

δύστανε, μοίρας δσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 1

DECEMBER 1987

**OUTSTRIPPED
IN
SPACE**



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

Greetings to Instauration from Zip 205, who wishes to announce that she has just become the mother -- against all odds, mind you! -- of a beautiful little Nordic baby girl. Readers of this page will recall that the dénouement of Zip 205's skeptical attack upon WASP males was her marriage last year to one of the same. The happy parents are now witness to the wisdom of breeding with one's own kind, as their little daughter is a harmonious confection of symmetrical, fair beauty and calm, dignified alertness. So, you Instaurationists, get out there and start producing some playmates and beaux for Baby 205!

Happy Mom

A black Miss Mississippi! It's the end of the world!

782

God only knows where all this miscegenation is leading. I would rather not think about it. Sociologists are the cheerleaders of white guilt and destruction. One of these fifth columnists gave a speech at our first faculty meeting. He talked about how guilty he felt about his Oriental stereotypes during his trip to Asia. Next he told us to prepare for a non-Western (Third World) future. Finally, he urged us to bring more foreign students over to "enrich" our university. To my way of thinking, the college is already "rich" enough to give me indigestion.

717

Watching Russian folk dancers from Archangel (in the USSR's far north), I was struck by their extreme blondness and general all-around fairness.

British subscriber

Bravo on your North piece! You are so right about this cowboy. He should be indicted for the Libyan raid -- but he won't be.

764

I will be moving soon, but I don't know where yet. The change is necessitated by the changing nature of my neighborhood, the relentless influx of nonwhites and unassimilable whites and the ever-increasing crime caused by both nonwhites and whites because of narcotics. Narcotics are as prevalent as alcohol, it seems, and this makes for a great increase in property crime. I will say, though, that while some nonwhites around here are troublesome, it is the whites -- almost always the younger whites -- who are the real source of trouble. They outdo the nonwhites in noise, litter, vandalism and general indifference to the rights of others. Almost all of them, including the young women, are inveterately foul-mouthed. If I didn't know better, if I didn't know that there are still many upright whites around, if I had only the whites I see in the area to live among, I'd say to hell with them. Let them go under. I don't think it right to call people names and use pejoratives, but the term "white trash" is both valid and correct.

926

As to a coming depression, I don't go by what the economists say. I don't understand any of that business, nor probably do they. I only go by what I feel and the totality of my experience and that tells me that this sorry and silly game is coming to a halt soon, very soon, and will precipitate economic distress to the point where all the latent and not-so-latent hostilities between the races in this country will boil over. It will, I believe, be horrendous. I don't think anybody could summarize it more concisely than ex-Governor Lamm.

641

John Nobull's alarmed that Labour might destroy the public (private) schools as they destroyed the grammar schools. This being the case, he should support English autonomy and an English Parliament, as it was only by its big Scots majority that Labour got to power and did in the grammar schools (though the finishing touches were supplied by the Tories). And, of course, repatriation or expatriation of minority immigrants was very much in the English tradition, only ending with the development of the United Kingdom. This seems to be beyond the comprehension of the right, who long for an imperial Britain -- in many ways the opposite of nationalism.

English subscriber

Spuds MacKenzie, a bull terrier with a circle of dark fur around its left eye, was this summer's leading pop celebrity. As a marketing tool devised by the ad agency handling Budweiser beer, viewers observed him in a TV commercial exiting a chauffeur-driven limousine, sitting at a bar wearing a white suit, and then leaving the "party" -- at which he was the center of attention -- surrounded by three beautiful women. During this final shot the dance step done by the women was intriguing. Trying to get as close to the dog as possible, they crouched like baseball catchers behind home plate. Squatting, with their weight balanced on the balls of their feet, the women then inched forward while wagging their behinds in sync with the recorded music. This a close approximation of the presenting posture adopted by female mammals in heat (especially cats and dogs). Madison Avenue's hidden persuaders were never more in evidence. The subliminal message received by undesirables -- and non-Caucasians -- was this: you may be as physically alien (and repulsive) as the male of another species, but if you have enough money, conform to social fashion and drink the right beer, attractive women will want to breed with you. With this commercial American pop culture has hit an all-time low.

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□ There is a lot to be said for Zip 900's observations on the right's fear and loathing of homosexuals (Sept. 1987). The left is never ashamed of anyone who wants to help its cause -- blacks, Hispanics, homosexuals, child molesters, lesbian feminists, Communists, criminals. But the right, and especially the "respectable" right, is obsessed with the way it is perceived by its enemies and the media (or do I repeat myself?). "Oh, please don't call us racists -- intolerant -- narrow-minded -- homosexuals," ad nauseam. I agree with 900. In an abstract sense, at least, I think I would rather have one homosexual who believes in our cause and is willing to put his money and his effort where his mouth is, than a dozen shiftless, loudmouthed, heterosexual bums. As long as the homosexuals are not flaunting their lifestyles, recruiting for their own personal cause or spreading AIDS through our ranks, why keep them out of our movement? The old-line right drove the dedicated environmentalists -- the very people who were most likely to understand the need to conserve the white race -- into the arms of the left by its slavish toadying to big business and capitalism. And big business is now one of our worst enemies. Are we so strong and numerous that we can afford to be so choosy?

802

□ The contents of a flyer from the Weber/Smith Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust is off the mark. I say accept the Holocaust as a fact and concentrate instead on no genocide order and no gas chambers. There are not "two sides" to the Holocaust, as their headline says. You lose 90% of your prospects by coming on like that. I told Smith he should work through the Black Student Union at the University of Vermont, where Hilberg teaches, to set up a debate. Smith disagreed with my suggestion that he corner Hilberg. I'm sorry, but purism won't get the job done.

912

□ In August's *Instauration* we learned that Italian anthropologists claim to have introduced human sperm into a female chimp and achieved conception. The scientists, however, did us all a disservice by aborting the fetus before it came to term. If it were possible for such a creature to be born at all, it would probably be as sterile as a mule. But then, no one knows for sure. Ligers and tigons (crosses between lions and tigers achieved in zoos) are sometimes fertile. A human-chimp hybrid might prove reasonably viable. The appearance of such a creature would force liberal-Marxist-egalitarian philosophers to include it as one of those who are entitled to share in the benefits of Western civilization. Indeed, their dialectic might compel them to encourage matings between humans and chimpanzees, in the same way -- and for the same reasons -- that they presently encourage interbreeding between the most widely dissimilar human races. The absence of a biological line of demarcation between Pan troglodytes and Homo sapiens, would then encourage taxonomists to reclassify the two hominoids as merely different varieties of the same interfertile species. Science could then serve philosophy by making the obscene appear logical.

113

□ The Indians kicked the British out of India in 1947. When will the Brits return the compliment by kicking the Indians out of Britain?

202

□ Just because you are an editor doesn't mean you have to edit. But I guess blue-pencil mania is such a heady wine that there is no cure for the ego-inflating effects it has on the human brain. Mayhap it's an incurable genetic defect. Whether hereditary or acquired, it's an insidious failing and the effect it has on the scrivening fraternity is the last word in frustration.

921

□ I read where a letter addressed simply to "Sandinista Sam, Washington, D.C." was promptly delivered to Sam Donaldson.

418

□ I must tell you I don't think much of your article, "Heroes with Feats of Clay" (Aug. 1987), in which you write cleverly to denigrate Col. Oliver North. If you disapprove of what Col. North tried to do in Nicaragua, it must be that you wouldn't object to having another Russian base in the Americas. Sorry. I didn't think that of you. And of course you had to belittle President Reagan's master stroke in denying the Russians a third base in our hemisphere by kicking them and the Cubans out of Grenada. You disappoint me. I had the impression you were more of a loyal American than that.

188

□ The worst part about Holocaust art is that the theme gives Jewish artists more ammunition in their 3,000-year war against Western aesthetics. They not only gravitate from beauty instinctively; they take delight in so doing. Their "art" is just one more means of displaying their instinctual hostility to non-Jews. I knew a lot of young Jewish artists in Paris. Like many other modernists, they were happy to shock the naive non-Jews who came to their exhibitions. But being Jews, they had something else going for them. They were settling a racial score with Western art. Holocaust motifs, which allow them to indulge in pro-Zionist propaganda, redouble their urge to uglify.

I have talked to various people who have been to Israel. The most beautiful building in Jerusalem is a mosque. Tel Aviv, the work of modern Jewish architects, resembles the worst of post-WWII boxy skyscrapers along Park Avenue. Thank the late Emery Roth for these skyline scars. It was a Jew who put up the Pan Am building behind Grand Central Station -- one of the most outlandish architectural mishmashes ever conceived by a hominid. Ironically, the one attractive office building of the post-WWII era in New York is the Jewish-owned Seagram headquarters, which was designed by a non-Jewish German.

Speaking of ugliness, I am sure that a great deal of the present-day emphasis of TV on the handicapped and the mental retardates can be traced to the same animus that animates Jewish art. Shock us, wound our ideals and physical beauty and harmony, force us to stare for long minutes at what we would normally shy away from!

287

□ I wish I could say that I am surprised at the volume of letters criticizing the drawing of the Nordic lass on the cover of *Instauration* (May 1987). Unfortunately, this kind of behavior is all too typical of our side, and is one of the biggest reasons our race is dying. We have endless numbers of people who like to gripe and complain -- but that's all they want to do. How many of those expressing their displeasure about the picture would even consider writing letters to their local newspapers, congressman or CBS News about the ongoing destruction of the white race? How many would be willing to march in peaceful demonstrations in favor of South Africa or against that unregistered agent of a foreign government, the ADL? No, but they are brave enough to write anonymous letters savaging the only intelligent magazine in America dedicated to their race, and to complain about what is, by any measure, a most trivial matter. We seem to be a movement made up mostly of hobbyists and nitpickers. There are a few serious, dedicated people, but too many of them lately have gone over the edge and gotten involved in far-out groups like The Order and the hopelessly defamed KKK. I suspect that the inanities of the nitpickers have helped drive the good people in desperate directions.

302

□ I found it interesting to read (The Annals of America, Vol. 1, 1493-1754) that New York City, today under the heel of a Jewish mayor and his corrupt henchmen and moneymen, was in 1655 a totally different kettle of gefilte fish. While Peter Stuyvesant was attempting to augment his 200-man guard in preparation for a military expedition, Jewish citizens of New Amsterdam petitioned the City Council for permission to join the ranks. The petition was rejected on the basis of the "disinclination and unwillingness" of other militiamen to serve with Jews and the lack of any precedent in Holland. The Council then levied a special tax of 65 strivers (\$1.30) a month on all Jewish males between the ages of 16 and 60 to compensate for their exemption from military service.

100

□ The teenage daughter of a friend asked me to watch a scene from the TV showing of a recent Goldie Hawn movie, *Wildcats*, and tell her the meaning of the Spanish words that were being spoken. When Goldie, playing the coach of a football team in a tough southern California high school, walks into the locker room, a Mexican-American calls out, "Ey, güera, quiero que me chupes el pito." I declined to translate the line, which means, "Hey, whitey, I want you to [do an obscene act]." Güero, by the way, is a word which, though often applied to light-skinned Spanish speakers by those of a darker hue, is just as frequently a racial epithet (sometimes malicious, sometimes not) directed at Anglos.

361

□ My nomination for Majority Renegade of the Year is Howell Heflin or any of the other Southern Democratic senators who truckled to the blacks by voting against the confirmation of Judge Bork.

787

□ Maybe we have misjudged Gary Hart. In the September Vanity Fair, author Gail Sheehy nails down Donna Rice's reputation as a party girl. That's hard to define: not a hooker precisely, but an all-expenses-paid type who knows what is expected of her. Not someone you bring home to meet mother. Perhaps Hart thought he was dealing with a pro, who would honor the hooker's code of never telling. Perhaps the Democratic Party professionals, afraid the Republicans would unload on Hart in the middle of the campaign (if he won the nomination), decided to blow the whistle on him right away. Better to be rid of him now before the first primary.

