

δύστανε, μούρας ὅσον παροίχη.

# Instauration®

VOL. 11 NO. 4

MARCH 1986



17th-century cathedral in Cuzco



Porters on the Inca Trail

## A SWING THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA



Open-air market in Peru



Folk musicians in La Paz

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

□ A friend sent a newspaper clipping about the October 1985 London racial riots in which black and brown hands stabbed to death a police constable, injured more than 200 other officers and in one night caused almost half a million dollars in damage. A picture shows a debris-filled sidewalk with an overturned automobile beside which exhausted bobbies rest on their riot shields. When one considers the contributions of this century's English "leaders" in making possible such scenes, my friend's comment written in the margin is apropos: "What was it the old traitor promised -- 'blood, sweat and tears.' He damn well kept his promise." So he did.

362

□ There never was, of course, any possibility that the PLO terrorists captured by U.S. Navy jet fighters over the Mediterranean would have been brought to the U.S. for trial. The very last thing that Zionists want is to have Palestinian grievances aired in an open U.S. courtroom. It's a curious truism that shooting an individual with a Uzi is terrorism, but wiping out refugee camps with 500-lb. bombs and napalm is a "legitimate extension of state power."

950

□ Jesus, we've got to get a millionaire husband for our childless female Instaurationist. I see she was at it again in the December issue.

612

□ Like AIDS, Christianity destroys the immune system.

902

□ Your story on the "redneck" commercial winning the election for Virginia's new black lieutenant governor, Doug Wilder, is only half the story. His campaign manager Goldman was also shrewd enough not to show Wilder's chocolate-colored face prominently in other political ads. Off-camera voices described Wilder's service in the Korean War, his tenure in the state senate and the fact that he wrote the Virginia controlled-substances law, and pictures of him were carefully crafted so he looked at worst like a white man with a suntan. Many of those voting for him, I'm sure, had no idea he was a Negro.

223

□ Jews themselves are the cause of anti-Semitism with their overweening arrogance. They revel in it, literally roll in it, and have done so throughout history by their constant demand for recognition of their "unique Jewishness." I used to wonder what they were talking about until I read some of their writings. So important is ego to the Jew that he has written whole books on that item alone. One such book raved on about God himself being, after all, just another Jewish egotist, as indeed were all the prophets! And I for one take their word for it -- the whole Judeo-Christian proposition, as propagated today, is a product of Jewish imagination and audacity. I ask myself, for the 10,000th time, how have they been able to so deceive the world? And for the 10,000th time I say that if I could believe Moses and his fabled tablets, I could believe Henry Kissinger and his briefcase. Is mankind eternally damned to dwell in the Jewish shadow and under the boot of Jewish arrogance? If so, the stupidity of the human race is depressing and appalling indeed.

215

□ A vignette of our new America and the promise it holds for us was an incident in Richmond, the capital of the Old South. After filling my gas tank at a service station, an Hispanic attendant took my credit card. When he didn't return, I went into the station and found him talking on the phone. He could not make himself understood to the credit card center, so he handed the phone over to me. An Oriental was on the other end. After I had served as an interpreter, I got an earful from the Aztec about how awful the Chinks were. In the name of racial toleration and brotherhood, I agreed that we Americans were in deep trouble if we let the Asians take over. The Aztec agreed happily, no doubt dreaming of the glory days and of lifting still-pounding hearts skyward again.

687

□ Now that I am convinced the Holocaust was a Zionist fabrication, I am also becoming skeptical about Einstein. In his speculations, called "thought experiments," he denied the objective existence of both space and time. It is interesting to note that the engineers at NASA still depend on Newton and ignore Einstein. A recent article in the establishment press mentioned that Einstein was dyslexic. While that only means he was a slow reader, it is hardly a qualification for a "super genius." Ultimately, he may be remembered as a crackpot who diverted a couple of generations of theoretical physicists from reality.

554

□ It is unlikely that we WASPs can forcibly assimilate the minorities, so we had better concentrate on learning about our own culture, supporting whatever is left of it and doing something creative using our own traditions as foundations. If we can demonstrate that we are not culturally moribund, some of the assimilable minorities may join forces with us.

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□ As the first to comment on Zip 209, the "childless female Instaurationist," and having seen her reply in the January Instauration, I went back to last July's issue and reread her original letter. I can still draw no conclusion from it except that she is a spoiled brat, demanding big bucks and a perfect mate, and unwilling to make any sacrifices for the continuance of her people. This impression may well be wrong, but many other people seem to have gotten the same idea from her letter.

Since she specifically asked me why I am childless, I will explain. In the first place, many Instaurationists would think me unworthy to reproduce, as I happen to be an American mongrel, only one-fourth Anglo-Saxon and one-eighth Nordic. The real reason is that I have never found a woman who was willing to put up with my political and racial views. And I am unwilling to deny my feelings on the race issue, which is certainly more important than my own personal fate.

302

□ Although it goes against the grain of what liberal-oriented psychologists say is the "rigid, authoritarian bent of right-wing individuals," we should try our best to be more understanding of the needs of the females of our race. They have it tough enough already without our adding to their burdens. I sometimes think what they want most from us is that we stop and really listen to them. Many of us don't. Anyway, we might take to heart the following passage from Thackeray's Vanity Fair:

What do men know about women's martyrdoms? We should go mad had we to endure the hundredth part of those daily pains which are meekly borne by many women. Ceaseless slavery meeting with no reward; constant gentleness and kindness met by cruelty as constant; love, labour, patience, watchfulness, without even so much as the acknowledgement of a good word; all this, how many of them have to bear in quiet, and appear abroad with cheerful faces, as if they felt nothing.

566

□ Liberals laud themselves for such "courageous" acts as picketing a South African Embassy. Does courage lie in doing those things which all your friends and social/business contacts believe to be correct?

200

□ In its obituary of Potter Stewart, CBS News reported that the Supreme Court Justice once told a reporter that he thought the Vietnam War was unconstitutional because only Congress can declare war. That brings up a question: Why didn't this issue come before the Nogood Nine in the 1965-73 period?

614

□ A good many of the folks at work, including some of the women, are into body building. To my eye, the physique of a zealous female body-builder is quite as grotesque as the physique of a human sloth.

293

□ Once upon a time there lived a woman named Myrtle who became a mother of two sons and two daughters. The richness of her family life was assured by husband Louis, who was endowed with a strong will, a strong back, the eye of an eagle and a flintlock with a straight bore. One day he happened to send two of his red-skinned brothers to their happy hunting grounds somewhat prematurely. This, I believe, must be true since I am here today fondly recalling all sorts of family yarns. Alas, Louis lacked a formal education and without the benefits of affirmative action simply jumped to a premature conclusion upon seeing war paint. He shot first and later asked questions. This is all I have to say to Zip 209.

□ Long live Instauration for having the courage and daring to publish "the news that the New York Times deems unfit to print."

113

□ We are very fortunate to have established rapport with Lady Zip 209 [her home address], or in her earlier incarnation, Zip 205 [her business address]. In her first communication she took many of us apart with her statements and observations. Now, in the first paragraph of her second letter she has applied the coup de grâce with her percipient questions. Gentlemen, this is a very intelligent woman. Is she not speaking for every woman we have ever loved or would love to love? Deep down inside we must admit to ourselves that we also want to provide adequately for our children. This is why we are working so hard to make the grade. It is also not the woman's particular cross to bear that we "make it" or not. She must look out for herself, and this includes finding a mate who can pay the bills to raise her children properly. Personally, I'll bet that Zip 209 is attractive enough to make any man proud. She has probably attracted a vast number of weak-kneed nice guys and jerks that want to kiss her feet on the first date. How can a woman respect that?

