

Cultural Catacombs

Principal Flunks

A high-school principal was asked to write an article for his school paper. He was happy to oblige. Below are some excerpts:

The County office has coordinators in all areas that is willing to help when help is needed.

Every one who participated are to be commended a job well done. We did not win as many senior games as we would have like too, but both teams showed excellent sportsmanship.

The Senior High band and the Junior High band were always there at the ——— stadium when we need them. The Cheerleaders cheered the Drill Team performed. The motivation and the momentous was there. It worked as clock word or a puzzle each part fell in place at the right time. If you were at the statium with me. I am sure you would have been satisfied with the performance.

After the article was published, the school board was petitioned by a dismayed parent to fire the principal, who defended his an-alphabetism with these arguments:

(1) It was a rough draft which he expected a student on the paper would edit.

(2) The education of principals does not require a course in journalism.

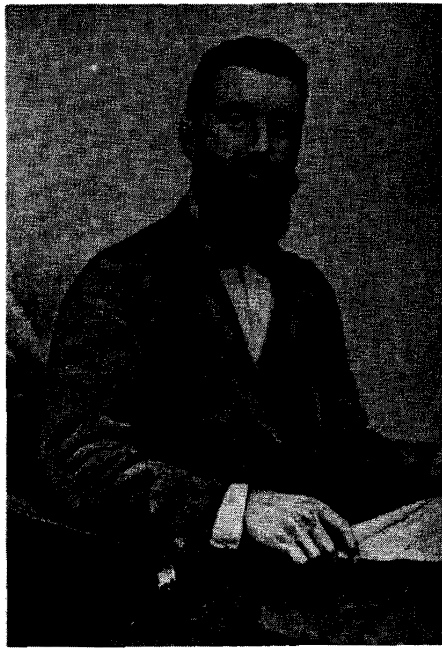
(3) He was an "inexperienced writer" (he actually had a Master's Degree from a state university).

(4) The charges against him arose from racial hostility.

Since the principal is black, the school board decided to handle the problem in camera. For this reason, its decisions have not been made public. As far as can be ascertained, the principal is still principaling.

Herzl Lobbied for Genocide

One of history's great ironies is that during and after the first organized Turkish massacre of the Armenians (1894-96) the Sultan's action was warmly supported by none other than Theodor Herzl, the founding father of modern Zionism. History will show that the first prominent entry of Zionists into world politics was in defense of genocide. Later, Jews were quite prominent in the pan-Turkish political movement that inspired



Theodor Herzl

and carried out another extermination of Armenians in 1915-20, one of the leading exterminationists then being Tekin Alp, born Moise Levy. This and other interesting information is contained in a book recently published in England, *Armenia, Survival of a Nation* by Christopher Walker (Croom Helm). Perusing it, the reader cannot help wondering whether the impact of the Turkish genocide of the Armenians on world public opinion and the subsequent demand for an Armenian national home did not give Jews the idea of staging or at least overpublicizing their very own Holocaust.

Another British book about another Middle Eastern bloodbath is *People Without a Country -- The Kurds of Kurdistan* by Gerard Chaliand (Zed Press). The author claims that between 1925 and 1939 Turks massacred 1 million Kurds and relocated 700,000 others. The West paid no heed; at the time it was focusing its attention on the "horrors" of fascism and Nazism. Paradoxically, the survival of modern Turkey depended to a great extent on the military aid of the Kurds. They comprised a large part of the army with which Kemal Ataturk harried the Greeks out of Asia Minor. But after the Kurds had served their purpose and the Greeks had been properly dispossessed, they in turn became the victims of Ataturk's fierce nationalism.

A third book, *Lovers on the Nile* by Richard Hall (Collins), concerns Sir Samuel Baker and the 17-year-old wife he bought at a Turkish slave market. She was a Transylvanian German blonde and without her courage and determination Baker would probably never have accomplished his re-

markable explorations of blackest Africa. No literary work reveals more dramatically the Anglo-Saxon obsession with the sufferings of black slaves as contrasted with the indifference shown to what was happening to white slaves inside the Turkish Empire. One aspect of this indifference was Disraeli's declaration that Turkey must be preserved at all costs.

Mao as Chemist

The following choice passages were extracted from a serious scientific paper entitled, "Total Synthesis of Crystalline Insulin," reprinted from *Scientia Sinica*, 15(4), 544-561 (1966):

The first successful total synthesis of a protein was accomplished in 1965 in the People's Republic of China. Holding aloft the great red banner of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thinking and manifesting the superiority of the socialist system, we have achieved, under the correct leadership of our Party, the total synthesis of bovine insulin. . . . Throughout the various stages of our investigation, we followed closely the teachings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung: eliminating superstitions, analysing contradictions, paying respect to practice, and frequently summing up experience.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the Great Helmsman's Cultural Revolution will take its place with Stalin's patronage of Lysenkoism as two of the most revisionary episodes in the history of science.

Salinger's Disciple

Mark David Chapman, who put John Lennon out of his and our misery, said he did it to publicize *The Catcher in the Rye*, the 1951 novel by J.D. Salinger. After shooting the multimillionaire Beatle, Chapman lowered the gun and started reading the book. From jail he addressed this appeal to the American people:

My wish is for all of you to someday read *The Catcher in the Rye*. All my efforts will now be devoted to this goal, for this extraordinary book holds many answers.

Rereading the novel to search for the "answers" we must have missed many years ago, we could find little to get excited about, no great words to the wise, no arcane messages. All we found was what we had found in the first place -- a rather scatological account of a day or two in the life of a Jewish boarding-school dropout, who was dubbed

with a Majority name by the Jewish author. Salinger, who now lives in rural New England and publishes very little, rose to the top of the bestseller list by being one of the first American authors to use four-letter words for the sake of four-letter words. Not the worst slice-of-low-life novel novel written since World War II, *The Catcher in the Rye*, if it were not for the adumbrations of hippy-ism, would be almost as dated as Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*. The only message Chapman could possibly have gleaned from the book was that he should imitate the poses and posturings of Salinger's young, totally irresponsible antihero, who is portrayed as having very few of the spiritual juices that make humans human. Unfortunately for Lennon, this was just the kind of crass, thoughtless, ego-loaded creature Chapman became.

Unsuccessful and Successful Censorship

Archie Bunker, an ersatz WASP Know Nothing played by an Irishman, is a character stolen from a BBC series in which Warren Mitchell, a British-Jewish actor, played a British blue-collar bigot. Strange that WASPs cannot play WASP bigots and Britons cannot play British bigots. But no stranger than Jews playing Nazis instead of Germans playing Nazis. The producers of propaganda can do most anything, but they still pay homage to the aesthetic prop.

In March, however, at long last on television a real Jew played a real Jew, Yiddish accent and all. Warren Mitchell starred as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, a British production recently shown over the Public Broadcasting System. It was by far the best rendition of Shakespeare's masterpiece we have ever seen. To indulge in an even greater superlative, it was the finest presentation of any Shakespearean play we have ever seen.

The ADL tried to stop the showing on PBS, as part of its continuing crusade against Western culture. But this time the inquisitors lost. Perhaps because of the heavy Jewish involvement in the production -- Jack Gold was the director and another Jew, Jonathan Miller, the producer -- the show managed to go on.

If the ADL failed in one rare instance to wield the censor's knife, another organization succeeded. After broadcasting a television exposé of Synanon, one of those strong-arm cults, some years ago, NBC's top brass received so many threatening letters they decided to shelve an upcoming series on the Peoples Temple, which had 30 hours of

interviews with various followers of Rev. Jim Jones, all describing the horrors already going on in Jonestown. If the network had put on the documentary, the Jonestown suicide orgy might never have taken place.

Amerindian censors also won one. ABC announced it was dropping "Hanto Yo," a docudrama about a band of Sioux. Some tribesmen had gone on the warpath about it. To portray minority characters accurately these days, TV moguls have to go back as far as Shakespeare.

The Only Possibility

Karl Hand, leader of a Nazi groupuscule in Buffalo, was arrested on a gun charge the night before he had scheduled a rally to protest the celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr., Day.

Gerald Carlson was arrested for passing out literature on the eve of the Republican primary for David Stockman's vacated seat in Michigan. Carlson got only 1.6% of the vote. He might have received a few more ballots if he had not been arrested. The winner was a Moral Majorityite, who did not utter a word of protest at the flagrant violation of his rival's civil rights.

Eighteen members of the Ku Klux Klan staged a small rally in Meriden, Connecticut, to protest a minority-sponsored protest of a white policeman's shooting of a black shoplifter. In spite of a human shield of 80 policemen, they were subjected to a murderous rock, brick and bottle barrage from minority racists. Several Klansmen and 19 policemen were injured, a Klanswoman so badly she had to undergo emergency surgery in a nearby hospital.

Some day when American democracy is about to go down the drain, if it hasn't already, liberal pundits will probably complain mightily about the fascist threat of a Majority secret society.

Since antiwhite racists control the streets and are able to smash at will any public demonstration by Majority activists, how else will the Majority, which will soon be a minority, be able to survive unless it takes a clandestine approach to politics?

What is Wrong?

Donald and Bea Shreeves, typical Middle Americans from Illinois, had four daughters. Debbie, the "saint of the family," died in a flaming car crash in 1972 at the age of 19. In 1977 Beverly moved to Chicago, where she was killed by gangsters when she opened her apartment door and accidentally witnessed a gangland killing in the hallway. Denise went to Chicago to find the killer of her sister. A few days after she had written to her father that she thought she had identified

the murderer, her body was found in an elevator. Last February, Candace, the only surviving daughter, was shot to death, apparently by her husband. To make the story even worse, the father eventually found out that Beverly and Denise had worked as prostitutes in Chicago before they were murdered.

When he buried his last daughter, Donald Shreeves asked in the tragic manner of King Lear, "What is wrong with us?" He was not restricting the question to himself and his wife. The "us" was certainly meant to include his relations, his friends, his neighbors, perhaps even the "us" who are reading these lines.

Holy Doings

Bob Jones University has lost its tax exempt status for frowning on interracial dating. Aleck Bledsoe and his Marumsc Christian School had to pay \$18,000 to the family of a girl expelled for dating a black. The Rev. Moon is scheduled to preside over a marriage of 10,000 interracial couples this year. All in all, it's a golden era for miscegenators, except perhaps for the white wife of that black fight promoter, who helped con Wells Fargo Bank out of \$22 million. She is accused of being an accessory to the massive theft.

Thought to be somewhat averse to out-marriage, Moral Majority fundamentalists do not hesitate to welcome Negroes to their churches and meetings, but not the Benjamin Hooks type of Negro. One black preacher, Rev. Charles McKinney of Mississippi, addressing a convocation of the National Religious Broadcasters, described slavery as "the biggest blessing God ever done for my people." He continued:

The best thing God ever done was to send those white men over to Africa in those boats and bring us here so we could hear the story of Jesus Christ. They meant us harm, sure, but God made it good for us. It was better to be in slavery than to be free on foreign soil, walking around half-naked and worshipping idols.

Almost all Moral Majority types, black and white, never cease proclaiming their undying love for Israel. One Christian sect, however, has refused to go along with the Zionist Bible-thumping. It's called Way International, whose spiritual chief is Victor Paul Wierwille, a graduate of the Chicago Divinity School and the Princeton Theological Seminary. What distinguishes this cult from other evangelistic groups is that in addition to the Bible it promotes Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. If Way members consider Butz's book gospel, they better start converting their church headquarters into a fortress.