801

□ The Polish Pope has been in town giving orders to the faithful. He better watch out because the non-Hispanic fish-eaters may form their own church. And there goes his easy life, since they are the ones who send money to Rome. The Hispanics don't send money. John Paul II might have to take a second job to meet expenses if white Catholics stop giving.

911

□ In 1957 I became an overage freshman at what is now Malcolm X College. I wanted to become a teacher. I was a white dot in a black sea. A tough problem in a geography course was to find France on a map.

600

□ I've changed my mind about talk shows conducted by Oprah Winfrey, Phil Donahue and the other electromagnetic psychologists. They actually perform a service in exposing the quackery and papa-knows-best attitudes of big shots in the professions. Imagine if the Freuds, Jung and Adlers had to defend some of their screwball ideas in front of a TV audience! Now I understand why these modern "geniuses" restricted themselves to writing books and articles, while surrounding themselves with adoring disciples. The last thing they wanted was to face a public challenge to their doctrines. The medical profession, especially, is under attack on the Donahue and Winfrey shows. When there is a bunch of victims of, say, misdiagnosed illnesses, almost everyone in the audience can sympathize. The sooner doctors, lawyers and educators admit their fallibility, the better off will be the public. I am sure if Freud rambled on about his theories he would be greeted with laughter from a Donahue or Winfrey audience.

811

□ I was amazed to watch actress Margot (Lois Lane) Kidder on the Joan Rivers talk show some time ago. Never was their a greater contrast in women's eyes! Both of these women would claim to be members of the white race and both have very brown eyes, but there the similarity ends. Kidder is a large, sexy Nordic whose beautiful eyes are enormous, fantastically open and expressive, and very light brown. Rivers's eyes are nothing more than little black smudge spots! You have to look and look and look to see any white in them, whereas Kidder would have been the first person shot had she been a British soldier advancing on Bunker Hill. You see a hundred emotions fleeting through Kidder's eyes, while Rivers's are as inscrutable as any East Asian's. Only her big mouth and flamboyant body language tell you what's going on.

Stupid me. I never fully realized what a huge subracial marker the eye can be. A physical anthropologist should tour America showing that film clip on a VCR and asking his audiences to concentrate on the eyes.

124

□ Many on the Pacific Coast such as myself didn't see Platoon in the same light as Satcom Sam. The so-called bad guy seemed very natural and commendable under the circumstances. While the so-called good guy, Elias, seemed like an insane bleeding heart liberal, I don't think the film was any harder on Southern whites than on the blacks. Platoon demonstrates why Jews and others play Russian roulette when they make movies with a so-called message. Many of us view such films from our own private perspective. My message is quite clear to me. The Aryan shouldn't fight the rich man's war. He should fight his own war right here. However, if he does find himself in those insane conditions, then ruthlessness is the guiding light. Barnes was the truly sane man in Platoon. A real berserker! Marlon Brando's role in Apocalypse Now portrays a message that all of us should listen to again and again.

920

□ I have recently returned from a holiday at a popular resort on Spain's Costa del Sol, where British visitors (and in some cases residents) are to be found in great profusion. On both this stay and the last one I was struck by one thing about these fellow Brits: their overwhelming Nordicism.

The indigenous inhabitants of the United Kingdom are still probably about 60-65% Nordic stock. Among these particular representatives, however, the proportion was considerably larger. The men in particular impressed me, seeming to be not only mostly taller and fairer than average, but largely of excellent physique -- the latter feature not being noticeable, sadly, among a great number at home. Nearly all the kids, including our own, seemed healthy and very blond.

I have considered various theories that might account for this. Of course it is true that Anglo-Saxon hair with a tendency to light coloring will, under the glare of a hot sun, become fairer still. This, however, would nowhere near account for the phenomenon which, I suspect, may have socio-economic causes.

From the accents I heard, the vast majority came from the lower middle and working classes, and a large proportion were Scottish. These people probably belong mostly to the higher income groups among these classes -- moderately prosperous shopkeepers, small tradesmen, clerks and the cream of factory workers. Is it among these sections of the populace that our best racial elements are now to be found? Whatever the answer, the subject is worthy of deeper study. Is the tendency confined to Britain, or does it apply also to other Nordic lands? Is our aristocracy of the future going to come largely from these social groups? If we are going to rally our peoples, it behooves us to know where the best of them are to be found.

British subscriber

□ During a recent visit to the city of Hall in the Tyrol, a local told me that the Amerikaners were filming "a commercial about our city" nearby. Later, I overheard another resident of this beautiful medieval city explaining, "the Americans are shooting a short film about Christmas in Austria." Skeptical but intrigued, I went out to the site. Hundreds of Austrians were standing around watching technicians shoot waxy artificial snow (it was August) into the air as a young, homely looking actor in a goofy winter getup with big ear flaps walked up a dark alley. Sorry, but this didn't seem like a commercial to me -- more like a film set. Sure enough, a tiny sign in the equipment truck's front window told me the story: "ABC Films. WAR AND REMEMBRANCE." As anti-American and anti-Jewish as the Austrians now are, they probably would have made trouble for ABC had they known what their city was being misused for.

223

□ With its \$17,100 yearly cost, Harvard seems unresponsive to consumer demand and is pricing itself out of the market. In any event, Harvard is severely limiting its selection. In the long run that can prove disastrous. The middle class made that school great. Now they can't afford it.

222



☐ To Zip 912: I am very pleased to report there are no yuppies living near me. For the last nine years of my dispossession, I've lived in a racially mixed Third World colony on the mid-Atlantic Coast. Here the only other whites are a bunch of old weepies, the manager of an ancient, overcrowded apartment complex and his wife and child, a handful of college girls and skinheads, and a German woman with her Negro husband and their swarm of little mulattoes. Because I rent and cannot afford to own the dilapidated little house I occupy, real estate values are no concern. The neighborhood has other advantages. I'm obliged -- privileged, actually -- to emulate my pioneer ancestors' frontier, war-in-the-dooryard way of life. This keeps me young and fit, and I've acquired a heightened sense of smell, a whole new appreciation for the English steel-hafted Boy Scout hatchet, a fondness for guard dogs, an abiding faith in the stopping power of the Colt .45 ACP, and some familiarity with the Spanish language. I am also becoming more knowledgeable about rat poisons, plexiglass, double dead-bolt locks, the most effective cleaning agents for removing bloodstains from the fenders and hoods of Cadillacs, the sound of babies crying in the night, the sound of women crying in the night, the symptoms of tuberculosis, and the many innovative uses for razor blades. And, too, each sundown brings exciting new challenges.

Yep, the yuppies don't want to live in my neighborhood, partner. It's a lonely life out here on the frontier but, as Harriman Baker said (Instauration, July 1980), "better to be here, at the core of horror, at the center of revealed truth At least for a time."

Mayflower Descendant

☐ How interesting that White Student Union founder Greg Withrow has "discovered love" and seemingly turned against white racialism (Sept. 1987, p. 20). In my limited past contact with the man, I was always skittish because his rhetoric sometimes -- or should I say often -- suggested hate as the point of origin for his convictions. Despite what the media say, most Majority activists of my acquaintance, and all of the best ones, were primarily motivated by a strong racial love. Rather than challenging Withrow directly to cast hate aside and go for love -- as I was once sorely tempted to do -- I wimped out and challenged him merely on certain points of "style." I will not make that mistake again with any future hate-choked Withrows whom I may encounter. I don't want them belatedly "discovering love" at the hands of some alien. I want every Majority activist to understand that we have that luminous emotion in great abundance within our own ranks. If Withrow was hate-filled, then he missed the boat -- our boat. Let's purify our ranks by regarding the haters in our midst with deep suspicion and relegating them to the periphery.

124

☐ Rep. Thomas S. Foley, the leader of the House Democrats, has my vote for Majority Renegade of the Year. All his smooth talk can't cover up his abominable anti-Majority voting record. He is more dangerous to our survival than a thousand blacks or five Jews.

550

☐ The article, "We Future Ethnic" (Aug. 1987) contains a piece of faulty reasoning. Will whites as a group become a protected race when there are more nonwhites than whites in the country? No chance! Present-day antiwhite discrimination is practiced with the approval of the white majority. It is not realistic to think that a nonwhite majority would be so foolish. It is not in their genes. They have too much race-consciousness for that. Neither is it realistic to consider existing legislation as valid in such a future generation. Think of a future nonwhite Supreme Court! As a more realistic possibility for the survival of the white American in that situation, I see something else: once the present minorities no longer need the support of their liberal patrons, once they are, collectively, the bosses, they cannot fail to get at each others' throats. Precisely on account of their race-consciousness. That is in their genes.

Dutch subscriber

☐ An interesting point was overlooked in the news about the fingerprinting of blacks in Homestead (PA). In her heyday Eleanor ("La Boca Grande") Roosevelt, in her "My Day" column on numerous occasions, advocated nationwide fingerprinting (as a means of complete regimentation). Another item recalling Eleanor that was buried deep in the pages of our local bleat was the demise of Lady Chatter-ly's Jewish paramour and Young Communist Leaguer, Joe Lash. If you recall, the old girl was so hung up on Joe that she donned a makeshift Red Cross uniform and commandeered a four-motor bomber to fly her to the South Pacific islands where he happened to be stationed, whilst the poor gas-rationed suckers at home were coasting their cars to save fuel. He later cashed in on the romance with a couple of books, plus picture rights.

107

☐ I received the September Instauration, which I found even better than usual. It is a true florilegium of superb and concise texts. It is hard to select the best one. Your chronicles about both the Barbie affair and the Le Pen movement are genuine jewels of synthesis. At the end of your lifetime -- I hope it will be as late as possible; what a loss the day you disappear -- there will be only one regret. It is that your language has not been the classical Latin, because you might have equalled in some of your writings the unique level of Tacitus by both the elegance and the concision (plus the clarity). The English language, like French, is in my opinion suffering from the absence of declinations (plus many other less important vacua in its grammar). My own opinion is that they both suffer from having been essentially "mastered" languages learned originally by illiterates. French from the Latin and English from the German plus French (via the Norman conquerors). My preferred language is Russian, then German, because of the wider range of grammatical subtleties which enable the user to evoke more easily and naturally higher levels of thought. Notice that the homelands of both languages were never conquered by other nations.

French subscriber

☐ I appreciate how accurate Instauration is. However, on page 18 of the September issue it is stated that 34 died on the USS Liberty. It also says that no one died in the attack on the USS Pueblo. This is not true. An American sailor named Duane D. Hodges was killed by North Korean gunfire while carrying out an order from Captain Lloyd M. Bucher to destroy classified material.


462

[Editor's Note: Mea culpa! When I checked the 1987 World Almanac and found that the attack on the Liberty was strangely unmentioned, I also checked the Pueblo item. It said nothing about anyone dying in the high seas hijacking of the intelligence-gathering vessel. The Encyclopaedia Britannica has three entries for the Pueblo and does mention the one fatality. Like the World Almanac, the latest edition of the Britannica, in all its 29 volumes, can find no space for the blasting of the Liberty.]

☐ I hope the Constitution worshippers among your readers take note of the Stirrings piece about the silencing of the Pace Amendment advocates in California (October). Will this -- and the thousands of other patent violations of our First Amendment freedoms -- finally convince them that just because something is in the Constitution, that doesn't make it a reality?