775

□ Up to now I've been supportive of the idea of abortion rights for women. But I've begun to realize that most of these aborted fetuses are white (18 million since 1973). With our race's low birthrate, it might not be a bad idea to support alternatives to abortion for desperate white females, such as Jerry Falwell's Liberty Godparent Homes (261 now in existence), which care for the pregnant mother and, if desired, arrange for the child's adoption.

208

□ I should admit that I have a Peruvian Lutheran mestizo pen pal of the opposite sex. I can understand why some American Nordic and semi-Nordic men find certain nonwhite or part-white women attractive. The Peruvian señorita is what a lot of American Majority women are not -- feminine, maternal and capable of loving a man. Some miscegenation can be blamed on the emotional and physical frigidity of the liberated Majority woman, who is the real loser in the feminist-sponsored war between the sexes. When will these gals wake up?

984

□ Perhaps Zips 209 and 302 should have tea together sometime. Unless I miss my guess, they will both discover why the other is childless and all without a word being spoken. This in itself makes me wonder why they refer to themselves as Instaurationists. We are renovated in our progeny, for without them we are flickers that become extinguished.

223

□ No doubt many have seen American TV newscasts of South African black children burning their school books "to protest Apartheid." What you were not told, as I learned on my recent trip there, is that the American TV newsmen paid the kids to burn their books and to perform on camera. A small black boy protested to the South African police because he was paid less than the bigger boys. He felt he had been cheated. After newsmen were banned from black areas in the Cape, the incidence of violence dropped 80%. I think South Africa will survive, but the whites there desperately need our help. Awaken your friends to the brainwashing of "our" TV and news media.

604

□ Zip 300 (Nov. 1985) wonders what good independence would do for the South, since it hasn't done South Africa any good to be independent of the U.S. Well, for one thing, Southern independence would weaken the U.S. -- and since the U.S. is the main muscle and money behind the liberal-minority coalition's anti-Aryan dreams, this would benefit every Aryan on earth. Even if a self-ruling South were to go down the tube -- a fate into which it and every other Western nation and people are already sinking -- at least a free South would go to its grave as its own master. The desire to be one's own master is one of the major characteristics of Nordic man. Who knows, possibly we wouldn't go down as far or as fast under a new Richmond as we are presently doing under the old Washington. In our race against racial death, a little extra time wouldn't hurt.

563

□ When in a mood of dark humor, I will often turn on the local so-called Christian broadcasting station. Today I heard a straight-faced Christian say that Christianity was responsible for all scientific progress. I told my wife that had it not been for Christianity, we might have landed on the moon in the 1600s. All of the electric ministers that I have seen seem to be nothing but cult leaders lusting after gold and empire -- personal gold and personal empire.

369

□ You might be interested to know that the Board of Trustees here at Indiana University recently voted not to disinvest from corporations doing business with South Africa. Earlier in the semester a public and educational forum covered all the issues fairly thoroughly and the case against disinvestment was much more sound and realistic than the granola heads pushing for disinvestment. The whole ordeal (or facade) has stifled the demonstrations and the anti-South African campaign here is dead in the water for the foreseeable future.

471

# The Safety Valve

□ "So the Jews say." This was actor Robert Mitchum's comment concerning The Event which later caused him some discomfort during a subsequent TV interview. The question surfaced again during another magazine interview in which he commented that he was an actor and played whatever role he was being paid for, even if he were to take the part of a faggot. I found a similar attitude among some teacher friends of mine, one of whom is remarkably astute concerning factual information. This particular teacher was well acquainted with the books by Butz and others and had never given me reason to believe that he held any contrary notions. When I asked him why he still elected to peddle the Big-6 line in his undergraduate history courses, he replied that he was just a teacher and would teach anything he was paid for. Doesn't this also remind one of the professional athlete who "belongs" to any club or city that will pay him to be "one of theirs"? Or of any woman who will be someone's wife if the price is decent enough?

347

□ Sometimes I think the Scandinavians are the worst Nordic racial renegades. Take Dolph Lundgren, for instance. Unless the guy has a yen for the exotic and a taste for the kinky, why would he want to bed Grace Jones? Frankly, I was surprised to learn that Grace even fancies men.

111



□ Apparently Nordics are of special interest to the Third Sex, as well as the first two. I refer you to the late Yukio Mishima's cruising for blond youths in New York.

201

□ We are expected to reward the loathsome behavior of the AIDS people with sympathy, pay the costs of their crimes against nature with huge federal appropriations to find a cure that will enable them to continue their perverted lifestyle. Meanwhile, millions of people must face the danger of being infected and killed by a creeping epidemic that may someday turn into the 20th century's Black Plague. We cannot even suggest that the answer might be to quarantine all those exposed to AIDS and all those who have AIDS. Just the thought is enough to brand the thinker as a bigot and racist, though homosexuality seems to be a curse of every race.

320

□ The fact is that the Germans did kill millions of Poles, Russians, gays, Gypsies, German Lutherans and Catholics, Czechs, mentally unfit, Ukrainians, Balts, Hungarians, Dutch, Scandinavians and Jews. It's very well known that they killed at least 1½-2 million Jews in Russia and Poland alone by shooting, starvation and forced labor. Frankly, whether the gas chambers existed or not is irrelevant in the long judgment of history. The National Socialists were indeed pathological criminals and gangsters of the worst sort. Every Holocaust revisionist I've met has been a person who would like to see all Jews exterminated.

There is a constant tone of whining, self-pity, paranoia and "the world is against us" syndrome that appears throughout Instauration -- the very unfunny Cholly Bickelberger columns are a prime example. Instauration is not an attempt to reason with readers, it is an attempt to whip up hatred and hysteria. One's greatness is not from one's blood veins; it is only through the efforts of one's mind, which is an exclusively individual attribute. Racism is the lowest, crudest form of collectivism, whether it be your decaying WASP racism, Nazism or Zionism, to name three examples.

The attempts at philosophy in your publication are pathetic. It's as laughable as Henry Kissinger's attempt at philosophy in his memoirs. Even in academic publications I have never seen such pretentious, poseur-like baffle-gab. I would suggest you read Not in Our Genes by R.C. Lewontin, Steven Rose and Leon J. Kamin (Pantheon, 1984, \$21.95). Largely, you merely criticize and to the small extent you show any constructive proposals, they are totally objectionable -- merely a rehash of Nazi Germany, 19th-century European colonialism, racist segregation systems of our old South or else Odinitis crap. Since South Africa's totalitarian, racist ideology is based on the very same premise as racist Zionism, why do you hypocritically condemn Israel for doing exactly what you praise South Africa for?

Non-subscriber

□ The American people want protectionism, but no tariffs on the cheap imports they buy. They want to lower the deficit, but don't want to hike taxes. Question: Do they believe in arithmetic?

606

□ You're right, Zip 926, the IHR did cut and run under fire. But it was a wise withdrawal, dictated by an untenable field position. Now they have regrouped stronger than ever, and we all advance with gathering power and resolve. Of course, there will be embarrassments and lost battles and bitter and unexpected setbacks. We're in a bloody rough war, and if your feelings are permanently hurt and you want full explanations plus your money back, fair enough. We'll win without you. I was hurt, my friend. We were all hurt. But I wish the IHR only the very best and I will continue to support it and its fine positions. Incidentally, the Zündel and Keegstra affairs have galvanized right-wingers in Canada and around the world as nothing else in the past 40 years. One other thing: way deep inside, not many whites will chortle (not the whites we want, anyway) with Mel and his mélange. But a helluva lot will get madder. So come on, 926, cheer up and let's at the bastards! We need you, friend.

Canadian subscriber

□ Instauration has suggested that our cause is ill served by piecemeal patchwork. We need a calamitous event; nothing will happen until Joe Sixpack's belly touches his backbone. Therefore, we should do what we can to hasten events. Patching will only prolong the agony. We must work for those measures and candidates which seem destined to more quickly achieve the inevitable.