Inklings

Jean Stealer

Avri El-Ad (né Seidenweg) was the Israeli saboteur who bombed and burned American libraries in Cairo and Alexandria in 1954 in an effort to queer U.S. relations with Egypt. El-Ad escaped, but the plot was uncovered when other Israeli spies and wreckers were arrested by the Egyptians. The sabotage was eventually blamed on Israeli Defense Minister Pinhas Lavon, whence its name, the Lavon Affair.

El-Ad claimed Lavon had no part in it; that the Israeli higher-ups were responsible. For this he spent ten years in an Israeli jail. After his release, he wrote a book about his experiences, *The Decline of Honor* (Regnery, Chicago), then dropped out of sight.



Arsonist Avri El-Ad

Last March he dropped back in sight in Los Angeles, as the president of a garment firm which specializes in manufacturing counterfeit Jordache designer jeans. The head of Jordache, Joe Nakash, is another Israeli. His was the responsibility for the Jordache ad that ran last year in the *New York Times Magazine* and featured a Negro male and a white female clad only in the company's product.

While our government spends millions of dollars a year persecuting American citizens for alleged war crimes committed 36 or more years ago, a professional spy, who blew up American property in order to seriously damage U.S. relations with a foreign country, moves to Los Angeles and sets up a crooked clothing business. If and when El-Ad is jailed or deported, we may be sure it will not be for his crimes against the U.S., but for stealing garment designs from one of his countrymen.

Liddy on Hess

On two facing pages in a recent issue of *Parade* (Feb. 22, 1981), Gordon Liddy and Simon Wiesenthal engaged in a written debate on Rudolf Hess, now approaching his 40th year of uninterrupted confinement. The Weasel's argument was what could be expected from a man who has become a fuming organism of hatred and revenge, a male Fury. Keep Hess in jail, urged Simon, for he has never "uttered a single word of remorse."

It is perhaps Hess's unblemished record of silence, his refusal to buy freedom by informing on his fellows (the route taken by Albert Speer), that has made him so attractive to Liddy and evoked such a thoughtful article from the unpredictable mind of the one man who came through Watergate smelling like a rose.

In Liddy's view, Hess is a lifer and lifers never think about the outside, only the inside. "They own their own prison, possessing it as much, if not more, than it possesses them." Liddy insists that it is Hess, not his jailers (the U.S., Britain, France and the U.S.S.R.), who owns Spandau.

The Soviet Union keeps Hess under lock and key because his very existence still worries the Kremlin. Of the two war machines of death, Liddy says Hitler's "was unquestionably the more efficient." So, today, "the nation with the world's greatest military machine still fears" the last living symbol of

Nazism. "That satisfaction warms Hess on the coldest day within his icy prison . . . Hess will do nothing to compromise his place in history and its meaning to him. After all, having a place in history at all is something few men can claim."

Although Liddy doesn't say so, Wiesenthal's place in history, if he manages to obtain one, will be that of a third-rate bounty hunter. What Simon doesn't understand is that his frantic, un pitying, pound-of-flesh revanchism is creating a myth that some day, some year, some century will almost certainly boomerang against the very people he thinks he is defending. High tragedy not only supersedes history; it often controls it. The poetic flights reached in parts of Liddy's article may themselves be an important contribution to the building of a Hess myth.

Maverick Economics

John Pugsley, a maverick economist and the author of several books, views the social and political history of mankind as a tug of war between production and theft. The successful producer repeats his success -- and others imitate him. The successful thief repeats his thefts -- and others imitate him.

Before production, according to Pugsley, there was only theft. When production began, in large measure when man first learned to speak, the producers had to band together to protect their products -- with fences, weapons and locks. This worked for a while, but the plunderer invented new



U.S. Information Center library ablaze in Cairo, July 14, 1954

methods of thievery -- armed incursion and fraud. Religion, with its accent on morality, was developed as a defense for production, and so was government. From then on, the success of the plunderers depended on their ability to take over government and turn it against the producers. At first the thieves didn't get very far. But as time went on, they became much more adept and sophisticated. They eventually managed to centralize government and make theft legal. The final stage of government -- communism -- is total theft, which Pugsley defines as controlling the property of another without his consent.

Liberals would probably categorize Pugsleyian economics with one of their favorite derogatory tags, "simplistic." And so might we. And then again, we might not.

Holiday Merging

In Tulsa a group of Christians went to a synagogue for a dry run of Passover, the first day of which fell this year on Easter Sunday. Lois Hammer, a Baptist, said, "We want to see how much we have in common, rather than focus on our differences." After a rabbi had explained all the details, Sister Noel Boggs, co-chairman of the Jewish-Christian Task Force, said it "was a beautiful experience." Added Rev. V.C. McGouldrick, a Catholic, "We're becoming more aware of our roots." Rev. Jerry Demetre, a fundamentalist, hosted a Seder meal for Christian high-school students. The Seder features "matzo's" (unleavened bread) because, as the rabbi explained, the Jews had to leave Egypt in a hurry.

Since Hanukkah is playing an ever more important part in Christmas, the birth of Christ, it will not be surprising if Passover is eventually merged with Easter, the death and rebirth of Christ. Christianity, allegedly the religion of mercy, is becoming more and more entangled with a religion whose principal holiday celebrates the first recorded Holocaust -- Jehovah's mass extermination of the Egyptian firstborn.

Tingling Spines

The bare possibility of a Senate Security and Terrorism Subcommittee sends shivers down the S-shaped spines of the old boy network. Marxists, Trotskyites, and every other kind of "ite" and "ist" have had a field day since the Senate Internal Security Committee and the House Un-American Activities Committee were disbanded many years ago. A revival of Senate prying into subversion should also send shivers down the I-shaped spines of Majority activists. While investigating KGB agents and their multifari-

ous and nefarious friends, it's standard practice to appease the "impact press" by dragging in Klansmen "as a matter of balance." Needless to say, the one spy group which needs the most exposure will never be subpoenaed. Can anyone imagine Strom Thurmond, who oversees the new subcommittee, or Joel Lisker, his chief of staff, calling in Mossad agents and asking about that uranium heist in Apollo, Pa., about the dastardly attack on the *Liberty* or about burning down that American Library in Cairo? Before such questions are ever heard in Congress, Menahem Begin will sing *Die Fahne Hoch* at a special fund-raising gala for Frank Walus on "Sixty Minutes."

The Real Makers of Foreign Policy

When the U.S. media have one foreign policy and the U.S. government has another, it's a foregone conclusion which will come out on top. Under Carter both the government and the media agreed that the pro-American right-wing dictatorship in Nicaragua under Somoza had to go. It went -- to be replaced by an anti-American, Leninist dictatorship subservient to Castro and Russia.

The Reagan administration does not want to repeat Carter's act in El Salvador, but the "impact press" does. So whenever Reagan seems to be getting his way, the media simply crank out a new atrocity. It's the same kind of game played in Vietnam. What the media want, the media get. Reagan can't talk to the PLO. His new ambassador to the UN created a cause célèbre for daring to speak to a couple of South African military officials. Haig is under constant attack these days, not so much for his Cassius-like ambition, but for not hewing to the Kissinger line of least resistance to Soviet land-grabbing, a turnaround which Kissinger considers most ungrateful of his erstwhile protégé.

Herbert Morris goes into the origins of the Haig-Kissinger connection in his book *Uncertain Greatness: Henry Kissinger and American Foreign Policy*:

Kissinger needed Haig to provide reassurance, as well as to act as a litmus test on the right in a government where Kissinger was unlikely to be attacked successfully from the left. For the most controversial policies Kissinger planned -- initiatives in arms control and ending the war -- he would be, he believed, more vulnerable to criticism. Haig, the decorated combat veteran, the leathery soldier of strong opinions, would help clothe those actions. Jealous of the relationship as well as of Haig's power, Helmut Sonnenfeldt would joke in acid terms that Kissinger the

German-Jewish immigrant kept on Haig, the all-American colonel from Philadelphia, to testify at some imagined right-wing trial, if Henry went too far with détente.

Kissinger -- and Haig -- to the contrary, the only way to save El Salvador would be to send in some resegregated Marines. But the Reagan people, knowing how the media would tear them apart, don't have the guts.

Consequently, the practical solution to the impasse is to pull out of El Salvador entirely. The media will see that it happens eventually, so it will save a lot of time, money and horrendous anti-Reagan headlines. Then secret efforts should be made by the State Department to turn the Central American Reds against their foreign paymasters and against each other, just as Tito turned against Stalin, China against Russia, China against Vietnam and Vietnam against the Cambodians.

If, as has been their strategy for half a century, the media continue to force us to support our enemies, then the only possible and only effective retaliation is to divide and subvert our enemies. Since we are not allowed to help and protect our friends, that's the most we can do until we learn that our real enemy is here at home. Until we get rid of the real enemy, it's a hopeless task to implement an America First foreign policy.

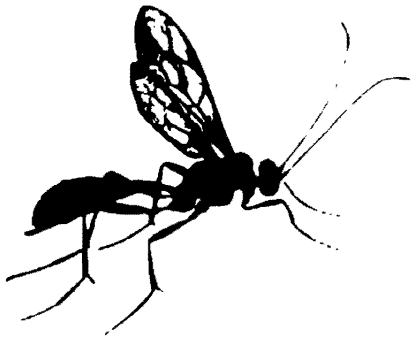
Any president who really wants to save El Salvador must first save the U.S. from the media. It's as simple -- and tragic -- as that.

Banned in Boston

Jordan Marsh, the department store chain, kicked off an ad campaign in Boston featuring Jack and Jill, a young, on-the-ball Majority couple in their late 20s who live a "dynamic life" -- in part because of the fashionable products they buy at J-M. The next day, store executives coming to work were amazed to run into a picket line. Three of the protestors, Susan Steiner, Kayla Kirsch and Lisa Gallatin, explained: Jack and Jill were just plain "racist and sexist" and personified "the rich, white, and beautiful young couple." Susan and her friends did not explain who they themselves personified, though we have some ideas on that score.

Before they left, the demonstrators demanded Jordan Marsh issue a public apology and establish a "civilian review board . . . to ensure socially responsible advertising in the future."

Boston has long been famous for banning books. Will it be the first city to ban advertising that shows Majority faces?



Cholly Bilderberger



A Day in the Life of Robert Mallet

He woke to the sound of Gene Shalit's voice. His wife, Evelyn, had turned on the "Today Show" on the television set in their bedroom and was watching it as she dressed.

"I love him," she said when she saw that Robert was awake. "Do you remember his last interview with Mel Brooks? Those two have a chemistry together. You'd better be getting up."

Her abstract, attenuated voice drifted into another room.

At breakfast, his uncle Arthur, who was visiting them, said indignantly, "Another Palestinian attack *inside* Israel." His uncle was in his seventies, and his upraised hand trembled slightly. "When will this terrorism end?" he asked.

Robert's son, George, replied, "When the end of the world comes. We had this, well, like, neat course in history about how the world is going to end some day — it's called Armageddon. No more terrorism, and the Jews will be proved right, like they were all the time."

