but as a weapon. From front to back it's loaded with explosives that have much more of a bang than TNT. I'm referring to mind-blasting facts, reality, truth.

How that truth can hurt! Your mission is to promulgate the truth and give your fellow whites a glimpse of a reality rarely hinted at in the voluminous, tendentious pages of the *New York Times*.

You, son, are going to be a shock trooper. In a society that at one time seriously believed Walter Cronkite was the trustworthiest man in America, spreading the gospel of *Instauration* will shock, irritate and jolt other Majority members into the real world.

STEP 2. *Instauration* in hand, reconnoiter your nearest shopping center for a copy machine. Copy those pages of *Instauration* containing the material that will have the most impact on people in your area. Pay particular attention to the short, barbed items in Cultural Catacombs, Inklings, Stirrings and Talking Numbers.

This is not as easy as it sounds. You must always keep your target population, your Majority neighbors and Majority locals, in mind (just as our enemy does). Items that appeal to you may have much less interest to the person you want to stir up. For instance, in the Pacific Northwest the fishing industry has been on the ropes for years.

Commercial fishermen are losing their boats to bankers every day, but "our" government refuses to tide them over with small business loans (never mind grants). Interestingly enough, "our" government not so long ago was championing at the bit to grant millions to fishermen in South America suffering from the effects of El Niño.

This information would shock and anger many in the Northwest, but Midwesterners would care less.

STEP 3. Return to base with your copies. Cut out the most heart-pounding squibs and tape them to an 8½" x 11" sheet of blank paper. Leave sufficient borders to avoid clutter. A poor layout can negate all your efforts. The attention span of our bunch is notoriously short.

Underline the key and attention-grabbing words, such as the names of a local politician or celebrity. Highlight a raging local issue -- e.g., in southern California illegal immigration is on everyone's mind. Red flag terms ("race," "Zionist") always draw attention.

Done? You now have a weapon in your hands, a weapon still protected by the Constitution.

STEP 4. Return to the copy machine.

STEP 5. No need to tell you what to do with the copies of your broadsides and leaflets. Just take along plenty of tacks for attaching your literature to billboards and scotch tape for sticking it to walls.

STEP 6. The fun part.



The Social Instinct

In his book, *African Genesis*, Robert Ardrey recounts the story of a troop of baboons who were being stalked by a leopard. As the leopard moved in for the kill, two of the adult males detached themselves from their fellows and positioned themselves in the path of the feline predator. At a propitious moment they leaped upon him. The leopard quickly dispatched one of the baboons but the other managed to bite him on the neck, killing him.

The baboons who saved their troop were motivated by a dominant social instinct,

which prompted them to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their kind. Three basic drives or instincts are found among all animals, including those higher animals called *Homo sapiens*: the sexual, the social and the survival. These drives overlap in each of us, but most living creatures of all species are dominated by the survival instinct, and to that imperative the other two are held in subjection. That is to say that the overwhelming mass of men unthinkingly place survival at the top of their list, and will hold in abeyance the sexual and social instincts,

should either of the latter threaten their urge to survive.

A man dominated by the sexual instinct will subdue the two others -- even that of survival -- to mate with as many women as possible, or with one particular woman who has inflamed his passion, even when the personal risk of doing so is great. The English writer, Anthony M. Ludovici, has pinpointed Marc Antony as the historical prototype of a man with a dominant sexual instinct. More generalized types are the spies who betray their country or their kind

in pursuit of sexual gratification.

A dominant, highly developed social instinct is perhaps the rarest of all. It is found in those elevated souls who put more value on their family (their extended family, i.e., their nation or race, or their culture) than on their own lives and who are willing to make the greatest sacrifice of all to give full expression to their altruistic passion. History demonstrates that on occasion a charismatic leader or an apocalyptic religious or social movement will arouse the social instincts in the mass of men normally dominated by survival drives, and inspire them to sacrifice themselves for the sake of an idea, or for the biological survival of their kind. Professional soldiers, especially those reared in locales where the military life is an honored calling, are sometimes ruled by the social instinct. An ordinary soldier may

have his social instinct so strongly aroused by the heat of battle that he will give his life for his comrades.