229

MARV



Because of the Wall Street crash, I'm going to have to reduce my support of the Free the Pollards Now Committee from \$20,000 to \$10,000 a month.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD PARTIES

IN THE TRAVESTY of the democratic process known as the U.S. presidential campaign, politicians don't govern; they spend their best hours endeavoring to get elected or reelected, and once elected they immediately concentrate what brains they have on the next election. Not one senator or governor who is trying for the Democratic presidential nomination is spending more than a fraction of his time legislating or governing. They are out in the hustings electioneering.

What is the Vice President, the second highest elected official in the land, doing? In October, Bush made the obligatory pilgrimage to Auschwitz, having previously completed his obligatory trip to Israel. He is paid to be Vice President, not a vote hustler or a political trencherman of the world's most powerful minority.

The Populist Party isn't as deeply in the permanent election business as are the Democrats and Republicans. The Populists waited till Labor Day to name their presidential candidate, the first choice being George Hansen, the former Republican congressman from Idaho, who was jailed for withholding information from his financial statements. (Geraldine Ferraro was not jailed for doing exactly the same thing.)

Hansen was released from a federal prison in Virginia after serving 11½ months. He had been paroled last December, but then locked up again after making an "unauthorized speaking trip." He may or may not accept the Populist Party's nomination. He is thinking it over while starting to work on a book.

The National Libertarian party chose Ron Paul as its nominee for the White House. Paul, another former Republican congressman, has a newsletter, whose first issue contained a scathing attack on Israel. One excerpt:

Every November, the Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, W. Allen Wallis, goes to Israel to meet with Israeli Finance Ministry Director Ariel Sharon. Wallis brings a blank check. As Sharon says: "We work to determine the difference between Israel's requirements and Israel's ability to meet those requirements. From that we find the size of the gap that needs to be filled with U.S. aid."

And some of the \$4 billion-plus in U.S. aid that Israel is getting in 1987 will outrageously (and illegally) be recycled to fund pro-Israel activities in the U.S.

But then Paul goes on to spoil it all with a salute to the Jewish Alan Stang, the Birch Society publicist who has been convicted of income tax evasion.

The Libertarians are to be commended for wishing to free us from government intrusion into our public and private lives. But they go overboard in their demand for the closing down of federal agencies, the establishment of a private police force and the elimination of all controls on immigration.

The answer, of course, is not to eliminate all government, but to eliminate bad government and replace it with

good government. Libertarians don't seem to realize that as the quality of the U.S. population goes down, it will be increasingly difficult to reduce government because the self-reliance and intelligence required for a society with minimal officialdom are increasingly in short supply. Unfortunately, libertarianism, a civilized and non-violent form of anarchism, is running against the tide of history. It might have had a chance in Fifth Century B.C. Athens; it has very little chance now and no chance at all after a few more decades of nonwhite proliferation and nonwhite immigration.

Duke Keeps Fighting

David Duke is keeping up his gallant, David vs. Goliath struggle to win the Democratic presidential nomination, as Democratic Party bosses continue to refuse to admit his existence. The media treat him equally cavalierly. When Jesse Jackson announced for president in Raleigh (NC), Duke held an outdoor meeting close by. The *CBS Evening News* spent all of two or three seconds on Duke, without mentioning him by name or letting a single one of his wise words be heard by the viewing audience. Though Duke had challenged Jackson to a debate, Dan Rather carefully withheld this news from his listeners.

The most ironic part of the silent treatment given Duke is that, excluding Jackson, he is by far the most charismatic and the best speaker of the candidates of both parties and, including Jackson, by far the most intelligent. Duke was born in wedlock, not out of it as Jackson was. He was not conceived out of wedlock like the moralizing Pat Robertson's eldest child. He writes his own speeches, unlike ex-candidate Joseph Biden. He runs his own campaign, unlike Michael Dukakis, who says he had no knowledge of what his chief of staff was up to in the dirty tricks department. Unlike Senator Gore, the moment he announced for president, Duke didn't run off to cocktail parties with Jewish bankers in New York or set forth on a heavily publicized trip to Israel.

Duke's political platform is a bright ray of straight talk compared to the obfuscation and platitudinous drivel put forward by the "respectable" candidates of either party. Duke stands for:

- Equal rights for whites.
- Abolition of forced school integration and busing.
- Sharp reduction of immigration.
- Tougher laws on crime.
- An end to welfare ripoffs.
- Protectionist trade policies to save American jobs.
- Preservation of family farms.
- Establishment of a national bank.
- War on AIDS.
- Election of Supreme Court justices.
- Reestablishment of the Monroe Doctrine.
- End of the boycott of South Africa.
- America first!

Campaign Trivia

George Bush, a WWII fighter pilot is, of course, not a wimp, yet he goes wimping and whimpering around, idiotically pounding his fist as if that out-of-character gesture will persuade his audience to pay closer attention to the political inanities he is uttering. The Nordic is out of sync when he tries to make Teddy Kennedy-type stump speeches. It is this purposeful miscasting -- rightly so -- that puts the wimp label on Bush.

* * *

Mario Cuomo, the unannounced Democratic candidate for president, continues to lurk craftily in the wings. Instead of making the obligatory pilgrimage to Israel, he went and paid homage to the Jews of Russia. Now that his daughter is marrying a Jewish shoe designer, he is practically one of the family, and the yarmulke he wears for his photo opportunities looks more and more as if it were an organic part of his head.

* * *

Senator Albert Gore Jr. is playing the Carter card, the middle-of-the-road Southerner who advertises himself as being much less radical than the northern and western



"New Southerner" Gore

McGovernite types. But he too sinks to floor level in his obeisance to Jews, north and south, having gone so far as to organize a mass pilgrimage of 100 Tennesseans to visit Israel. Gore played footsie on the Bork confirmation until almost the bitter end when, naturally and perfunctorily, he voted no, thereby making his "issue adviser," Thurgood Marshall Jr., the son of the black racist Supreme Court justice, extremely happy. Another person close to Gore is Nathan Landow, the millionaire Washington land developer and hotshot Democratic fundraiser. Landow organized a \$500-a-head reception and a \$50-a-head dinner that netted "his candidate's" campaign \$50,000.

* * *

Michael Dukakis, one of the two unassimilated minority presidential hopefuls, was supposed to be a whip-cracking administrator, the rare pol who ran a tight ship. But somehow he knew nothing about his chief of staff, Jim Sasso, sneaking a video of Biden's (Kinnock's) speeches into the hands of the media. When he did find out, Dukakis waffled for hours. First he decided to keep Sasso on. Only when the

sour reactions from financial backers started avalanching did he dump him. Consequently, the "decisive leader" pitch had to be toned down for a spell.

Dukakis has raised \$7 to \$8 million for his campaign, a lot of it from fellow Greeks and from Jews who feel reassured by his Jewish wife and half-Jewish children. He himself is not exactly poor, being the beneficiary of a \$1 million trust set up by his father. But this nest egg is causing him some political trouble. In 1983 he jumped loudly on the South African disinvestment bandwagon. Yet not until last year did his trust fund sell its shares in corporations that do business there.

In sum, Dukakis is a stereo- and archetypical presidential candidate, a refugee from truth, a diddler and a howling hypocrite. He is also, according to the leading paper in his hometown of Boston, a "dreadful bore." Says the Globe, "He brings new meaning to the word 'dull' [and] has the personality of a mashed potato. People who have had dinner with Dukakis report they have fallen asleep over the salad."

* * *

Simon Hoggert reports in the London Observer (Sept. 27, 1987) that the Hart and Biden scandals may be followed by equally juicy ones as the election campaign gets up steam. One Republican presidential candidate, Hoggart attests, rents X-rated videos and watches them drooling in the company of his mistress. He was mugged recently on the way home from such a session. Another Republican presidential aspirant is supposedly in the pay of a millionaire who feeds him kickbacks to promote his business interests. A Democratic candidate, happily married in the eyes of the public, has been playing the field with several women, one of them a "fairly well-known pop singer." (Jackson, maybe?)

* * *

It's pretty low comedy so far, the 1988 election race. But it still remains on a somewhat higher level than Haiti's, in which two candidates have already been murdered. Yves Volel, a critic of the ruling military junta, was shot and killed by police. Louis Eugene Athis, an alleged Communist, was hacked to death on the steps of a church.

* * *

Pat Robertson padded his résumé by claiming he was a director of the United Virginia Bank. He wasn't. He said he had been a graduate student at the University of London. He hadn't. He altered the date on his marriage certificate to conceal the fact that his first child, a son, had been conceived in a rather unChristian manner, out of wedlock. It still isn't clear whether he used his father's political pull to escape combat in Korea, where he claims -- falsely -- that he did make it to the front lines. Prince Hal wildly sowed his oats, then reformed and as Henry V made a pretty good king. Pat's followers can only hope their guru is on the same track.

A frustrated subscriber was in the middle of the stripping process

OUTSTRIPPED IN SPACE

I AM WRITING TO VERIFY the statement by German rocket engineer Georg von Tiesenhausen (Instauration, July 1987, p. 17) that the U.S. could have been on Mars years ago if the NASA German team had not been broken up or purged. He is right. I was part of an advanced technology group of a major aerospace company as a proposals-configuration engineer from 1960 to 1974. One of the advanced projects I worked on was the manned Mars mission.

This configuration was an LH2-LOX staged vehicle that was to be built, assembled in low Earth orbit and launched in 1981. It was an eight-man vehicle with a three-man Mars landing vehicle to put men on the surface for three and a half months. The landing team would collect samples, take photographs and compile scientific data while the return vehicle orbited around the planet. The trip would have taken about three years.

The first stage was designed to launch the vehicle out of Earth orbit toward Mars. The second stage would slow the vehicle into orbit around Mars, after which a landing vehicle and its three occupants would establish a base on the planet. The third stage would launch the orbiting vehicle from Mars orbit toward Earth. The fourth stage would retro (slow) the manned component into Earth's orbit. The Mars mission was to be the next major space project after Apollo. But President Johnson cancelled it, along with the moon base project. Our great lead in space was suddenly ended. LBJ and Congress put their political priority on welfare. Because the space program was halted, the Mars mission group was dismantled and the personnel transferred to other sections. I was assigned to missiles.

The U.S. also had a Manned Orbital Laboratory ready to launch in less than a year when Nixon deep-sixed it seven weeks after taking office. The MOL was a space observation platform for two men. It would have given our national defense scientists and space program a real edge over the USSR, which has now built, tested and deployed such a station.

While in the advanced technology space group, I heard that the first U.S.-USSR joint space venture, an orbital rendezvous, was undertaken in part to give our docking system mechanism to the Russians, who were unable to create one of their own.

The company I worked for had invented an innovative emergency escape system using an inflatable structure that could be inflated in one to three seconds. It was a stabilizer, decelerator, heat shield, ingest deceleration and flotation system attached to an ejection seat. It would have provided a safe emergency escape for the crew at any time during the flight envelope -- on pad, during launch, during flight to orbit, in orbit and during flight and landing. Our company was negotiating with the U.S. Air Force for a contract to build and test this system, which had been selected over all others as the safest and most cost-efficient.

Then, apparently due to funding cutbacks, NASA made the decision that no emergency escape system was necessary for the shuttle or for any future NASA space effort. If the system had been installed on *Challenger*, the seven crew members might still be alive.

The new launch platform escape system developed for the space shuttle takes over two minutes (145 seconds, according to Aviation Week; 135 according to Space Technology magazine) for the crew to open the escape hatch and get far enough away from the space vehicle to be considered safe. Crew members must run to the edge of the platform, climb into a metal basket hanging on a cable (two men per basket), release the basket cable lock and slide down the 1,000- to 2,000-foot-long cable to the ground. Then they have to climb out of the basket and run to an armored personnel carrier -- all this in their cumbersome space suits.