Evelyn said, "That's rather a simplification, but you seem to have the general idea. I'm glad you're getting some Jewish history."

"Theirs is a noble story," Arthur said. "A wonderful struggle against great odds."

"This course is a spin-off from our Holocaust course," George said absently.

"Oh, well, the Holocaust," Arthur said alertly. "Well, the Holocaust, of course . . ." He looked around at them and seemed to lose the thread of his thought. "Oh, the Holocaust . . . naturally."

"Naturally," Evelyn said briskly.

"I didn't like that course when we had it," Robert's daughter, Nancy, said.

"You probably didn't understand it," Evelyn said.

"I understood it," Nancy said. "It was boring."

"Perhaps you'd better take it again," Evelyn said dryly.

"She'll have it again next year anyhow," George said.

"Why did she say it was boring?" Arthur asked Robert, frowning. His pale old hand — the paleness set off by a light sprinkling of dark spots — was upraised and trembling a bit more.

"What about Armageddon in space?" George asked.

"When we are, like, raising all our crops and raw materials and stuff on Mars and going to Jupiter on pleasure trips, like you go to Florida now, and Armageddon comes here on earth, won't that mean that we can just move to places in space and the Armageddon won't bother us?"

Evelyn looked at him dubiously. "Well," she began.

"Hold it," George said, "I've got it. It all works out. Armageddon comes here, and this world is destroyed, and the Jews are proved right and come out on top, but everything in space still works, because it means the Jews will just be in charge of everything." He looked at them in conclusive triumph.

Evelyn drove her husband to the train station. As they waited at a red light, a black man, alone in the car next to them, touched his horn lightly. They turned to look at him, and he made an obscene gesture, grinning at Evelyn. She turned away and said nothing.

On the train, Robert sat next to a man he did not know. Across from them, four men whom he did know slightly sat together. One of them, Alan Roth, was speaking in a soft, intimate, persuasive voice. Robert could hear him clearly. Alan lived near him, and they had a nodding acquaintance, just as Robert had with the other three.

"So what do you want Israel to do?" Alan asked. "Give up? Stop looking for the criminals who do remain?" He paused, but none of the three answered. They evidently considered the question rhetorical and were silent, waiting for more.

"And they *do* remain," Alan went on. "More than you think. A friend of mine, who has connections in Mossad and knows Wiesenthal, told me there are two or three times as many as most people think. And not all of them are in South America. Some of them are right here in our United States." He looked at his audience proudly. "What do you think of that?"

Again, no one answered, and in a moment Alan began again.

The man next to Robert nudged him. "There's a good review of Elie Wiesel's new book here," he said, indicating his open newspaper. "You ought to read it."

Robert opened his own paper to the same page and read: "Elie Wiesel won't stop writing these novels, these white pages full of black songs, and if we stop reading them — if we stop listening — we will lose our souls. *The Testament*, unsurprisingly, is Jewish. It laughs and mourns. Mystics dance before they are burned. The greatest sin is silence. If we are silent, we have lost our history and our memory . . . Kossover is a Jewish poet who happens to be Russian. His father was a merchant who took God seriously; his son is mute, in Israel . . . Wiesel, who has spent 18 books reminding us that we are not permitted to forget the evil of anti-Semitism, asserts in *The Testament* an uncompromising presupposition: We are Jews before we are Russians, Germans, Spaniards, English. We seek, in silence, the Messiah . . . His ambition is daunting . . . We have wept, not so much for the Jews . . . as for ourselves, for the monstrosity we permitted. Wiesel seems to suggest that the only answer to that monstrosity is a Jewish father and a guilty son . . . we are asked to sing his song or drown."

As Robert walked through the train station, he heard one man say to another, "That's why they call Sinatra Ol' Blue Eyes, because he's what they mean by a Nordic, they all got those kind of eyes."

On the street leading to his office, a young Hispanic in the crowd ahead of him lightly and deftly grabbed a woman's purse and darted off. The woman shouted and started to run after the thief. She was tripped up almost immediately by another Hispanic and fell to the sidewalk, striking her head heavily. She lay unconscious, breathing unevenly, her dress rucked up and her legs awkwardly spread.

In the elevator, two men were arguing in a friendly way. "Admit it," one said to the other, "if you're going to get insulted, you want Don Rickles to do it."

"Admit nothing," the other replied. "Rickles couldn't hold a candle to Groucho. When Groucho was in his prime, I mean. Later he got kind of soft. I'll admit that, but, overall, I won't admit anything else."

In mid-morning, Robert was working in his office when his secretary came in with the mail.

"There's a letter from The Friends Of The Black Ph.D.s," she said. "They have some connection to Vernon Jordan and they also called this morning. And Mr. Auchincloss thinks everyone in the office, especially the partners, should read the review of Mr. Wiesel's book in today's paper." Mr. Auchincloss was the senior partner. "I've booked you two seats for the new Neil Simon play. Your wife mentioned it last week."

Walking to lunch, Robert heard a woman say, "Wayne wants to go to see basketball tonight, and I said that I'd go only if it was Philadelphia playing. I could watch that Dr. J forever."

He lunched with Oliver Cozzens, another of the partners, who came right to the point. "This girl is not ordinary, Robert. And not all Jewish girls are alike. There's a big difference between Barbra Streisand and Betty Bacall, even though they're both attractive. And dynamite sexually, of course." His voice trailed off rather than rising on "dynamite sexually," and he looked at Robert meditatively. "This girl is what you'd call a Jewish exquisite, I suppose, even though the old murky voluptuousness is never altogether absent . . . I'm not thinking

divorce, at least not now . . . Kay and the boys might understand, but, again, they might not . . . She doesn't want to drag me off to Israel, at least not now, but we do talk about world conditions, naturally, and prejudice, and all the rest of the contemporary reality that we all have to live with . . . Dynamite . . ."

In the afternoon, Robert had an unexpected visit from his nephew, Larry Mallet, a recent Harvard dropout. Larry wanted to borrow money to start a business raising shrimp in tanks. "There's a lot of money in it, and I can still have time to write. I'll be honest — I can't get the money from Tom; that's why I've come to you." Tom was Robert's brother. "I can't even talk to him about business, or anything else . . . Shrimp are fish, and we all know fish are brain food. It's the gourmet brain food, though . . . prove that better stuff can be written on aquatic protein . . . and still have time for writing . . . Bellow . . . Mailer . . . Malamud . . . Singer . . . Doctorow . . . Miller . . . giants . . . the intensive dynamics of Jewish culture . . . shrimp as foreplay, if, unlike Tom, you can still enjoy a good joke . . . Joan, my own sister, who lived with a black for six years and still can't eat soul food . . . menacing the gay community, and I certainly felt that aura of menace in my own gay experience . . . fifteen thousand . . . you don't have to give me an answer now, but I'd certainly like to hear from you by tomorrow. Let's be reasonable, but let's also be business-like, O.K.?"

His secretary left at five. " 'Masada' tonight," she said brightly, calling over her shoulder on her way out.

Robert left at six and had a drink alone in a bar near the station. On his right, a man was reading the review of Elie Wiesel's book. On his left, a well-dressed but tipsy man was inflicting a monologue on an indifferent bartender. "They say that those Jews at Masada — you've seen it, I assume? — had no solution to their problem. I say they did . . . No, you don't have to wait for the final episode to see how it comes out, they all die. But don't we all? . . . Anyhow, who doesn't like to be stroked? If the Jews had stroked that Roman commander, they could have walked off that miserable hill. And why didn't they do it? Because they were too stiffnecked. Because they have that damned Jewish arrogance . . ."

A swarthy young man stepped from farther down the bar, circled the men in between him and the tipsy man, pulled the latter by the shoulder away from the bar and hit him full in the face with a crushing punch. Blood streamed from the tipsy man's nose. The swarthy young man proceeded to beat the tipsy man to a pulp. When the tipsy man was finally on the floor, the swarthy young man kicked him twice. The sound of ribs breaking, although muffled, was clearly audible.

On the train, Robert sat three seats away from Alan Roth and his three mute companions. Alan was speaking again in a soft, persuasive voice, but Robert couldn't hear him. The men in the seat behind Robert were talking about Alan Greenspan. From somewhere in the car he heard someone say, ". . . not great, like Richard Pryor, but . . ."

Evelyn was waiting for him in a state of controlled indignation. Three young blacks had been apprehended that day in the neighborhood and charged with armed burglary and rape.

"There's a definite suspicion of Miranda having been sus-

ended," she said, her voice thickening with emotion. "The rapee — is that what you call them? — the alleged rapee, I should say, is Mrs. Grammond, and you know how odd she is. Probably played some sort of archaic 'woman's' role with them. And our noble local boys in blue waded right in with nightsticks, revolvers and what have you, but so cleverly, in that way they have, that there are no marks on the black boys. They're out on bail. But Clare Passage, the woman I know in the Clerk's Office, says Miranda was definitely violated, and the case doesn't have a chance. God, to think this sort of nineteenth-century violation of basic human rights now extends into our own beautifully isolated community. Makes one sick. Did you see the wonderful review of Wiesel's book?"

Dinner was hurried, because of "Masada."

"If we have 'Holocaust' courses," George said between gulps, "we should be getting 'Masada' courses before too long, shouldn't we?"

"I'd certainly hope so," Uncle Arthur said warmly.

"Neat," George said. "If we have enough of these shows, they may fill up the whole school day. Nothing but Jewish history from break of day until the twilight's last gleaming."

"Don't try to be funny about these things, young man," Evelyn said.

"I'm not trying to be funny," George said. "I'm as serious as they come."

"Jewish history," Arthur said. "Jewish history."

During the showing of "Masada," Robert was called to the telephone. It was Francis Morgan, a fellow vestryman.

"I know you're watching 'Masada,' and I hate to interrupt you, but I had the feeling you'd like to join with me in celebrating the stand the President will be taking next week. No, I am sure you couldn't know about it, and I only know because I happen to have a connection in the White House. As you know, there is to be a ceremony there to commemorate the six million. The President will say, 'We must never permit it to come again . . . We share the wounds of the survivors.' I should add that there will be more than one hundred Jewish leaders there for the first annual Day of Remembrance. The President will go on to say, 'I am horrified today when I know that . . . there are people now trying to say that the Holocaust was invented, that it never happened, that there weren't six million whose lives were taken cruelly and needlessly in that event, that all of this is propaganda.' He will stress that he knows it is not propaganda because there are survivors to tell about it and films to show it — films that he saw while on duty in a military unit that assembled film clips during World War II. Isn't all that marvelous, Robert? I mean, he could have been sympathetic and stopped there, but he's going all the way!"

"Where was I? Ah, yes, then he will say, 'I remember April '45. I remember seeing the first film that came in while the war was still on, but our troops had come to the first camps and had entered those camps. And you saw, unretouched — and no way that it ever could have been rehearsed — what they saw, the horror they saw . . . I won't go into the horrible scenes that we saw.' Then Elie Wiesel — I know how much you must

have liked the review of his book in today's paper — the chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, will tell the President that one way to keep the memory of the Holocaust alive is not to sacrifice the security of Israel."

From the next room, Robert could hear the sounds of strife from "Masada." Some military action was reaching a crescendo.