Artists and philosophers have been known to abjure friends, family and their own health in pursuit of their work, those transcendent goals which they feel have a larger meaning for their society. Friedrich Nietzsche was one of those who was willing to work himself to death for the sake of his vision. In these the dominant social instinct was as apparent and operative as it was in men like Colonel Travis of the Alamo, the Spartans at Thermopylae, the American *conquistador* William Walker, Majority activist Robert Mathews, and others whose names shine luminously in the historical firmament of lost causes.

In times of dissolution and decay a regenerative movement starts in the hearts of

those exceptional people whose social instincts have become paramount -- who will, if need be, destroy themselves in order to preserve or advance their kind. It is not known precisely what natural mechanism produces such individuals (as it is unknown why those two specific baboons chose themselves for the frightening and lethal task of destroying the leopard), but it is certain that the future of the West, of white humankind, and thus of the entire world, rests in their hands, in their abilities and their intelligence, and in their potential to awaken in the rest of us enough of a small spark of social instinct to transform first our own lives and then that of our land and civilization into what it has the potential to be, a mirrored vision of the only kind of life worth living.

VIC OLIVR

Capital Crime in the Capital

Last October occurred a crime of such unspeakable brutality in Washington (DC) -- a metropolis already jaded by decades of mind-numbing street violence -- that hardened police, criminologists and politicians, who have long been used to the worst, were dumbfounded.

Catherine L. Fuller, 49, a 98-pound mother of six black children, was slain virtually within sight of the Capitol when she passed by a rubbish-strewn city park that was the favorite haunt of a gang of young blacks. Deciding that a mugging was in order, gang members, some 30 in all, tried to steal Mrs. Fuller's coin purse. When she resisted, she was beaten, stripped practically naked as her coin purse was ripped from her bra, dragged over broken glass into an abandoned garage, where a foot-long pole was rammed up her rectum before she expired.

Responding to a question from a TV reporter as to how such an act of sheer savagery could happen "in our nation's capital," a high-ranking local prosecutor answered, "I guess . . . it occurs somewhere between the intersection of psychology and sociology."

For years a good many white Washingtonians have been passing by that very intersection "of psychology and sociology" (actually, 8th and H Streets, N.E., only a few blocks from the Library of Congress, the Supreme Court, a host of congressional office buildings and Capitol Hill itself) and have fearfully viewed these same black faces in the rear-view mirror of their cars as they headed toward the relative safety of their segregated suburbs.

In that same part of Washington, one of the most architecturally interesting parts of the city, great brass doors invite the tourist to enter some of the nation's most impor-

tant buildings by day, and guard these same edifices against roving black gangs by night. With the coming of darkness, Capitol Hill becomes a neighborhood of eery silence, broken only by the wailing sirens of police cruisers and floodlit by other-worldish orange streetlights, which attempt to diminish the life-threatening shadows of the night. Behind triple-locked doors, congressmen's families, Capitol Hill secretaries and Young Urbanites (currently the favorite subject of the trendy *Washington Post's* Style section) switch on their electronic alarm systems, cowering before the threat of break-ins or chance muggings (should the uninitiated be so foolish as to venture forth to a neighborhood restaurant or corner store).

Washington, the political nerve center of the nation, is a daylight city. By nightfall, it is an abandoned urban shell, a bloody battleground of constant war between the battalions of black criminality and police patrols. The bottle-strewn, garbage-laden filth of 8th and H Streets, N.E., is a hideous testament to what blacks have done to a once tidy neighborhood of productive mid-

dle- and working-class white families, now forced to flee to suburbs in Maryland and Virginia.

Today the Washington municipal scene is dominated by a black mayor, a huge black bureaucracy and a black-dominated legal structure which falls over itself in excusing the infinite failures of the burgeoning black community. In 50 years a "small Southern city" of charm, grace and comfort has been transformed into a sinkhole of social decay.

White liberals, mostly upper-class Jews residing in the comfortable neighborhoods of Bethesda and Potomac in nearby Maryland and in the more fashionably integrated reaches of Alexandria in Virginia, still crazily cry out for accelerated race mixing (half-way houses, low income residences and the like) both within the boundaries of Washington itself and beyond the city line. Their day, thankfully, is coming to an end. The end result of liberalism's drive for the racial integration of America's largest cities has become too painfully evident for anyone but professional civilization haters to push it any further.

Ponderable Quote

Israel confidently expects to shift more of its defense burden to the United States over the years to come. Back in 1982, Israeli analysts placed the level of American assistance at 35 percent of their defense budget; privately they confide their goal [is] that fully 50 percent of that budget will eventually be funded by the United States Treasury and American taxpayers.