The post-launch emergency escape system proposed to NASA over 20 years ago is an ejection seat with an inflatable structure stabilizer and a decelerator (after reaching the top of its escape trajectory) as its impact attenuator. The ejection seats are positioned around the edge of the platform. In an emergency the crew gets out of the shuttle hatch, runs to the ejection seats, which are fired when the crewmen sit on them and close the door. In five seconds the crew rockets a thousand feet and reaches a 500-foot altitude. NASA's present system takes 125 seconds longer than this ejection seat design. The additional seconds are very dangerous in a situation when a difference of a few seconds can mean life or death. As in the Apollo fire, this emergency escape system, if used on the shuttle, permits the ejection process to be triggered by the emergency itself and ejects and rockets the crew so they will be in front of the fireball, not in it, if the fuel tanks on the large LH2/LOX exterior container rupture and explode. The present proposed emergency escape system (it can only be used during a few minutes after launch) is inadequate, just as the original Apollo escape system was inadequate. It took the Apollo crewmen 90 seconds to unstrap, to get the the escape hatch and open it. In the Apollo fire the three astronauts were dead in 25 to 30 seconds.

The history of the U.S. space effort leads to the conclusion that certain bureaucrats in Congress and in almost every large agency consciously or unconsciously hamstring, denigrate or gut every space program. The Saturn heavy launch system is a case in point. We had a flawless Saturn (Apollo) HLS system that the imported German scientists created. We used it and it was perfect. Then we scrapped it. We also cut the Apollo program short. The USSR has recently launched its first HLV (heavy launch booster) while we are again asking for bids to build a "new" HLS to be operational in the mid-1990s.

More than a year before Sputnik, Wernher von Braun informed government leaders that his German-American

rocket/space team could put a satellite in orbit. His superiors turned down the idea, supposedly because it was too costly and no money was available. The government had decided that putting the first satellite in orbit must be a civilian project, not a military one. This was supposed to prevent militarizing space. The USSR put Sputnik into orbit with its military rocket system, as did the U.S. 30 days later. Our government's delay permitted the USSR to enter history as the first nation to orbit a satellite and gave the Russians a great propaganda victory.

The High Frontier defense against strategic weapons is another space defeat for the U.S. In 1981 General Daniel Graham came up with his HF project to be built with off-the-shelf, state-of-the-art technology, to cost \$25-35 billion and be in place in three to five years -- three years for the silo ground defense, five years for the orbital defense. A somewhat similar national defense system was first proposed in the late 60s. Instead, we got Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). We kill them, maybe, after they kill us.

Although Congress was against HF and ignored it, General Graham publicized his project to the point where

citizens were beginning to demand that something be done about it. So Reagan came up with "Star Wars" (Strategic Defense Initiative), which would be "studied for five years," "tested in five to ten years," and "deployed in ten to twenty years." In the meantime, we have no effective defense in space and no High Frontier.

The U.S. has gone from overwhelming superiority in national defense in 1960 to superiority in 1964, to sufficiency in 1968, to equality in 1972 and finally to inferiority in 1978. One advanced program after another has been scrapped, diluted by reduced funding and stymied. If this keeps up, we may someday be forced into a corner where an American president will have no recourse but to capitulate to the Soviets.

If Congress and the White House had not cut NASA off at the pass, the U.S. would today have Moon bases, a Mars base and would have landed robots on Venus. Without Korea, Vietnam, uncontrolled immigration and welfare waste, with our German partners still at their NASA drawing boards, Americans today would be the kings of space and halfway to the stars.

THE SIEGE OF SOUTH AFRICA (II)



THE LATEST COUNTRY to institute sanctions against South Africa is Israel, owing, we are told, to American pressure and to make amends for Jonathan Pollard, the American Jew who received a life sentence for spying against his nominal country for his racial country. Shimon Peres, when he was prime minister of the Zionist state before handing over power to Yitzhak Shamir, said that Israel would reduce its ties to South Africa and adopt policies "that other democratic countries do," adding that "our enemies are not the white people of South Africa, or the black ones, but the policies of Apartheid." Israel insists in any case that it signed no military contracts with South Africa since the United Nations imposed an arms embargo in 1977. It is obviously Israel's military deals with Pretoria that worry the Americans. The embargo was imposed so that the civilized anti-Communist whites of South Africa would be defenseless against the black hordes, but this did not happen and its result has been that South Africa has become a burgeoning arms exporter.

It is generally believed that Israel is responsible for South Africa's military know-how, but this is a mistaken impression (as indeed a South African general publicly explained) and the truth is more likely to be that there have been exchanges of information. South Africa's "Armscor" is a highly competent organization, and I cannot doubt that South Africa developed its nuclear capability independently many years ago. Of course, Israel is not in the least concerned about the fate of the whites in South Africa, other than its own whites. There are more than 100,000 Jews in this country, which means that there are more Jews per capita in the white population than in any other country in the world, barring only Israel and the United States, though American statistics on its Jews are always highly dubious. Jews were originally attracted to South

Africa by its gold and diamonds. It is extraordinary that they all claim they came from Lithuania and not a single one from Poland!

The Jewish Board of Deputies in South Africa has always been more harsh in its condemnations of Apartheid than Israel itself. The Board has formally stated that "racial prejudice is in complete contradiction to the teachings of Judaism," which would surely amaze the dispossessed Palestinian Arabs, to whom the Jews are the most ferocious anti-Semites the world has ever known. It would also amaze the half-crazed American Negroes in Israel, the "Black Hebrews" who are not accepted by the Jews, are confined to their own ghettos and live in constant fear of deportation. But it was left to former President Jimmy Carter to carry off the top prize in hypocrisy when, on the Israeli-occupied West Bank, he urged Israel and indeed all nations to cease supplying arms to South Africa because it is a "terrible racist regime perpetrating horrible human rights abuses on the majority of the population in their [sic] country." The endearing little Yitzhak Shamir must have had a good chuckle at this act of American cravenness, since Carter must have known that Shamir had been identified by British Intelligence as having been deeply involved in the assassinations of British Resident Minister in the Middle East, Lord Moyne, in 1944, and the United Nations mediator, Count Bernadotte, four years later.

The South African Jewish Board of Deputies notwithstanding, by no means all Jews approve the process of racial integration in

South Africa or the appeasing of black terrorists. The Jewish Mayor of Johannesburg, Ernie Fabel, caused an uproar when he stated in Israel that Nelson Mandela "should have been killed." In Cape Town the opening of the beaches, pools and swimming baths to all races has very much upset wealthy Jews of the seaside suburb of Sea Point, prominent among them Councillor Joe Rabinowitz and the chairman of the local Ratepayers and Residents Association, Morrie Silber. Interestingly, it was the Jewish-dominated Cape Town City Council, headed by Mayor Leon Markovitz, who opened the pools and beaches even before receiving government authority. They must have been tipped off, most probably by Mrs. Suzman of Harry Oppenheimer's Progressive Federal Party, for the government soon acquiesced in the action. Letters to the newspapers poured in from many Jewish ratepayers, deploring the nudity, urinating and spitting of the nonwhites, and "the most filthy scenes imaginable." A Mrs. Levy wrote, "As the whites arrived, they took one long look at the scene . . . grabbed their children's hands and left."

Crime

Jewish feelings were not improved by the murder of a prominent Jew, Louis Hirshon, in his own luxury home and the attempted murder of his wife by the Coloured son of their domestic servant, aided by two black men. The Hirshons had known the Coloured man, Konzie, since he was a small child. As he had done often in the past, he had come to them for money, which this time they were reluctant to give, whereupon, Mr. Hirshon having been disposed of, he sprang on Mrs. Hirshon "like a wild beast" and stabbed her repeatedly until he was satisfied she was dead. "I did not see any reason," Konzie said, "why they could not give me money." Perhaps he also didn't see why he and his two accomplices are going to hang, because Mrs. Hirshon survived after all.

Such murderous assaults on whites are by no means uncommon and are especially directed toward elderly folk in isolated homes. Illegal immigrant squatters from the Transkei contribute to these crimes, as they did when they murdered the owner of a luxury house not far from the Hirshons'. The victim was a Mr. Hinrichsen, who had recently become the father of quadruplets. He was very security conscious, and his property was defended like a fortress. Nor had he forgotten to have what the police will tell you is the best security device, a savage watchdog -- in this case a Doberman-Rottweiler, which was always let loose to prowl the grounds. Nonetheless, the killer gang of Xhosas penetrated the defenses one night and walked into the house and shot Mr. Hinrichsen dead. Then they started to stab Mrs. Hinrichsen, but fled when the telephone started ringing. It was a neighbor whose suspicions had been aroused and who had already called the police. Their job was an easy one because of the strange silence of the dog, like something out of Sherlock Holmes. In any case, whites often suspect the complicity of the native servants, just as in Kenya during the Mau Mau. The dog was found locked in the garage. As only the domestic worker, Victoria Gwe, could touch the dog, apart from the Hinrichsens themselves, the police got to work on her and soon discovered she had organized the murder-robbery because she knew there was always plenty of money in the house. The police arrested the other culprits in the Crossroads squatter encampment in the early hours of the morning and all have been sentenced to hang, including Victoria herself.

One sees from this the mixture of cunning and stupidity of the native mind. The intelligence of the black man always expresses itself in a certain cunning, yet he is undone in the end because of his stupidity. Victoria thought herself very clever in her careful planning, and it obviously never occurred to her that she would end up on the gallows. It's the same with all of them; they cannot foresee the probable consequences of their actions, and in any case they have little or no control over their instinctive animal

urges.

The Cape Peninsula has five times as many murders a year as New York City, which is really saying something, though they are, of course, almost entirely confined to the Coloured and black townships. However, the Sea Point residents in particular have been clamoring for more police protection, though they are themselves in no small measure responsible for the crime rate, because of their insistence on having domestic servants, who in turn keep boyfriends with criminal propensities in their quarters. Sea Point residents are the sort who only stop criticizing the police when they feel themselves endangered. In any case the overworked police are kept busy in the townships, especially the black townships, where they have to protect the law-abiding residents from the political intimidators and criminals. The majority of blacks are law-abiding and are always calling for the police to take stronger action against those who are not, not realizing, of course, that the government is far too terrified of "world opinion" to allow the police to use real bullets. Moreover, the police don't have men to spare because the government is spending so much money on nonwhite welfare that it has sharply cut its law enforcement budgets.

The police are further handicapped by the courts, which too often side with subversive elements and lawbreakers, even though the government has declared a state of emergency. In such consequences, a policeman has to think twice before he acts. It is a technique with which I am sure Americans are familiar. Indeed, Justice Didcott has ruled that key sections of the emergency itself are void and that definitions of "subversive statements" go beyond President P.W. Botha's powers. Yet this is happening in a country everywhere described as a "police state."



President P.W. Botha

Originally there had been a clause curtailing the ability of the courts to enquire into the validity of the emergency regulations which constituted the teeth of the Public Safety Act. But amendments promptly proposed by Mrs. Suzman were just as promptly accepted by the responsible minister, rendering the so-called emergency regulations ineffective from the very onset.

The College Scene

There has been an interesting happening at the University of Cape Town, whose chancellor is Harry Oppenheimer. Hundreds of Coloured students from the University of the Western Cape assembled in the Jameson Hall and were soon joined by hundreds of Jewish students, who are always politically active and espe-

cially keen to assist their nonwhite brothers. Why the Coloureds were allowed to hold a demonstration in the UCT instead of their own university was unexplained, but it turned out that they were Muslims protesting against the Zionists and their treatment of the Palestinians! Soon they were calling out "Death to the Jews" and "Heil Hitler," whereupon the punches started flying. The Cape Council of the South African Jewish Board of Deputies condemned "in the strongest terms" the "racism and anti-Semitism" expressed by the Muslim students and said that no distinction can be drawn between Judaism and Zionism, which I find an interesting statement.