"He will say, according to the text," Francis went on, " 'Please understand us, Mr. President. We believe that the subject of the Holocaust must remain separate from politics, but if we plead so passionately for Israel's right not only to be secure but also to feel secure, it is because of Israel's nightmares which are also our nightmares. Israel is threatened by a holy war, which means total war . . .' Isn't it all splendid, though? Much more than I could have dared hope for. Well, sorry to have taken you away from 'Masada,' but I was sure you'd like to be among the privileged few — I'm only privileged by accident, of course — to know all this before the event."

At the conclusion of the "Masada" episode, the children went reluctantly to bed, followed by Arthur. Evelyn and Robert were alone.

"What a thrilling time to have lived in," she sighed. "But on the other hand, perhaps our world isn't so bad. At least we have the opportunity to correct some of the old wrongs."

As they went to bed, Evelyn turned on the "Tonight Show."

"I can never make up my mind whether I like Rodney Dangerfield better than George Burns," she said. "I know it's lowbrow of me to like either one, but there's a warmth in both of them which transcends the banality. Isn't it interesting that in the end it is warmth and love which count so much more than cerebration? I should say their warmth and love over our coldness and intellectualism. We have so much to learn from them. Here, if you don't want to watch these lovable clowns, you can read Mr. Wiesel's book. After reading the review, I went out and bought a copy."

In their darkened bedroom, the light from the television set flickered on everything. On the rugs, the walls, the chaise lounge, the chairs, the dark wood and the pale materials. It flickered on the ceiling and on the headboard of their bed, and, at a refracted angle, on their bed clothes. And, finally, on their faces.

The light moved and flickered like the reflections from those globes made up of hundreds of pieces of mirrored glass, those globes which once hung in public ballrooms and at private dances. The light had seemed to fall from those globes rather like snow, and this television light had something of the same quality. It didn't look like falling snow, but it gave the impression of falling snow. It created the impression of falling outward rather than down, of falling from the bright source into the darkened room. Of softly covering the room and the two figures sitting so upright and so still with a gentle outward and downward fall of particles of light, a homely but provocative illustration of pure optical illusion.

John Nobull

Notes From the Sceptred Isle

In a nation of don't-rightly-knows, David Irving stands out as a man. He is a big, strongly built fellow with dark hair and gray eyes, and much resembles his father, who was a naval officer. At an earlier stage in English history, he might not have had a care in the world, but he has been a rightist for over thirty years now, and experience has made him watchful. Indeed, his entry into a crowded room has been likened to that of a (quiet) heavyweight boxer, and he is a heavyweight in more ways than one. To begin with, he is England's most outstanding revisionist author, and his writings on such subjects as Erwin Rommel, the Battle of Stalingrad, the aerial massacre of German civilians, and



David Irving

Hitler's noninvolvement in the Hollow Caust, have been read by millions. His latest two books, on the Hungarian Uprising of 1956 (Hodder and Straughton, London, 1981) and *The War Between the Generals* (Congdon and Lattés, New York, 1981) are not likely to endear him with the Left. The formidable combination of an excellent memory, a gift for repartee and the very best modern gadgets in his office (computerised data, a big reading machine and good recording equipment) provides him with the requisite flexibility and informational backing. Also, he has social charm. How else could he have persuaded so many German military families to let him have access to records denied to other historians?

For some time now, Irving has been politically active be-

hind the scenes, and has attracted a nucleus of able people organised in a group called Focus, the aim of which is to promote right-wing causes. The split in the National Front over the past couple of years has created something of a vacuum on the Right, and Irving has stepped forward to fill it. In any case, he feels that some rightist activists (not necessarily in the National Front) have been giving fascism a bad name. Much of his support comes from elements of the Conservative Party.

Irving is not so explicit on the racial issue as I should like him to be, but there is no doubt at all that he would prevent further coloured immigration and reverse the flow altogether -- so far as is possible through the use of humane methods. He is careful not to express anti-Jewish sentiments (although he has always been openly anti-Zionist), and even goes so far as to hobnob with the half-Jew Sir James Goldsmith. I am very doubtful about this, just as I am doubtful about the stated dedication of Focus to "Christian and democratic ideals," but perhaps this has to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, and perhaps both Goldsmith and Irving think they are using each other. What is certain is that Jewish groups display ranting, raving hatred whenever Irving appears in public. The Jewish Board of Deputies has been watching him for years, ever since he published an advertisement for Sir Oswald Mosley's journal *Action* as a London University student over thirty years ago. Nor does it improve his image with the Jews when he is quoted as expressing the hope that Winston Churchill is frying in hell. His statements have been twisted whenever possible, and a number of outright lies about him have been given maximum publicity.

A week in the life of this extraordinarily tough and dedicated man can pack in more excitement than most people experience in a lifetime. Recently, he agreed to give a series of lectures in various British universities on the somewhat controversial subject of Hitler and the Jews. The Jews have most certainly not forgotten his public offer of a thousand pounds to anyone who could prove any connection between Hitler and the gassing of Jews. (Needless to add, no one has come forward with any serious evidence.) On Monday, February 2, 1981, he tried to address the students of Southampton University, but was howled down by organised Jewry. In Oxford on the same day, he was also prevented from speaking, but a party which he attended there that evening appears to have been a great success. The following day Irving went up to speak to the students at Bradford University. The Jews heckled him vio-



lently, but he was able to get some of his points across. On Wednesday, he addressed the students at Leeds University, where he was publicly insulted by at least a hundred Jews, one of whom spat in his face. All this was organised by a Jew called Reuben, who followed him round from meeting to meeting. On Thursday at Birmingham University there was real mayhem. Enormous numbers of Jews and leftists yelled and screamed, but Irving's friends put a helmet bearing the legend, "Gays against Hitler," on his head, formed a flying wedge, and got him onto the stage. He was opposed by a certain Professor Grenville (viz Grünwald. God Almighty, think of Grenville and the Revenge!), who did the restrained, civilised disagreement bit, leaving his fellow Jews to continue their hysterical yelling once he had finished. The pandemonium was appalling, but the loudspeakers at the back of the hall were good enough for Irving to circumvent the phalanx of Jews immediately in front of him. He said that people could read his books to find out what he thought. Why, then, had he come to address them? Because the principle of free speech was like that of a public right of way. If it was not used, it fell into abeyance. Eventually, the safety curtain had to be lowered, striking Irving on the head, but without hurting him. The student officials quietly asked him back for an interview on the following Tuesday, to be relayed over the students' TV-radio network.

On Friday, Irving went to speak at York University, where the hall was absolutely crammed. But this time, it was not just Mr. Reuben and his friends who were following him around. The Jews performed their usual disgusting antics in the front, but the rest of the audience reacted against them in such a violent fashion that Irving became nervous for the first time -- at the prospect of presiding over a pogrom! Eventually, the Jews fell quite silent and had to hear him speak.

This was just one week in the life of David Irving. It should really have begun on January 28, where some brave souls at the Jewish-dominated Sussex University had asked him down to speak. Needless to say, this invitation was soon withdrawn "on moral grounds." However, a meeting at Atlantic College, of all places, on January 30, was well attended, and a number of intelligent questions were asked. Then came the week of university meetings described above. Whenever Irving got the chance to speak, he wiped the floor with his opponents. The fact is that he just knows too much. As for those who try to get him on specific statements in the past, he has developed a highly effective technique for dealing with them. He asks them where they have obtained their information. In one case, a youth had taken his information from the notorious "anti-fascist" publication, *Searchlight*, which enabled Irving to say a few things about the criminal record of the writer. In another case, a Jewess pretended that her information came from a daily paper, but Irving pointed out that it was not a newspaper she was holding in her hand. In the end, she lamely admitted that she was holding a handout from the Board of Deputies of British Jews. The effect on audiences of such tactics is electric.

You might think that Irving would take a rest after such an active week. Not at all, he was off to give a series of lectures in Germany. You might ask when he finds time to write his books. The answer appears to be, at night. He has given up

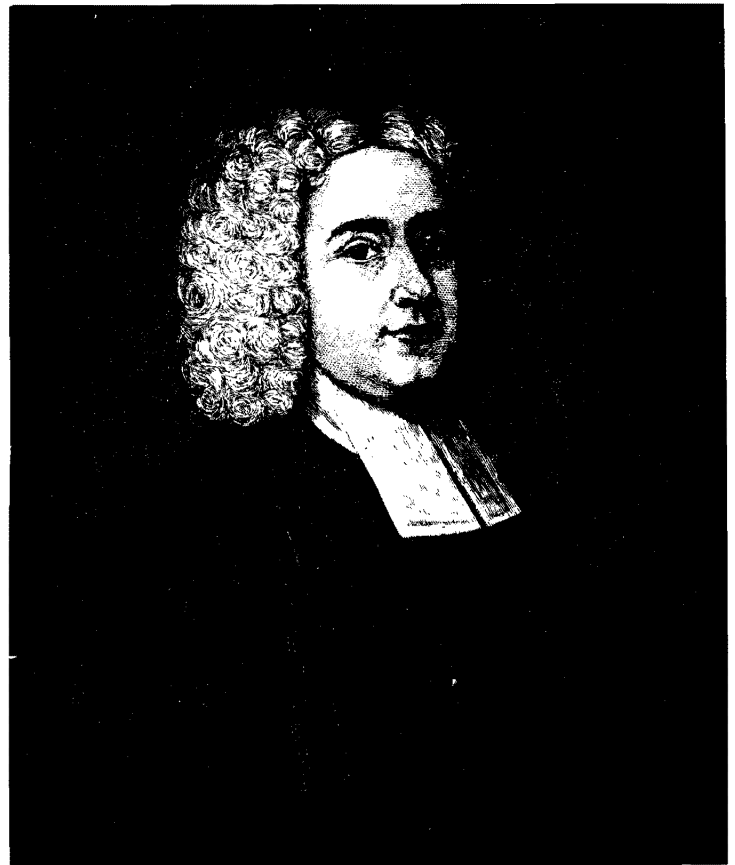
drinking altogether, so that he can devote himself full time to his writing and speaking.

My guess is that Irving will make a really big impact in the future. He has understood that one might as well begin with the Hollow Caust lie, because the Jews force one back to it in any case, whenever someone tries to speak out for the Dispossessed Majority. Incidentally, just one small detail. I saw Irving in the room of a university professor. He was leafing through a book which he had taken out of the bookcase. It was in fact *The Dispossessed Majority*.

* * *

*A philosopher, one Bishop Berkeley,
Remarked metaphysic'ly, darkly,
"Quite half of what we see
Cannot possibly be,
And the rest's altogether unlarkly."*

Having no television set, I am often reduced to reading in order to while away the hours. On reconsidering Berkeley's *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Understanding* (1710), I was struck by its relevance to our present plight. He claims that things only exist in so far as their qualities are perceived by a mind. Such an idealist view tends toward solipsism, but Berkeley argues that the harmonious relationships perceived in nature, and the fact that things are perceived similarly by different people, can only be explained by their being continually present in the mind of God. By implication, he disapproves of miracles, which depart from the natu-



Bishop Berkeley

ral order, and explains away defects in nature by comparing them to shadows in a picture, which throws the brighter parts into relief. (Pope later referred to such discord as "harmony not understood.") Not that Berkeley claims any logical connexion in sequences of events -- but rather a kind of symmetry appreciated by the mind in tune with God. Thus recognition of the natural order becomes an essential mark of true philosophy, not to speak of religion.

