

δύστανε, μούρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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Ponderable Quote of the Year

Will humankind continue to evolve? The present answer must be "no." Cultural evolution has buffered us against biological pressures that weeded out the feeble, slow, or stupid. Now, power tools, computers, clothes, spectacles, and modern medicine devalue the old inherited advantages of powerful physique, intelligence, pigmentation, visual acuity and resistance to diseases like malaria. Societies hold high percentages of physically weak or ill-proportioned people, and people with poor eyesight, or skin color and disease resistance unrelated to the climates where they live. Some individuals who would have died in infancy a century ago survive to breed, handing on genetic faults to future generations.

Migration, too, has helped halt human evolution. No group lives isolated long enough to evolve into a new species as happened in the Pleistocene. And racial differences will decline with increased interbreeding of peoples from Europe, Africa, the Americas, India and China.

David Lambert,
The Cambridge Guide to Prehistoric Man
Cambridge University Press

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

Once upon a time we got along nicely without all that TV garbage and with a glow in our hearts and minds.

038

For the first time I saw an item in *Instauration* (May 1988) with which I disagreed totally: the idea of the possible salvation of the Nordic race by means of a "mechanical" device. I shall not indulge in a lengthy commentary. Even if the artificial womb were invented, that wouldn't solve the problem. Only spirit can save us -- not reason or gadgets.

Dutch subscriber

Reform will proceed in South Africa as planned, and there won't be anything more to say unless, at the very last gasp, P.W. Botha is voted out of power at the next -- and probably last -- elections. Failing that, only a military takeover could save us, and if that were to occur we would not only have boycotts to fight. The masters of the West will not permit their long-laid plans to be thwarted at the final moment. But their difficulty is that they have so sapped the morale of their livestock that the docile beasts are no longer capable of fighting.

South African subscriber

I was discussing with some waiters in a steak house the idea of individualism and limited government. Another waiter, an Irish-Catholic Nordic, came up and said, "What are you talking about now?" He was a physical education teacher in a public school. I replied, "Individualism -- it's something they don't teach in public schools."

678

Over here, only the intellectuals comprehend who controls the U.S. media and politics. The masses are unable to understand why the U.S. Congress supports the killing of Arab women and children and gives all of those dollars to the criminal state of Israel.

Swedish subscriber

Recently I saw the quintessential lib-min movie on perhaps the most lib-min of all cable networks, Lifetime. The film was *Grasshopper* (1970). It lingered lovingly on prostitution, homosexuality, pornography, rape, murder, drugs, obscene language, gratuitous violence and -- what else? -- miscegenation. The latter involved British actress Jacqueline Bisset in the ebony embrace of that paragon of gentlemanly virtue, ex-football star Jim Brown, who has been known to practice the ol' stiff-arm (and fist) on his girlfriends, white and chocolate. When not focusing on these two sweating all over the sheets, the camera had a number of messages to bash the viewer over the head with, principally that white men are either brutes or gay, while black men are loving and protecting, especially where white women are concerned; that betraying one's race and culture is a truly ennobling act; that to wallow in degeneracy is the epitome of creativity in late 20th-century America. As for myself, I'll never again go to a movie with the debased Miss Bisset in the cast. But, perhaps there won't be much of an opportunity. Now in her mid-forties, and looking every day of it, her career appears to be sputtering. We can only hope it flickers out for good.

782

The problem with Eastern Europe is that countless thousands, such as Professor Przewozski, have been incarcerated for trying to do what Zündel has done.

600

The Pope is the head of the Roman Catholic Church, but who is the head Jew? If you ever find out, please let me know.

522

I'm not sure that Bush's well-tailored background adds up to a return to Majoritarianism. The Bush brand of Republicanism (the "progressive" variety) was born of enormous self-doubt among the WASP elite. It was the late 1930s and Republican bluebloods were biting their own tails with political and social self-contempt. Their fathers' world had been shattered by worldwide depression. Internationalism was in the air. So was intervention in Europe. By the mid-1940s, Republican modernists would be joining with Rooseveltians to overthrow colonialism, racial segregation and white Majority domination everywhere. Above all, the Episcopalian Church was looking for ways to prove its worth to the world's little brown people.

This is George Bush's Republican background. Now what about Michael Dukakis? His immigrant America never lost confidence in traditional American institutions. Moreover, it never applauded the overthrow of WASP leadership, only the reform of certain fossilized institutions. From the start, European immigrants marveled at the opportunities offered by the America they found -- a chance at education, a profession and personal advancement. They never thought to change things. Thus, the Establishment's own loss of confidence in itself came as an enormous surprise. Any doubt about who still believes in that traditional America can be resolved by observing the faces standing at attention when the flag goes by. More likely than not, they'll have names like O'Flanagan, Jablonski and Tinelli.

If Dukakis properly reflects his immigrant background, he'll embrace the notion of traditional America for all it's worth. On the other hand, if he follows the Jesse Jackson Democratic left into a further national sellout, he'll be no worse a traitor than the week-kneed Establishmentarians symbolized by George Bush.

220

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CONTENTS

Mother Eve Is Not Our Mother	5
The Negroization of the Democratic Party.....	9
Jailhouse Jottings	10
French Politics Hits a New Low.....	12
The Triumph of Failure	14
Cultural Catacombs	17
Inklings.....	19
WASPishly Yours	21
Notes from the Sceptred Isle.....	24
Satcom Sam Dishes It Out.....	26
Talking Numbers	27
Primate Watch.....	28
Elsewhere	29
Stirrings.....	33

☐ I attend Barry Farber's language club, so I get to talk to him from time to time. He is one of my favorite radio talk show hosts. He happens to have serious doubts that Demjanjuk is actually Ivan the Terrible, which is interesting because he is Jewish and normally a strong supporter of Israel. I have my doubts, too, but I really haven't gotten into the nitty-gritty of the case. I personally think Israel ought to make a deal with Yasser Arafat. He might not be a very nice feller, but he's the only Arab who has enough power to sign a deal and make it stick. Sorry for my rambling. Once I get started, I can't stop. (A Jewish trait?)

114

☐ The principal theologian of the new Holocaust religion appears to be shaping up in the person of Aaron Lustiger, the Jew who was elevated some years back to be the Roman Catholic Cardinal of Paris, a feat comparable, had it happened, to Trotsky becoming Archbishop of Canterbury. In his recent book, *Choix de Dieu* (God's Chosen), Lustiger condemns the persecution of Jews "from Moses to Auschwitz," declares Nazi racism to be a "gross usurpation" (we know who the master race is, don't we?), proclaims that anti-Semitism is the only sin for which there is no remission in the Catholic Church, that the Second Coming of Jesus will be for the purpose of avenging the Jews, and that Auschwitz is the Good Friday of Judaism.

Cardinal Lustiger is not the only Jew angering incensed traditionalist French Catholics. There is a weird Jewess named Mlle. Tunde Szentes, who has taken on the name of Mother Myriam and created a new monastic nunnery called The Little Sisters of Israel, while declaring herself to be "Jewish, immigrant and socialist." So it would appear that there is still validity to the old Alsatian precept about conversion of this lot: "One more Catholic does not make one less Jew."

802

☐ It was Benjamin Franklin, I believe, who said that the purpose of a club was to exclude, not include. Its recent ruling against private clubs is a surprising one to have come from the most "conservative" Supreme Court that we'll see in our lifetimes. The Emma Lazarus Syndrome prevails again! I'll be anxious to see how our local country club -- as opposed to city "business" ones -- is affected. The first non-Majority member to be admitted will trigger my resignation. If I want to rub elbows and buddy up to the huddled masses, I can do so at a nearby Walgreen's counter -- and not have to pay dues for the privilege.

115

☐ Amid luxurious surroundings in her home in California, Jane Fonda told Barbara Walters that she now apologizes for her actions during the Vietnam War. William "Lord Haw Haw" Joyce was hanged in London; two American broadcasters speaking from Berlin received life sentences and -- feminists, please note -- Axis Sally and Tokyo Rose served long prison terms. Ezra Pound spent 12 years in the nut factory.

122

☐ I disagree partly with the emphasis and conclusions in the brief article on Pamyat (Instauration, June 1988). It is suggested that hundreds of organizations have flourished under glasnost besides Pamyat. Perhaps ecology groups or other less political organizations have few obstacles, but groups expressing views which are highly critical of anything, except the Stalin era, continue to be harassed, particularly outside the Moscow-Leningrad fishbowl. In Latvia the Helsinki 86 group was founded by 19 persons, none of whom remain in the organization today. About four were deported to the West on "Israeli" passports (none were Jews). Three or four were activated by the Red Army as reservists and dealt with by the military. One remains in KGB custody. The others were forced to withdraw from active participation by economic pressure such as dismissal from work. The organization exists today, but only because the burned-out men have been replaced by new volunteers willing to take risks. It is not flourishing; simply existing.

Whatever its origins, based on the benefits derived, there can be no doubt that Pamyat enjoys the tacit support of Gorbachev's regime. It makes a wonderful bogeyman, particularly for influencing the pogrom-obsessed Jews in America and the West. Its platform comes straight out of the literature of the Great Russian chauvinists of the late 19th century. In general, it expresses the desire to rid Russia of the influence of "foreigners, Jews, freemasons." Quite cleverly, the Soviet propaganda agencies have created the illusion of a choice between unconditional support for Gorbachev or the Pamyat boogeyman. From events transpiring in the USSR, it seems impossible to estimate the effectiveness of this ruse on the nearly half of Soviet citizens who are by Pamyat's definition foreigners.

What the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette editorial overlooked in its inappropriate comparison of Stalin as preferable to Pamyat is the fact that Stalin specifically built his absolute dictatorship on the basis of Great Russian primacy over foreigners. During Stalin's rule, the Jews were gradually eased out of the top decision making level, with a few exceptions. The purges of the 1930s rid the Communist Party ranks of practically all non-Russians, who were shot and deported by the hundreds of thousands.

Doubtless, the American liberal is convinced that if Gorbachev fails, a series of horrible pogroms will inevitably follow. The American Councils for Soviet Jewry are in a state of panic that perestroika will collapse and Pamyat adherents will string up Gorbachev before the Jews are evacuated. During the Reagan-Gorbachev talks in Moscow, the MacNeil-Lehrer program interviewed a stable of experts (all Jews) on dissidence in the USSR. A Professor Cohen of Princeton characterized "most dissidents" as reactionaries, fascists, Gorbachev haters and advocates of pogroms. He judged only the Jewish refuseniks (besides an insignificant number of democratic liberals) as worthy of American support. The assumption that followers of Pamyat are natural allies of Ukrainian, Kazak, Uzbek, Armenian and Baltic nationalists united to eradicate the Jews is based on misrepresented priorities. Pamyat advocates bashing not only the Jews, but also the aforementioned foreign-

ers. From the purely practical viewpoint, there is no particular need to bash the Jews in the borderlands and provinces, except perhaps revanchism for historical reasons predating the Jews' decline from power.

Shcharansky actually contradicts the policy scrupulously followed by the Americans for the Soviet Jewry crowd, which hardly dares to criticize Gorbachev, engaging mostly in profuse praise of the new Russia and sponsoring cultural exchanges and pleading for mutual understanding. Unlike the Soviet Jewry councils who envision a Gorbachev vs. Pamyat scenario, Shcharansky points out their symbiotic relationship.