600

□ Yesterday I took my son to see Rocky IV. The crowd went wild with hate when the Russian boxer killed the U.S. fighter (a black). Later, when Rocky beat the Russian, my wife and son stopped whispering in Russian. She became so fearful of the audience that she begged me to leave. Interesting?

060

□ After viewing a recent performance of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker, and being unable to take my eyes off the ballerina who played Clara, I finally had to admit to the underlying reason for my racist outlook, and why I'm a subscriber to this magazine. That reason is my preoccupation with physical perfection. Unfailingly, instinctively, I judge approaching pedestrians on the streets of Manhattan according to their genotype. They are Nordics or Alpines, mesomorphs or ectomorphs, dolichocephals or brachycephals, and so on. It is not that I'm a superficial person -- or a womanizer -- only that I make some automatic connection between outer aspect and internal quality. In Zoo City, with its overflow of mud people and of Northern Europeans with less than noble characters, this predisposition leads to many disappointments. But still one goes on, looking and judging, searching for that combination of innocent wonder and physical perfection which alone makes life worth living.

113

□ The American colonists, unable to enslave the native Indians, imported about 400,000 black slaves from Africa. This took place chiefly between 1700 and 1800. They had no intention of making them voting citizens or supporting them when they did not work. They had no thought of declaring them equal. They were just blacks who had been sold into slavery by their own chieftains in Africa. Then, from 1861 to 1865, in what is surely one of the most peculiar happenings in history, more than 600,000 white men died in a war which brought emancipation to the slaves. This was especially strange because the slaves supported the slaveholders far more than they did their liberators. They have since confirmed their disinterest in freedom by voting overwhelmingly (89% to 98%) against the political party which gave them freedom. Few other people in history have been handed their freedom without fighting for it. Yet despite the magnanimous treatment and the high hopes of whites, blacks have not lived up to the full citizenship status that has been granted them.

701

□ A well-known professor (whom I leave unnamed; I quote from private correspondence) wrote: "The ritual spit at the Germans is a kind of symbol that conveys the assurance that everything is kosher."

774

□ A local white patriot who had difficulties with the IRS was recently visited by three of its agents: one Negro female, one Pakistani male and one white male. The trio asked to come inside and talk. He refused. They then asked if they could talk to him at the door. He said, "Start talking." They did, warning him of dire consequences which would result from his uncooperative behavior. That is all that happened this time. No shootout.

477

□ While Gorbachev and Reagan were talking about the plight of Russian Jews (and lesser matters like the arms race), Donald Regan made some headlines of his own by saying that women do not have the same level of interest in such matters as men. This can be confirmed by casually observing the preferences of supermarket shoppers loitering around the magazine racks. I have often wondered at the female indifference to the Big Picture, particularly since the Majority is going to need the wholehearted support of all its members if there is to be any hope of reversing its decline. Could it be that -- even after all the liberating and consciousness-raising -- females nevertheless instinctively concentrate on the nest and let the male keep watch for distant dangers? This could be a sensible evolutionary trait, for it would mean that children are given the attention they need and thus a better chance of survival.

775

□ South African Prime Minister P.W. Botha speaks of his nation having "crossed the Rubicon" in his campaign to improve race relations. Didn't he mean the Styx?

040

□ I regularly listen to our local National Public Radio station for the music as well as the Bolshevik news coverage. One Monday morn, as I recall, the NPR "Morning Edition" revealed that black debbil Louis Farrakhan had successfully broken the media blackout in L.A. No media freedom lovers and people's-right-to-know types would sell Minister Farrakhan time to advertise a meeting he was holding. Only days before the scheduled event, Farrakhan and associates figured a way around the media blockade. Fearing that the media would cover the meeting, pan their cameras on unfilled seats and intone deeply about the lack of support for Farrakhan, the organizers decided they needed to reach the black masses. What they did was rent some of those automatic phone-dialing machines and program them for prefixes of predominantly darker exchanges. It worked. The hall was packed to capacity. Evidently I wasn't the only local listener to NPR. State Representative Cathey Steinberg was on the news two days later announcing that since automatic phone machines were such a nuisance, she was going to introduce legislation in Georgia to ban them.

300

□ The rascally, bully-boy policies of government are equally divided, as I see it, between aliens and deplorable creeps of our own. A heave-ho to the foreign aiders, the beggars, immigration slobs and phony do-gooders who are bleeding us dry. Add to that all the sappy drivl drummed into our ears by way of the tube, and we wallow in a sordid pool of nothingness. A blind people with few redeemable qualities due to indoctrination, unable to see the handwriting on the wall, the most beautiful of all nations on the skids. Our shame!!

038

□ One of Newsweek's articles on Gaddafi (Jan. 20, 1986) ended with the sentence, "And how does a ruler of fewer than 4 million people get away with being the world's most conspicuous troublemaker?" A better question might be, "And how does an even more troublesome nation of 4.5 million to the east of Libya manage to run the foreign policy of a country of 235 million?"

327

□ I read loads of stories from around America about bizarre and ghastly crimes, and it never ceases to amaze me how often they refer to the culprit's five or six children. A Harlem mother cooks her baby under the broiler to drive out the devil? So what! She has plenty more where he came from, and will get out of the psych ward in ample time to conceive a personal replacement. Question: How many able, contributing members of society do you know who have five children?

462

□ If there is one man who can turn part of the Kennedy clan from its compulsive liberalism, his name is Arnold Schwarzenegger. This Austrian right-winger's marriage to one of Teddy's daughters may make for some ver-ry interesting scenes around the family hearth.

591

□ Various species of army ants will stealthily cover a large mammal, taking care not to bite or sting until they have almost completely enveloped its body and its fate is sealed. Reminds me of Hispanics swarming over the Rio Grande.

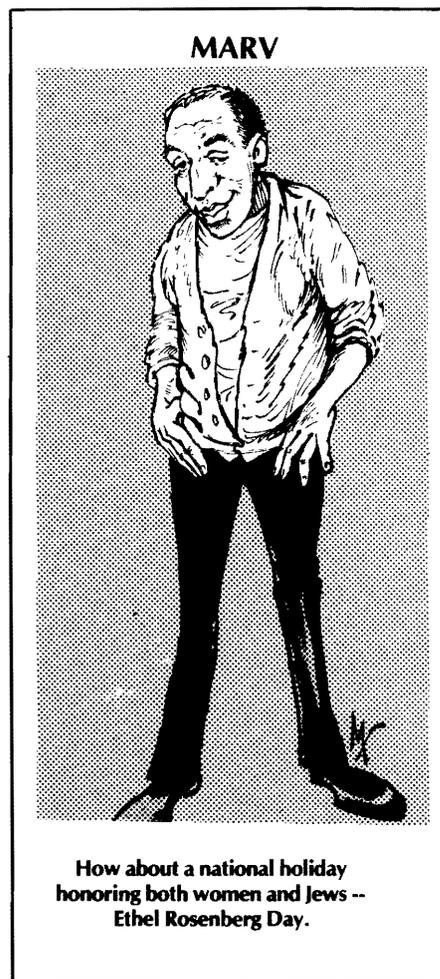
606

□ My articles, if there is anything in them -- and I believe there is -- will take time to sink in. In the meantime, waiting for someone to come up with a response, I am going to just mellow things out, as we said in the 60s. My point is illustrated by something I saw on TV the other night. A cameraman had spotted a suicide attempt in New York City. Someone had perched on the ledge of the roof of an 18-story building. Over the side of the building he draped a banner which said, "God's word is eugenics!" He told the newsman, who by that time had climbed to the roof, that he had written three books proclaiming "God's word is eugenics," but that he could not find a publisher. Fortunately he was restrained before he could jump. That man on TV exhibits in compressed and extreme form my own frustration.