An interesting point is that Berkeley rejects all abstract general ideas (his example is "mankind") on the grounds that no such concept can comprehend all the individual phenomena which are claimed to be contained in it. By implication, he accepts Locke's contention that general ideas are not to be found among animals, but adds that many men are likewise incapable of them (and one might add that many handicapped persons who pass for men lack even the abilities of animals). He insists that such ideas are no more than convenient linguistic symbols, like numbers except in so far as they also evoke emotions. It follows that the concept of mankind is but a bundle of particularities, and that all categories are but arrangements for the facilitation of thought. In this, he is directly in the tradition of the mediaeval Nominalist philosophers, who denied any necessary connexion between a name and the thing it represented. The French leftist critic Roland Barthes has made use of this arbitrariness in thought to suggest that our view of a work of art may legitimately differ from that of our predecessors. But I would agree that different kinds of

people tend to conceive things differently, that those most in harmony with the producer of the work of art have most justification in promoting their viewpoint, and that works of art produced by members of one group may appear irrelevant or repulsive to another group. If there is a religious gene, as suggested by Wilmot Robertson, may there not also be genetic bonds between creator and appreciator (however far removed in time) which explain their similar way of looking at things? By implication, Berkeley affirms the role of instinctual perception in our interpretation of all phenomena. If we frustrate our deepest instincts, we can no longer tell the truth.

Our enemies try to have it both ways. They insist on the basic unity of mankind, ignoring the enormous differences. But at the same time, they make use of Nominalist arguments to deny the reality of race, seizing on peripheral examples to discredit the whole concept. Their thinking, as J.R. Baker says in his book, *Race*, is purely mathematical, by which he means that they manipulate mathematics to deny what is instinctively perceived, not only by us but by other races as well.

Finally, it seems to me that Berkeley offers us an escape from the arbitrary aspects of Nominalism. If there is a God, or as I would put it, if the Universe is Mind, then it can order phenomena in such a way that they tend to be perceived in certain categories. Does not this argument resolve the basic point at issue between the mediaeval Nominalists and Essentialists? And does it not justify our racial categories?

Father Machree

From the Auld Sod

A Gallup Poll, conducted for the BBC's Panorama Program in the spring of 1978, stated that 53% of the British people thought their government should declare its intent to withdraw from Northern Ireland. Thirty percent were opposed and 17% had no opinion. It would be nice to know how many of the polled Brits were Afros and Pakis.

In October 1979, a poll taken by the Economic and Social Research Institute indicated that 56% of the British people favored a withdrawal from Northern Ireland -- regardless of the wishes of the Ulsterites. Only 33% of the Brits disagreed and the undecided figure remained at 17%.

The latest poll, published early this year by a London daily, showed that 61% of the Brits favored the removal of Northern Ireland from the United Kingdom, 57% thought the British Army should pull out at once, 40% thought not, and the undecided had dropped to a new low of 7%. The poll provided figures on the age, sex, religion and economic position of the respondents, but not, of course, any data on their race.

There are some equally interesting poll results from Southern Ireland, where only 41.8% are sympathetic to the IRA and only

67.9% favor a united Ireland. However, 77.8% support a British withdrawal from Ulster at a date certain.

In other words, while a majority of the Southern Irish do favor a united Ireland, the majority is much smaller than many Americans believe. That less than 50% of the Southern Irish are IRA sympathizers should come as an equal shock to the uninformed.

The majority of Northern Irelanders, of course, favor going it alone when England -- as it most certainly will sooner or later -- pulls out of old Erin.

* * *

We Irish just may have beaten the Vikings to America. St. Brendan, who was born in A.D. 484, wrote a tall tale about a voyage he took with 14 fellow monks. Just recently, some Canadian archaeologists have discovered a stone with some old Ogam script carved on it. Now Ogam is a language that has not been spoken in the Auld Sod since the Christians drove out the Druids in the fifth century. It could, of course, be a hoax, but at present the Canadians seem to believe that the stone inscriptions are a genuine

find. Till now, Brendan's story ("Navigatio") was thought to be pure fiction. But there was a time when the story of Troy was also considered to be nothing more than a fairy tale. One reason for the reluctance to give any credence to St. Brendan was that there has always been a lot more to us Irish than the British have ever liked to admit in public.

* * *

Cromwell, Ireland's public enemy #1, was not considered to be any saint by many of the British and Scots. It was during Cromwell's bloody dictatorship that most of the Irish, Scots, and some of the English as well, were forced to go to the West Indies. Some were shipped off because they were unable to pay their debts. Others held political beliefs that differed with Cromwell's. Still others were desperately poor and sold themselves into slavery for a period of seven years. If they broke any of their master's rigid rules, they were forced to continue their slavery for another seven years.

The whites who were rounded up and sent to the slave mills of the West Indies were said to have been "barbadoed,"

which means "removed against one's will to a far-off part of the world." Often these wretched victims received worse treatment than the imported slaves from Africa, since they were not slaves for life and tended to be less docile than Afros.

While over 125,000 were originally shipped to the West Indies, only 12,000 to 15,000 of them remain today. They are called Redlegs because of the way that the hot sun works on their white skin. They are desperately poor, mostly illiterate, and gradually dying out.

Most of them have been abandoned to black socialist governments and would like to go back to the mother country. Unfortunately, this will not happen. It will not happen because the last thing the British government would like to see is a group of whites telling fellow whites what life is like for nonblacks under a black government.

* * *

Ian Paisley is one fellow who is silly enough to provide some future George Bernard Shaw with the comedy of a lifetime, provided that some damned idiot doesn't shoot the bloody ass and make a hero out of

him. Should Paisley be kicked out of Ulster and the ministry, I can't help but feel that he might still have quite a future as a comedian. It is said that even some of his British supporters are amused by his rantings. Some IRAers actually think Paisley is an asset to their cause.

* * *

Let's clean up the British propaganda surrounding the so-called "dirty protest" conducted by their Irish nationalist prisoners. In the first place, this "dirty protest" began after guards began throwing their excrement back into the cells on the prisoners instead of having the decency to empty the containers. This was often done while the prisoners were asleep, and the guards (generally known as "screws") would make special efforts to cover both the prisoners and their mattresses with it. In desperation, the prisoners themselves began smearing excrement on the walls of their cells. The guards seemed to take a perverse delight in this action, despite the fact that they were -- and still are -- forced to endure a limited amount of the stench. I do hope that the idiotic "British subscriber" whose comment appears in

the March 1981 issue of *Instauration* will take note. I might add, in addition to the Irish prisoners, there is at least one Irish lady who does not believe all of the screws are nice people. The lady I refer to is Rosanna Leckey, wife of a prison warden, who recently blasted her husband with his own shotgun.

* * *

The people of Ireland have always held the Kennedy family in such reverence that they were faced with a difficult problem in explaining the events of Chappaquiddick. After lengthy consideration, the Irish government released the following explanation, which somehow has disappeared from the state archives:

God bless Senator Kennedy, that sainted soul who was taking that fine Catholic girl to midnight mass when the tragedy occurred. Noble individual that he is, he spent the next 12 hours in devout prayer before he notified the authorities. The American government would be well advised to find the Protestant bastard that built that narrow bridge.

Primate Watch



DAN RATHER, the \$8-million anchorman, didn't debut too well when he finally took over the "CBS Evening News" from America's favorite uncle figure, avuncular Walter Cronkite. After claiming a Negro cab driver in Chicago tried to kidnap him, he got the offending cabbie fired, caused him to lose his home, and tried to get him jailed -- all this in spite of his deep affection for blacks. Iroquois Dan had refused to pay the fare when the cabbie couldn't find the Chicago mansion of Jewish feuilletonist Studs Turkel, whom Rather was interviewing for a puff piece on "60 Minutes."

We haven't seen any ratings as yet, but it would seem reasonable to believe that Dan will not hold on to all of Walter's captive audience. That old CBS slant becomes more and more obvious when read by a dark, intense, self-proclaimed part-Iroquois than by a well-groomed WASP type like Cronkite. Style and a clipped moustache make an excellent camouflage for mendacity, and leather-faced Rather doesn't project a photon of Cronkite's smooth authoritativeness. No matter how skewed the content, no matter how distorted the message, it's the gospel truth when Cronkite reads it, or so it seems to the vast CBS news claque. In this sense the departure of Cronkite is a small victory

for honest reporting. Rather's news will be the same as Cronkite's. The same Augean stable of writers, the same old producer, Sanford Socolow, will still be in there pitching the old William Paley line, dredging up the Love Canal, Three Mile Island and the Holocaust at every opportunity. But Squaw Baby's grating spiel is harder to swallow.

☆ ☆ ☆

When Nazi child molester Frank Collin became head of a seedy, sleazy gang of Chicago Nazis, we thought we'd seen everything. We hadn't. **LITTLESUN BORDEAUX**, an 8-year-old student at a Hebrew school in Spokane, Washington, claims to be the direct descendant and heir presumptive of the famed Sioux chief, Crazy Horse. Three generations of Jewesses, Littlesun asserts, married Sioux warriors, and he is the end prod-uct. As *Newsweek* describes it, his mother Armatona is one-quarter Sioux and 100% Hadassah.

☆ ☆ ☆

JAY EMMETT and **LEONARD HOROWITZ**, two top officials of the giant Warner Communications Corp., pleaded guilty to

various charges of fraud and income tax evasion. The federal prosecutor in charge of the criminal proceedings, centered around the massive skimming in the Westchester Premier Theater, said **FRANK SINATRA** had a part in the wrongdoing. But since Frankie has a written character reference from the President of the United States, he is not likely to be brought to the bar of justice for this offense or for any other of his numerous offenses.

☆ ☆ ☆

IVAN VAN SERTIMA, a mulatto mythologist, won the 1980 Clarence Holte Prize for his book, *They Came Before Columbus*, which "proves" that blacks discovered America 2,200 years before 1492.

☆ ☆ ☆

In the midst of the 1972 presidential campaign **MIZ LILLIAN CARTER** attended a benefit featuring Andy Young and Harry Belafonte. Afterwards, she said, "I had a ball," and told her eldest, "Jimmy, I wish I were black." "Why?" asked the president-to-be. "Jimmy, I don't know. I just do." (From *Jimmy Carter, a Character Portrait*, Bruce Mazlish and Edwin Diamond, Simon and Schuster, 1979).

☆ ☆ ☆

Primate Watch



When the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Dec. 16, 1980) reviewed a cannibal cookbook, *To Serve Man* by **KARL WURF** (a relation of Jerry Wurf's?), we looked it up in *Books in Print* and tried to order a copy. But letters and phone calls failed to produce the publisher, listed as the Owlswick Press. Instaurators will therefore be unable to learn more about such interesting recipes as Man Loaf, Minceman, Person Stroganoff, Sweet Man, Sour Man, Chile Con Hombre, and Person Kebab. In his introduction the author wrote:

Why eat Man? The harder question to answer is, why not? After all, Man is a large plentiful animal. Unusually choice specimens run about 240 pounds. Man can be prepared for table in many appetizing ways And, above all, Man is available.

The way things are going, by the end of the century Wurf's cookbook may well be outselling *The Joy of Cooking* and the gourmet recipes of Julia Child.