142

☐ In *The Face of Battle*, author John Kegan says that in 1944-45, German soldiers surrendering in France had only a five-to-one chance of being taken alive. Presumably, on other fronts, much less.

423

☐ Jews comprise 0.06% of the population of the Irish Republic, but we have three TOs (MPs) in Parliament, one in each of the main parties. Protestants are 3.4%, but have only one TO.

Irish subscriber

☐ The article on Demjanjuk (Instauration, June 1988) left out the most telling point, namely, that the three chief eyewitnesses gave three mutually exclusive accounts of the camp's operations -- bodies buried whole and then swelling up, bursting and soaking the ground with blood; bodies burned over an open grill; bodies cremated with the ashes scattered in the woods -- all of which were cribbed from a book, *I Cannot Forgive*. And this sort of evidence is found overwhelming!

100

☐ The unexpected announcement of the demise of the dreaded Willie and Marv came as a profound relief. After January's teaser, it seemed we might be tied to them for good. For unfathomable reasons, these horrors were dear to the heart of the editor. It was obviously a difficult decision to make and we offer our thanks and congratulations for doing so.

941

☐ I liked your piece on Victor Serebriakoff, the international president of Mensa (April 1988). But you might also have said that Serebriakoff argues for racial separation across the globe.

British subscriber

☐ Paul Harvey once said that genuine conservatives don't bother to vote, since they really don't believe in democracy. Absolutely true. The characteristic, stereotypical Nordic is a private person, reserved and repelled by group mentalities and behavior. Democracy appeals to the extrovert, exhibitionist, communal person. The best Nordics, be they Keltic or Germanic, simply won't have anything to do with party politics in America. What absolutely turns on Nordics is talk of inalienable rights, i.e., aspects of one's life that are beyond the control of any government.

322

☐ Christianity and democracy have not yet exterminated the Majority member's dignity. But they are suppressing it.

776

☐ A.L. Rowse said that Kelts, once they are conquered, tend characteristically to turn inward and to withdraw. So do latter-day WASPs and Germans.

913

☐ "The Ultimate Shame" (Instauration, June 1988, p. 16) spoke on the American farmer's plight, presumably with a sympathy enhanced by the notion that farmers are from Anglo or Northern European stock. Objectively speaking, I find no reason for such sympathy. The American farm dilemma is the product of healthy doses of economic misjudgment and human greed. Back in the early 1970s, when farm revenues were being boosted by temporarily expanded export revenues, farmers bought acreage (from each other) at 50-100% over its long-term economic worth. Came the inevitable bust in farm exports (high market prices invariably generate new sources of supply) and U.S. farmers found themselves unable to earn the revenues to service these loans. The source of oppressive farm debt has nothing to do with cynical bankers or Wall Street manipulators. It's poor farm judgment.

It happened before. The golden era of American agriculture -- WWI -- coincided with a huge expansion in foreign demand for food exports that resulted in soaring farm income. Farmers responded then as now by purchasing land at inflated prices. Came the inevitable decline in exports and commodity prices, and America's agriculturally based economy took a vast nose-dive (1919-21). In fact, while corporate, industrial and consumer Americans luxuriated in the Roaring Twenties, farmers were sweating a backbreaking debt that produced record bank foreclosures.

In the early 1930s, worldwide depression and drought just about destroyed Midwest farming. But by the late 1930s, farmers' influence was being felt in Washington. Programs to subsidize the farmer boosted his income (at other taxpayers' expense). The war years were profitable. So were the two decades following. By the Nixon era, America was paying out billions to sustain a few million farmers. Reagan has boosted this to \$20 billion.

Philosophically, the American farmer talks a conservative game, self-reliant and gritty. Politically, he's a welfare hog who squeezes Capitol Hill for all it's worth. Every dollar paid out to the farm comes from some poor working stiff stumbling around a New Jersey paperbox factory at \$5.21 an hour.

As for comments about emaciated farm children, I frankly think that's unrealistic. The one thing that's still abundant around the farm is food. If we wish to criticize blacks and Latinos for their penchant for welfarism, we've got to be honest about Majority farmers. Farm subsidies are welfarism incarnate.

220

☐ Does not Sirhan Sirhan have a constitutional issue for parole? The Onion Fields policeman murderer has been released. Horrifying criminals are out on parole. But not the crackpot gun nut with a history of a major head injury from a horse kick, before his one aberrant act.

499

☐ Was it Voltaire or Montaigne who said, "If you would discourse with me, define your terms"? It has become my motto. I keep hearing it in my head more and more as I blunder into watching TV talk shows. I would have preferred some motto out of Gobineau or W.C. Fields.

801

☐ I would like to indicate that I have traveled the world and sat with heads of state. In all my adventures, with some of the most powerful men in the world, I have never seen a more honest publication than Instauration. The hell with those slinging mud at my favorite mag. Let such unappreciative individuals return to Uncle Ron and Mickey Mouse. Eastern Europeans are xeroxing The Dispossessed Majority and spreading the word. Someday it will be the topic of books in several languages. I have xeroxed over one hundred copies of Instauration (May 1988, pp. 30-31) and have sent them to a network of pro-white Europeans. Nearly all of these individuals are university professors, authors and film directors.

Slavic subscriber

☐ I recently saw British Home Secretary Douglas Hurd on TV discussing the decision of Coventry to vote itself dry. Hurd seems to think that by denying the working man a few belts, the problem of violence will decrease. Did booze touch off riots in Detroit and Chicago in the 1960s? Does booze have anything to do with rioting Indians and Pakis? Hurd needs a tour of duty on Chicago's South Side.

606

☐ Over the weekend I dipped into Tom Hayden's biography, Reunion. Isn't it strange that today, of all the white leaders of SNCC, SDS and similar organizations, only Tom Hayden is an elected official, an assemblyman from Santa Monica? On the other hand, many of the blacks involved are now mayors, congressmen or state senators. You would think at least some of the white bigshot radicals would be in high office today. I wonder if Mr. Jane Fonda is ever going to figure it out. He says Albert Camus, Herman Hesse and C. Wright Mills are his intellectual mentors. Do you think Hayden realizes that any American political organization is bound to fail if it uses them as a guide? The word populist is not mentioned in the book's index. He doesn't think Wallace's populist appeal in 1968 is worthy of serious comment. We should take up a collection to send him some history books not written by New York Jews, who have a thing about populism because of its anti-foreign, anti-Jewish strain.

917

☐ I feel a deep sense of disappointment at seeing Instauration's concession to the highly propagandized black superiority myth of the mass media. My own experience leaves me with the absolute conviction that the seeming black superiority of the present day rests heavily on a state of mind. I am speaking here of sports and athletics, of course. The greatness and even the survival of a race and culture depend to a very high degree upon national heroes. Youth need heroes as role models if they are to aspire to rise above animal baseness. Therefore, sports champions are important national symbols, both to nations and to the occupiers of nations. Like our sports figures, our military heroes have been taken away, their memory sullied by casting them as madmen incapable and unworthy of positions of power. Such TV absurdities as M*A*S*H and the like parade before our eyes incessantly. We must have no military heroes unless one is needed for some Jewish holy war or to put down white resistance to black oppression. Our youth instinctively recognize that we are under an occupational government and consider discretion to be the better part of valor in black-white sports competition. In short, they are already defeated in their hearts in the face of any such competition. All history of great performances of white sports figures is practically vanished, interred in an unmarked grave.

Where have our former heroes and martyrs gone? They have been ganged up on by our half-crazed and genocidal masters, one by one, and both they and their memories have been erased. As to contemporary ones, we all know full well what happens to unauthorized heroes. They are subject to instant annihilation before a spiritless and indifferent public.

But who could forget the spectacle of a black baseball player receiving lob pitches to guarantee his breaking Babe Ruth's home run record? And what of former UCLA star Walton, now with the Boston Celtics, when he said some years back that it was unfortunate he had been born white so his accomplishments could not be attributed to blacks (or words to that effect)? Black superiority in sports is a great deal like black power itself -- a Cadillac with gangster tires and the usual foxtail. Perhaps what goes on in sports is just not as apparent and obvious as it is in other matters. But the scheme of things is all the same. If we still may be spoken of as a nation (which I say we cannot), we are then a nation of Rahabs in which the more shameless prostitutes make it to those few spaces at the top which are permitted a conquered people. With all due respect, I submit that in the general atmosphere of our land today, the power of a ruthless media exerts the same kind of demoralizing and crippling influences in sports and athletics as it does in all other walks of our daily lives.

402

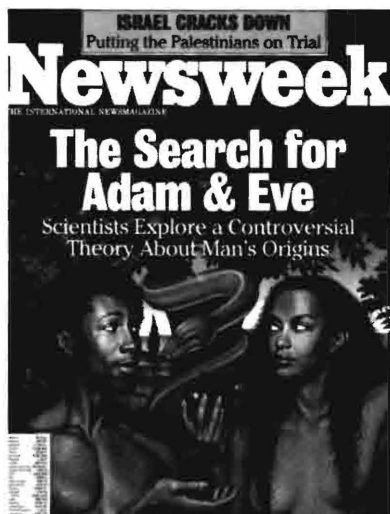
☐ The former Wall Street sharpie turned novelist, Paul Erdman, has come forth with an interesting idea to solve our economic problems. He wants to sell Manhattan and Hawaii for \$3 trillion to the Japanese. I'm drafting a letter right now to dealmaker Donald Trump to get hustling.

111

MOTHER EVE IS NOT OUR MOTHER

NEWSWEEK (JAN. 11, 1988) illustrated its cover story with an artist's picture of a black couple in the Garden of Eden. "The Search for Adam and Eve" elaborated on a recent claim by three Berkeley biologists that the common ancestor of all living humans was a black African woman who lived 200,000 years ago. This "African Eve" claim is based on the biologists' analyses of genes in the mitochondria (small bodies) in the cells of a survey sample of 147 women.

Newsweek hedged its bet on the African origin of Eve by reporting that a different group of biologists at Emory University, who were also working on human mitochondrial genes, think that Eve can be traced to Asia 200,000 years ago. However, the magazine editors' desire to promote blacks got the better of them and they conspicuously discouraged their readers' belief in an Asian Eve. The fact is, both claims are scientifically untenable.



Evidence from Prehistory

The hypothesis that all human races shared a common ancestor only 200,000 years ago is refuted by human fossils and cultural remains from hundreds of sites all over the world. Human fossils of the Pleistocene epoch show that the same races that exist now (when all races of human are, to varying degrees in the *Homo sapiens* stage), already existed long ago when man was in the *Homo erectus* stage of evolution. Fossils that are more than a half-million years old and scraps of fossils that are more than a million years old already demonstrate racial characteristics.

For example, Peking man was a member of the Mongoloid race in its *Homo erectus* stage of evolution. Java man lived about the same time, but he was anatomically different, since he was a member of the Australoid race in its *Homo erectus* stage of evolution. European human fossils from about the same time -- Vertesszollos man and Petralona man -- are early Caucasoids.

There is no question that these fossil specimens and many others that show racial differentiation are much older than the 200,000-year figure cited by Newsweek as the birthday of every living human's common ancestor.

Perhaps the most misleading aspect of the article is that it implies all humans of the *modern* kind originated in Africa

or Asia 200,000 years ago, when in fact Europe is the only place on earth where *Homo sapiens* fossils 200,000 years old or older have been found. No honest paleo-anthropologist disputes this fact.