Peter Grose,
A Changing Israel



Texas Wall

If a publicity hound named Kenny Bob Parsons has his way, in ten years the state of Texas is going to be surrounded by a wall that will put China's to shame (3,449 miles to half that). Already 2,500 people have been cajoled into paying \$25 to join the Great Wall of Texas Society. For their membership fee they get a brick.

China's wall was built to keep the barbarians out; Berlin's to keep East Germany's hostage population from escaping the barbarians. The purpose of the Texas wall will be to keep non-Texans out, though by the time it is built, if it is built, there will probably be more non-Texans inside the wall than Texans. In order to avoid charges of racism, Parsons tactfully announced that the wall was meant for Yankees. No mention was made of Hispanics.

What is really needed is a wall extending all along the Mexican border from Laredo to the Pacific. We would also like to see similar walls erected around such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Los Angeles (to bottle up the nonwhites) and San Francisco (to bottle up the gays).

A wall might also be just the ticket for Boston. The blacks in Roxbury are already clamoring to divest themselves of Bean City and establish an independent, all-black enclave in the good old apartheid tradition. Blacksville would have a population of 150,000 in a 12.5 square-mile area. The white politicians (the Kennedy-O'Neill machine) are, of course, dead set against this new freedom from white oppression. The blacks remaining in Boston would comprise only 2% of the townfolk, thereby greatly diluting the Democratic vote. Better to have blacks and political power, they think but don't say, than to have civilization.

Redneck Vote Goes to a Black

The South has its first black lieutenant governor since Reconstruction. L. Douglas Wilder, a former Virginia state senator, credits his victory to a small-town white cop and the Jewish scriptwriter who told the cop what to say.

The good-ole-boy cop is Joe Alder of tiny Kenbridge. The Jew who made him famous is Paul Goldman, Wilder's campaign manager.

One hot day last summer, Wilder was strolling around Kenbridge with Goldman, who planned to use the old Lunenburg County courthouse as a backdrop for an ad explaining how the liberal Democrat is

really "tough" when it comes to law and order. Just then Joe Alder, a barrel-chested, slow-talking fellow, strode up from his patrol car and introduced himself to Wilder. Goldman knew at once that he had his man, and jotted down four lines on a legal pad while leaning against Alder's cruiser.

I'm a working policeman. I put my life on the line every day. That's why we need people in public office we can trust. The Fraternal Order of Police endorses Doug Wilder for lieutenant governor.

Alder wasn't an FOP member, and he doesn't even like to talk politics, but that hardly mattered. It took an hour of shooting for him to get his lines straight.

So desperate was Wilder for the "redneck" vote that he showed the 30-second Alder spot over and over and over again. Indeed, half of the \$480,000 worth of TV time purchased by Wilder featured the southside Virginia cop. After the candidate squeaked to a 51.8-48.2% victory, he declared that Alder did "nothing less than win the election for me."

That Wilder won by a hair was a significant story in its own right. The *Washington Post* poll conducted just two days before the election showed Wilder holding a 58 to 34% lead, with 8% undecided. The difference between the projected margin of victory and the real thing was more than 20 percentage points! Clearly, a lot of timid racists dwell in Virginia, folks who only "come out of the closet" in the complete privacy of the voting booth.

There were, of course, other things going for Wilder, such as the solid black vote, the support of Virginia's powerful Democratic machine, the blessing of outgoing Governor Charles S. Robb, LBJ's popular semi-conservative son-in-law, the lackluster Republican opposition and the more attractive Democratic candidate, the new governor, Gerald Baliles. But every pundit agreed that the "redneck" endorsement of Wilder was the master key to his victory.

Honoring the Devil

Detroit celebrated Halloween in its peculiarly inflammatory style. Cavorting blacks set hundreds of fires in celebration of what they call "Devil's Night." Several families, most of them white, were burned out. Only 24 firebugs, all of them black, were arrested. Not as much candy as usual was poisoned. Police found some taffy loaded with needles, some pins in bubble gum, some nails in candy bars and mysterious pills in packages of M&Ms -- all of which is standard operating procedure in America's most Africanized large city.