LEONARD MEYER was the first to take advantage of the new California law which allows deaf people to sit on juries. The court had to hire a special sign language expert to interpret the proceedings for Meyer, who joined the other jurors in clearing a man charged with pimpery.



LARRY LEVENSON, FRANK PERNICE, HARRY GORDON and **ALAN FEINBERG** were indicted for skimming more than \$2.3 million from the till of Plato's Retreat, the "everybody-join-in" sex club that was one of New York City's proudest attractions. Concurrently, **STEVE RUBELL** and **IAN SCHRAGER**, former owners of Studio 54, the high-decibel, high-fashion disco, flew back to Fun City, tanned and fit, after serving time in a country club gaol on Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama. The pair had been sentenced for evading more than \$400,000 in income taxes. In prison they had their choice of tennis, softball, volleyball and billiards, were allowed to picnic with visitors on the grounds, and given 14-hour furloughs to Montgomery, which they decided was a hick town. Former Congressman **CHARLES DIGGS, JR.**, the kickback black from Michigan, also put in some time at Maxwell before he was transferred to a "halfway" house in the District of Columbia. Altogether Diggs served seven months

of a three-year sentence for forcing members of his staff to give him \$60,000 from their salaries. When Diggs was released from the halfway house, he was immediately hired as a special assistant to the Congressional Black Caucus.

NORMAN SHAPIRO, professor of romance languages and literature at Wesleyan University, has atoned for his translation of Jean Raspail's *Camp of the Saints* by Englishing the verses of black Francophony poets. In a publicity blurb celebrating his genius, Shapiro was called a "premier translator of French farce." Not a word about Raspail's uncanny book-length prediction, already partly fulfilled, of the massive civilization-wrecking migrations of nonwhites to the white world.



Norman Shapiro



Affirmative Action is a pretty expensive proposition for American business. It has been horribly expensive for Wells Fargo Bank, which hired a black named **BENJAMIN LEWIS** some years ago to make the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission happy. His white bosses soon promoted him to operations officer at the Beverly Hills branch and gave him the run of the bank's computer. Working with black boxing promoter **HAROLD SMITH** and using the name of draft-dodger Muhammad Ali, Lewis milked Wells Fargo of \$21 million. The ex-operations officer has now flown the coop, while Smith plays a game of hide-and-seek with the police. The Smith-Lewis caper will probably throw more boxing business into the boxing empire of that other black promoter, Don King, who combs his hair straight up and once served four years for manslaughter.

Nikolai's Roof on the top of the Atlanta Hilton requires its dinner guests to wear a tie -- not an unreasonable request -- and will lend one to anyone who arrives tieless. But this was not good enough for **SPENCER FELDMAN**. He refused to borrow a tie and demanded to be admitted with his open Hollywood shirt. Though he hurried and he puffed and he chutzpahed, they wouldn't let him in. Feldman is now suing for \$25,000 and hopes the court's decision will make dress codes unconstitutional, not only in Georgia but elsewhere.

Reagan may have been a bit stingy in handing out cabinet posts to his minority supporters, but he's making up for it in the foreign service. Supermarket tycoon **THEODORE CUMMINGS** has been appointed ambassador to Austria; **JOHN L. LOEB, JR.**, the Jewish banker and lawbreaker (federal election law), was made ambassador to Denmark, and **MAXWELL RABB**, Eisenhower's Hofjude, ambassador to Italy. **ROBERT NESEN**, an L.A. Cadillac dealer, Ronnie's Pacific Palisades neighbor and the new ambassador to Australia, may or may not be a Jew, but he certainly isn't a descendant of the Puritans or the Cavaliers. The same may be said for Vienna-born **ROBERT NEUMANN**, the new ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Neumann, once an inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, is officially a Catholic.

GEORGE F. WILL, who passes for a conservative columnist while touting minority racism as loudly as Buckley, has had a change of heart. It was he who initiated the campaign that culminated in Connecticut's first commutation of a death sentence. Will now admits that "the categorical nature of my position . . . certainly was wrong. And I may have been wrong on the issue itself." Wrong as he admits he was yesterday, he continues to write his columns instructing millions of Americans about what is right and wrong today, even though he may change his mind again tomorrow.

PETER YARROW of Peter, Paul and Mary, a trio of hyperliberal troubadours, was found guilty of molesting a 14-year-old girl ten years ago. The day before Jimmy the Tooth left office, he granted Yarrow a full pardon.



Iceland. On October 10 last, the 103rd session of the Althing, the world's oldest parliament, was convened by Vigdis Finnbogadóttir, the country's first lady president. She asked the 60 legislators to work together to overcome their inborn individualism.

Recent blood group tests have shown that most Icelanders, although their ruling class was and is Nordic, are more closely related to Celts than to Scandinavians. Type O blood predominates in Iceland and Ireland, while Type A prevails in Norway and Denmark.

Some say that the blending of the Celt and Nordic accounts for the great literature of the Eddas to which Iceland contributed more than any Nordic nation. But perhaps in those early days there was little to blend because the original Celts were Nordics.

Iceland's population fell from 80,000 in A.D. 1100 to 40,000 in the 18th century, then rose to 200,000 in 1976. The island has one of the few remaining populations of Northern Europeans with a high birthrate (7 per 1,000).

Per capita, more books are published in Iceland each year than in any other country.

About 20,000 people of Icelandic birth or ancestry live in the U.S., most of them in the western part of the country. Most Icelandic Americans are Lutherans, although there are 200 Icelandic Mormons in Utah.

Britain. Brits still ask themselves why the British Empire collapsed like a house of cards. They also want to know why top-echelon officials of British Intelligence and the British Foreign Service were willing to sell out their country to a non-U nation like Russia and a non-U creed like Marxism. One answer to both of these questions is the near total degeneration of the British upper classes. Most of the spies who gave their all to the KGB were Oxbridge homosexuals who forsook their aristocratic ties and duties to join a tribe that has no racial or national moorings of any kind. Today, at the very moment that Britons are hearing that a former director general of MI5 (British Intelligence), the late Sir Roger Hollis, may have been a Soviet mole, along comes Sir Peter Hayman, former deputy undersecretary at the Foreign Office, former member of the Defense Ministry, and former ambassador to Canada. Sir Peter, it turns out, was a transvestite, whose principal occupational specialty, when not holding down highly sensitive posts in the British government, was child pornography. Was Sir Peter also working for the Old Boy network in Moscow? Why not? Anyone who is a pedophile is capable of anything.

* * *

We like the looks of Prince Charles's intended. Perhaps it's because some of Diana Spencer's blueblood comes from George Washington, as announced by *The Royal Wedding*, a new book authored by Hugo Vickers (Viking). Let us hope that her American genes will partially make up for the sprinkling of Amerindian genes contributed to Britain's worst prime minister by the American Jerome family.

* * *

Lord Kagan, the embezzler pal of former Labour Prime Minister Harold Wilson, was not only a crook; he also dabbled in the ever more popular British pastime of spying. Once known as Pincus Kaganovich, the noble lord, it has now come out, helped finance various Jewish terrorist activities, including the theft of enriched uranium from an unnamed Western country. Arrested in France some months ago and brought back to Britain, his bail was set rather low. Reports are so confused that we can't find out whether he promptly fled to Israel or landed in jail.

France. Last fall during the height of the anti-anti-Semitic agitation, the French media raged against an arson attack on a Jewish store in Paris. A Star of David and a swastika had been painted on the walls of the partly gutted building. Recently Eric Lévy, the manager of the store, was sent to jail for the crime. Lévy explained that he was depressed about store sales, so he decided to burn the place down and blame it on French Nazis.

* * *

The "King of Sugar" as Maurice Varsano was known in Paris, died last November, but the press scarcely noticed it. One of the world's richest men, Varsano thrived on anonymity. Born in 1916, the son of Vitalis Varsano and Rachel Lévy, immigrants from the Ottoman Empire, Maurice went as a young man to Morocco, where he plunged into the spice trade. In 1941 in Iran he was speculating in salt. In 1943, already immensely wealthy, he was put in charge of press propaganda for the French army in North Africa. He returned to Paris after the blood-bespattered liberation and soon became Europe's greatest private trader and speculator in sugar. In this capacity, he worked closely with Fidel Castro, who intro-

duced him to members of Communist high society. In 1974 came the "scandal of the white sugar" in France, which involved a series of price manipulations and corners. During all the subsequent hue and cry about monopoly, exploitation and capitalist bloodsuckers, Varsano's name was never mentioned.

* * *

Thousands of Frenchmen have been victimized by l'affaire Rozenblum, in which thousands of vacation apartments were "sold" to buyers on the basis of shared ownership. Instead of giving the purchasers a deed, Rozenblum simply sent them a piece of paper which stated they were "associates" of a leisure-time corporation. In this way each unit was "sold" for four or five times the normal price. After milking the public of some 600 million francs, Rozenblum then went bankrupt, along with 43 of his associated companies. No one as yet knows if the Rothschilds, who helped finance the scam, have lost any money. Marc Rozenblum was born in Kaunas, Lithuania, half a century ago. He was never listed in any French financial directory and none of his million-dollar enterprises were mentioned by any French financial publication. No one knows how he got to France or how he established such close financial ties to the Rothschilds.

* * *

Having almost killed Marc Fredriksen, the leader of a miniscule right-wing movement called FANE, Jewish terrorists turned their attention to Michel Caignet, 26, the treasurer of the now outlawed group, who had just passed an examination entitling him to become a professor of German. They caught him when he was leaving his home in the Paris suburbs and threw a bottle of acid in his face. He will be permanently disfigured and may be permanently blinded. Two policemen who saw the attack refused to pursue the assailant. If it were not for a passing truck driver who took down the license number of the car after witnessing the attack, the terrorists might never have been found. Needless to say, the authorities are not breaking their necks to bring the acid throwers to justice. At present a first-year Jewish medical student named Aziza is the chief suspect. A bench warrant is out for his arrest, but he has conveniently disappeared. Several incriminating documents, including a hit list of Jewish "enemies," were found at his home.

West Germany. At least one or two fewer German children are going to be molested and/or murdered in the next couple of years. During the trial of Klaus Grabowsky for sexually assaulting and strangling the seven-

year-old daughter of Marianne Bachmeier, Frau Bachmeier shot him dead while he was sitting in the dock. The Associated Press reported, "Bailiffs and a roomful of stunned spectators watched in horror as Grabowsky fell to the floor." Nobody watched in horror when Grabowsky, a recidivist child molester, assaulted and strangled the young Bachmeier girl, packed her body in a box and buried the mutilated corpse in a shallow grave.

* * *

Axel Springer, the press lord of West Germany, explained to the French weekly *Le Figaro* that he imposes certain sets of rules or principles on the editors of his five daily newspapers, two Sunday papers, the weekly *Bild Zeitung* (5,000,000 readers) and the international edition of *Die Welt*:

- (1) The reunification of Germany.
- (2) The reconciliation of Germans and Jews. "This is a moral duty toward Israel and it is much more than a reparation."
- (3) Firm and unrelenting anti-Nazism, anti-fascism and anti-communism (in that order).
- (4) Profound faith in the free-market system.

As long as the news doesn't violate any or all of these directives, the Axel Springer empire will tell it straight.