That the Caucasoid race in Europe had already crossed the evolutionary threshold into *Homo sapiens* by 500,000 years ago is demonstrated by the human fossil specimens found in a terrace of the Danube River near Vertesszollos, Hungary, or those discovered near Petralona, in northern Greece (actually in Macedonia). Other European *Homo sapiens* fossils older than 200,000 years were found in Steinheim, Germany, and Swanscombe, England. Both apparently are 250,000 years old.

By contrast, in sub-Saharan Africa, blacks were still in the primitive *Homo erectus* stage of evolution hundreds of millennia later, as demonstrated by the fossil specimens found at Broken Hill, Rhodesia, Saldanha, South Africa, and Eyasi, East Africa. All such fossils are from the same race of primitive but relatively recent African man, sometimes genetically called Rhodesian man, the ancestors of modern-day blacks. The human fossils from Broken Hill and Saldanha are both approximately 40,000 years old (more recent by a factor of ten than the European fossil specimens, but still not their equals on the evolutionary scale). Africa's Eyasi man has been dated by the amino acid racemization methods to 35,000 B.P. (before the present). Other remains of this black African variety of crude *Homo erectus* might date as late as 5,000 years ago (the Cape Flats remains).

Newsweek mentioned not one of these fossil specimens, or the evolutionary gap they demonstrate, in its effort to convince its readers that the lead in human evolution belonged to Asia or Africa.

East Asia was far ahead of Africa in the process of human evolution, but still well behind Europe. To varying degrees, the change to *Homo sapiens* can be seen occurring in Mongoloid fossils found in China near Mapa, Hsuechiayao and Dali (which date between 170,000 and 100,000 B.P.). The first basically modern *Homo sapiens* fossil found in East Asia is from Liu Kiang (Lujang) in Kwangsi Province, China, and is about 40,000 years old.

Even some of the most dogmatically egalitarian anthropologists have admitted that racial differences are evident far back in the human fossil record. For example, in *Discovering the Origins of Man* (Stonehenge Press, 1982), which was published in association with the minority-sensitized American Museum of Natural History, Dr. Leslie Aiello has a short spell of candor and admits that these ancient Europids had skull features that were "more advanced" than the primitive forms of early man that lived in various parts of Africa and Asia at that time. Actually, this is an understatement. In his book, *In Search of Ourselves: An Introduction to Physical Anthropology* (Burgess Publish-

ers, 1981), Dr. Frank Poirier, another bend-over-backwards egalitarian, describes a fossil skull from France (Arago) that is approximately 200,000 years old (Newsweek's magic number). He goes on to frankly acknowledge that it differs significantly from the African and Asian human skulls of the time.²

More About Evolutionary Continuity

The Newsweek article also mentioned that certain anatomical characteristics of various forms of early man still show up in living races of man. Only a few examples were provided, however, suggesting that those few common traits might well be the result of mere coincidence rather than racial continuity.

It is impossible to explain in a short article all the characteristics which distinguish human bones, but an explanation of at least some of them in one or two key human fossils might be enlightening.

Peking man is a good example. He lived in China approximately 400,000 years ago, which is twice as long ago as Newsweek's date for the beginning of the magazine's imaginary "one world race." Peking man had several racial hallmarks that still exist in living members of the Mongoloid race. His teeth are visibly unlike those of other human races. The incisors and canines of over 90% of Mongoloids have a special form that dentists and anthropologists still call the shovel shape. Mongoloid incisors in particular are shaped like shovels because the edges bend back, creating a concave hollow area between them. The fossils of Peking man have shovel-shaped teeth, as do babies born to Mongoloid women today.³

In order to believe that the daughters of African Eve replaced prehistoric human populations all over the world, one would have to believe that her descendants who went to China (by some astounding coincidence) independently evolved shovel-shaped incisors and canines, like Peking man, and that her descendants everywhere else did not. Moreover, African Eve's progeny in China must have developed their shovel-shaped teeth at an amazing rate of speed, because all the human fossils found in China have them. There is no break in the chain of tooth shape at any time in East Asian prehistory. Nor is there any break in the chain of skull shape or any other Mongoloid racial characteristics of the skeletons. Yet Newsweek insisted:

Sometime between 90,000 and 180,000 years ago a group of her [African] progeny left their homeland As they fanned out, Eve's descendants replaced the locals, eventually settling the entire world

Some anthropologists aren't happy to see Neanderthal and Peking man removed from our lineage, consigned to dead branches of the family tree.

If shovel-shaped incisors and canines were the only traits modern members of the Mongoloid race had in common with Peking man and other early Asian fossils, it might be possible to squeeze some credibility into Newsweek's "single race replacement theory" -- provided one could swallow a great amount of coincidence. But Mongoloid skeletons have a whole constellation of special anatomical features. In fact, the late Franz Weidenreich, the physical

anthropologist who studied Peking man more thoroughly than anyone else, long ago drew up a list of 16 peculiarities of skeletal structure that living Mongoloids have in common with the fossils of Peking man, in addition to the common characteristics of tooth form.⁴

Consider the head. Besides their flat faces, wide cheekbones and other obvious racial characteristics of skull shape, today's Mongoloid skulls frequently have an area of many sutures (the lines where one bone meets another) in the rear of the occipital region. These divide that rear area into a cluster of separate pieces, so that it looks like a jigsaw puzzle. These pieces of the jigsaw puzzle are called Inca bones, after the Amerindian skull from which this Mongoloid trait was first described. Mongoloids also often have a very small wrist bone (the os lunatum) and some have particularly flat femora. The three preceding anatomical features -- Inca bones, small wrist bones and flat femora -- are some of the 16 skeletal peculiarities on Wiedenreich's list of characteristics that show at least 400,000 years of evolutionary continuity in the Mongoloid race. None of this was mentioned in Newsweek's article.

Another good illustration of the long and enduring continuity of racial differences can be viewed by measuring the Mongoloid race against the Australoid. The crania of Java man were much smaller on average (859 cc) than those of Peking man (1,043 cc). Similarly, the crania of today's Australian aborigines are much smaller on average (1,265 cc) than the crania of today's Chinese (1,448 cc). Four hundred thousand years ago the ancestral Australoids known as Java man had more receding foreheads than those of Peking man; today's Australian aborigines and Melanesians have more receding foreheads than contemporary Chinese, Japanese and other Mongoloids. The leg bones of Peking man show that he was of shorter stature than Java man, and modern Chinese and Japanese are of shorter stature than today's Australian aborigines and Melanesians. Java man had teeth that were much larger than those of Peking man. Today's Australian aborigines and Melanesians have much larger teeth than modern Chinese and Japanese (to say nothing of the continuing differences in tooth form between these races).

The daughters of the African Eve that Newsweek proposes as worldwide replacements for the separate races of early man would have had to have slipped into the South Pacific, replaced the descendants of Java man, and exactly imitated their bone forms and proportions by such instantaneous parallel evolution that no break in the chain of Australoid skeletal form from Java man to the present would have appeared.

What's true for man's evolution in Asia is true worldwide. Be they Mongoloids, Caucasoids, Australoids, Congoids (Negroes) or Capoids (Bushmen), a continuous line of evolution can be traced independently for each of the living races of man in the fossil record.

Fundamental Uncertainties in the Biological Analysis

Newsweek's claim that all living peoples are recently descended from a common nonwhite ancestor, which, it alleges, was "your 10,000th great-grandmother," is based not upon the human fossil record, but upon the application of new biological techniques to the analysis of mitochon-

drial genes. For the layman, this raises two questions: (1) What are mitochondria? and (2) In what way did biologists analyze mitochondrial genes?

Mitochondria are small organelles inside living cells. They are self-contained little bodies that look like smaller cells within the cell. Their job is respiration. They carry their own DNA, which is separate and different from the DNA in the cell's nucleus.⁵

Since mitochondrial DNA doesn't get scrambled every generation, mitochondrial genes remain the same over the centuries. The only way they change is by accident, that is, when one of them happens to mutate. This concept is the core of the biologists' analysis.

The process involves two fundamental steps: (1) The biologists make an educated guess about how often genes are likely to mutate and decide that on average one of the genes would mutate every so many hundred years. (2) Next they take tissue samples from women of different races, compare their mitochondrial genes and count the number of differences between them. These two steps set up an equation. The biologists then multiply the number of years they assume it takes for genes to mutate by the number of mutations (genetic differences) they have actually found. This produces the figure of 200,000 years. At that date, they extrapolate, everybody's mitochondrial genes were identical, perhaps gathered together in one woman, Eve.

This is the molecular clock dating method. The analysis is attractive at first blush, but under closer scrutiny some fundamental problems show up that the article ignored.

Rate of Change

It's important to know that various biologists disagree on their estimates of how long it takes on average for a gene to mutate. The calculations made by the Newsweek scientists estimated that between 2% and 4% of the mitochondrial DNA undergoes mutation in 1,000,000 years. But other biologists use very different percentage estimates. The exact rate of DNA mutation is unknown and controversial.

Nobody has been around for a million years to record the rate of genetic change. Moreover, is it constant? The number of genes that mutate might be radically different in one period of a million years -- or any other span of time -- than in the next period. A key mutation in the DNA early in the span of time might cause a biochemical domino effect, resulting in many more or many less genes mutating than had been expected as "normal" for that period of time.

What about convergent mutation? Different ancestral lines sometimes evolve the same genetic arrangements to deal with the same task. *Biological Science* (Norton, 1980), under the heading, "The Problem of Convergence," points out that investigators "making DNA comparisons" are faced with this puzzle. Their "molecular clock" calculus depends entirely on comparing genetic differences. If any evolutionary convergence to genetic similarity occurred in the past, it corrupts such comparisons. Since all mitochondria perform the same task -- respiration -- the opportunity for convergent evolution of mitochondrial genes is great.

What could better illustrate the uncertainty and confusion in calculating human evolution by analyzing mitochondrial DNA than a significant contradiction in the work

of the same two biologists on whom Newsweek depended most heavily for its African Eve theory? In *Timescale* (Nigel Calder, Viking, 1983), the subject of human evolution and the molecular clock is addressed. Calder's study cites personal communications and the proceedings of the Sixth International Congress of Human Genetics, held in 1981, as its source and reports that A.C. Wilson and Rebecca Cann studied differences in mitochondrial DNA from 100 people and concluded that the common origin of all *Homo sapiens* occurred 600,000 years ago! If these are the two Newsweek biologists, Alan Wilson and Rebecca Cann, which seems likely, they've drastically changed their own estimates by 400 millennia between 1981 and January 11, 1988, the date on the cover of Newsweek. Wilson's wavering figure does little to enhance his credibility, which Newsweek made so much ado about when talking up how often he has been proven right in the past.

Wilson was praised for making a molecular clock estimate of when the evolutionary lines leading to chimpanzees and humans parted company. According to Newsweek, it was received with great doubt by traditional anthropologists, but was corroborated by recent fossil finds, much to the edification of those anthropologists, who supposedly have all come around to march in lockstep with Wilson as their drummer. This is an astonishing misrepresentation that is clear to anyone who knows the least bit about the diversity of opinions anthropologists hold about the significance of recent fossil finds.

Were the Samples Pure?