Richard Swartzbaugh

□ His South African distributors agreed to honor a request by Woody Allen that his movies not be shown in that embattled country. Now if he'd only do the U.S. the same favor.

802



## BEFORE HEFNER, GUCCIONE AND STURMAN CAME SAMUEL ROTH



Roth let it all hang out

In a recent analysis of our sex-saturated times, critic Jonathan Yardley wrote, "We have Hugh Hefner to thank for the pervasive . . . We have Hugh Hefner to thank for the spectacle . . . We have Hugh Hefner to thank for the exhaustive . . . If public sex is now an everyday fact . . . it can all be traced back to the fall of 1953, when Hefner produced the first issue of his new magazine."

"Hef" may still be the king of what now passes for "softcore" pornography (*Playboy* retains a 4.2 to 3.5 million circulation edge over Bob Guccione's *Penthouse*), but the sultan of the hardcore stuff is unquestionably Reuben Sturman. About 80% of the country's 40,000 video stores stock X-rated cassettes, and nearly every one of them must deal with Sturman's gigantic Cleveland warehouse. The son of Soviet Jewish immigrants, Sturman got his start in the 1940s peddling comic books from the trunk of his car. In the early 1950s, he switched to girlie magazines. Today, his self-styled "news agencies" -- Crown News, Noble News Co., Imperial News, Majestic News, Castle News and Sovereign News Co. -- sell pictures of people engaged in weird and normal sex acts to sweaty-palmed customers throughout North America and Western Europe. "I detest flamboyant people," says Sturman, who leads a calisthenics class at a Cleveland Young Men's Christian Association.

The FBI's 1977 report on pornography concluded that "Sturman has accomplished almost a total takeover" of the peep-show business. His one big competitor was the Greek-American, Michael Thevis of Atlanta, who was the chief Southern pornocrat until 1979, when he went to prison for conspiring to murder an employee-turned-informer. Today, Dixie is another jewel in Sturman's crown.

Most porno films are shot in California. Producers wishing to "go east" have to deal with Sturman, because only he distributes in all 50 states. The "Doc Johnson" line of vibrators and other sexual paraphernalia brings in additional millions. Sturman owns a chain of 20 video stores in Midwestern shopping malls ("Visual Adventures"), and is adding 10 outlets a year. "Vertical integration" is the business lingo for combining wholesale with retail trade.

Since Sturman is the undisputed king of a business with \$4 billion in annual U.S. sales and a very high profit margin, he must be one of the richest people in America, along with assorted drug dealers and Mafia chieftains who somehow never make the "Forbes 400" list. The 1982 Ohio governor's crime task force stated that Sturman "doesn't appear to have actual membership in any organized crime family, but he does maintain close contact with members of New Jersey's DeCavalcante family and New York's Gambino family." Recently, three of Sturman's top henchmen -- Allan I. Goelman, Edward Seltzer and Ronald Braverman -- have been in federal court on perjury and tax-evasion charges. Sturman himself can point to a string of legal victories, although the Justice Department is hard at work building a tax-evasion case against him.

### Founding Father of Filth

"The Man Who Paved the Way" for the Hefners and the Sturmans was, in the expert opinion of *Hustler* magazine, Samuel Roth. "The Granddaddy of Smut" was in and out of jail much of his life for pirating

the banned works of James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence and scores of lesser men. "We are only beginning to realize how much we owe him," wrote Bill Ryan and Leslie Horvitz in their February 1976 paean in *Hustler*.

In was in June 1957 that rookie Justice William J. Brennan wrote for the Supreme Court's majority that a book, in order to be "obscene," had to be devoid of "socially redeeming value." Those three words from the case of *Roth v. United States* have since been stretched to include a thousand and one Sturman books and films with ghastly titles (and ghastlier contents) like "Dirty Teacher Loves Donkeys."

Samuel Roth was born in Poland in 1894 to a family of America-bound Jews. In 1904, he arrived on New York's Lower East Side. A failed poet, Roth would turn to producing little magazines which specialized in running pirated works like *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in serial form.

A turning point in Roth's squalid existence came in 1933, when some Gentile literary friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Harlan, paid him and his wife, Pauline, a visit. The Harlans had never hidden their anti-Semitism from the Roths, and, on this occasion, when Roth himself had just been badly swindled by several kinsmen, Mrs. Harlan began to justify the defensive measures being taken by the new regime in Germany.

"I see your point," said Roth. "But how can I let the thought of a few dishonest Jews blur for me the vision of a whole people?"

His guest was adamant:

But have you really in your mind a vision of a whole people? You have a vision, of course. But it is not a vision which came to you out of the experience of your life. It was imposed on you, like any other form of patriotism, when you were too young to examine anything critically. It was grafted into your blood by the rabbis, in the spirit of *my country, right or wrong*. You have probably, all your life, suffered experiences such as these at the hands of the Jews you dealt with. But have you allowed your vision of the whole people to be modified ever so slightly? It just simply hasn't occurred to you that the living people has to back up the living vision. Your vision, believe me, is one thing. What the Jews are in reality is something entirely different.

"Such an argument in my own house!" Roth would later write. "I would never have thought it possible. For the moment I was even too stupified to protest."

Mrs. Harlan continued:

I have heard you talk of your princely Jewish blood. You may have something of a mystic strain in you yourself. But look at the Jews you associate with. We have been meeting them in your house during the past year. We ate and drank with them at your table. Didn't they continue to come here days after they had secretly sold you out? Are we to accept them as specimens of your princes of the Jews' blood? In the course of our own lives, my husband and I have met many Jews, for how is one to avoid them in New York? But even knowing Jews as genuine as you and your wife has not helped to modify our feeling that Jews are a nation of leeches crowding the sensitive arteries of mankind. Take what is happening in Germany.

"Blind race hatred," Roth interrupted.

Conducted by eighty-five million people? Do you believe a whole civilized nation would stand aside, witness what Hitler is doing to the Jews without a protest, unless there were real abuses on the part of the Jews which justified what is happening?

Recovering at last, Roth hotly defended his people, and "the Harlans smiled and tactfully changed the subject." But, Roth would soon write, in one of the dramatic peaks of 3,000 years of anti-Semitic literature, "I don't think they had the faintest notion of what they had accomplished."

For they had opened in me the locked gate of an emotion that must have been pounding away at my heart for a long time. It dawned on me suddenly, blindingly that all the evils of my life had been perpetrated by Jews. How powerfully woven about me had been my racial illusion that even a suspicion of this had never occurred to me before? The scroll of my life spread itself out before me, and reading it in the glare of a new, savage light, it became a terrible testimony against my people. The hostility of my parents towards me, reaching back deep into my childhood. My father's fraudulent piety and his impatience with my mother which virtually killed her. The ease with which Frank had sold me out to my detractors . . . . And a thousand minor incidents too petty to mention. I had never stretched out a hand to help a Jew or a Jewess without having had it bitten. I had never entrusted a Jew with a secret which he did not instantly sell cheap to my enemies . . . .

Please believe me. I tried desperately to put aside this new, this terrible vision of mine. But the Jews themselves would not let me . . . . With the subtle scheming and heartless seizing which is the whole of the Jew's fearful leverage in trade, they drove me from law office to law office and from court to court, until I found myself, before I properly realized it, in the court of bankruptcy. It became so that I could not see a Jew approaching me without my heart rising up within me to mutter: "There goes another Jew-robber, stalking his money."

And, in the meantime, the ages-old Jewish clamor grew noisier and noisier: *Help or we will be exterminated* . . . . On every side I was being eaten alive by Jews. And yet I had to make some answer to that cry [of "persecution"]. The realization of what that answer must be at first horrified me . . . .

For weeks I went about in a daze. Better, I vowed to myself a thousand times, be quiet, say nothing. But how could I keep quiet? In the name of what could I say nothing? After a lifetime of honest thinking was I to hold back because I could not reconcile myself with an old and apparently unsound tradition? I must give utterance to my feelings or forever after remain in a foul and oppressive darkness . . . .