"West Bank," USA

Throughout urban America, once homogeneous ethnic neighborhoods are becoming less so. Bucking this trend is Brooklyn's 250-block Borough Park, which is home to numberless synagogues and the world's second-largest concentration of Orthodox Jews. In 1970, 60% of the people in Borough Park were Orthodox Jews; today, 90%. The number of synagogues has doubled. Ultra-Orthodox Hasidic families, who make up 80% of the Orthodox total locally, now have an average of six children apiece. Yet all those babies haven't sufficed to drive the non-Orthodox quota down from 40% to 10% in just 15 years. The "racification" also depended on bullying tactics.

For Negroes, just "acting naturally" is often enough to drive other groups screaming in the opposite direction. Hasidic Jews, of a lighter skin color, have to terrorize folks a bit more deliberately. What they do in Borough Park, after they buy an apartment house, is to make life hell for all of the non-Orthodox tenants -- including many poor, elderly Jews with nowhere else to go.

Diana Lyon is a Jewish grandmother who, for 2½ years, at all hours of the day and night, endured people banging on her doors, jumping on her roof and making ugly phone calls. Four small fires were set in her building during a single two-week period. In mid-winter, the heat and hallway lights were shut off. She was roughed up by a Hasidic prowler whom she caught ransacking a neighbor's apartment, and spent four weeks in a cast. "Who the heck do these people think they are?" she asks -- "trying to take over this community with the same tactics that Hitler used."

An elderly Jew named Izzy Moskowitz has endured wild dogs unleashed in the hallway of his building, barricades of rotting, foul-smelling mattresses and a large Negro who was hired to play soul music full-blast all night long. One night, students were actually bused in from a yeshiva (Orthodox religious school) in New Jersey for a marathon door-banging session. One by one, all 40 of the mainly Jewish tenants in Moskowitz's building gave up and moved out, several suffering heart attacks or nervous breakdowns in the process.

Lillian Schneck returned on the evening of June 14 to the five-room apartment she and her husband had shared for 21 years. Her furniture and belongings had been thrown helter-skelter and doused with water from open kitchen and bathroom taps. There was also a gaping hole in one wall, just as an Hasidic official had promised there would be if she didn't get out in three weeks.

Thousands of past and present Borough Park residents can tell similar horror stories, yet almost none has obtained any legal aid or media sympathy. Susan Berger, an at-

torney trying to help, explains why: "The Orthodox community in Borough Park has enormous political clout. They all vote in a bloc and they all vote one way. No one wants to antagonize them."

In January 1980, an Hasidic congregation bought a four-story walkup which was home to 24 Italian and non-Orthodox Jewish families. They promptly cut off the phones, electricity and heat. A team from the city's Emergency Repair Service tried to restore the heat, but the Police Department ordered them out of the building. Within weeks, the building's pipes had been severed with a torch and its boiler removed. A housing court judge was "forced" to order the remaining tenants to leave.

As on the occupied West Bank of the River Jordan, Jewish extremists in Brooklyn are busy "creating facts."

Troubled Couches

The old advice that one should avoid hospitals whenever possible remains sound. The places are full of strange germs. As a corollary, one should avoid psychiatrists unless gravely in need. Their heads are full of strange delusions.

It is usually the strict Freudians who get the whistle blown on them by other schools of psychotherapists, but now one of their own number is revealing secrets about shrinks of nearly every stripe. In *Madness and Cure*, Robert Langs, author of 20 books and director of the psychotherapy program at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City, warns that psychiatrists often do "incalculable harm" to their patients. The "good news," he adds, is that many patients realize subconsciously just how wacko their therapist is, and set about trying to cure him! Role reversal is commonplace, with the patient feeling increasingly responsible for the therapist's problems. This is why patients sometimes dream about the doctor paying them -- they feel they've earned it.

Langs's method was to conduct long, probing interviews with 20 patients who had been treated by 47 psychiatrists representing all of the major schools of thought. His conclusion:

Not one of these experiences seems to have been free of self-contradictory, unrealistic, out-of-control behaviors and interventions on the part of the therapist. Using rather gross measures, one might say that in general the therapists were responsible for three times as many incidents of overtly inappropriate behavior as their patients.

Manipulation and seduction were commonplace.

When they weren't making sexual overtures, the shrinks often seduced their patients with fantasies of how marvellous they -- the patients -- were, and how their problems had all come from spouses, friends or

"society." According to Langs, "Psychotherapists are in a position to serve as pleasure merchants with an almost endless assortment of direct satisfactions for their clientele. None of these pleasures have anything to do with the sane satisfaction of sound psychotherapy."