Shortly before this, however, an event of much more significance occurred, namely, the arrival of the notorious Conor Cruise O'Brien, together with his son, who is black! Although he intended giving a series of lectures on academic freedom at the university, he was chased away by the nonwhite students in spite of his reputation as an exemplary world citizen and in spite of his hybrid heir. According to the UCT vice-chancellor and principal, Dr. Stuart Saunders, an extreme liberal incapable of maintaining order (and whose wife chose to shoot herself to death rather than go on living with him), nearly a quarter of the students at the once solidly English university were not "so-called white" any more. On the other hand, when six "so-called white" liberal students attended the black Medical University of Southern Africa near Pretoria, the black students boycotted lectures until the whites had been expelled.

To use liberal jargon, the "so-called Coloured" hooligans who invaded the UCT lecture hall belong to the Azanian Students Organization (by "Azania" they mean South Africa, though the word means "black" and was applied to the coastal regions of northeast Africa by the ancient Greeks). The rampaging blacks were protesting because O'Brien's presence flouted the Anti-Apartheid Movement's support of the academic boycott of South Africa. According to their spokesman, O'Brien's statements had all been "deliberately constructed to ridicule the oppressed people of South Africa in their efforts to isolate South Africa from the international community."

The behavior of these affirmative action Coloured students in a once greatly respected white university was so bad that even the local English-language journals denounced it and stressed the sanctity of free academic expression, though not, of course, for anti-liberal white students. Needless to say, only three or four of the worst offenders were given a mild slap on the wrists.

Back in Dublin, O'Brien had no criticism to make of the hooligans, while he happily predicted the ruling white regime would not survive much longer. He said before long the superpowers would agree to United Nations intervention in South Africa, just as they did in anti-Communist Katanga in the Congo. In any case, he went on, "The blacks can't lose as their numbers are growing all the time, while the white population is static." Unfortunately, he added, the blacks cannot match the military might of the white regime, which means that a great number of people are going to lose their lives.

To conclude my remarks on sanctions, they have not been effective and never will be. As P.W. Botha has said, South Africa can survive without the West. South Africa's banned coal, reduced in price and cornering the market in Asia, has cost Australia hundreds of millions in lost exports. The Sullivan Code, named after the Reverend Leon Sullivan of the Zion Baptist Church in Philadelphia, a morose, racialistic, megalomaniac set of rules, was meant to apply to all American industries working anywhere in the world outside America itself, whereas in fact it has been aimed solely at South Africa and not at any other country. As a result, Sullivan's threats and deadlines have not only been entirely ignored, but he himself has been denied a visa to visit South Africa. He certainly did not expect this outcome to all his efforts to

establish a Marxist millennium in this country.

That crafty fox, the U.S. Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, Chester Crocker, announced he was well pleased that American firms in South Africa were doing great work in demolishing Apartheid. What they had been doing was instituting affirmative action, sacking whites and promoting blacks, encouraging civil disobedience, buying up buildings in white group areas and filling them with blacks, and so on. Most, but not all, American firms groveled to the Sullivan and Crocker edicts. When the call came for disinvestment and U.S. companies began pulling out, they were promptly taken over and bought on the cheap by local companies.

As a matter of fact, the American government does not agree with disinvestment. It wants the U.S. companies to stay in South Africa and keep on with the good work of demolishing Apartheid. The truth of the matter is that American firms have been pulling out not only to curry favor with the Western media, but because the enforced high wages and low productivity have rendered operations unprofitable.

(To be continued)

Ponderable Quotes

Kissinger, it seemed, was now prepared to intervene openly in the Arab-Israeli war to keep Israel from losing more of the Arab lands it had seized in 1967. And if the Soviets tried to stop him, he was prepared to risk war with the Soviet Union. In short, having silenced every other ranking U.S. official with a threat of instant dismissal that morning, Kissinger was, by that afternoon, seemingly having the time of his life.

Richard A. Curtiss,
"A Changing Image: Perspectives
of the Arab-Israeli Dispute,"
American Education Trust

The question of how much influence the Jewish lobby did actually exert on British foreign policy in the 1930s has never been properly studied. For the later 1930s Beaverbrook believed that Jewish émigrés in the professions and the "big" Jewish position in the Press made accommodation with Germany very difficult. "The Jews may drive us into war," (quoted in A. J. P. Taylor, *Beaverbrook*, pp. 379, 387). Sir Samuel Hoare wrote: "All Jews and Communists for war" at the time of Munich (Templewood Papers). My own view is that the Jewish lobby was more influential earlier in the 1930s and may have had some permanent effect in conditioning the way people felt about the Nazi regime.

Robert Sidelsky,
Oswald Mosley, footnote, p. 384

Russians probably found it impossible to forgive the Jews for the Revolution. . . . I doubt if the Russians would ever have been capable of putting such ideas to the rest unassisted by the permanent Jewish fermentation in the world of thought.

Peter Ustinov in his
autobiography, *Dear Me*. Wrongly
considered by many to be Jewish,
he comes from an anti-Communist,
white Russian family. His mother,
however, was part Ethiopian.

A HANUKKAH CAROL

MARLEY JACOBS WAS DEAD. There was no doubt about that.

His certificate of death had been duly signed and registered. Ebenezer Stein, his business partner, had made the funeral arrangements and had been the sole mourner on that gray December afternoon, seven years before, when Jacobs had been laid to rest in a plain pine box, flowers omitted.

So Marley was dead. Unchangeably, irrefutably and irretrievably dead. Ebenezer Stein knew he was dead, and Stein was the only one who counted. He was the sole surviving partner of the firm of Stein and Jacobs. And in addition to being Jacobs' only mourner, Stein was also his sole beneficiary.

Thus, even Stein had not been so dreadfully sorry to see Marley Jacobs go to his eternal reward. For Jacobs had left a considerable fortune, and, adding it to his own not insignificant wealth, Stein had used acumen, cunning, an impeccable sense of timing and not a little inside information to make the funds multiply many times over in the years since his partner's demise.

And the little golden slaves continued to work day and night for their master, compounding and reproducing like the proverbial rabbits.

Stein was not a sentimental man, but he did consider every penny his personal friend. The quarters were as dear to him as the children he had never had. The dollars were the objects of his undying love and the hundreds and thousands had become his lustful desire.

Marley Jacobs was dead. And Ebenezer Stein had sincerely mourned him all the way to the bank.

Stein thought it strange that Marley Jacobs should cross his mind this day, on the seventh anniversary of the latter's passing. He rarely gave a thought to the man who had been his partner for thirty years, and whose name still could be read on the weathered sign over the door to his small suite of offices.

Stein had been congratulating himself on his recent killing in the pork bellies market, and suddenly Jacobs's face appeared in his mind's eye. Marley had always laughed about making huge amounts of money from something he wouldn't even consider eating. The animal might be unclean, he would snicker, but the money was certainly kosher.

The old man was startled from his reminiscing by the sound of a familiar voice speaking his name in the outer office. His nephew was here to see him.

An unconscious grimace curled the thick lip beneath his pointed beak. The nephew was Stein's only relative, the son of a sister who had died in childbirth twenty years before. The boy dropped in to see his rich uncle three or four times a year, and Stein always held his breath. Although the young man was struggling to keep his head above the financial water, he had never asked his uncle for a thing -- and that was exactly the way the old man liked it.

But Stein was always afraid that the next time would bring his lucky streak to an end, that the nephew would begin to wheedle and whine, to cajole and attempt to play on family connections and guilt to extract some funds. Not that Stein had any problem in turning down such entreaties -- he was a past master in the art of creating and manipulating guilt -- but it disgusted him to see a co-religionist -- not to mention a blood relative -- in such a supplicant position.

"Happy Hanukkah, Uncle," the young man said with his habitual cheerfulness, another habit Stein despised, as he crossed the

threshold to enter the old man's office, his face still red from the cold. He was smiling broadly and holding his cap in his hands.

"Hanukkah can *kush mir in tokhis*," Stein muttered, staring disdainfully at his nephew's tousled brown hair and the dark eyes that sparkled with excitement.

"What a terrible thing to say about Hanukkah!" the young man exclaimed.

"Hanukkah!" snorted Stein. "What a useless holiday, just another excuse for workers and school children to take a day off."

"But it's the Festival of Light, the celebration of a miracle in the Temple."

"The celebration of a fraud that only the simple-minded can't see through," Stein said, smiling for the first time in the conversation. "I'd expect the *goyim* to believe that crap, but I would have thought we had better sense. There's not enough holy oil for the Temple's lamps, but they burn on and on -- and it's a miracle. Couldn't be somebody slipping in some non-holy oil to keep the damned things going, could it? No, it's got to be a *miracle!*"

"You're too cynical, Uncle, not to mention blasphemous."

"I'm not cynical. I'm realistic."

A change came over the nephew. He seemed suddenly intense, less light-hearted. Stein's pulse quickened. *It's coming*, he thought.

"I guess you could say I'm becoming more realistic, too," the nephew said hesitantly. "I'm planning to get married . . . and I need a loan."

"A loan?" Stein's eyes narrowed. "A loan as in money that will be paid back -- with interest?"

There was a short silence. "Yes, if it has to be that way," the younger man conceded. "But I was really hoping for an advance on my inheritance."

"Your *inheritance?*" roared Stein, rising violently from his chair. "What makes you think you're getting any of my money?"

"I'm the only family you've got, and you can't take it with you," said the nephew, his temper flaring.

"If I can't take it with me, then I'm not going anywhere!" raged Stein, pounding his fist on the desk. "And now I'm going to make sure that you *never* see any of it. I'm having my will changed day after tomorrow! You've just given Israel a windfall."

There was a wild look in the young man's eyes and he began clenching and unclenching his fists. For a moment Stein was afraid his nephew would physically assault him.

The boy's lips trembled. He opened his mouth to speak and then, without a word, turned and took long, deliberate steps away from his uncle and out the door.

Stein resumed his seat. He was shaking with rage, every nerve end tingling. By God, he would disinherit the whelp just as soon as Manny Liebowitz, his lawyer, got back from Miami.

His heartbeat had not yet had time to slow to normal when the intercom buzzed. "Yeah?" he snarled into the device.

The voice of Bob Cratchitt, his assistant and general flunky, informed him that some men were asking to see him.

"Well, send them in," he said gruffly.

Moments later two strangers darkened Stein's doorway. One of the men was tall, young and blond-haired; the other shorter, older, rotund and almost bald. The latter carried a black notebook.

"Mr. Stein," said the first man, marching up to the desk and extending his hand. "I'm Philip Smithson and this is John Garvey.

We're with the United Appeal, and we're soliciting donations from local businesses for the less fortunate at this time of the year."

Stein didn't move, allowing the man's proffered hand to dangle empty in the air until it was finally retracted.

"Something for the less fortunate?" he mused at last. "Do you mean the derelicts I see sleeping on grates on the sidewalk? The bag ladies who ask me for spare change, and all the hungry children we hear so much about?"

"That's right," said Smithson, smiling in anticipation of a pledge.

"And all the starving millions in Africa and Asia?"

"Of course."

"Well, then," Stein said expansively. "I suppose you can put me down for my usual contribution -- and not a penny more."

The younger man's face went blank. "Your usual contribution? I don't have any record . . ."

Stein smiled. The slight motion of his lips sent a chill through both of the visitors.

"Let me explain," he said with exaggerated care, as if speaking with children or morons. "But first, tell me: What has happened to the welfare system?"

"Happened?" Smithson's face was still uncomprehending.

"Happened. Has it disappeared? Has the government purse finally been picked clean? Is the system bankrupt?"

"Well, no. Welfare is still in business," Garvey admitted.

"And food stamps? AFDC, WIC, PIC and all those alphabet programs?"

"Still functioning," admitted Smithson.