In addition to the problems that are naturally involved in any analysis of mitochondrial DNA, the research group led by Wilson and Cann introduced unnecessary problems by using illogical samples to represent blacks and whites. As Newsweek admitted, these researchers obtained samples of mitochondrial DNA at random from American blacks. It's common knowledge that American blacks are a very mulattoized population. For example, members of the black population of Oakland (CA) were tested for the percentage of a certain gene that is strictly Caucasian in origin (Fy^a of the Duffy blood group) and were found to be of approximately 20% Caucasian ancestry. It was extremely poor science to use DNA samples from American blacks in an attempt to calculate the genetic gap between unadulterated races. Newsweek confessed that the geneticist, Douglas Wallace, was quick to criticize Wilson and Cann for doing so.

Another mulattoized population (albeit with less black admixture) was apparently used in the white sample. Newsweek stated, "Cann selected women in America with ancestors from Africa, Europe, the Middle East and Asia." Middle Eastern Semitic populations have engaged in peripheral race-mixing with blacks for thousands of years.⁶ About five percent of European Jews carry the peculiarly Negro antigen of Rh-positive blood,⁷ and exhibit many other African biological traits. Cann is likely to have classified American Jews strictly as whites. If so, she further muddied the waters of her test tubes. No wonder these researchers found a smaller genetic gap between the "black" and "white" individuals sampled than the big gap the human fossil record shows between unmixed races.

Feedback Between Anthropologists and Biologists

Attempts to better understand human evolution through studies of DNA molecules only began in the mid-1970s with the pioneering research of L.L. Cavalli-Sforza and his colleagues. The field is in its infancy. In its misleading article, Newsweek depended on two genetic research teams whose results contradicted each other on the issue of where the geographic center of modern human evolution was located, and contradicted the human fossil record on the issue of evolutionary timing.

Anthropology textbooks discuss human chromosomes, ethnically different rates of human susceptibility to diseases and uncounted other "biological" subjects. For more than a century, anthropologists have utilized this information. Now, vice versa, biologists may benefit from the work of anthropologists. The geneticists cited by Newsweek attempted to find facts about the chronology of human evolution from what they observed about genes and what they extrapolated about the rate of genetic evolution. It's evident they were rather unsuccessful. In the future, it's not unlikely that other geneticists will turn the template around and find facts about the rate of genetic mutation from what anthropology knows about the chronology of human evolution.

Notes

1. *Homo erectus* appeared at an earlier stage of human evolution. He is characterized by a substantially smaller brain and larger face than *Homo sapiens*. Most anthropologists recognize four important steps from the time the ancestral human line split from the ape to now, *Australopithecine*, *Homo habilis*, *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapiens*. The separate human races probably climbed these steps separately.

2. Poirier points out it's different because the European skull doesn't have a central ridge going back over the crown and doesn't have the canine fossa, and because it has less postorbital constriction (it has more brain room behind the eyes) and a comparatively shallow supratoral fossa. Although not mentioned by Poirier, other racially distinguishing skull characteristics are the suture pattern, size of the pituitary fossa, and the structure of the palate, nasal area and teeth.

3. It's sometimes pointed out that "shoveled" teeth are one of the shared biological characteristics that link East Asians with American Indians. National Geographic (Sept. 1979), in its article, "Search for the First Americans," published a photograph comparing the dental arcade of a 3,000-year-old Chinese skull and that of a modern American Indian. In the photograph, the special similarities of their teeth, particularly the shovel-shaped incisors, are obvious.

4. Other dental traits that were found throughout the 147 teeth of the Peking man fossil assemblage and that are also characteristic of living Mongoloids are the enamel pearl, the cingulum, enamel wrinkling and enamel extension. For more about racial characteristics of human dentition, see *The Origin of Races* by C.S. Coon (Knopf, 1962).

5. During reproduction, when an egg cell is fertilized, nuclear DNA from the father unites with nuclear DNA from the mother. As a result, the offspring has in the nuclei of his cells a combination of parental DNA. However, this isn't the case with the DNA in the offspring's many mitochondria. Spermatozoa are small and carry no mitochondria. Hence, the offspring of all early and late human types received their mitochondria only from their mother.

6. According to the Old Testament (Numbers 12:1), "And

Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married; for he had married an Ethiopian woman." (This is from the King James Version. Other versions substitute Cushite, which simply translates as Ethiopian.) There can be no question that the Old Testament writers meant Negro when they used the word Ethiopian. Jeremiah (13:23) asks, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

Newsweek's staff tried to convince Majority readers that a black African woman was "your 10,000th great-grandmother." The human fossil record shows that is incorrect. What's clear, however, is the following genealogical analysis: Moses probably lived about 1300 B.C. Newsweek used 20 years as the span of a generation. By that method of reckoning, then a black African woman was Jewry's 165th great-grandmother (1300 B.C. plus 2000 A.D. = 3300 years, 3300 divided by 20 = 165).

7. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 15th edition, 1980, vol. 14, p. 842.

BRIAN SCOTT

Ponderable Quotes on the Negro Problem

The time must come when American slavery shall cease, and when that day shall arrive two races will exist in the same region, whose feelings will be embittered by inextinguishable hatred, and who carry on their faces the respective stamps of their factions. The struggle that will follow will necessarily be a war of extermination.

J. Fenimore Cooper,
The American Democrat,
XXXVIII, 1838

If Blacks do not want white supremacy to exist, we are going to have to impose some new rules and regulations on ourselves You cannot struggle and devote your life to your development and simultaneously live among trash. We must clean up our neighborhoods.

We must revolutionize ourselves. We have to understand why whites are doing what they're doing. Whether white people are consciously or subconsciously aware of it, they are behaving in a manner to ensure white genetic survival. We must know this truth. And the truth is the first step toward real strength.

Dr. Frances Cress Welsing,
black psychiatrist,
Essence, May 1987, p. 32

Even those [corporations] strongly supportive of market-oriented concepts . . . also provide support for the occasional centrist to left-liberal group, two of the most frequent recipients being the National Urban League and the NAACP Because the rhetoric of the civil rights debate is controlled by groups which oppose market solutions in favor of such policies as quotas, those who dare to differ run the risk of being labeled "racist," a stigma few businesses can withstand.

Willa Johnson,
Capital Research Center,
Washington (DC)

THE NEGROIZATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

THERE WAS MORE THAN typical convention buffoonery in the Democratic presidential hootenanny in Atlanta (or Atlanter, as nominee Dukakis called it). There were sinister racial vibes.

The rousingest speech was given by a black, second rousingest by a Greek and the only other oratorical offerings worth hearing were scabrous but clever shots at Bush by male and female Texans. Bush-trashing and Jackson-stroking were the dominant subthemes of the convention. Main theme was the proposition that blacks and nonwhites in general were a superior bunch of people. Jackson was the kingfish of all he surveyed. Until day four, the media hardly mentioned Dukakis except when he alternately switched from being the target of Jesse's jealous wrath to being the recipient of Jesse's forgiveness.

Into what a soggy, bottomless political bog has the U.S. floundered! A clever black con artist stamped his presence so inexpungably on a presidential convention that it turned into a day-and-night celebration of a man who was not the presidential, not even the vice-presidential nominee. The man who once rejoiced over spitting in the soup of white diners when he was a waiter has now raised his aim to where he can spit in their unblinking and unthinking eyes, and be applauded for it. The extortionist, so proficient in "persuading" big corporations to open their coffers to blacks "or else," was now busy blackmailing the most powerful political party of the nation that not so long ago was the earth's most powerful. And the blackmailed couldn't wait to pay the ransom. The only trick Jesse couldn't get away with was bagging the first or second prizes, the presidential or vice-presidential nomination. But he won everything else, and before the show was over, the convention hall was spotted with "Jesse for '92" buttons. Until that ominous year there is little doubt that Jesse intends to serve as assistant president, that is, if the polls are right and Dukakis makes it to the White House.

Jesse Jackson is predictable in only one sense. He lives, breathes and feeds on TV. As long as the camera is focused on him, just so long will he get along by going along or half going along. But let the tube flicker and grow dark, let Jesse be given the inattention he so richly deserves, and we may be sure he will do something -- anything -- to get back in the glow. The ancient Greeks had a myth about a gadfly that Juno sicced on Io, one of husband Jupiter's many amours, whom he had turned into a cow. It almost drove her nuts. A modern Greek has an even more persistent gadfly that is stinging him into insomnia. It's bad enough to have to play second fiddle to a demagogue in the very convention that gives you the presidential nod. It's worse to be upstaged by an irresponsible loudmouth at the triumphant moment of your political career.

It's only the traditional Democratic tilt of the media that prevented Mike the Greek from being called Jesse Jackson's stooge. It will become ever more difficult for Dan

Rather to keep beating the Dukakis drum as time goes on and ignore the man who keeps pulling the candidate's strings. Dukakis will be elected only if he succeeds in selling himself as more of an American than a Democrat, as more of a manager and technocrat than a political hack and a black man's frontman. Only by standing up to Jesse, or at least pretending to, will he win enough white votes to put him over the top.

But there are dangers in this strategy. Any standing up to the blacks, any sign of dropping Jesse will immediately be interpreted as "racism," the ad hoc synonym for the remotest sign of resisting black demands. Jesse would undoubtedly use any traces of such white uppityness as a license to revive civil disobedience marches, boycotts, threats and other traditional antiwhite antics. It might even come to pass that Jesse might decide to stir up some urban riots to make his point. What would Dukakis do then? Like all good politicians these days, he would quickly collapse and pay the necessary ransom, which would obviously consist of more deference to Jesse and more handouts to his followers.

More interesting is what will happen when the day comes, as come it surely will, that Mike the Greek or some future Democratic President orders the Army not to shoot black rioters, as Democratic pols did back in the 60s, but instead commands the integrated troops to shoot whites for resisting Negro looting, burning and killing, all while America reverts to the semi-barbarism that has characterized every black-run country in the past and present, from the jungles of Africa to the political, economic and social jungle known as Haiti.

We saw the scrubbed, washed and well-behaved Jackson family on the podium at Atlanta. We also saw Jackson's animal cousins on the convention floor -- the contorted faces and outlandish garb, the braying, neighing and bellying. These were the people to whom Jackson was really talking -- out of the racial side of his mouth. These were the people who understood and liked what they heard -- and paid little attention to the pep talks full of black Baptist blarney. This is what these blacks understood Jesse to say: Well, we made it. We've got those honkies on the run. Just trust me. Our day is coming. Soon we'll have it all.

Jesse's white clique at the convention and the millions of bemused whites squatting in front of the tube heard different noises. They drank in the heavy religious beat, unknowing that every clap and every cheer brought them -- and us -- closer to the time that the negroization of the Democratic Party will be complete. How quickly in politics the good in theory becomes the bad in actuality! How quickly fine words become evil actions!

When, if ever, will whites understand that Jesse's blacks can't apply their brakes because they were born without brakes? They cannot stop themselves; they can only be stopped -- just as children, once free of parental supervi-

sion and discipline, cannot bring themselves under control. The parental attention that whites once gave to blacks has now been removed by the chimera of affirmative action. What do parentless children do? They grow wilder and more savage unless and until a stern hand forces them to shape up. What do black children with no Great White Father do? They listen to their Great Black Father, Jesse Jackson, and do his bidding.

Most Americans, especially those who inhabit the left side of the political spectrum, laugh or sneer when they hear the term, "racial separation." They won't be laughing when they find out this kind of separation is inevitable. Racial distancing can be accomplished voluntarily or by force. It would be wise for Americans, black and white, to settle for the peaceful solution. Right now, black racism and revanchism is heading the country to the type of bellicose separation that will surely bring untold suffering

and misery to millions if not tens of millions of Americans.