One is reminded here of the critic Leslie Fiedler, who, speaking of Jewish intellectuals in general, called them "dream merchants" (*Instauration*, Feb. 1985, p. 12). Fiedler took his cue from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, who wrote that, in ancient Rome, "for a few pennies" one could buy any dreams his heart desired "from the Jews." The price may have changed, but not much else.

Langs asserts that serious psychotherapy should skip the phony "I'm OK-You're OK" cheeriness and concentrate on the patient's nightmares. But, according to Fiedler, the Gentile's racial dreams include the nightmarish figure of "Shylock or Fagin, the Bearded Terror."

Poll Jockeying

Usually the TV evening news, the wire services, the "impact press" and the leading newsweeklies come out with instant polls on hot public issues. Not so in regard to South Africa. The results of an important Gallup Poll on the subject were either ignored altogether by such as Injun Dan or interred in the back pages, far from the average reader's eyes. Why? Because the poll indicated that only 8% of Americans favored disinvestment and only 3% wanted sanctions. In certain areas of foreign affairs, as in forced busing, immigration and affirmative action, the polls on such issues are generally kept under wraps. On the rare occasions they do appear, they tell us stentoriously that what the American people want, the American people don't get.

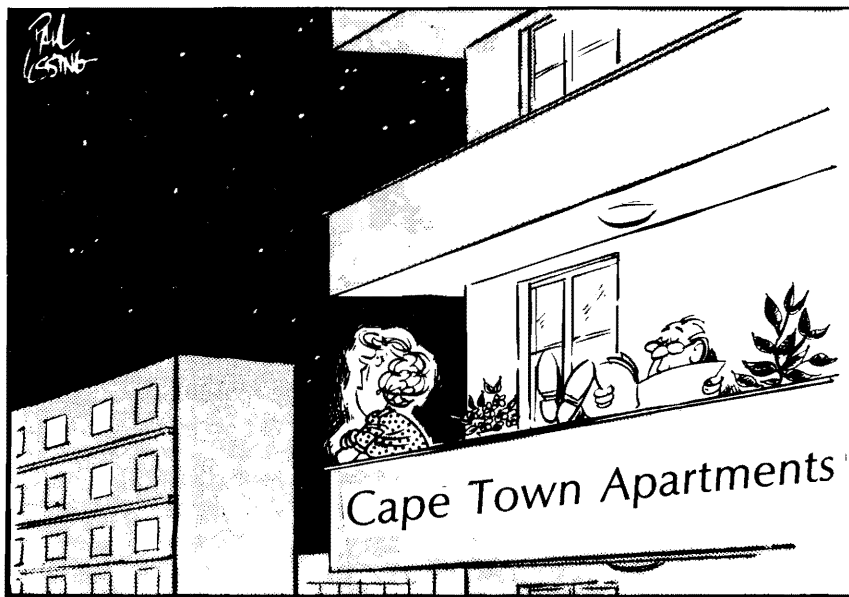
To make media hypocrisy about South Africa even more striking, a *Washington Post-ABC News* Poll was finally published at the end of September. It cleverly sidestepped the main issue by not even asking about sanctions or disinvestment, concentrating on safer and more liberal-tilted questions about "attitudes." Of those interviewed, 64% said they sympathized more with South African blacks than with the white government. Note the choice -- not between blacks and whites, but between blacks and the white government, about which the media have not had a kind word to say for nearly half a century.

Why didn't the *Post-ABC* poll ask the two important questions, the questions about disinvestment and sanctions? Obviously because the pollsters were terribly afraid they might come up with the same results as the Gallup Poll.

Hateful Driver

A school bus full of black high-school students was barreling down I-70 in St. Louis last fall when a green Volkswagen with a white at the wheel tried to pass it in the left lane. The black bus driver shouted to the students, "I hate white people. Do you want me to cut him off?" Several kids cheered. The driver then swung out into the left lane in an attempt to bump the bug off the road. In the process, he lost control of the bus, which swerved out of control and rammed a signpost and guardrail. One policeman said the top of the bus was "peeled back like a tin can." A black girl was killed and 13 other students were injured, six seriously.

Bus driver Mike Trice, the white-hater, was charged with vehicular manslaughter. The whites in the Volkswagen escaped unharmed.



"I wonder if there's anywhere up there that's not anti-South African?" The *Natal Mercury*