"And Social Security? SSI? Free housing? Free heating oil? Free medical care? Foreign aid?"

The men said nothing.

"I can answer that, gentlemen. It's yes. And *that* is my regular yearly contribution. The government continues its policy of committing shameless extortion and highway robbery every April fifteenth for the benefit of this human waste, and I see no reason to permit you to pick my pocket again on December twenty-fourth."

Absolute disbelief was plain on the faces of the two intruders. "But there are so many people who fall between the cracks in the welfare safety net," said Garvey. "And lots of people are too proud to apply for government programs. They would rather die."

Another ghastly smile spread across Stein's countenance. "And that is truly a blessing, gentlemen," he said, "because it reduces the parasite population. When they die, the tax man uses my money to pay for their funerals. But there is some benefit in that. At least when I have paid to bury a man, he never comes to me again with his hand out. Goodbye, gentlemen!"

Garvey and Smithson stared at each other with expressions of incredulity and loathing, traces of both anger and fear. Stein approved of the latter emotion, and had often been able to use it to his advantage.

They turned slowly and walked out of the chamber, as Stein's twisted smile grew broader in absolute triumph.

Throughout the afternoon, the weather grew colder and snow flurries came and went, but the memory of his handling of the two solicitors kept Ebenezer Stein warm inside. It almost sufficed to erase the bitter residue of his nephew's visit.

Stein dismissed his assistant, gruffly allowing that the man could have the next day, which happened to be both Christmas and Hanukkah, as a holiday. As far as Stein was concerned, the day would be a total loss. The markets would be closed. Precious metals prices would not change. He would be unable to reach any of his cohorts in greenmail schemes and sundry other operations. Any day that Stein could not make money, by fair means or foul, was a useless 24 hours.

As was his habit, Stein was the last to leave the office, with the final chores of locking the safe and turning out the lights. As he did

every evening, he stood in the doorway and gazed back into the empty office, listening for the sound of a typewriter or adding machine left on, checking for a light under the door of the rest room, making certain that no one had slipped into the office and was waiting to emerge from hiding later to burglarize the place.

But this evening, somehow, something seemed wrong. Stein knew all the furnishings by heart, and very few of them had been replaced or even moved since the death of his partner seven years before. Something was not in its usual place, but Stein couldn't put his finger on it.

Shrugging, he closed and locked the door. It couldn't be anything important, he was sure.

Out into the night Stein stalked, drawing his collar close against what had become a thick and driving snowstorm. His hat, which he had worn since before hats had gone out of style and expected to wear until they came back in vogue again, was wedged tightly on his head.

It was only a few blocks to the rundown old brownstone building where Stein made his home, but by the time he saw it in the snowy distance, his hands were freezing in his coat pockets and he was certain that his lips were turning blue. His pace quickened and, as his foot touched the bottom step, Stein suddenly recalled what had been wrong at the office. The realization -- or was it ice on the step? -- almost made him lose his footing.

The picture of Marley Jacobs, the one that hung on the wall next to his office door -- it was gone. It was such a little thing, not something that would cost money, so it had gone unnoticed by his conscious mind. But he could summon up the image now: the small discolored rectangle on the wall where more than a decade of grease and grime had not been able to accumulate because of the protective presence of the picture frame.

Who the devil would take a picture of Marley Jacobs? Stein asked himself. He could think of no answer.

Perhaps his clerk had taken it down to be cleaned, or had moved it to another location for some reason. He made a mental note to ask about it on the day after Hanukkah. Meanwhile, he felt like a damned fool, standing out in the snow and worrying about a picture of a dead man. He scrambled up the steps and disappeared into the building.

Stein owned the building and rented apartments on the lower four floors, maintaining his own quarters in the fifth floor rear, which would command the least rent. Even more than the financial justification for the decision, Stein appreciated the solitude that went along with his choice of living quarters. As the neighborhood and the building had deteriorated, as the *schwarzes* and the jabbering aliens had moved into the area, he was left relatively alone in his isolated eyrie.

Even so, he left nothing of value in his apartment, and a simple push-button lock sufficed to secure the door. The building's tenants did not know that he was their landlord. All rental business was handled through a professional agency. To them he was just another aging Jew in threadbare clothing, obviously fallen on hard times, just like the neighborhood. His protective coloration stood him in good stead, and he was left alone.

Stein entered his apartment and stopped in the doorway, listening, repeating his performance at the office, seeking a dripping water faucet, a light left on or the presence of any intruders. He saw and heard nothing.

Stein lay asleep in bed. The feeble glare of a 40-watt bulb in a bedside lamp illuminated the small print of the *Wall Street Journal* that lay crumpled on his chest. He snored loudly and his eyeglasses dangled precariously, having come unhooked from one ear after he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly a sound echoed in the room. It was only a slight noise, but it was something to which Stein's ears were always attuned --

the sound of money. It was like someone calling his name across a room.

His eyes flew open and the old man was alert in an instant.

There it was again! It wasn't a dream!

The clinking sound of coins striking each other and echoing low! It seemed to come with a rhythm, and was coming closer.

Stein felt his heart skip a beat as the figure of Marley Jacobs stepped through the darkened doorway of his bedroom.

"I'm dreaming," he said aloud to the apparition.

"No, Ebenezer. Four million, nine hundred sixty-seven thousand, one hundred twelve dollars and seventeen cents," replied Marley Jacobs in a somber monotone, withdrawing a penny from his left-hand trouser pocket and placing it in his right pocket, where it clinked against other coins.

He repeated the motion. "Four million, nine hundred sixty-seven thousand, one hundred twelve dollars and eighteen cents."

"Who are you?" demanded Stein in a voice which quavered considerably more than he liked.

"Ask me who I was."

"All right, then, who were you?"

"In life, I was your partner, Marley Jacobs," said the intruder.

"But, you're dead!" gasped Stein.

"And you're not -- yet," came the stern rejoinder. "But you will be, Ebenezer."

Apprehension pumped a new surge of fear into Stein's heart. "Are you here for revenge? Are you threatening me?"

"I have no need for revenge. You will die sooner or later. We all do."

Somehow Stein never expected Jacobs to be so frank and forgiving about his own death. "Then why are you here? And why are you counting like that?"

The countenance of Marley Jacobs was grim. "I count the money I loved in life. Every penny that passed through my hands during life, I am condemned to count through eternity. And remember, Ebenezer, you inherited my fortune when I died. Your counting may truly go on forever. But I have come to save you."

"Save me from counting?"

"And more. You have many sins, Ebenezer, not the least of which is blasphemy."

Stein opened his mouth to protest, but Jacobs continued: "You will be given a chance for redemption. Tonight, expect a visit from the Spirit of Hanukkah. You will be shown the error of your ways and given a chance to repent. This chance is offered only once, and the weight of your sins is tremendous. Take heed, Ebenezer. Do not let this chance slip away."

As the words left Marley's lips, Stein heard a popping sound and the bedside lamp went out. He leaped from his bed in the darkness and charged across the room toward the light switch, passing through the space where his visitor had been. When a comforting light again held dominion over the surroundings, he saw that his late partner had disappeared. Gazing at the lamp, he noted that the bulb was broken, that it seemed to have exploded.

Stein tore the apartment to pieces, searching everywhere, searching desperately to find any indication that his visit from Marley Jacobs had been a trick. His hopes faded gradually as each room, each closet in turn failed to reveal anything suspicious. There was no one under the bed, and no one behind the shower curtain. Stein even looked in places he knew were too small for anyone to hide, desperate to disprove the growing certainty that he had indeed been visited by a spirit.

Finally, exhausted, he had to confess that it was not a trick. In the absence of evidence, and having been put in fear of his immortal soul, he warily anticipated the Spirit of Hanukkah.

Stein changed the bulb in the bedside lamp, discarding the shattered remains, and left it on as he returned to bed. He did not expect to sleep after such an experience, and wondered if the Spirit would come while he was awake, wondered if he could see

it materialize from nothingness.

Perhaps it was the exhaustion generated by the frantic search of his quarters, but Stein did eventually doze, and soon the sound of his stentorian snores echoed through the room.

The old man awoke suddenly, totally alert, with the absolute certainty that he was not alone. He did not move, but assessed the situation. The lamp, which he distinctly remembered leaving on, was dark. And there was light coming from a different source, a place where he knew there was no light fixture.

Apprehensively, Ebenezer Stein moved his head ever so slightly, trying to look out of the corner of his eye without committing himself to the movement.

She was so beautiful that he knew he must still be asleep.

Her dark hair cascaded over her shoulders, contrasting starkly with the virginal white gown. Her dark eyes and long lashes stirred long dormant feelings in Stein; the full lips were two delicately shaped scarlet slashes smiling enigmatically beneath a nose that betrayed just a hint of Semitic ancestry.

Her dress displayed more than ample cleavage and, on second glance, Stein saw that it was made of the sheerest, virtually transparent fabric. None of her womanly charms was hidden, and he felt his pulse pounding, his respiration increasing. A light-headed feeling he had not experienced in more than 40 years began to swirl through his brain.

She stood in front of the curtained French doors, flanked by two large menorahs on stands. Every candle was lit and the room blazed with a fierce light, a light that flickered and moved, caressing her face and body with a series of shadows and highlights that enhanced her beauty to a supernatural degree.

Stein tried to speak, but his throat was not equal to the task.

"I am the Spirit of Hanukkah," she said in a voice as melodious as he had known it must be. "Rise and walk with me."

She crossed the room swiftly, her long gown making it seem as if she floated. Throwing back the covers, she took his gnarled old hand in hers, and for the first time he noticed that she was wearing elbow-length gloves. So intense was his passion that he imagined he could feel her soft, cool grip as she brought him out of the bed.

"Marley said you were coming," Stein babbled as she drew him toward the candlelit doorway.

"I come to offer you salvation," she said softly, her voice a sensual massage to his ears, a lovely sound in a life that Stein suddenly realized was an incredibly lonely existence. The heat from the candles was intense, but far greater was the burning he felt when he imagined her skin touching his own.

Turning to the French doors, she threw them open wide, and a sudden gust of cold wind made the shadows dance even more eerily as the candle flames gyrated in involuntary reaction.

A long time ago, when the building was a fashionable residence, that doorway had led to a balcony. But over the years, under the studied neglect of Stein's ownership, it had crumbled away.

Still holding his hand, she turned toward the portal. "Come with me," she purred. "We have many miles to go before the morning light."

Stein's instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. "We can't go out there," he protested. "We'll fall."

Her expression showed clear incredulity. "But I'm a spirit," she said. "You need only touch the hem of my gown to fly with me through the night." She removed his hand from hers and he found himself clutching her dress.

"Wait!" he cried as she stepped toward the doorway to nothingness. "It's five stories to the ground."

She smiled, showing such a combination of pity and tolerance that the expression made Stein ashamed. He took it as her understanding of the fears and failings of mere mortals. "In four thousand years I've never dropped anyone," she whispered. Her eyes

sparkled with reflected flame and set his withered loins on fire.

She took a step to the precipice. He followed. Standing on the very edge, she halted and turned to bestow another smile on her charge. He tore his eyes from her face to gaze at his hand, still firmly attached to her gown.

He took one more look at that face and knew that he would follow her anywhere.

She started the motion that would take her through the window and Stein, determined to be brave in her eyes, did likewise.

Two left feet stepped into nothingness.

And then one right foot.

Stein's eyes snapped upward with the sudden sensation of falling. She still stood with one foot in the air, but she was holding onto the doorway with an intensity that strained her every muscle.

His grip on her dress tightened, but the breakaway fabric performed its function, splitting along the side and permitting him to carry the garment along in his five-story fall.

Naked, she stood for a second in the open doorway, letting the cool night breezes fondle her body as a respite from the heat of the

candles. Then she turned and quickly passed through the bedroom. She gasped as the figure of Marley Jacobs leaped from the hallway and loomed before her.