To think that one of the many forms of government -- namely, democracy -- devised by and for some relatively small groups of homogeneous Northern and Northwestern Europeans, would work effectively in a huge quilt (a very frayed quilt, Rev. Jackson!) of disparate, mutually hostile conglomerations of increasingly non-European population groups is an egregious and dangerous miscalculation on the part of those greedy politicians who are living comfortably and successfully off the lie, blindly unaware that their children may well die because of the lie.

The Democratic Convention was an unforgettable lesson on the influence of genetics on politics. Trouble was, most of the ordinary Joes and Janes who watched the proceedings on TV didn't get the message, the racial message. Many of them are young enough to live to regret their myopia.

JAILHOUSE JOTTINGS

White Survival in the Black Pit

Every prison has a distinct personality, but the behavior and confrontational tactics which inmates must adopt for survival apply to all prisons.

Whites without prison friends are often approached by blacks who pretend to be supportive but are really trying to feel out the new "white boy" with ploys and intimidation. The manner in which you handle prison in general and blacks in particular during your first months will determine how the inmates will treat you and how you serve your sentence.

Entering a prison with a reputation as a white activist will not necessarily be a disadvantage. If you articulate your views in a positive manner, militant blacks and Muslims will accord you a degree of respect and grudging recognition. But most of the aimless and shiftless inmates, both white and black, who do not recognize the importance of anything but money, will think you are crazy. No need to worry about this. A reputation for being crazy evokes respect in prison.

As with other species in the animal kingdom, inmates often use the technique of staring to assert domination, to project aggression, to challenge the target or targets to a showdown. A prison stare-down generally results in one or more of the following: a heated verbal exchange; the intervention of supporters, more often blacks than whites, who will try to mediate; a backing off; a fight.

Inmate confrontations include fights between whites and blacks which usually degenerate into a fighting/wrestling match, with other blacks occasionally intervening while most whites are content to be spectators; fights between a white and a black that often escalate when other blacks join the brothers against the white; knife fights, which are not actually fights but ambushes (you will not see the knife or will only see it when it is too late).

Blacks have a decided confrontational advantage over

imprisoned whites. The guttural intonation of black speech, their aggressive posturing and pack mentality are spears in the whites' subconscious. In attempting to understand the black ethos from a white perspective, newcoming white inmates are likely to misinterpret black motivation. This misunderstanding, plus the pervasive threats from the black-dominated population, are compounded by the reluctance of veteran whites, mirroring whites in the free world, to get involved. In such circumstances whites, particularly the young, feel isolated, intimidated and fearful. Some, for the sake of what they believe will be protection, may succumb to the sexual overtures of a black inmate. The chance of this scenario coming to pass increases in inverse proportion to the chronological age of the white inmate and his body size, and in direct proportion to the fairness of his complexion.

As in the outside world, both whites and blacks are consumed by a desire to win the respect of their fellow inmates. Darwin would smile as the systematic egalitarian society imposed by the guards strains against the organic hierarchy established by the prisoners. It is imperative to maintain the proper perspective while in confinement, to understand that prison is not an end, but a way station, perhaps back to prison again, perhaps to a better life. An irrational need to enhance your status in the prison hierarchy with a violent act will gain you more respect, but it will also give you more prison time to enjoy that respect.

White inmates rightfully complain about the favoritism prison administrations show towards blacks. Still, blacks, and especially the Black Muslims, earned respect in prison in the 60s by fighting for their rights in the courts and by taking head beatings from the guards. It's also true that NAACP chapters in prison operate efficiently, while organizations to help whites are practically nonexistent.

Prison administrations tend to come down hard on the slightest manifestation of white racial consciousness.

Many white prisoners believe or want to believe this is because they are feared. There are some solitary whites who, because of past transgressions, do scare prison officials. But overall, whites, lacking unity, loyalty and dedication to struggle, put very little fear in the hearts of guards. This is not to say, however, that a significant number of low- and middle-echelon guards would not sympathize and covertly support white unity, if it existed.

Traditional codes of conduct in prison have been impaled on the hypodermic needles of drug dealers. Involvement with drugs, sex and gambling skyrocket chances of a prison confrontation. Drugs are money, power and trouble -- and often lead to debt, violence and sexual exploitation. The distribution of illegal drugs by the inmates, coupled with the wide abuse of "control medication" by the psychiatric wizards, creates an extremely hostile and unhealthy environment. Young white inmates who wouldn't normally associate with blacks are often drawn to them by the common denominator of drugs. Hence, the bricks of integration are often held in place by the mortar of narcotics.

The boundaries of acceptable behavior in prison are set by guards, not by inmates. Guards in minimum and medium security prisons tend to maintain less secure perimeters (a fence or fences), but more regimentation. On the other hand, maximum security prisons with their walls have more secure perimeters, but usually less security and regulations for the security risks and mental cases confined in these institutions. It is in the less regulated prisons and city jails where violent rape, or the more common form of rape through intimidation, is a frequent occurrence. Many young whites will attempt to avoid the sexual pressures present in less regulated prisons by staying apart and in their cells. This Maginot Line mentality only serves to put the inmate on display, a victim in the making. White inmates must learn to overcome their natural tendencies of reserve and independence and force themselves to mingle and socialize with other whites. Survival in prison favors the pack, not the lone wolf.

If a white possesses the physical features that attract the substantial homosexual element, if he is constantly worried or is tired of coping with the black ascendancy, he has two relatively simple "outs." Repeated misconduct will keep him in a segregated housing unit with his reading material and in a caged yard, and win the respect earned for resisting authority. Voluntarily choosing self-confined segregation is another means that will remove an inmate from the prison mob. You will be allowed to have most if not all of your prison property in an isolated cell, but since there was no misconduct involved, you will have little respect from other inmates.

The seeds of a white inmate network are slowly being sowed throughout America's prisons. Once a network is established, new white entries will have the immediate support of friendly inmates. With such support, most problems confronting whites will be eliminated. But for a white inmate network to gain strength and ideological cohesion, a national cultural support group is needed to complement the work of the national legal research program for white prisoners. Until a citizen group is established to counter

the disorder and ideological inconsistencies that have stymied attempts to develop white inmate unity, most white inmates will continue to be overwhelmed in the black pit.

INMATE GAMMA

A Young White Inmate Speaks

I grew up in a fairly middle-class family and I almost always got along well with my father, mother, sister and brother. My parents always pressured me to do well in school and behave myself outside school.

I didn't have very many interests except sports. Football was one of my biggest hobbies, then came dirt bikes and snowmobiles. I hated school with a passion, except for the contact it provided with girls.

My first experience with drugs was in the fifth grade. One of my classmates invited me to smoke a joint. I soon found that drugs could put me in a world that had no problems. The more I did drugs, the less I participated in sports and school, and the more trouble I got into. I was heavily into drugs in the eighth grade, heavy stuff like acid and cocaine. Later I did a lot of crack when I found cocaine too mellow. Drugs made me very wild. I did what I wanted to, no matter what anyone said.

My idea of work was, "Let someone else do it. I can make money a lot easier than working for it." As for race, I never had any opinion about it, as I was never around anyone but whites. It never occurred to me that drugs were the reason I broke the law. It took a 6- to 20-year jail sentence to make me realize what my problem was.

When I first arrived in prison, my reaction was utter shock. I had to live here for at least six years! My biggest worry was being raped, as I was attractive to homosexuals. I never really felt the guards were a threat, at least not compared to the inmates. One big difference I noticed was that the black guards acted more like inmates than guards.

After some time and some help from a fellow inmate (white), I realized I had to make time work for me. I would get a college education and try to shape up. My main concern now is my fiancée, as I cannot help her, which adds to my feelings of helplessness. Personally, I still worry about being raped. I feel much more threatened by black queers than white ones. Black gays will openly admit they want to have sex with you, or they will be "Mr. Nice Guy." The hard part is that I can't understand the language of the blacks or what they really mean. All I've seen white gays do is joke about what they want to do. Nothing more.

I think the main points to remember for survival in prison are, first, to be with whites who know their way around. Second, watch what you say and do at all times. Third, don't get in debt to anyone. Being a good judge of character will also help a lot. Finally, beware of those who are nice to you for no apparent reason. Don't be pushed around and always be very alert. Use your brain. "Do the time; don't let the time do you."

INMATE THETA



FRENCH POLITICS HITS A NEW LOW

GRADUATE STUDENTS ASPIRING to Ph.D.s in political science ought to go to France to write their dissertations. The country is a living, throbbing carnival of dirty politics. Compared with what is going on in France, the shabbiest deals of Mayor Daley of Chicago, Boss Tweed of Tammany Hall and Lyndon Johnson, the incomparable Mr. Fixit from Texas, were acts of high statesmanship. Staged for one sole disreputable purpose, the latest Gallic underhandedness was intended to deprive Jean-Marie Le Pen's Front National of its rightful place in the French government.

Let's run through the four elections that began in April and ended in July. First came the presidential race. When incumbent François Mitterrand decided at the last minute to try for a second seven-year term, he was opposed by (1) Jacques Chirac, the prime minister, a sort of watered-down George Bush; (2) Raymond Barre, a totally watered-down Bush; (3) Jean-Marie Le Pen; and (4) the perfunctory Communist candidate, a Marxist throwback named Jajoignie. Mitterrand, the Socialist Party boss, pulled in 34.1% of the vote, Chirac 19.9%, Barre 16.5%, Le Pen 14.4%, and Jajoignie, a not-so-perfunctory 6.8%. Not so long ago, French Reds only had to whistle a few bars of the un stirring "Internationale" to pick up 25-27% of the French electorate.

No presidential hopeful having collared more than 50% of the vote, French law specified that the election had to go to a second round between the two candidates who scored highest in the first -- Chirac and Mitterrand. French television, naturally, favored the latter, even to the extent of sneaking a subliminal image of the president into the logo of the A2 network. Or at least that's what some of Le Pen's most vocal supporters maintained. Be that as it may, in the one television debate, Chirac treated Mitterrand almost deferentially and failed to exhume the president's many political sins and defects, including his collaborationist past and the fake assassination attempt he staged to get some publicity when his career was waning. Neither one, incidentally, mentioned Le Pen or the Front National. In the end, Mitterrand came out the winner, 54% to 46%, and immediately (according to some critics, unfairly) called a new election for the National Assembly.

Although rampant in the four elections, the wave of dirty politics had actually started a few years earlier, when France's sleazy political establishment changed the rules after Le Pen's Front National had amazingly won 35 National Assembly seats in the 1986 election, under a proportional representation system of balloting. PR voting means that the leading candidate in a constituency (similar to a U.S. congressional district) wins, provided he gets 12½% or more of the vote. The new winner-take-all system, on the other hand, calls for a second round, as in the presidential election, if no candidate gets more than 50% of the



Jean-Marie Le Pen — one delegate, millions of votes.

votes in the first round. A change to the latter system resulted in the Front National seats being cut to one. How so? Because in the runoffs all the old pols -- right, left and center -- ganged up on Le Pen's candidates wherever they came in first or second in the first round. They cast their votes for his opponent, no matter what his or her politics.