[One desperate night] a face, an old familiar, tortured face, floated into the subconscious area of my mind . . . . The face spoke to me wearily, soothingly:

"Why have you permitted yourself to get into such a fever? Do you think you are by chance the first Jew to have been robbed by Jews? See what they did to me. Jews have always been like that. Jews always will be like that. It is not worth bothering about."

"I know," I replied. "But . . . what do you want with me?"

"I want to beg a consideration of you. Get out of the habit

of talking and writing about my love of Jews. I know you mean well, but do you realize how you mock me when you do that? . . ."

"I didn't know," I said.

"There is much more you are yet to learn. But don't be afraid. What you are now learning is to be hated, not feared." And the face and the voice vanished.

I lay back on that shallow cot, my eyes fixed on the ashen shadows moving along the old wall before me. "I may not have been the first Jew wronged by Jews," I vowed to myself. "But I will be the first Jew to arise and tell the truth about them." From that point on I slept peacefully.

The result of this singular vision and vow was the sensational underground treatise, *Jews Must Live*, subtitled "An Account of the Persecution of the World by Israel on all the Frontiers of Civilization." The chapter headings give a good idea of what Roth had to get off his chest:

- Jew-Hatred as a Natural Instinct
- Leolom Tickach*: "Always Take"
- The Bringing-Up of the Little Jew
- What Have the Jews Contributed to American Culture?  
[see illustration below]
- The Jew in Business
- The Jew as a Lawyer
- The Jews, the Theatre and the Woman Market
- The Rape of Lakewood, Long Branch and Atlantic City



How Roth styled the Jewish contribution to American literature

According to the disingenuous authors of the *Hustler* article, "[Roth's *Jews Must Live*] was a scathing attack on men like himself in publishing and elsewhere -- but it was taken as an ethnic slur." (Imagine that!) A "terrific furor" is said to have erupted as Jews scavenged the libraries and bookstores of New York, seeking out copies they could rip apart with their hands. Not at all surprisingly, the book "gave Sam more trouble" than his porno works, with numerous threats made on his life. Most revealingly, when Roth was next up on an obscenity rap, "there was no one standing in line for a chance to defend him." After years of being sprung from jail after short sentences, Roth learned what it was like to serve three years (1937-40) and five (1955-60). When Justice Brennan wrote his three Pandoraesque words, Roth had three years left to go in Lewisburg Penitentiary.

Somehow, Roth was allowed to work for Naval Intelligence during World War II, joining folks like Lucky Luciano and Meyer Lansky in a display of wartime patriotism. After the war, Roth sunk to a new low by publishing two obviously fraudulent yet widely praised books: *Inside Hitler*, purported to be written by the Führer's "psychiatrist," a Dr. Kurt Krueger, and *My Sister and I*, which had Friedrich Nietzsche confessing to incest with Elisabeth. In his later years, Roth chose the WASP nom de plume Norman Lockridge for a long series of sex books he authored. After railing against sneaky Jews in his magnum opus, Roth went right on being one and associating with others.

Since smut was his specialty, Roth's remarks on "The Theatre and the Woman Market" are especially noteworthy. The Jews never had a true theater of their own, he wrote -- only burlesque. Yet three-quarters of the West's entertainment dollars went into their pockets in the early 1930s. For the Jew knew what the depraved urban masses wanted, and was just low enough to supply them with it.

I have no doubt that the presence of a Jew in the theatre is the one great impediment to the development of the drama on its more spiritual side. You have only to glance at the history of the theatre to realize that the art of playwrighting and the arts allied with it flourished only where the Jews were not in a position to interfere with them. Because it was a sort of state church, the Greek theatre was absolutely Jewless . . . . The moment the Jew enters the theatre a sort of impotence falls over the scene. Witness contemporary England . . . .

"Nineteen out of 20" theatrical agents were now Jews, Roth stated. They controlled a vast surplus of beautiful women who would never succeed at acting. Roth then explained, in ugly detail, how the Jewish agents would lead their innocent young charges, step by compromising step, toward the brothel door.

The surplus of these poor delightful things is shipped out, with our overproduction of cotton, potatoes and copper, to China, Japan, Panama, South America and every port-of-call in the obscure regions of the Pacific Ocean where women-hungry men willingly pay dearly for the dainty white meat of Broadway.

What I am telling you here is known to every good newspaperman in New York, Chicago, and the coast. Oc-

asionally, after slobbering around some night dive into the early hours of the next day, the boys get drunk enough to write the story up. But to date no editor of a newspaper has been drunk enough to publish such a story. The printing of one such story, the editor knows, would be quite enough to ruin his newspaper and lose him not only his present job but the hope of ever again finding another one . . . .

[The victims] are the sweetest and most beautiful women in the world . . . .

To these agencies, with offices on Broadway and in Hollywood, streams the feminine beauty of America. A few, indeed, are picked for legitimate roles. The rest? It would be the human thing, of course, to tell them to go home, and try their luck in domestic pursuits. The agents might do that -- if they did not have a further, more profitable use for them.

"Jews must live," indeed!

In recent years, a right-wing publishing house down South produced a new edition of *Jews Must Live*. Unfortunately, five of Roth's original 17 chapters were omitted without readers being informed of the fact -- in at least a couple of instances to spare their Christian sensibilities. Also, according to *Hustler*, Sam and his wife once went so far as to fling several copies of the book into a river, "just to get them out of sight."

With Jews hunting the book down in libraries, anti-Semites secretly banning entire chapters of it, and the author himself destroying copies, it is fair to say that *Jews Must Live* is the literary "hot potato" of our otherwise libertine society.

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## A WORLD-TRAVELING SUBSCRIBER DROPS IN ON SOUTH AMERICA

I arrived home two weeks ago, after having done an admirable job of dodging earthquakes, coups and thieves for 3½ months, but I had a great time and have to count South America as one of my most glorious travel binges. Though it would be impossible to write a full-length account of all the countries I visited -- Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Argentina and Chile -- I can provide a summary.

Ecuador, a high-altitude microcosm of the continent and a much more stable and easy-going country than either of its two neighbors, Colombia and Peru, was my starting point. I stayed there a few days, then flew out to the Galapagos for a week of sailing and exploring. It was a wonderful experience walking in the footsteps of Darwin and Melville among all the strange, unique and incredibly tame animals in their native habitat (the wildlife in these isolated islands have no natural fear of man).

I spent nearly six weeks in Peru, the most interesting country on my itinerary. Desert, jungle, soaring mountain peaks, a great variety of native Indians in their colorful dress (and even more colorful hats) and always seeping through the Spanish laminate the legacy of the Inca empire. Unfortunately, the country is a wreck, politically and

economically, and it's the most thief-ridden place I've ever been in. Nothing in Africa even came close. While violent crime against tourists is rare, it's no exaggeration to say that I met more travelers who were robbed than weren't, mostly by means of razor-slashed bags or pockets. The problem is that too many people go to Peru. I never expected to see so many tourists in such a far-off place. But that doesn't mean you'll have help if you run into a problem. I met a German in Cuzco who, after being robbed of his travelers' checks, went to the American Express office for a refund. He was told it didn't have the money. (That's not what they say in the TV spots!) The next day I met an English tour guide who had a man in her group accidentally fall and break a leg. When she took him to the hospital, she was informed she'd have to go out and buy the plaster to make the cast!

I must say Cuzco is one of the most beautiful (and thievingest) cities I've ever visited. It was built on the original Inca street plan and the ancient stonework is still to be seen in many places. In fact, the Spaniards constructed many of their buildings right on top of those stone foundations -- a remarkable sight.