Jacobs reached up and removed his face, peeling it away in strips to reveal the smiling visage of Stein's nephew. He handed her a blouse and skirt, which she began to don.

"I inherit everything, and we can get married tomorrow," he said, breathless with excitement.

"What will they think about that dress in his hand?"

"Who cares?" He kissed her hard in triumph.

"Let's get out of here before somebody comes," he said finally, jamming the pieces of the mask into his pocket. "All that money, all those millions and millions of dollars," he muttered gleefully.

Just like his uncle. She smiled, following him as he opened the front door with a gloved hand. She found herself wondering just how many millions there were -- and how much life insurance she could get her new husband to take out before he became suspicious.

DOUGLAS OLSON

More on Burt

After reading Instauration's article on the rehabilitation of Sir Cyril Burt (Oct. 1987), a subscriber sent in a short profile of this much maligned British psychologist, who for many a decade has been raked over the coals by hatchetmen Leon Kamin and Stephen Jay Gould. Burt, they allege, had cooked some of the numbers in his twin studies. Though they had no compelling or incontrovertible evidence to support this allegation, they have tried to damn him for all eternity as a fraud, phony and trickster.

Instauration, insisting that these charges are far from proven, pointed out that in Britain there is a movement under way (the British say under weigh) to restore Burt to his rightful place, as one prominent British academician put it, among "the half-dozen greatest psychologists this century has produced."

To assist in this restorative process, we offer a brief summary of Burt's life and achievements, for which we are beholden to our subscriber.

Burt was born in 1883 on the same London street where John Milton had his "pretty garden house" and where Jeremy Bentham and the Mills family lived. He won a scholarship at age 11 to a select London school and later obtained a classical scholarship to attend Oxford, where he read the "Greats" and studied psychology under the celebrated William McDougall. Since his father was a physician, Burt had always shown an intense interest in medicine, an interest which turned him away from the purely theoretical side of psychology to the statistical, empirical, experimental aspects of the discipline, which is still striving mightily to become a science. This fondness for hard facts made him an avid admirer of Sir Francis Galton, whom he met

several times.

Burt put the finishing touches on his education in Germany, where he also indulged in astronomy and his father's hobby of collecting and classifying wildflowers, the latter pursuit being of great help to him in his study of Mendelian genetics.

Burt's first academic position was Lecturer in Psychology and Assistant Lecturer in Physiology at Liverpool University. He immediately started to study the inherited traits and individual differences of the human species, his life-long field of interest and the one that was later to draw the wrath of those who believe that men and women are the mere playthings, if not slaves, of their environment.

Throughout his career Burt was never content to confine his work to the narrow-minded and often mind-deadening groves of academe. Much of his research was done in the real world, visiting slum dwellers and even studying the behavior of criminal gangs by making friends with some of their members.

Unlike many other Western psychologists, Burt never became a fanatical, one-eyed disciple of Freud or Jung. Neither did he totally reject their far-out metaphysically tainted theories. He tried to put their claims to the test, to see if what they theorized had any relation to reality. The verdict, he announced, was mixed.

In 1931 Burt was appointed Professor of Psychology at University College, London, and attracted students that later became some of the noted names in modern psychology, including perhaps the most notable, Raymond Cattell. Burt's multifactorial theory of heredity was just one of the important accomplishments that earned him a knighthood -- the first psychologist ever to

be so honored. Some of his other pioneering achievements were made possible by the use of the Quantum Theory and Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy in his investigation of the workings of the brain, an organ he viewed as a "field," in somewhat the same sense electromagnetism was treated by certain physicists. In his capacity as an internationally respected professor, Burt came down hard on the moral nihilism of the existentialists, especially Sartre, whose banal negativism he condemned as "bad psychology and false metaphysics."

Just as he was the first member of his profession to have a "Sir" prefixed to his name, so Burt was the first psychologist to give talks over the radio. He could have given them in Latin, Greek, French, German or Italian because of his knowledge of these languages. He also knew some Hebrew and Sanskrit. An incomplete bibliography of his books and scientific papers has 332 separate entries.

Such, in very brief outline, was the man Gould, Kamin and other assorted Jewish bigots have attacked as a charlatan -- after his death in 1982, of course. Jackals, whether in the wild or in academia, prefer to give a wide berth to live lions.

Ponderable Quote

In this business, you find out that there is more racism on the black side of the fence than on the white side. They didn't want to know about me, because I'm white.

Phil Collins, rock star

Genetic Beauty Standards

One of the most egregious aberrations of modern psychology is that beauty is totally relative. Aesthetics, it has been drilled into our brains nonstop by minority social scientists, has no universal standards. It is, in short, conditioned. Bring up a Nordic in a society of pygmies and feed him the latest sociological nonsense and he will think a steatopygous, black-skinned, thickly lip-ped, kinky-haired creature more beautiful than Greta Garbo.

Interestingly, even the most bigoted and opinionated liberal knows this is not so. Nonetheless, this is one of the chief articles of faith of modern liberalism and we better believe it or we can get into serious trouble. By serious trouble is meant getting an F on our Psychology 101 final. It also means being eternally classified as a raging Hitlerite, a classification not conducive to a successful career of any sort in the present wild-eyed and woolly-minded West.

A gutsy team of Texas University child psychologists decided to test this sacred and sanctimonious tenet of modern social science by placing slides of attractive and unattractive women's faces before two groups of infants. The findings showed that the children looked longer, more eagerly

and more intently at the attractive faces than at the unattractive ones.

Here's how the experiment went: 34 infants from six to eight months old and 30 in the two- to three-month range were shown slides with an attractive woman's face juxtaposed with the face of an unattractive woman. The six-month-old cohort of infants consisted of 11 females and 12 males. The two- to three-month-old group consisted of 14 males, 16 females, all of them white except two Hispanics and one Asian.

About two-thirds of both sets of infants looked longer at the attractive faces. In a second test, when attractive faces were shown separately and then followed by unattractive faces, the older set of infants duplicated their previous performance. The younger set spent roughly an equal amount of time looking at both faces.

Instaurionists could have easily predicted these results. But what is of the most interest to us is how the research team gauged "attractiveness." All the psychologists would say is the photos shown to the infants were of "16 adult Caucasian women, eight rated as attractive and eight rated as unattractive." It was further admitted that all of them had medium to dark

brown hair and did not wear glasses.

The other measure of attractiveness the psychological team resorted to is the so-called Likert scale. In general, this categorizes attractiveness on the basis of facial symmetry and the absence of sharp angles.

We'd like to see many more such tests, particularly ones in which blondes and relatively pure Nordic types were featured. The research team admitted that a sharper distinction between attractiveness and unattractiveness -- allowing the infants to choose between extremely beautiful and extremely ugly faces -- might well have produced a stronger confirmation of their thesis.

Despite all the protestations of Stephen Jay Gould and Ashley Montagu, we have always thought that the Nordic was the aesthetic physical ideal, not only of the white race, but of all races; just as we have always thought that beauty has a genetic basis, as well as some vague link to a Platonic idea or a Jungian archetype. We'd like to be proved wrong, if we are wrong. But if we are right, it gives us hope that the Nordic, who is fast disappearing from this earth, will not disappear altogether.

Vive le Aesthetic Prop!

Perverted Gray Matter

We hear a lot about sexual and moral perverses these days, but little about the "mental pervert" -- the individual of seemingly high IQ who habitually employs his intellect to stand common sense and every other kind of sense directly on its head. An exemplary specimen is columnist Michael Katz, writing about the Al Campanis affair for the New York Daily News (April 10, 1987).

Katz is entitled to call the National Football League the National Fascist League, to change baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth's name to Peter Ueberalles, and even to indignantly protest "ethnic jokes where Jews [he doesn't say 'kikes'] are pecuniary and Polacks [he doesn't say 'Poles'] are dumb." But some of Katz's writing drifts into the destructive realm of perverted logic. For example, he quotes these "sick remarks" of Campanis:

How many [black] quarterbacks do you have? How many pitchers do you have that are black? Why are black men, or black people, not good swimmers? Because they don't have the buoyancy?

[This too was a question, though many papers left out the all-important question mark of interrogation.]

Katz follows these four serious questions with the malicious rejoinder: "Mark Spitz can manage in the big leagues, but not [Negro baseballer] Bill Robinson."

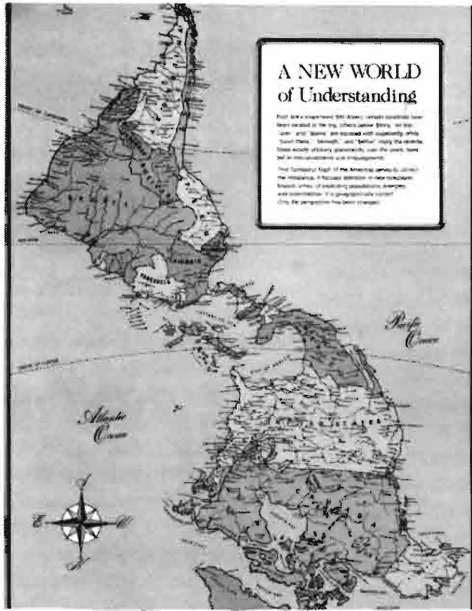
Did Campanis even suggest that buoyancy is necessary for managing in baseball? Obviously not. But by introducing the Jewish Olympic swimmer, Mark Spitz, "mental pervert" Katz has avoided confronting both the strong *logic* of Campanis's argument (i.e., that blacks are underrepresented in many areas) and also the strong *facts* of the matter (i.e., that blacks are indeed less buoyant as a race than whites).

Consider this second clear example of Michael Katz's "doublethink." He notes that USA Today recently asked Murray Cook, the general manager of the Montreal Expos, why blacks seldom reach baseball's front office. Cook, reasonably enough, advanced the familiar hypothesis that blacks generally are not "real students of the

game. Things come so naturally to so many of those fine athletes, they don't learn all the rudiments of the game." Katz returned to Bill Robinson for his ensuing demonstration of "mental perversion":

Ten years ago, Bill Robinson batted .304 for the Pirates, hit 26 homers and drove in 104 runs. But in his 14-season big-league career, he hit only .258. Obviously, in Cook's thinking, that makes Robinson very smart. Had he hit .220, he would have been Einstein.

It would be easy to dismiss Katz's perverted mode of argumentation as merely weak attempts at humor. Easy -- but wrong. Because the same method appears regularly in the more polemical political writings of Stephen Jay Gould and all the other Jewish would-be debunkers of the study of racial differences. Scoring points by ruthlessly twisting the meanings of their opponents is second nature to most of these gentlemen -- whether or not cheap "humor" happens to be generated as a byproduct.



The cartographic upside-down monstrosity at left is the Turnabout Map, whose purpose is to put Latin Americans "above" the much envied gringos. Listen to this sales pitch, if you can, without gagging.

Run-of-the-mill maps place the U.S. up above. Since "upper" is equated with "superior," this has bred misconceptions and mischief. The Turnabout Map of the Americas offers a corrective perspective.

Too bad the company doesn't put out a map with Australia on top of Asia.

As every true-blue Instaurationist would know, the map had to be the brainchild of a Chosenite. In point of fact his name is Jesse Levine

You can have one of these 17-1/2" x 33" colored maps for \$6 by ordering from Laguna Sales, 7040 Via Valverde, San Jose, CA 95136.

If you turn the upside-down map upside down, it restores the hemisphere to its proper pre-Levine alignment. But you'll have to stand on your head to read the names of the countries, cities and other geographical features.

BOY, ARE THEY OUT TO GET US!