For example, when a Communist opposed a Front National candidate in the second round, he would receive all the Socialist and leftist ballots and 100% of the Jewish votes, even though most Jews in France call themselves rightists. Perhaps this designation is in emulation of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, the scourge of the Palestinians, who is described as a rightist, as is that other rising Jewish folk hero, Meir Kahane, of the double passports and the double loyalties. Also, when the opponent of the Front National candidate was a Socialist, the right and center

parties would either abstain or vote against the FN candidate.

Just as the pols planned it, when the votes were counted after the second round (only 100 candidates won a majority in the first round), Mitterrand's Socialist Party ended up with 276 seats, Chirac's and Barre's parties together obtained 271, the Communists 27, and the Front National 1. The sole NF assembly member turned out to be a woman, which inspired the anti-Le Pen ca(o)lumnists to gloat over a female representing the supposedly anti-feminist and macho party.

It was quite something! The party that garnered 14% of the vote in the presidential election ended up with a single seat in the National Assembly, while stone-age Stalinists, who could only eke out 6.2% of the presidential vote, won 27 seats -- enough, when added to the Socialists' 276 seats, to give Mitterrand a working majority in the 577-member Assembly. If the Reds should turn on Mitterrand, as they have in the past, the government of his crony, Prime Minister Michel Rocard, might well fall, which would mean new elections.

Although the Front National lost all but one of its seats in the National Assembly, although Le Pen was given the political hotfoot by the fast-talking French pols who preach and prattle about democracy and then scuttle it in practice, the Front National remains a political force to be reckoned with. As the fourth largest party in France, it cannot be euchred out of power sharing forever. Its numbers will keep growing as fast as Arabs and other colored and discolored immigrants flock into France (some four million already) and willy-nilly start turning the land of Joan of Arc, Molière and Cézanne into a socio-political miasma.

Back in the 18th century, when the country's Nordic element was much larger (today it is perhaps 10%), France was one of the glories of Western civilization. A century later it was the first European nation to cast off the corrupt, stuffy and degenerate aristocracy that was parasitically living off a hopelessly disoriented and downtrodden subject population. Since Le Pen's Front National is by far the most dynamic political party in Europe, right or left, it will eventually take the lead in abolishing the corrupt and repulsive regime which in many ways is more reactionary and venomous than the monarchy liquidated by the French Revolution.

If the Front National should perform this monumental task, Le Pen must make sure that he doesn't unloose a new wave of Robespierres and Napoleons. He must see to it that repatriation, not the guillotine, does the cleansing.

* * *

Jean-Marie Le Pen won a moral victory of sorts in his damage suit against Anne Sinclair, the French-Jewish version of Barbara Walters. In a televised interview with Le Pen, she had discussed his famous remark that the Holocaust was only a footnote in WWII history. In her questioning, she went out of her way to misquote Le Pen. She left out his introductory "I do not say that," when she quoted his words, "the gas chambers did not exist." After Le Pen sued for damages, Sinclair and TV1 claimed that the "I do not say" was omitted as the result of a technical glitch. Since this omission deliberately left tens of thousands of

viewers with the impression that he had denied the Holocaust, the most sacred credo in the liberal-minority political theology, he should have been given a large sum to make up for the slander. Instead, the judge only awarded him one franc, though he did force Sinclair's TV bosses to pay the court costs.

* * *

From a French subscriber. In discussing the French elections, Instauration should point out that there are now 87 claims of voting fraud. Unfortunately, these claims will be adjudicated by the Conseil Constitutionnel, whose president is Robert Badinter, a Mitterrand trencherman and one of France's most powerful Zionists. Another Jewish wire-puller, Laurent Fabius, a previous Mitterrand prime minister, has been appointed chairman of the National Assembly. Fabius, a Jew by birth if not by religion, was at the bottom of the French intelligence caper that killed a member of a group opposed to French nuclear weapons testing in the South Pacific. Fabius managed to obtain his powerful post with the help of the Communists.

The first month of the new Mitterrand presidency saw the pompous excommunication of Monseigneur Marcel Lefebvre after he appointed four bishops without the Pope's authorization. The excommunication was loudly cheered by France's ultraleft Catholic hierarchy, led by the Polish-Jewish Cardinal Lustiger. Theology is now a hot subject in France, with Lefebvre and his supporters openly fighting with the Vatican mafia. The Holy See has been on the verge of bankruptcy ever since it began to liberalize the Catholic religion. Lefebvre's movement, without being rich, is financially independent and has recruited some dedicated and high-quality people. It also enjoys the support of an extremely strong religious ideology which it relies on to opposed the soft dogmata and vestigial Marxism of the last Vatican council.

* * *

From an American Catholic. The news about Bishop Marcel Lefebvre is not good. We want him inside the church, not out. His priests are incredibly astute. I met one who is now stationed in California. He is for apartheid and against pluralism in the church and politics. Lefebvre's motto, "Instaurare omnia in Christo," is the only other place I've found that word. Lefebvre's minions have doubts about the Holocaust. No wonder the Jews have given them such a bad time.

Unponderable Quote

I don't want to be a writer. I'd like to be kept, if you want to be frank about it. If I could make money any other way I wouldn't be a writer. I came into writing reluctantly, because I couldn't do anything else. I mean, I used to be a good lay, but I'm 20 years beyond that.

Dotson Rader, long-time
lover-boy of Tennessee Williams,
Sunday Times (London), May 11, 1986

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE

PATRICK PEARSE -- *The Triumph of Failure* by Ruth Dudley Edwards (Faber & Faber, 1979) is the first biography, as opposed to hagiography, of Patrick Pearse (1879-1916), the executed leader of the 1916 Easter Rebellion in Dublin. During the "Rising," as it came to be popularly known, Pearse, the son of an Englishman who married an Irishwoman and converted to Catholicism, was proclaimed the first president of the provisional government of Ireland and commandant general of the army of the Irish Republic.

In his student days, Patrick took a degree in languages (English, French, Irish) and studied to become a barrister at law. Although he later oozed with hostility to lawyers, he was always careful to append "B.A., B.L." to his signature.

In 1896 Patrick joined the Gaelic League, then only three years old. He threw himself into it with such enthusiasm that in spite of his youth he was soon on the Coiste Gnotha (the executive committee).

In view of his later reputation, it is interesting to note that for most of his life Patrick Pearse was only mildly nationalistic, being of the mind that national independence is something that comes and goes, but as long as a nation retains its own language, its identity cannot be destroyed.

In 1903 Patrick became the editor of the journal of the Gaelic League, *An Claidheamh Solnis (The Sword of Light)*. His rapid progress in the League was due in part to his good habits. Neither a drinker nor a smoker, he was not distracted from his work by the time-wasting alcoholic socializing of other Ireland firsters. But his virtues, lifestyle and behavior contained the seeds of a negative corollary, a defect which constantly preyed on his mind. His biographer writes:

There was the dour single-minded Gael, incapable of social chitchat, unable to relax in company who, as he said in an open letter to himself in *An Barr Buaidl (The Trumpet of Victory)*, "Pearse, you are too dark in yourself, you don't make friends with the Gaels, you avoid their company. When you come among them you bring a dark cloud with you that lies heavy on them. The fellow who was talkative before you came falls silent. The fellow who was laughing before falls into a melancholy fit. Is it your English blood that is the cause of that I wonder?"

He was aware that his social deficiencies were deep-rooted, and that he was doomed to failure in his attempts to emulate the gaiety and reckless demeanor of his heroes. He remained for most people the shy and almost repellant personality he had always been.

The Gaelic League, originally a non-political organization, was the product of the Gaelic revival that had originally been set in motion by Standish O'Grady, a Protestant Unionist. Douglas Hyde, the president, figurehead and chief spokesman of the League from 1893 to 1915, was a Trinity College Protestant. In good time, the membership was overwhelmingly Catholic Nationalist. As editor of the League's journal, Patrick frequently wrote words that were out of character with his later reputation for extreme nationalism and hatred of everything English. He complained (July 28, 1908), "Some of us are in danger of yielding to the vulgar notion prevalent in pre-Gaelic League days, that the whole duty of an Irishman is to be agin the government." In other issues he condemned what he felt was the callous attitude of the Irish towards children and animals, comparing it unfavorably with the enlightened approach of the English.

Who would have thought that a man so highly honored by Irish emigrants round the world, would have written (Aug. 27, 1904):

Let us plainly tell the emigrant he is a traitor to the Irish state . . . deserters who have left their posts, cowards who have refused to work, although work is to be had.

Ireland at the turn of the century was a hive of political activity with enthusiastic demonstrations for and against the Boer War and against the visits of Queen Victoria in 1900 and of Edward VII later. The Gaelic League, wracked by internal feuds, was engaged in a bitter controversy with the Pan Celtic League. In the midst of all this politicking, Patrick Pearse remained silent. To him the enthusiasm with which all were polishing up their invective contrasted sadly with the almost total indifference shown to the Irish language, the most Irish thing about Ireland, which was fading away before the people's eyes.

In one editorial in *An Claidheamh Solnis*, Patrick asked, "Has the [Gaelic revival movement] given rise to many fine and steadfast friendships as it might be expected to have done?" His answer was a flat no. Unfortunately, it had been "prolific in estrangements, misunderstandings, suspicions."



Patrick Pearse

Finally Patrick decided to found a bilingual school, where children would be imbued with comradeship and saturated in Irish language, literature and Gaelic history. In theory, the education would bear much similarity to that of "the noble youths of Emain Macha" in "The Cattle Raid of Cooley," the earliest Irish saga, from which Pearse acquired his great hero, Cuchulaine, "The Hound of Ulster."

Deeply influenced by the English school stories he had read so avidly, the prospectus, with its strong emphasis on character-building, sounds much like the curriculum and regimen of any English public (private) school of the period. But Patrick seemed to feel that the task he had set for himself would not be easy, as demonstrated by what he wrote in the Gaelic League journal (April 6, 1907):

The two gravest faults of Irish children, as we have known them, is a certain lack of veneration for the truth and a certain thoughtlessness in their treatment of weaker or more sensitive companions, as well as of dumb animals, amounting often to primitive cruelty.

On the other hand, he enthused about "the hero light" that shone around the heads of some of the young boys.

In 1908 Patrick founded St. Enda College and soon had 130 boys, to whom he preached ardently the need for an Irish-speaking Ireland, a land of heroic figures. A few of his students were Gaelic-speaking peasant boys on scholarships, who did not mingle as well as he had hoped with the other middle-class students. The college might have paid its way, if in 1910 Pearse had not moved it to an elegant Anglo-Irish mansion on 50 acres of parkland. He was soon up to his ears in debt. His shaky finances were exacerbated by a frequent change of teachers, who quite often experienced payless paydays. The school's enrollment eventually declined to 70.

Although Patrick tried many stratagems, such as going bankrupt, paying his creditors two shillings on the pound and buying the school back from the receiver, things continued to deteriorate. In desperation he decided to try to raise some money by a speaking tour in the land of Irish "deserters" across the Atlantic.

He wrote a letter to John Quinn, an Irish-American lawyer who had backed some Irish causes in the past. But Quinn refused to help. He had turned against the Ould Sod and had become disillusioned with the Ould Sodders, quite disillusioned, as this doggerel of his proved:

Damn, damn the Gaelic Leaguers
Damn the Parliamentarians, too.
Damn, damn, damn the clan na Gaeliers.
Damn all the Irish missions through and through.
I am sick and tired of all their stories
Of all their hard-luck tales and complaints,
I think they have become a race of spongers
And have long ceased to be the land of saints.