Everything said in "Mexico on the Brink" (*Instauration*, July 1985) holds true for Peru. The roads, especially in the mountains, are often indistinguishable from dry riverbeds. Breakdowns are a daily occurrence. If you expect to see your baggage when you reach your destination, you have to get off every time the bus stops to pick up or let off passengers and keep a beady eye on it.

It was with the greatest joy I crossed into Bolivia and spent a badly needed week of relaxation at La Paz, the charming capital. Bolivia is the most Indian, most backward and most unstable country in South America. Compared to Peru its population is delightfully laid back. Fortunately, I got out a week before nearly the entire workforce went on strike and brought the country to a standstill.

It was slow, rough going through southern Bolivia, then two days through the Argentine Chaco before arriving in Paraguay. If you yearn for weird places, this is the country to visit. I'm still trying to get a handle on it. The landscape is not terribly interesting, much of the country being covered



Llamas grazing in the Peruvian Andes

alternately by the swampy and wooded Chaco, a harsh, primitive area which extends into Argentina and Bolivia. The roads are much better than in the Andean countries. I got around mostly by bus, once by riverboat and once by a train that averaged about 30 mph and was pulled by a venerable wood-burning steam engine. It's difficult to classify the people of Paraguay. Most of them seem to have the copper color of the mestizo, but their faces look more European. Yet, according to my guidebook, there is less Spanish blood in Paraguay than in the neighboring nations.

German Mennonite settlements scattered around this very rural land account for much of the agricultural output. (Psst, the elderly waiter in the Estrella Restaurant in Fidelity looked an awful lot like Dr. M.) Asunción is the only city of any significance and is about as nondescript a capital as you can find. I didn't even realize I was in the city proper until I noticed that street names in my guidebook map corresponded to the street signs. Every other street and town in Paraguay is named after some general, marshal, war or victory date. It's a very militaristic but very stable country (for Latin America). President Stroessner has ruled for 31 years and he gets along very well with his neighbors.



**Stroessner posters in Asunción**

What makes the country so unusual is all the contradictory laws and regulations. You can be arrested for hitchhiking or camping out in an unauthorized area, but the border posts are so laxly guarded that I actually walked over into Brazil and then back into Paraguay without even being noticed! I saw a queer porno magazine for sale on a newsstand in Asunción, but when I tried to take a picture of that previously mentioned steam engine, I was stopped by a railway worker who told me, "The President forbids it." (I photographed it the following morning without any fuss.) The Stroessner regime had such an appalling record of denying basic "human rights" (whatever they are) in the 70s that Jimmy the Tooth felt obligated to cut off foreign aid. Yet self-governing religious communities are allowed to thrive in complete freedom. Paraguay can best be described as a cross between Albania and Home on the Range.

Other items that make Paraguay delightfully unique: the very mellow harp music, the bottle dancers (folk dancers who perform while balancing several bottles stacked on

their heads), the beautiful hand-woven randuti lace (made only in a town called Itagua) and the national drink, yerba mate, a sort of herbal concoction sucked through a metal straw from a sculpted cattle-horn vessel.

The last three weeks of my journey consisted of a whirlwind tour of Argentina and Chile. I liked both a lot, although they weren't as interesting as the northern Andean countries, simply because they have no native Indian population to speak of. The population, at least in Argentina, is mostly unmixed Spanish and Italian. Now it's not my intention to plug the superiority of the Southern European over the mestizo and Indian, and I realize Argentina has an extremely mixed-up history, but a traveler on a brief visit can't help but notice that the major roads are in good shape, that trains and buses depart and arrive on time, that people are generally kind and helpful, and that there's little need to be concerned about thieves. Best of all, you can walk into most any restaurant and order a fresh salad without worrying about coming down with typhoid or amoebic dysentery.

Buenos Aires was very pleasant and very European. I took a train from there to Mendoza and then a bus through the Andes to Santiago, Chile, passing beneath Mt. Aconcagua, the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere. I arrived in Santiago on the afternoon of September 11, the 12th anniversary of the overthrow of the Marxist Allende regime. Ten people had been shot dead in street riots the previous week. Things seemed peaceful enough, though a heavy atmosphere hung over the city -- lots of well-armed police patrolling the streets. That night some malcontents blew up the power pylons and blacked out the entire city. Helicopters with huge searchlights prowled the skyways and 700 protesters were arrested in a park. I found out about the arrests a week later from an Australian traveler who recalled a frightening night of groping around the city in total darkness while all those choppers hovered overhead. All I knew was that the lights had gone out in my hotel.

I had hoped to finish my trip by taking the weekly train from Calama, Chile, to La Paz and flying to Miami from there, a ride that is supposed to pass through spectacular moonscape desert scenery. But all of Bolivia was on strike. Since a state of emergency had been declared, the train was cancelled for the third straight week. I worked my way north through the Atacama Desert and flew back home from the port city of Arica.

### Ponderable Quotes

The differences between the nations and the races of mankind are required to preserve the conditions under which higher development is possible.

A diversification among human communities is essential for the provision of the incentive and material for the Odyssey of the human spirit.

A.N. Whitehead,  
*Science and the Modern World*

# ECOLOGY, THE HYPOCRITICAL SCIENCE

Probably the major problem of the many religions that have come and gone -- or come and stayed -- since intelligent life forms began to take shape on this tortured sphere has been that of resolving the internal contradictions inherent in each creed. Once the founder or founders of the new belief had laid down the basic, and usually rather broad tenets, the ironing out of inconsistencies and the creation of a comprehensive structure became a prime source of disputes, disaffections and volcanic, interminable squabbles. Schisms developed when strongly varying viewpoints could not be papered over.

A primary tool of the religious (or, in recent times, ideological) consolidators is a form of thinking -- or non-thinking -- which George Orwell clarified and christened "double-think." This described the act of holding two contradictory ideas in one's head at the same time, and also the denial of the very existence of objective or tangible phenomena if such would endanger the overall structure of the credo's "truth."

It is a conceit to think that enlightened moderns are quite beyond those kinds of intellectual convulsions. On the contrary, intelligent people are often much more susceptible to double-think than are, say, a moderately perceptive working man or farmhand, who can frequently see through blatant hypocrisy in a flash.

But the "sensitive" urbanities of the thinking class are usually very anxious for peer approval and terrified of excommunication, and thus will engage in semantic and spiritual acrobatics the like of which makes one doubt their very sanity. In fact, in a very real sense, such people are insane. Their illness roots itself in their compulsive need to synchronize their very real concerns with the dominant religion of the twentieth century: Equalitarianism.

Perhaps in no other public movement is this sorry state of affairs more evident than in the teachings and activities of the ecologists. Their cause is (generally and for the most part) legitimate and just. Preserving the open spaces and the wilderness is important -- spiritually important -- for human beings, and particularly for Westerners, whose culture dictates large-scale and "open" conceptualization. Preserving the various animal species in their wild state -- especially those species or subspecies that have become threatened because of the encroachment of man -- is also vital, demonstrating our responsibility to the natural way of things, the realization that each species and subspecies is valuable in its own right and should be protected.

Unfortunately, very few of the ecological activists and leaders are totally logical; few have overcome the superstitions of Equalitarianism when the question of the preservation of subspecies of *Homo sapiens* comes to the front. While ecologists will erect barriers around a newly discovered primitive tribe so as to guarantee that tribe's way of life and biological integrity, the preservation and protec-

tion of our particular subspecies of *Homo sapiens* has been double-thought out of existence: i.e., the continued existence on this planet of the Caucasian, and more specifically the Caucasian of Northern European origin. After all, Mankind is One, according to the dominant dogma of our century.

Great effort and expense have been lavished on saving the snail darter, although there are many thousands of subspecies of fish. The endangered condor and bald eagle are but two variants of the bird-of-prey family, most of which are not endangered, yet it is legitimate to go to almost any lengths to assure the continued existence in the wild of these great soaring birds.