* * *

Two years after NBC's "Holocaust" the Germans were treated to another docu-drama, "The Yellow Star." This time the accent was more on the "docu" than the drama. Essentially, it was the same old rerun of Allied and German war footage, touched up here and there. But it contained one startling new twist -- clips from Nazi propaganda film, "The Führer Gives the Jews a Town," originally shot in the "model" Jewish internment camp of Theresianstadt. This was a new one on audiences conditioned for decades to believe that the only good thing about Nazism was that it was totally bad. Is this celluloid surprise part of a whole secret archive of Hitler-era films being kept under wraps lest we boobs get the wrong (or right) idea about the Holocaust?

Soviet Union. In a recent issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the Russian equivalent of the *Times Literary Supplement* (London), there was an article entitled, "Zionist Transmission Belt: Who foments anti-Semitism in the West?" The answer was pat and precise:

International Zionism would balk at nothing to increase the flow of immigrants from other countries to Israel. Anti-Semi-

tism is being used by Zionist organizations to move Jews to Israel.

The author of the article was a Jewish nondissident named Tsezar Solodar.

Middle East. The following is the latest census of Palestinians, as compiled by the Palestine Institute of Statistics. The West Bank figure includes 100,000 Palestinians still living in East Jerusalem:

Jordan	1,160,800
West Bank	818,300
Gaza Strip	476,700
Israel	530,600
Syria	215,500
Lebanon	347,100
Kuwait	278,800
Saudi Arabia	127,000
United Arab Emirates	34,700
Qatar	22,500
Iraq	20,000
Libya	23,300
United States	10,200
Others	175,000
Total	4,240,200

Israel. The Promised Land is getting to be a nuclearized land, both weaponwise and power plantwise. By the year 2000 C.E. (none of that anno domini stuff for the Israelis), Uzi Elam, chairman of the Israel Atomic Energy Commission, promises that from 25 to 50% of his country's power requirements will be supplied by 1,000-megawatt nuclear reactors, three or four of which are already on the drawing boards. But it's another story in Promised Land II. If Jewish leaders of the anti-nuke movement in the U.S. have their say and manage to revive the public's flagging interest in their cause, by A.D. 2000 there won't be a single nuclear plant from California to the New York Island.

* * *

Peter Virag, a Hungarian Jewish refugee, went into business in Montreal, Canada, in 1972. His stated purpose was to produce and test integrated circuits. Consequently, it was no great surprise when truckloads of the latest computer gear from California pulled up in front of his door. But it was a little unsettling when he immediately transshipped it all to Amsterdam, whence it was flown to East Germany, whence it was flown to Instaurationists know where. Why was a nice Jewish businessman selling hot-off-the-griddle American high technology to the Soviet Union? Virag had a ready alibi. It was all the fault of Jacob Kelmer, another Jewish businessman working out of Haifa. Virag thought all his material was going to Israel, which made the clandestine

shipments excusable, since anything goes as far as Israel is concerned. Kelmer has now been indicted in absentia by a New York grand jury. But as he is sticking close to Haifa these days, it is doubtful if he will ever be incarcerated in an American hoosegow. The U.S. is not likely to take a leaf from the Zionist book and send over a commando team to kidnap him.

* * *

An Orthodox Jewish couple living near Tel Aviv recently became the astonished parents of a baby -- a "coal-black" baby, according to *Maariv*, one of Israel's two mass-circulation dailies. Thereupon events began to hum: the husband, a Talmud student, immediately asked for a divorce; the infant was given out for adoption; the rabbis began an in-depth investigation. Miraculous to say, blood tests proved that the father in name was the father in fact. To get to the bottom of the genetic foul-up, the Beth Din, a Sanhedrin-type court in charge of such racial matters, dispatched a special envoy to the U.S. to query the father's mother. Located in New York City, her tongue loosened by a little rabbinical prodding, she told a gruesome tale of rape by a Fun City black. When she found she was pregnant, she decided not to tell her husband, but did promise to kill herself if the baby arrived with too much pigmentation. Since it turned out to be acceptably white, she put the whole embarrassing experience out of her mind. When the story of the long-ago rape broke in Israel, this time it was the wife of the tar-brushed husband who pressed for a divorce. She said she didn't want to bear any more pickaninnies, no matter how cute they were. It is doubtful if this would be sufficient grounds for divorce in the U.S.

Lebanon. Two black soldiers from Nigeria were killed a few weeks ago when Major Haddad's "Christian" forces opened fire for the x-teenth time on the United Nations peacekeeping force, which has already lost 58 dead since it set up shop in Southern Lebanon in 1978. A tin soldier of Israel, Haddad knows his crimes will be circumspectly unrecorded in the network evening news. Nazi puppets are called Quislings and collaborators. A Jewish puppet like Haddad is called, of all things, a "Christian" and a "Lebanese patriot." General Callaghan, the Irish commander of the UN troops, has now demanded: (1) that his soldiers be given freedom of action to keep the peace; (2) an end to Israel's arming and subsidizing Haddad's condottieri; (3) the withdrawal of all Israeli forces now fighting side by side with their Lebanese fifth columnists. Israel's response was a triple thumbs down.

Words, Words

A Marine court-martial sentenced 20-year-old Armando Rojas to die for the pre-meditated murder of Pfc. Raymond St. Onge. It's the first Marine death sentence handed down since 1817. No one expects it to be carried out.

Unpublicized Raid

The African National Congress, a cover name for a group of latter-day Mau Mau slashers, has been using Maputo, the decaying urban dump that was once the thriving capital of Portuguese Mozambique, as a staging area for terrorists en route to South Africa. One hot tropical day last winter Maputo had visitors. A bunch of Afrikaner commandos in choppers landed close by the African National Congress headquarters. In no time there was no more headquarters. It was the kind of daring raid that would have been splashed all over the world press if it had been pulled off by the Israelis -- or if it had failed. Back in South Africa, General Constant Viljoen said his country is going to pursue "the enemy wherever he might be found. Neighboring states must now realize once and forever that the housing of anti-South African terrorists contains a danger to their own safety and stability."

Attention All Revisionists!

The Institute for Historical Review continues its furious pace -- it seems to come out with a new book every day -- by publishing the *1981 Revisionist Bibliography*, a long, comprehensive, 70-page list of books that will provide both scholars and the intellectually curious with startling new insights into the key events of the 20th century -- a century whose history has been distorted beyond all imagining by the liberal-minority academic crowd. There are almost 400 titles listed . . . books challenging the Holocaust, on the origin of World Wars I and II, on the Palestinians, on war crimes against, not by, Germans . . . little-known books of well-known publishers and better-known books of little-known publishers, books by such authors as Harry Elmer Barnes, Charles Beard, Vera Brittain, A.K. Chesterton, Benjamin Colby, Norman Dacey, David Dallin, Lawrence Dennis, James Ennes, Finis Farr, Hamilton Fish, David Hoggan and David Irving. With each listing is a brief summary of the book's contents.

The *1981 Revisionist Bibliography* is compiled by Keith Stimely, the brilliant young historian and University of Oregon graduate who authored the anti-Holocaust

bibliography that appeared in the May issue of *Instauration*. The book, which costs \$5, plus \$1 postage and handling, may be ordered from the Institute for Historical Review, Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505.

Lex Talionis

When Representative Frank D. Shurden of the Oklahoma legislature introduced a bill last year to give repeated male sex offenders the choice of life imprisonment or castration, it was only narrowly defeated. He recently reintroduced a modified bill with the word "castration" changed to "asexualization." It passed the Oklahoma House, but the Senate shelved it because it was "giving the state a bad name." At the same time Shurden sponsored, with little hope that it would be passed, another bill making it mandatory for convicted murderers to be executed in the same manner they killed their victims. At present, if anyone on Oklahoma's death row should walk the last mile, he will enter the Great Beyond courtesy of an injection of a lethal drug.

Signature Hunt

FAIR (Federation for American Immigration Reform) is launching a national campaign to collect 100,000 signatures for a letter to President Reagan, urging him to get on the ball in regard to immigration. Although our borders have become little more than lines on a map in any real sense, and although the Immigration and Naturalization Service's morale is almost zero, the Reagan budget reduces the annual federal outlay for the INS from \$384.6 million to \$363.4 million and cuts agency personnel from 10,886 to 9,531. At least 90% of all Americans want illegal immigration stopped at once, and 80% want legal immigration cut, but no one in the White House is listening, even when illegal immigrants, as they are now doing, not only take ordinary jobs away from Americans, but skilled jobs as well. If any Instaurationist wishes to add his John Hancock to the signature campaign, FAIR's address is Box 57066, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Down the Drain

In relation to its population, Canada has the largest foreign aid program of any nation -- \$200 per year per Canadian family, \$1.33 billion a year, three times more per capita than the U.S. budget for foreign aid. Name any Third World country with a corrupt dic-

tator and chances are Canadians are pouring good money after bad into his pockets. Castro-loving countries, Moscow-loving countries, West-hating countries -- it's all the same to Canada's giveaway artists.

To show Canadians how much of their wherewithal is being thrown away on foreigners is the mission of the Citizens for Foreign Aid Reform, two of whose officers, Paul Fromm and James P. Hull, have now co-authored a book entitled *Down the Drain?* (\$5.95, 176 pp., Griffin House, 461 King Street West, Toronto, M5V 1K7, Canada).

Among the recipients of Canadian largesse are 30 African and Asian countries which commonly practice such forms of female sexual mutilation as clitorodectomy and infibulation. In the years 1976-78 Canada gave more than \$250 million to countries that have 70.6 million sexually mutilated women. So much for Canada's contribution to public health. As for human rights, Canada financially supports ten countries formally listed as violators of human rights by Amnesty International. Canada helps finance the endemic Cuban terror with low-interest loans and has given millions of dollars to Granada, the Antilles Marxist nest which opposed the U.N. resolution calling for the removal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan.

The authors of *Down the Drain?* also record that the Trudeau government looks with favor on the report of the Independent Commission on International Development, which has proposed, inter alia:

- An increase in foreign aid handouts to 0.7 percent of the GNP of the countries in the developed world. (For Canada this would amount to a yearly tribute of at least \$2 billion.)
- An international tax on trade, which would be funneled through the UN into the Third World.
- The creation of larger international food reserves by the food-exporting countries for the benefit of the food-importing countries.

To the Third World the above proposals are viewed as ultimatums, not mere suggestions, as evidenced by Nigerian President Shehu Shagari who calls for "a decade of reparations for Africa to make up for centuries of colonial exploitation." A former Ugandan professor, Ali Mazrui, who now teaches political science at the University of Michigan, is even more anti-white:

The decline of Western civilization might well be at hand. It is in the interest of humanity that such a decline should take place, allowing the different segments of the human race to enjoy a more equitable

share not only of the resources of the planet but also of the capacity to control the march of history.

Colonel Kwame Baah, Ghana's commissioner for Foreign Affairs, added his grim two cents' worth by warning, "We are prepared to back up our demands with ultimate force and we will not rest until our demands are met."

Dr. Garrett Hardin has provided the best answer to the eternally outstretched hands of Third World leaders.

[F]or the past 25 years we have tried to stop population growth by feeding. The results have been disastrous The number of desperately poor people has grown from one and a half billion to two and a half billion We've tried to cure the cancer of overpopulation by feeding it: now it's growing faster than ever.