As the Home Rule bill worked its way through the British Parliament, Ireland was in as great a turmoil as Pearse's finances. A secret organization, the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), was opposed to the bill and ready to commit any and all forms of violence against supporters of union with Britain. In 1913 Pearse was asked to write for the IRB's magazine, *Irish Freedom*. Although his first attempt to go to America had failed, it was suggested he raise money for his school by a lecture tour which the organization could arrange through connections in the U.S.

In February 1914, Pearse, having joined the IRB, left on his American tour, in the course of which he found that to gain attention and money he had to be downright bloodcurdling. He had hoped the Irish nationalists would be Irish speaking, but when forced to face the fact that most of them spoke English, read English, sang English marching songs and drilled in English, he ceased to write in Irish Gaelic. As though to compensate for this defection, he suddenly became obsessively and noisily anti-English. For a time he went so far as to support the idea of an Irish kingdom ruled by a German prince.

Easter 1916 brought on the Rising. Pearse was appointed president of the Provisional Government and commandant general of the Army of the Irish Republic, "more through accident of circumstances than because any of his confederates recognized his right to the laurels," as Ruth Edwards wrote. His first military campaign started off embarrassingly when, with all the rebels paraded for action, his sister, Mary Brigid, rushed up to him and cried, "Come home, Pat, and leave all this foolishness." Fortunately, James Connolly, who was the real commander, bellowed to the men to form fours and march, thereby enabling Patrick to break away

from Mary Brigid and hurry to the front.

Pearse's principal gift to the rebels was his literary talent. During the fighting he devoted himself to composing war bulletins. He also wrote the proclamation of Irish nationhood, which contained the stirring words, "in the name of God and the dead generations," although the dead generations of his own family, the Pearses, were mostly in English churchyards.

One cause of the rage which greeted Ruth Edwards' biography is the suggestion that Pearse was "an unconscious homosexual." She points out that he "improved his knowledge of the spoken language" by sharing the beds of 12-year-old Gaelic-speaking peasant boys. "His pen sang when describing youthful male beauty." Some of his poems (in discreet Gaelic), such as "Little Lad of the Tricks," leave little to the imagination.

Little Lad of the tricks . . .
Child of the soft red mouth
Raise your comely head
Till I kiss your mouth . . .
There's a fragrance in your kiss
That I have not found in the kisses of women.
Or in the honey of their bodies.

Ruth Edwards writes that Pearse was probably too innocent to realize the meaning that could be read into his words and actions, a rather disingenuous proposition because, an able lawyer, he had started his law studies just after the Oscar Wilde case. Wilde was a fellow Dubliner and well known in that not very large city.

His biographer also proposes that so high-minded a man as Pearse could not have lived with himself had he realized the true nature of his proclivities.

One cannot help wondering whether Pearse's Gaelic was something of a cover. Few educated people could read it with any ease, few indeed read it at all. He could therefore say things in it that would be picked up at once if written in English. As it was, two of his friends had a long talk with him after "Little Lad of the Tricks." Thereafter he modified even his Gaelic poems.

The last two years of Pearse's life coincided with "the troubles" in Ireland and the outbreak of WWI. As for the 1916 Rising, some of its leaders wanted to cancel it and succeeded in effectively doing so in most of Ireland. For that reason it was confined almost entirely to Dublin and broke out at the time that most of the British garrison had gone to the races. After several days the rebels, who had captured the post office and some nearby buildings, were forced to surrender by heavy shelling from a gunboat. Dubliners then devoted themselves to looting the damaged shops and jeering at Pearse and his followers as they were taken prisoner. But when they were condemned to death and shot for high treason, public opinion swung solidly behind them and they became the guardians of the Irish Grail. Some time later, Yeats wrote the famous poem with the lines, "A terrible beauty is born . . . Here's to you, Pearse. Your dream not mine."

Pearse's mother, to whom Patrick wrote a poem on the sacrifices mothers must make of their sons, became a militant keeper of the legend, as did one of his sisters. The other did not change her opinion that it was all "foolishness."

What Pearse's English relations by his father's first wife thought about the situation was not known. They all lived in England. It is interesting to speculate that if his father had not moved to Ireland to set up a business, Pearse would have grown up on the east side of the Irish Sea and Irish history might have been quite different.

Ponderable Quote

They should wipe out every Arab.

Rabbi Meir Kahane.
ABC News, June 24, 1988

Last Run in the Forest

My return to "Little City, USA" was to be a transfusion of refreshing spiritual blood. I would again be in my forest. I would again be home.

"Little City" was initially inhabited by Indians. Winter would decimate their numbers, since they fought the cold in tents. Spring was the time to even scores against other tribes.

Next to arrive were the English, who constructed their homes of wood and stone. Some were two and three stories high. Organization brought a new meaning to the area.

The English community, a hardy bunch, prospered and flourished. These transplanted Anglos were among the finest human species. Similar to their Slavic brethren in Russian Asia, they cleared fields, planted grain, built some factories, built the cities. Everything came together.

Many continental Europeans joined this once homogeneous group. First came the French, then the Germans and Poles. By the late 1880s, Little City was a peaceful community. It had a library and a few clubs. It retained its beauty with its yellow fields, gushing streams, clear lakes and a long trail winding through a lush green forest.

The local politicians of Irish heritage eventually controlled the Democratic Party. The Polonians had their own school and church. By the 1900s, walks and runs in the English Forest's "Polish Trail" were a daily or weekly routine.

Most Polonians were either farmers or proles. A few owned small shops. The hierarchy of the mills was still Anglo. Their children intermarried with the later arrivals and the offspring formed a mixed Ameri-

can-European group. Charlie Smith would say he was a Pole; Art Kowalski, an Englishman.

During WWII, when I was born, most of the German clubs disappeared. It was generally acknowledged that Poles now hated their German neighbors. Yet many were married to them. Some Polonians were happy about the German attack upon the makers of communism. Mixed feelings were rampant as blue-eyed blonds killed each other overseas.

After the war, the mills ceased to function. Countless thousands traveled to other regions. Within a decade only the Polonian clubs were doing well. It was said that the birds of the English Forest now sang exclusively in Polish.

By the 1970s, most of Little City's inhabitants were either German, French, Polish or a mixture of same. The overall population oscillated at around 8,000. Before 1900, there was only one black family. By 1950 the number had increased to four. There were three murders in 100 years. Crime was minimal.

Folks would listen as my mother sang Old Country music. Kids would ride their bikes in the invigorating night air of the English Forest. There was a communal feeling. We knew our neighbors.

It had been years since I was home. When I arrived in June, I sat on an old chair and dreamed old dreams. How I loved that house!

Jogging along the streets, mile after mile, I passed rundown buildings. The old Polish Home, a magnificent red brick building, had been built with the help of my grandfather's hands. The pride of many hearts, it

had been purchased by a real estate speculator, who sold it to a group of homosexuals. Even the red Lithuanian church had become a cold, dead building. The factories and clubs had been remodeled into housing projects.

Riding through the region of once decent neighborhoods, I heard shots in an area that had never had many echoes. But on the outskirts there would be the tranquility of the English Forest. How often I had run along the Polish Trail! Thousands of youthful miles were carved in my memory. I knew where the rabbits were, how to decipher the flights of migratory birds, where to find the best fishing holes. I had often gone swimming in the lakes. In a full moon, game was visible. Tonight would be a grand night of reliving.

But the once spotless forest was spotted with ramshackle autos; soul music was blasting; beer cans and broken glass made a rough carpet of litter. This was the English Forest, the Polish Trail, the Sacred Wood! The Polish picnic tables were tipped over. Nothing recalled the cheerful Oktoberfests. No fishing boats on the lake, no bikers.

A group of blacks appeared from nowhere and started a chase. I had a 40-yard lead. An under-two-minute half-mile would be required to catch me. I was tired. Besides the blister factor, there was the possibility of a fall. I was 15 pounds overweight! There were so many of them!

I sprinted up the hill. As I flew down the other side, something hit my right shoulder. My hand was sticky red. A hard two-minute, 12-second half-mile and a five-minute, 15-second mile saved me.

060

Who Commits Biological Treason?

(1) Everyone who denies the primary law of all living things, namely, the preservation of one's own kind.

(2) Everyone who squanders the aptitudes and talents inherited from his forefathers by refusing to have descendants.

(3) Everyone who sacrifices his future to obsessive self-realization, licentious living and superfluous creature comforts.

(4) Everyone who becomes a slave to avarice or dissipation and refuses to put aside his self-centeredness.

(5) Everyone who is made sterile or destroyed by venereal diseases.

(6) Everyone who allows his undisciplined intelligence to sabotage moral standards and change him from the servant of life into an arrogant conqueror, exploiter and destroyer of life.

(7) Everyone who adopts children of another race and introduces them into his living space, so that hybridization becomes an accepted practice.

(8) Everyone who marries a partner with defective genes.

(9) Everyone who doesn't understand that the inheritance that binds him to his race and homeland is a jewel entrusted to him for the short lifespan in a long life chain of his ancestors, a jewel for whose safe-keeping he bears total responsibility.

(10) Every woman who marries a man of a foreign race and either gives life to sickly children or, by renouncing children, dies without issue.

(11) Every man who seeks a wife of a different race and raises sickly children (who don't take after him, since the genes

of darker races are dominant), or renounces children and dies without issue.

Whosoever commits this biological treason blots out his lineage from the Book of Life, either immediately or, as his resolve weakens, in the near future. He is like chaff that blows in the wind. Whosoever bears responsibility for biological life should ponder deeply the rule of conduct proposed by the distinguished philosopher, Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer: "Act in such a way that you will know by your action you have done your very best to maintain and advance the capabilities of the race of men that has gone before you."

The above article was excerpted and translated from an article in a recent issue of the West German journal, Neue Anthropologie.



Academic Freedom

The U.S. Justice Department's Community Relations Service in Atlanta has the shivers about Alan Towery, an associate professor of English at Georgia Southwestern College in Americus. The prof allegedly called Ginevra Dennis, an 18-year-old who wanted out of his class, a "black bitch." Thousands of taxpayer dollars were then consumed on bureaucratic trips back and forth from Atlanta to the scene of the heinous sin. Since Towery has tenure, it was impossible to give him the boot forthwith, as recommended by the Justice Department's Torquemada squad.

Kosher Queen

Minority "beauties" do not make very upstanding Miss Americas. The first black winner, Vanessa Williams, was uncrowned after it was discovered she had dabbled in making lesbian porn. The first and only Jewish Miss America, Bess Myerson, after being indicted on bribery and conspiracy charges in Zoo City, was arrested in Williamsport (PA) for shoplifting (six bottles of nail polish, five pairs of earrings, a pair of shoes and some batteries). She had managed to cover up a similar bout of kleptomania in London in 1970. Her Pennsylvania caper took place after she had visited her latest love interest, millionaire Carl Capasso, a New York builder in jail for tax evasion.

Bess Myerson metamorphosed into a top New York City official and a U.S. Senate candidate during the sixties and seventies. She dwells constantly on the "year of anti-Semitism" which followed her crowning in Atlantic City in 1945, but fails to see that ethnic favoritism cuts both ways in America. What other fluff-headed beauty queen was ever given half the opportunities of the self-styled "Queen of the Jews"?