However, the ecologists have said nothing about securing the biological future of the White Man. That would be an unspeakable and horrific exhibition of "racism," and for a member of the modern intelligentsia to even suggest that Caucasoid preservation is a legitimate concern would be akin to a fundamentalist Christian cavorting naked with witches and warlocks in a moon-draped forest.

The ecologist would say: "All birds are not the same, all trees are not the same, all subspecies is supremely valuable. The disappearance of even the tiniest individual variation is an unacceptable loss to the world." At the same time his sacred and unimpeachable religion informs him that all men, Congoid, Mongoloid and Caucasoid, and the many subgroups, are the same, and any attempt to differentiate among them, or to proclaim the inherent value of those differences, is heresy of a criminal kind, and will be punished. The ecological activists stand exposed as double-thinking hypocritical fakes of monumental cowardice -- shameful charlatans as malodorous as the silk suit shamans of televised Christianity.

One illustration of how the starved dogmas of the modern religion work against the principles to which the ecologists supposedly adhere is in the zero growth population propaganda, which falls only on the ears of a people whose birthrates are already in alarming decline; the multiplying hordes of the Third World hardly hear the message at all, and pay it little heed if it does get through. And when Mother Nature takes a hand in reducing -- by drought, crop disaster or other calamity -- the numbers of those who have foolishly multiplied beyond their productive capacity, the typical ecologist sets aside his noble cause and opens his heart and his checkbook in submission to his true and everlasting master: the cockeyed and drooling visage of the great god Equality. The Alaskan musk ox, when attacked by wolves, will form a defensive circle, with the homosexual members of the herd placed on the outer perimeter: the least valuable are the first to fall. But the ecologist, drunk on his heady Equalitarian creed, castigates the government for not spending additional billions

to seek a cure for AIDS, the plague whose viral, microscopic "wolves" have been unleashed upon a burgeoning population of aberrants by an all-wise Nature.

The enormous force of the Equalitarian religion can be seen by the fact that it has produced so very few apostasies, and those that have developed have been too weak and ill-prepared to do effective battle against the Equality priesthood. The ecological movement in its full flower has, however, produced a host of adherents minimally equipped with real intelligence, integrity and courage. Yet few of them would logically deny that Caucasoid man is a part of

the animal world, subject to the same basic laws of Nature as the snail darter, the condor or the mountain gorilla. So where then, among the leadership or among the militant activists, are those who will break free of the chains of falsehood draped over them by this bizarre anti-Natural religion? Where are those who can recognize and denounce the fundamental indifference of their movement to the biological future of their own kind, and to help others burst the bonds of programmed double-think? In short, where the hell are the heretics and the apostates?

VIC OLIVR

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## The reality behind the media obfuscation

# THE PRESENT SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA (I)

Let me say straight away that South Africa is not about to blow up. It is not about to blow up because, in a very real sense, nothing very much is happening. It is obvious that the media have been misleading the world again. Somewhat surprisingly, a U.S. State Department study on South Africa, recently submitted to the Reagan administration, has reported that the unrest in the country poses no threat to the government and will soon subside. The situation is not revolutionary or even pre-revolutionary. So not all Americans have been misled.

South Africa's declaration of a State of Emergency has been condemned throughout the West, especially by the French, who have actually broken off diplomatic relations, even though they themselves had just declared a similar State of Emergency in New Caledonia. Although blacks everywhere support their "brothers" here, it must be supposed that every Western politician, on assuming office, takes an oath in which he swears by Almighty Lucifer to be an unswerving traitor to his own white race. Nevertheless, what the strange masters of the Western news media must find particularly disconcerting is that the township rioting is not directed against the whites, but against other nonwhites, against rival tribes and their rival tribal political organisations, while the Zulus have as usual taken advantage of the situation to burn down the shops and houses of the Indians and slaughter the occupants. Zulu police are being used to keep the peace in the black townships of Cape Town, the inhabitants of which are Xhosas, which might explain why these townships have been so quiet recently. That nonwhites are fighting one another and not the whites must be very hard to conceal or explain away, and I have no means of knowing how the foreign news media handle the problem. To the blinkered eyes of TV cameras, the township unrest simply had to be the confidently expected Grand Revolu-



tion, not a damp squib. The nonwhites simply had to be fighting Apartheid; else the entire moral of the story was lost.

Americans may have seen on their television sets the black woman being kicked and burned to death because she was suspected of being a police informer. But she was only one of the many victims of "kangaroo courts." In the Port Elizabeth township alone, 54 blacks have been burned to death during the last five months by youthful executioners known as "comrades." The victims usually have a tyre placed round their shoulders soaked in petrol, which is then set alight. This is known as the "necklace" treatment, which, according to the police chief of the area, Brigadier Schnetler, was picked up from the African National Congress. In the latest incidents two young women were abducted by ten young comrades and, after being repeatedly raped, were adorned with necklaces. Another was raped and set on fire after petrol was poured over her. This must give the young comrades a marvelous sense of power. In Natal, to switch from female to male victims, pubescent Indian boys have been found with their genitals torn from their bodies, an operation that ritual demands be performed while the victims are still living, with the highly prized parts ending up as the property of witch-doctors.

Blacks are easily intimidated. The townships have always been dominated by criminal gangs who consider mutilation to be a routine punishment for reluctance to cooperate. The victims might not always like it, but they accept it as normal, since it demonstrates that the bosses are strong and not weak, which is always reassuring. At present the intimidation is directed against anyone who is prospering and therefore part of "the system." These "collaborators" have to be eradicated in the interests of anarchy. Diligent students, not many in number, are kept away from school by the dropouts, who are many in number and usually constitute the comrades. The slogan is "Liberation Before Education." The definition of collaborator has been widened from black policemen and local authority councillors to include those who own better houses, own a shop or a car or who simply have a good job. The young stormtroopers, ranging in age from 11 to 30, are quite sure that liberation is at hand and that the outside world is with them all the way. What they do not know is that they are only cannon fodder and that their "revolution" is confined to the townships because it has no real chance of breaking out of them. Having no realisation of the resources held in reserve by the state, they are guided largely by the weekly broadcasts of the ANC's Radio Freedom, urging them to make South Africa ungovernable through the employment of unrestrained violence. In addition to these blacks, the Cape Coloureds have also been doing quite well recently in burning and smashing their facilities in the huge and quite astonishing township of Mitchells Plain, not far from Cape Town, which was created out of sand dunes and bush by the government and local authorities at enormous cost. All in the fond liberal belief that good housing eliminates crime and discontent.

Needless to say, the majority of Coloureds and blacks do not at all favour the

present situation. In their hearts blacks might like to see all non-blacks driven into the sea, but their meager brains tell them they do not want to be deprived of their jobs and comforts. Next to American blacks, they are the wealthiest Negroes in the world, owning more than five times as many cars per head of population as the inhabitants of the Soviet Union. Since black businessmen and shopkeepers have been suffering even more grievously than their Indian counterparts during the present disturbances, it is certainly not they who object to the presence of the police. Of much more importance, however, is the Zulu factor. The Zulus, who number some seven million and comprise the largest tribe in South Africa, have no love for the ANC, which is supported by other, scorned tribes. The Zulus have their own Inkatha movement, headed by Chief Buthelezi, the KwaZulu Chief Minister, who never lets an opportunity slip to lash out at the ANC, partly no doubt because he fears the black Reds might undermine his position and authority, though there has been no sign of this happening. So the ANC is not only opposed by the whites, but by the Zulus as well, a formidable opposition.

Why is it that the nonwhites, except for the Indians, are in such a state of vandalistic unrest? Does it make any sense to claim that a revolutionary situation can be caused by a race of people being forced to keep company with their own kind? Do white people anywhere in the world feel rebellious about keeping company with their own kind? On the contrary, they feel rebellious only about alien interlopers. It is a feeling shared by all distinct races. So what unthinking rubbish is the West spouting when it condemns Apartheid?