Down the Drain? not only exposes Canada's wasteful foreign aid program, but reviews the philosophy behind foreign aid and the immense harm these handouts do to the recipients by turning them into beggar states and proliferating human anthills.

Hung by His Own Dirty Petard

A recent television program in Seattle was promoted as a "Town Meeting on Pornography." A few well-washed, well-dressed Majority types represented the anti-porn side. Their opponents were the usual scruffy lot, including the obligatory ACLU member, the oily-haired operator of a dirty movie theater, his lawyer, an unsoaped wacko wearing an "Immoral Minority" T-shirt, and other Hominidae of various shades of skin and temperament. To make what he thought would be a telling and devastating point, one of the lechers suddenly blurted out, "Just remember, there was no pornography in Nazi Germany." For just one brief moment, one fleeting second, viewers could almost see a salvo of shocking and conflicting thoughts shooting through the minds of the astonished and oh-so-liberal anti-pornites.

Eugenic Trend?

The New Jersey Supreme Court has approved the sterilization of the mentally incompetent. The ruling came about as the result of a case involving Ann Brady, a 19-year-old with a mental age of four. Ann's parents had been trying unsuccessfully to have her sterilized for some time, because she has Down's Syndrome (Mongolism). The same court had previously granted Karen Ann Quinlan, who had been in a coma for 11 months, the "right to die" in

1976. But when her respirator was removed, she still lived -- and, still comatose, lives on today. Despite the ruling of a sympathetic court, Miss Quinlan and her parents are still forced to endure her living death.

Duke's Hazardous Debate

David Duke, once the Grand Dragon of a Klan faction and now head of the NAAWP, the white version of the NAACP, is no tyro when it comes to massaging the media. He recently offered a \$1,400 reward for information leading to the arrest of the killer of Atlanta's black children. He explained this curious gesture in these words:

I firmly believe that whites are not responsible for those killings, that they are being performed by blacks. A lot of policemen told me . . . the abductions and bodies have been found in completely black areas where a white would be very suspicious.

Duke was quite right when he added that the media's inflammatory racist coverage of the crimes was inspiring blacks to commit violence against whites.

A few weeks later Duke went to Atlanta and bearded the lions in their den. He had a hot one-on-one debate with a Negro firebrand, Columbus Keeper, in the heart of the city's ghetto, on the question: Should whites pay reparations to blacks for alleged crimes committed against them in the slavery and post-slavery era? Duke was against any pay-offs, but he did make it clear that the entire nation should commit itself financially and otherwise to the separation of the races and to the establishment of a black homeland, either in the U.S. or elsewhere.

The debate, which received friendly treatment in the *Atlanta Journal*, was held under the auspices of the National Black Students Association, which gave Duke a \$700 fee, plus airfare. The event went off without incident, except for two white Communist Worker party members who were expelled when they tried to prevent Duke from speaking. Marxist whites don't want any "racist" whites to come up with solutions for blacks.

Black and White Together

Tom Metzger is another Majority Activist who is learning to deal with the media. A few weeks ago he tried to join the NAACP in order to "open lines of communications" with blacks. The NAACPers announced they would have no part of Metzger. In a further move to soften his image, Metzger then announced the formation of an interracial committee to fight illegal immigration. In addition to Metzger himself, the officers

are Jack Kimbrough, a Teamsters trucker, Albert Tapia, a Hispanic, and Henry Corey, a black. Kimbrough, the spokesman for the group, said he and the others would join Metzger against "an invasion of illegal aliens." He described the present situation as "a cease-fire in this war. And it is a war because if we don't win it, we won't have a country." He blames the immigration mess on the government, which depends on cheap labor "to destroy the wage scales and [working] conditions of the American working class." Expressing no qualms about Metzger, Kimbrough said he has "no fight with white Americans." "Some of the most racist minds," he asserted, "are embedded in black bodies."

Holocaustery

Is the world to be treated to another Protocols of Zion lawsuit, such as the one that brought Henry Ford to heel? Mel Mermelstein still insists he is going through with his \$17,050,000 suit against the Institute for Historical Review. He charges that, although he submitted proof that Jews were deliberately gassed at Auschwitz, he was not given the Institute's \$50,000 reward and was thereby grievously harmed and damaged. If the suit goes to trial, there is a bare possibility that the question of the Holocaust will be examined under American rules of evidence and the claims of eyewitnesses subjected to cross-examination, the normal procedures of Anglo-Saxon justice disallowed by the Star Chamber judges at Nuernberg. If the evidence should prove the exterminationists are right, so be it. But it is about time for an honest, down-to-earth trial, public debate, or at least more effective means of getting the truth than silencing anti-Holocausters in America with slander or threats of physical violence and silencing them in certain European countries with jail sentences.

As organized Jewry keeps up its sniping campaign against the Institute, underground Jews have promised to kill Director Lewis Brandon and rent-a-mob Jews have swarmed around the Institute's office threatening mayhem. The ADL demanded that Governor Jerry Brown cancel the Institute's three-day seminar scheduled for November at the Lake Arrowhead Convention facility of the University of California. For once the Jesting Jesuit didn't knuckle under. He compared the present controversy to the McCarthy era when University of California faculty members were ordered to take loyalty oaths. If freedom of expression finally prevailed then, opined Brown, it should prevail now. The governor added he had no power to stop the meeting, which was protected by the First Amendment.

Holocausters received another setback



when they discovered that Anthony McCord, a World War II bomber pilot and a high-school history teacher in Kentucky, had the cheek to ask his students to consider the possibility that the Holocaust never took place. Shortly after showing a three-hour videotape on Nazi atrocities from the production vaults of the ADL, McCord informed his students that films can be faked. Lauren Weinberg, executive director of a local chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was greatly distressed. So was Gerald Silberstein, professor of modern German history at the University of Kentucky. Neither, however, suggested resolving the controversy by an open debate. That would be tantamount to letting ordinary Americans make up their own minds -- an idea whose time is a long way off.

Yankee Falangistas?

In no country in the world does the true conservative have less influence than in the United States. We are not speaking of the nominal Tories, the tax-cutters, the monetarists, the states righters, the flag wavers, the Birch nuts; we are speaking of genuine conservatives, radical conservatives, racial conservatives, those who place more importance on conserving their genes than on conserving the free market. In spite of the absence of genuine conservatives in government or in any area of public life, the U.S. does probably shelter the world's largest collection of miniscule right-wing parties, some of whose members do subscribe to true-blue conservatism. Does the Falangist Party of America, Rt. 5, Crystal Bay, Minnesota 55323, harbor a few such types? The following sloppily written, but not necessarily ill-conceived manifesto, which was datelined El Alcazar, Madrid, Spain, may provide a clue.

Here in the USA, the center of the world's democracies, there is a *Falange*.

We need it. Our representative system over here is lurching and collapsing under false values. It has become corrupt and self-serving. It makes countless absurd promises to the populace. Its social security system will soon go belly up in bankruptcy. It has betrayed the workers of the nation by its pampering of the lazy and toleration of crime.

In international politics, the democratic USA has become so enfeebled by humanism that it can do nothing but beg the Soviets form some sort of superficial agreement to detente

[W]e of the *Falange* here in the USA feel that only when the West turns autocratic will it be able to save itself.

Unfortunately, Americans have little

concept of autocracy. They tend to equate autocracies of the right with Hitler. In order to better understand autocracy, one should consider the paramount example of the 20th century successful replacement of democracy by autocracy, that of Spain.

Feeling Heat?

The Federal Aviation Administration, which should be the last government agency to do so, has been buttering up the libs and the mins by vanguarding the affirmative action parade. Of the 38 applicants hired as air traffic controller trainees by the FAA in the last year and a half, 36 were women or minority members. One FAA appointee, after he proved to be nearly blind (8/900 vision), was nevertheless kept on the payroll because he fell into the category of "qualified handicapped." Only two of the new controllers were white males (white not necessarily meaning Majority white). One of the many rejects was Richard Sevigny, 24, of Quincy, Massachusetts, a pilot and former Navy air traffic controller, who lost out to a less qualified minority member. Sevigny complained to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and -- surprise, surprise! -- the EEOC ordered the FAA to hire him and give him \$120,000 in back pay. FAA officials brazenly admitted that Sevigny would have been given the job if he had belonged to a minority or to a different sex. Has the EEOC had a sudden change of heart, or is it getting the hot foot from the Reagan administration?

After the Truth, the Apology

Jim Ratliff, a member of the Arizona legislature, hates the very thought of abortion. But he did relent a tad when he admitted he might go for it in the case of a white 17-year-old impregnated by a black rapist -- but not by a white rapist! When asked to distinguish between the two, Ratliff said there "was a helluva lot of difference." Ever since, Ratliff has been apologizing all over the place, one place being the floor of the Arizona House. The modern politician is a master at repressing his true thoughts, but sometimes the statue speaks, the tape player breaks down, the tongue slips. Every once in a rare while a human face appears behind the mask.

Missing the Bus

Busing is finished in Los Angeles, or so we are told. As a result of Proposition 1, an antibusing referendum passed by California voters and a recent ruling by the state supreme court, which upheld its constitution-

ality, the lumbering yellow vehicles with their multiracial cargoes of young passengers may soon disappear from the jammed, smog-besotted freeways of the City of the Angels. Since the liberal-minority coalition is not in the habit of accepting the will of the majority, Mark Rosenbaum, a Los Angeles attorney for the ACLU, plans to carry the case to the Nogoood Nine in Washington. At the same time, another ACLU honcho, Joseph Duff, warned of violence if busing was halted, thereby resorting to the standard threat of blackmail that automatically follows minority defeats in the voting booth. Black violence is apparently considered a legitimate reaction to measures of which the ACLU approves. But would Mr. Duff agree that Majority violence is a legitimate reaction to judicial edicts opposed by 90% of the American population?

A sponsor of Proposition 1 was Alan Robbins, one of the four Jewish state senators and the vice-president of the National Association of Jewish Legislators. Senator Robbins, a "new conservative," is currently facing nine felony charges involving oral copulation and unlawful sexual intercourse with two non-Jewish 16-year-old girls.

Proposition 1 applies only to California. In Washington the Senate Judiciary Committee, under the aegis of Democrat-Dixiecrat - Independent - Republican Senator Strom Thurmond, is planning to introduce legislation restricting busing nationwide. This will include another try at the amendment to ban forced busing which was passed by the last Congress but vetoed by James the Tooth. An easier and faster resolution of the problem is legislation to remove busing from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and leave such matters to the state courts. All this requires is a simple majority vote in both Houses and the signature of the president, if -- and this is a very big if -- the Supreme Court doesn't interfere. Meanwhile, forced busing will continue in many states, though Secretary of Education Terrel Bell has promised that for the time being he will not use his army of bureaucrats to push for more desegregated classrooms.

The fact is, busing is finally getting to be a political liability. Willie Brown, the powerful black politico who is speaker of the California Assembly, has warned fellow California Democrats to give up on the issue of busing. Otherwise, he says, they are certain to go down to defeat in future elections. He particularly warned Tom Bradley, the black mayor of Los Angeles, who is thinking of running for governor. Bradley, predicts Brown, won't have the ghost of a chance if he continues to tie himself to Kennedy and Mondale, "the racial minorities, the new rich and the labor leadership," all of whom are "incapable of generating a majority of voters."