Bess was born in the Sholem Aleichem housing project in the Bronx to a Yiddish-speaking housepainter and his wife. When Mayor John Lindsay named her commissioner of consumer affairs in 1969, she had to take a one-month crash course in the basics of the subject. Previously, she had been selected to host the Miss America Pageant with her coreligionist, Bert Parks. This despite having once called Atlantic City "the toilet of America."

Beauty Queen Bess got 2,000 marriage proposals, but chose to wed a Jekyll-and-Hyde character named Allan Wayne. Husband number two was Arnold Grant, a "flamboyant entertainment lawyer" whom she met at an ADL dinner. (During her year as Miss America, she went on a six-month speaking tour against white racialism for the ADL.)

Hubby three was also Arnold Grant, whom she divorced and then remarried. Number four may be sewer contractor and wife-beater Carl "Andy" Capasso, if they are both out of jail at the same time.

Myerson's daughter, Barra Grant, would redirect America's gaze from the minority scandals of the eighties to the Majority folkways of the forties. She has co-written a TV movie about her mom's year on the throne. "I couldn't even stay in certain hotels," Bess complains. "There would be signs outside that read, NO COLOREDS, NO JEWS, NO DOGS."

Truth Will Out

In a letter to his mother, Leon Sedov wrote:

I think that all dad's deficiencies have not diminished as he grew older, but under the influence of his isolation [which is] very difficult, unprecedentedly difficult, [have] gotten worse. His lack of tolerance, hot temper, inconsistency, even rudeness, his desire to humiliate, offend, and even destroy have increased.

Sedov, who never mailed the letter, was the son and political collaborator of Leon Trotsky. His low opinion of pop emerged recently from a 30-foot stack of Trotsky memorabilia through which historians at Stanford's Hoover Institute are busily sifting.

We won't need to wait 50 years to learn the dark side of another leading Jewish personality of our century. Joan Peyser has given us *Bernstein: A Biography*, which reviewers are calling the highbrow equivalent of Kitty Kelley's blistering profile of Frank Sinatra. Terry Teachout, an editor at High Fidelity, saved us the chore of wading through 481 pages of sleaze, with this summation in the Washington Times Magazine (June 22, 1987):

Miss Peyser's manifest intention in writing *Bernstein* was to show that Leonard Bernstein is a homosexual, a liar, an egomaniac and an opportunist. She has succeeded -- in spades . . . Miss Peyser has definitely got the goods.

Peyser imputes an incestuous relationship between Lenny and his sister, Shirley, and claims he married actress Felicia Montealegre to keep the rumors of faggotry at bay.

Teachout adds:

Musicians have been swapping stories about Leonard Bernstein for over four decades, and most of the really gaudy stuff in this book has long been a matter of common knowledge in the music business. Speaking as one who has heard more than his share of Bernstein gossip, I

can assure you that the overall portrait drawn by Miss Peyser, however petty in the telling, has the appalling ring of truth.

Peyser's book is also the first to describe the homosexuality of Jewish composers Aaron Copland and David Diamond, Italian composer Gian Carlo Menotti, and WASP composers Virgil Thomson, Benjamin Britten and Samuel Barber. These men are but the tip of a very dirty iceberg, whose underside is being exposed daily by AIDS obituaries. The Jewish diva, Beverly Sills, has practically been delivering a eulogy a week, as her friends drop like flies in an early frost.

Gutter Blood

The technology of in vitro fertilization (IVF, or "test tube babies") is making thousands of intelligent white couples very happy -- allowing them to conceive their own kind rather than forcing them to adopt their opposites. But Racial Salvation Through Technology (RSTT) is intolerable to Andrea Boroff Eagan, who all but damned the practice in the Village Voice last year.

Eagan, née Boroff, closed with a limp limerick which suggested her passion for interracial, interclass and inter-everything adoption:

There once was a doc from Calcutta,
When approached by an infertile mother,
Said, "The babe that you wish,
I can make in this dish --
Or you could pick one up from the gutter."

Boroff to the contrary, her racial cousins in Israel, when they go in for adoption, frequently turn to the finest German settlements in Brazil, rather than Calcutta gutters, for all *their* baby needs! (Conceivably, this throws some light on a cryptic remark of the Jewish literary critic, Leslie Fiedler: "Go high-low every time.")

Forest Killer

In 1985, Houston financier Charles E. Hurwitz used the junk bond services of Drexel Burnham Lambert to take over Pacific Lumber, a respected northern California company with a reputation for careful harvesting of old growth redwood stands. Now Hurwitz is clearcutting everything in sight to pay off his loans and augment his bank account. More than trees are disappearing. The newly exposed soil the redwoods once held in place is eroding, thereby stymying attempts at reforestation.

The situation is so bad that some hard-bitten loggers have joined the Sierra Club in protest. But so far they haven't been able to slow Hurwitz down, let alone stop him. Meanwhile, the Federal Trade Commission is investigating his possible violations of antitrust laws and his handling of Pacific Lumber's pension plan. Apparently, he used pension fund assets to buy annuities

from a life insurance company that -- was it sheer coincidence? -- bought most of the junk bonds Hurwitz issued to finance his takeover.

Such is the predicament faced by the mighty redwoods, some of them seedlings in the Age of the Vikings. A half-century or so ago the elm trees in America and elsewhere were destroyed by a fungus. Today, the redwoods are under attack by a two-legged fungus.

Two Greeks

Al Campanis is of Greek origin. So, obviously, is Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder. When both uttered some folk wisdom about the physiology of black athletes, Al lost his job as Los Angeles Dodgers vice-president and Jimmy was no longer a CBS commentator. But Al has mea-culpaed and craved pardon to such an extent that he is now an assistant to black ex-thief Harry Edwards, the sociology professor appointed by baseball czar Peter Ueberroth to give Negroes more jobs and whites fewer jobs in baseball's front offices. Said Campanis in a recent speech he made to Edwards' pool of would-be affirmative action execs, "I [told] them that if losing my job with the Dodgers has helped the blacks, I'm happy it happened."

Jimmy the Greek, having not yet stooped so low, is still unrehabilitated. Perhaps he's waiting for a good word from Mike the Greek.

Bangladeshi Express

The Bangladeshi Express doesn't run in Asia, but in Queens (NY). The Flushing #7 line earned its new name because of the Oriental influx into that part of Zoo City. But have no fear. Asians are not a threat to life or limb. Danger on the subway lurks elsewhere.

You begin your ride on the #7 Line about a block before reaching the subway itself. At that distance you start looking over your shoulder to see if you're being followed. Reassured, you move swiftly down the stairs and approach the token booth -- a locked, air-conditioned bastion of reinforced steel and bullet-proof glass. Carefully concealing your change, you surveil the mezzanine level, being especially on the lookout for clumps of feral blacks. Approaching the turnstile, you may see two or three Negroes leaping over it or "crashing" the subway by opening the exit gate. It pays to take note of such twosomes or threesomes. You will want to be sure to avoid them when boarding the train.

On the platform level, after 9:30 P.M., a drunken black or Hispanic will often be threatening bystanders for no reason. If and when the drunk is confronted by a policeman, it is best to remain as far away from the scene as possible. Being identified as the presumptive whistleblower is definitely

not to be recommended.

On the train, sit opposite the conductor. The door to his cab is always open, and he has an intercom to the motorman, who has a radio that can be used to summon help. That intercom, which doubles as a public address system, can also alert any Transit Police officer on the train. Keep a wary eye on the cop's position if he is in your car. It's a good idea to know where to run.

The major threat to night subway riders are roving gangs of young blacks. Shod in sneakers and attired in dark-colored sweat jackets with hoods, they are fearless and fearsome. They laugh at the unarmed Auxiliary Police. Only the presence of an armed Transit Authority police officer (or the Guardian Angels) will scare these gangs away and stop them from prowling the train in search of victims.

Since it is impossible to know whether an armed policeman will be on your train, dress accordingly. Sneakers are a must. So are bulky jackets and gloves. Wear this apparel with an angry look, as though you are going home after some violent argument and are in the mood to murder the first person who talks to you. If you can blend into the background by affecting such camouflage, you have a fair chance of reaching your destination.

Beggars and assorted crazies panhandle for money on the subways. On any nighttime ride of more than 45 minutes, you can expect to be confronted by at least four of them. Some are abusive and violent. Most, however, work passively. They beg by exposing mutilated or deformed body parts. The legless beggars negotiate the pitching steel plates between the cars of the moving train by walking on their hands! If that doesn't grab your attention, nothing will.

In summer rush hours, subway passengers have to contend with a seasonal problem -- lack of oxygen. From late June to early September, the temperature is over 100° and the humidity over 85%. It hits the frail and elderly hardest. They frequently faint on platforms and in trains.

For years, subway overcrowding has been at a level that the Department of Agriculture would not tolerate in the transporting of livestock. When the sardine-packing occurs on trains with R44 and R46 cars, the potential for disaster is very real. These coaches are individually sealed, and the conductor is inaccessible. In an R44 you could be trapped for as long as eight minutes with a robber, rapist or murderer.

In August 1985, I was in an R44 where the passengers were stacked like cordwood. The train stalled between stops, the lights went out, and the ventilation system failed. It happened on one of the hottest days of the summer. I couldn't breathe. Fortunately, the front of my body had been pressed against the doors. With my fingers, I separated the rubber strips at the leading edges and through this opening was able to suck in the fetid air from the tunnel. If one of

the all-too-common subway track fires had been the cause of our delay, everyone would have suffocated.

Other joys of subway life include the stench of putrefaction that exudes from the moribund and pitiful homeless. These people are removed as health hazards from platforms and waiting areas only when the smell causes passengers to choke and gag before reaching the turnstile. Then there is the unbearable screeching of steel brakes on steel wheels, which can cause hearing loss. But why go on? I will only add that at the Times Square station recently, I endured three groups of nonwhite musicians, all playing different tunes at once, watched a gang of young Negroes cruising for victims and observed a small group of Yuppies trying to become invisible, while two public-address systems blared distorted and unintelligible messages simultaneously. During the commotion, four police officers, their hands on holstered revolvers, chased someone, or something, through the crowd.

I stepped back for a moment, reflecting on the surrealism of the scene, and asked myself out loud, "Do you know what this is?" Out of the hideous cacophony came the barely audible answer: "This is the beginning of the end of the world."

Moral Guardians

- Baptist Truman Dollar was the first preacher to remove a 94-year-old ban and allow blacks into his suburban Detroit church. But the Reverend, a close friend of Jerry Falwell, was afflicted with Swaggartitis. Though warned by his 40-member church board to cease and desist his sexually explicit phone calls with a Kansas City woman (he is married with four children), he simply couldn't stop. The charges for the long-distance obscenity mounted up, and he was forced to resign in June.

- Father John J. Steinberger was not interested in sex, but the Roman Catholic priest was very interested in cocaine, so much so that he stole \$60,000 from Marquette University to support his habit. Thirty months in the slammer.

- Another errant clergyman, Rev. Estanislao Gonzales, a Pentecostal preacher, lost control of his pickup as he drove down a narrow Boston street packed with pedestrians. Although he mowed down a ten-year-old girl and a pregnant woman, he was acquitted of all charges of vehicular homicide.

- The weirdest of the many clergy-related court cases in recent months was the award of \$1.5 million to Steve Woolverton of Brownsville (TX), who claimed a former nun who sang in his church choir lured his wife into a lesbian affair and ruined his marriage. The nun, Mary Kregar, was ordered to pay the jilted husband \$1 million; the church had to ante up \$500,000.