Get 'em in the mood while they're young seems to be the motto of Michael Pulitzer's Arizona Daily Star, whose editors thought the photo on the right was just too cute for words and gave it a big play in the August 28 issue. It was taken at the closing ceremonies of a Tucson Moms and Tots summer program. The caption of the Tom Thumb wedding, as it was called, read in part, "Weddings tend to make people nervous and, golly, even a tad silly. . . ." Golly, this particular ceremony also makes Instaurationists nervous, but for different reasons. And, golly, it sends out vibes that are a tad serious, not a tad silly.

What is this? A not-so-subtle hint of what future weddings should be like? Do mock nuptials, even at the tender age of three, have to have a white groom and a black bride? The groom apparently considers the whole thing a joke. Let's hope he continues to think so when he grows up.





Pistol-Packing New Yorkers

New York City is supposed to have just about the toughest gun laws in the country. Practically no one, we are told, is allowed to carry a firearm except cops and other lawmen. That's what we are told. What we are not told is that 22 city judges have "carrying permits," even though in court they are surrounded by armed officers. Other Gothamites allowed to hoist guns in their belts, pockets or wherever are Edgar Bronfman, the Zionist liquor mogul, William F. Buckley Jr., lickspittle of Zionism, Harry Fotopoulos, slumlord, Uri Geller, Israeli con artist, Barry Gray, Jewish talk show host, Michael Korda, Simon & Schuster editor, Angelo Ponte, mafioso, John Reale, mafioso, Laurance Rockefeller, Arthur Sulzberger, mediocrat, and Donald Trump, billionaire Majority truckler.

Jabbing at JAPs

Non-Jews are forbidden to joke about JAPs, meaning by the acronym not those world-record, work-a-sake exporters in the Land of the Rising Sun, but the Jewish American Princesses who live high on everything but the non-kosher hog. Being Jewish, Larry Wilde, the author of 38 alleged joke books, can make as many cracks as suit his fancy about America's new royalty -- or at least could until Susan Weidman Schneider, a Jewish magazine editress, accused him of the crime of sexism. "These jokes," she let forth, "make all women, especially Jewish women, fair game for bigots."

She took particular umbrage at Wilde's favorite joke: Question: How does a Jewish Princess learn her ABCs? Answer: "A is for Abercrombie, B is for Bloomingdale's, C is for Cartier, D is for Dior . . ."

To the chagrin of the American Jewish Congress, which is beginning to turn an unfriendly eye on Wilde, his *The Ultimate Jewish Joke Book* defines JAPs as "pampered, snobbish, selfish and arrogant."

Whither High Tech?

In the old days every village had its village idiot. Today every city has its city planner. Three such individuals, Ann Markusen and Amy Glasmeier of Berkeley (CA) and Peter Hall of Austin (TX) have produced a scholarly tome that attempts to determine where high tech industries should be located. What they did was to correlate a number of typical economic, geographic and demographic measures (wage rate, unionization rate, freeway and airport access, climate, presence of Fortune 500 corporate

headquarters and business services) with the number of high tech jobs, the increase or decrease in the number of such jobs over five years, the number of high tech plants and the increase or decrease in the number of such plants over the years. To their surprise, few of these predictors proved more accurate than dart-throwing or coin-tossing.

One measure that did predict far above the chance level was "percent black." The greater the ratio of blacks in a city, the fewer high tech jobs and plants. The measures of change were also significantly correlated with what former Transportation Secretary Coleman called "ethnicity" in the Bork hearings. That is, as the percentage of blacks increases, any high tech firms unfortunate enough to be in the area head for greener grass and whiter neighborhoods. Prime Minister Nakasone (or Al Campanis) could have told us that much without recourse to multiple correlational analysis.

With all their emphasis on manipulating where private industries locate, the authors, who for some reason feel compelled to work in a totally gratuitous reference to Marx's *Das Kapital*, completely ignore the Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan proposed by Dr. William Shockley, the Godfather of High Tech. It's also interesting that they make no reference to a rule of thumb well known to school administrators and real estate agents -- namely, that once the percentage of blacks in a school or neighborhood reaches the critical mass of 25%, whites flee at the speed of light and the school or neighborhood quickly becomes a black hole. As the brothers themselves say, "Once it goes black, it never comes back!"

Activist Deactivated

The judge gave J.R. Hagan five years' probation, a two-year suspended sentence, forbade him from having a gun and from associating with people who have guns. Hagan must also submit to body searches at any hour of the day or night that his probation officers feel the urge to do so.

Who is J.R. Hagan and what was his crime? He was the man who led the armed band that dared to patrol the U.S. border one night and hold a gang of illegal Mexican aliens at gunpoint for several hours while awaiting the arrival of the Border Patrol. He and the other members of the Civilian Materiel Assistance, as the group called itself, were trying to enforce a law that the U.S. government was not enforcing. However, that was not what Hagan was arrested for.

Sixteen years ago Hagan had been convicted for marijuana possession, which made him a felon, which in turn made him

a candidate for a firearms charge. Under federal law, felons are not allowed to own or carry guns.

U.S. District Judge William B. Brown lectured Hagan for "taking it upon yourself to conduct foreign policies and enforcing the laws of this nation." Although the leaders of various Hispanic groups yipped "racism" and were disappointed that Hagan had not been given a life term, they had nothing but praise for the illegals whom Hagan's group had temporarily detained. It would be both lawful and logical to convict these Hispanic leaders for conspiracy to violate U.S. immigration laws. But they are Hispanics and above the law, in contrast to Majority member Hagan, who must remain under the law.

As for someone not in government "undertaking foreign policies," if this is a crime, as it is under the Logan Act, then why aren't Jesse Jackson, who wheeled and dealt with Castro, and the leaders of the World Jewish Congress, who tried to change the face of Austrian politics, behind bars?

Black Power Fizzles

Some people like to think that blacks in New York are beginning to break the half-nelson that Jews have on the city. The verdict in the Bernhard Goetz case ought to disenchant them. Although he shot four blacks, permanently crippling one, he was acquitted on 12 of 13 counts -- and on the last, illegal possession of a gun, he received a slap-on-the-wrist six-month jail term, plus a few other inconveniences like 280 hours of community service, psychiatric treatment and a \$5,000 fine.

Goetz, who is appealing, is a half-Jew; his lawyer a whole one. The Jewish media treated him extremely gently. Practically all white New Yorkers, Jews and non-Jews, were for him. The blacks really lost that one.

And the Italians, who also claim some power in Zoo City, didn't come off much better. Congressman Mario Biaggi and Meade Esposito, a former Democratic boss, were found guilty of obstruction of justice and accepting a paid-in-full vacation from a semi-bankrupt ship-repair firm. Sentenced to jail by a Jewish judge, all Biaggi and Esposito and their lawyers could do was complain about anti-Italian bias in the selection of the jury.

Suborning Lady

Suborning of witnesses used to be a crime, but not in present-day congressional hearings. When Linda Greene, a black counsel to a Senate Judiciary subcommittee headed by Senator Howard Metzenbaum, learned that Professor John T. Baker of the University of Indiana Law School was going to testify on Robert Bork's behalf

in the recent inquisitorial Supreme Court confirmation proceedings, she called Baker, one of the nation's few prominent black law professors, the day before he was to appear and warned him of the hard grilling and questioning he would have to face. The results, she said, could put his scholarly reputation and his academic career at risk.

Baker took these threats to heart, deciding at the last minute not to appear. No prosecution of Senator Metzenbaum ensued, nor were any charges brought against his subcommittee counsel, who still holds her job.

Crocodile Tears

When the liberal-minority coalition promotes its own people and keeps the rest of us at a safe distance, that's called "progressive hiring." When a rightist, pro-America coalition -- to the extent one even exists -- does the same, that's called "racism" or "blacklisting." The most famous blacklist, the only one that merits a capital "B," was that of the late 1940s to middle 1950s, which primarily sought only to pare the excessive number of Communists and fellow travelers in America's government and media. "Affirmative Blacklisting" is what the embattled right might have called its short-lived defensive crusade. Just how ineffective it really was is suggested by a sob story which appeared in Newsweek (Sept. 28, 1987):

For a victim of cold-war witch-hunting, Penn Kimball did all right for himself. He was an adviser to New York Gov. Averell Harriman and Connecticut Sen. William Benton, wrote for The New York Times and Time magazine and recently retired as a professor at Columbia's prestigious Graduate School of Journalism. He did so well, in fact, that it took him 30 years to find out he was a victim of a witch-hunt.

As a Foreign Service candidate in 1946, young Kimball was secretly declared a security risk. But he didn't find out about this until 1977, which inspired him to sue the FBI, the CIA and the State Department for \$10 million. "How much it [the blacklisting] changed his life Kimball will never know," concluded Newsweek.

The Ultimate Self-Hater

Lewis Grizzard of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution has written a very honest column about racial differences. But his job is only half done.

He began by complimenting Isiah Thomas, Detroit Pistons basketball virtuoso, for noting that Larry Bird -- the best white player in the game -- is gravely afflicted with

White Man's Disease or WMD. "The symptoms are the following," enumerated Grizzard:

You can't jump; you can't run; you can't dunk; you can't change directions while still in the air; when you try to do a high-five with another white player, you occasionally miss contact.

Watch Larry Bird. He's slow and he can't jump, but somehow he manages to get the ball into the basket at a very high frequency and WMD sufferers all over the country see him and say proudly, "Look, he's one of us, but he made it anyway."

Grizzard compiled all this sensational data the hard way. He had played basketball on his high-school team, but only because "integration didn't happen until I had graduated. Otherwise, my extracurricular activities would have centered around the Spanish Club."

"You're a pretty good player to be white," said one black kid. Grizzard treasures this remark as "one of the greatest compliments I have ever been paid."



Grizzard -- flattered to be insulted

Grizzard's abject putdown of his own people and his self-abasing puffery of another race appeared way back in June. Some of his white readers, however, are still waiting for the other shoe to drop. It so happens that thousands of black teachers who were considered excellent or "near genius" under the South's segregated school system are now being forced from integrated staffs because of their grotesque incompetence.

When are you going to tell us about Black Man's Disease, or BMD, Mr. Grizzard?

Only We Are Racist

The Congressional Black Caucus held its annual conference in September. Two of

the biggest corporate sponsors of all the partying and mutual back-scratching were Philip Morris and Anheuser-Busch. The whites who buy their beer and cigarettes pay a hidden tax to subsidize these political hootenannies.

Nothing racist here

At the annual convention of LULAC (the League of United Latin American Citizens) held last June, all seven mainstream Democratic candidates for the presidency, plus Republican campaigner Jack Kemp, promised to give Hispanic-Americans practically everything north of the Rio Grande in their shameless bid for brown votes. Two candidates, Michael Dukakis and Bruce Babbitt, delivered parts of their speeches in Español. Babbitt promised to appoint several Hispanic members to his cabinet, while Jesse Jackson hinted that an Hispanic should fill the Supreme Court seat vacated by Lewis Powell. Kemp apologized profusely for the ethnic myopia of the GOP.

Nothing racist going on at LULAC

Down in Portsmouth (VA), they are having a recall election for mayor on Dec. 15. The city's black mayor, James W. Holley III, may lose his job because his fingerprints were found on several pieces of anti-black "hate mail" which were received by other black community leaders. Among the candidates hoping to replace Holley is Richard H. Ramsey, active in the recall campaign, who says he seeks to promote "white interests" in the city. The election is a "black-white issue," as Ramsey sees it, "a question of who's going to run this city."

Guess what? All the other white organizers of the recall campaign are calling Ramsey a "racist." The leader of a white civic club went out of his way to condemn him: "It's people like you who make it a [racial] situation."

Ecumenical Jewelry

The latest thing in necklaces was featured in Modern Maturity magazine (Dec. 1986-Jan. 1987). Overly suspicious and obsessively conspiratorial readers may note that the star overlaps the cross.