Could it be then that the blacks really feel oppressed because they envy the whites their power and riches? If this is so, then racial apartness is merely an *ignis fatuus*. The West may say that the unrest is caused by blacks being denied the vote, but the Coloureds are also rioting and they do have the vote, though they hardly make use of it. Because they could never admit to themselves that their inferior status is due to their innate differences, the Coloureds use "white oppression" as an excuse for indulging in an all-out smashing spree, not realising that it is only the whites who shield them from slaughter at the hands of the blacks. But as far as the blacks themselves are concerned, where in all Africa do they have the vote or can they vote for someone of their choice? The vote is a white, not a black fetish. Democracy is entirely foreign to Africa. The claim that the unrest has been caused by the exclusion of blacks -- so far, at least -- from direct parliamentary participation, such as is now enjoyed by Indians and Coloureds, is an explanation fit only for liberals. Anyone with the least knowledge of black psychology

knows that the real reason for the unrest is that the blacks instinctively smell government weakness in the democratic sharing of power with the despised Indians and Coloureds. They sense that white rule is crumbling and that they can soon take over. There is nothing more dangerous than the smell of "Reform," especially among primitive blacks. In Black Africa, a ruler rules absolutely, otherwise he is powerless or senile or both. It is Iran all over again, where the Shah was complainingly pushed into "Reform" by uncomprehending American democrats and was promptly ditched by them when everything went wrong. The only difference is that here in South Africa the government of the country will be taken over by other whites if the present government falls, not by blacks. As an old Voortrekker woman stated, "When our leaders grow tired and tearful, the Nation will take over."

Like the blacks, the West has also sensed that white rule in South Africa is faltering and is accordingly applying all possible pressure to hasten the process, while the Soviets play their part by sending an impressive naval task force round the Cape to pose for photographs while they reinforce their base in Angola with the very latest fighter aircraft (piloted by Russians, of course). Soviet embassies in Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Lesotho, Angola and Mozambique are the centres for Soviet operations throughout Southern Africa. Their diplomatic representative in Lesotho, a mountainous little enclave situated entirely within South Africa, is Vladimir Gavyushkin, who is not a diplomat at all, but a senior official of the International Department of the Soviet Communist Party. The West's revilement and denunciation of South Africa is giving Russia a back-handed go-ahead to attack, though the Kremlin is much too cautious to do that yet. In the meantime, the USSR will pursue its safe Fabian policy of backing subversives and relying on surrogates. Nevertheless, the Russians are refreshingly honest in that they have no illusions about blacks and their "liberation" movements and do not bother to conceal their contempt for them. Andrei Gromyko, despite countless invitations, has consistently refused to visit any black African country. It is therefore a pity that our steadfast Christian government never invited him to South Africa to counteract the American menace and offer Simons Town as a base to the Russian Navy. If nothing else came out of the visit, it might have at least opened a line of communication for possible future bargaining.

Meanwhile, our local English-language rodent press, encouraged by every concession the government makes, will not be satisfied until black majority rule is established, preferably under Nelson Mandela. It is not for nothing that even the left-wing English *Guardian* stated that this press is

largely responsible for the "dreadful image of South Africa that is presented to the outside world." It is part of Harry Oppenheimer's gold-mining empire, and as such the government is afraid to curb it. Since the start of the unrest, and acting in concert with Harry's Progressive Federal Party, the churches and universities, not to mention the municipalities of Cape Town and Johannesburg, the English-language press has sided wholeheartedly with the rioters and condemned the police. The object is to make the police hesitate to act against the rioters, just as the criticism of the armed forces is intended to get them out of Angola and stop acting against SWAPO, the black thugs who want to turn South-West Africa into Namibia and who have just about been finished off as a force of any consequence. The press drools with endless tales of innocent "children" being shot by the police while on their way to buy sweets, and of people innocently sunning themselves in their gardens (yes, we have given them nice gardens to go with their houses) being suddenly pounced upon by the police and mercilessly whipped -- with photographs of the welts to prove it. The newsmongers are doing all in their power to immobilise those who alone can protect them from death and disaster and ensure the safety of their wives and children. The good news, however, is that the most notorious of these newspapers, the *Rand Daily Mail*, whose first editor was Edgar Wallace, who was fired by its Jewish owner for refusing to put across the required political message, has now closed down. Like all the others, it was no longer a white man's newspaper and had become a black man's, more so than the other English-language dailies. As it had calculated, its sales were none the worse for that. But it lost all its advertising, as no businesses were going to waste their advertising on blacks. We can only hope that the *Cape Times* will go the way of the *Rand Daily Mail*.

The bad news is that U.S. Ambassador Herman Nickel has turned up again like a bad penny after an absence of three delightful months, armed with an ultimatum which he had helped to wrest from Reagan, stating that the U.S. would no longer be satisfied with mere statements of reform and that Apartheid would henceforth have to be seen to be abolished. On top of this incredible impertinence, Reagan, expressing his "grief" at Apartheid and as a sop to the Democrats, who would be lost without South Africa and Star Wars, imposed a ban on the importation of Krugerrands, a ban on the sale of nuclear technology to South Africa, which we never had from America anyway, a ban on the sale of computers, the imposition of strict curbs on bank loans and, naturally, an embargo on the supply of advanced weaponry, all to "encourage peaceful change in South Africa" and not of course to help ruin her economy and

render her incapable of defending herself against enemies using highly sophisticated weaponry such as the Russians in Angola. One would never believe from all this that South Africa and the U.S. are both founder members of the United Nations, whose Charter forbids interference in the domestic affairs of member states.

It is interesting to note that Herman Nickel, born in Berlin of Jewish parents and a board member of the NAACP, was once, in 1962, the representative in South Africa of *Time*, and was expelled by the Verwoerd government for his scurrilous, hate-twisted articles. His return as an ambassador is therefore a supreme symbolic triumph, and his acceptance by the present government can only be explained as either an act of equally supreme subservience or as a surreptitious indication of agreement with his views. For my own part I wish the U.S. would disinvest in South Africa and depart altogether and take its precious Nickel with them, for I do not know of a single face that so well represents the naked menace confronting us as does this sham semi-Nordic visage. He left South Africa abruptly after the South African raid on the ANC base in Gabarone in Botswana, which he vehemently denounced, evidently agreeing with Bishop Tutu, who said that there were no ANC members in the whole of Botswana but only refugees from "the stinking Apartheid policies." Neither he nor Tutu recanted when the victims of the raid were given ANC funerals with ANC flags draped over their coffins. The entire West, and the U.S. particularly, is resolved to wipe out terrorism, especially against Israel, yet in South Africa it actively supports the terrorists against the legal government. In South Africa the West's most solemn political resolutions are abruptly reversed. Thus the Israeli raid on the PLO base in Tunis was deemed "legitimate" by the Americans as it was directed against terrorists. The U.S. warships' shelling of Druse villages was also legitimate, and so no doubt was the American invasion of the British island of Grenada. But the South African raid on the ANC nest in Gabarone was at once condemned as "sheer murder" and "totally inexcusable," and all the patently obvious lies of the Botswana authorities were gladly and uncritically accepted. State Department officials have repeatedly stressed that they have the highest regard for Botswana's Foreign Minister, Mrs. Gaositwe Chiede, who insisted there were no ANC fighters in Gabarone, regardless of the number of armed ANC freebooters who were shot dead shortly after crossing the border into South Africa from that country. The Botswana government even denied ever having discussed the matter of the ANC presence with the South African government, though top-level discussions in fact took place a number of times. Even Herman Nickel must know by now that blacks lie as easily

and as naturally as other people breathe and have genuine difficulty in distinguishing fact from fancy in the best of times.

### The Religious Connection

Holy men and saints have always been considered good soldiers in the war against the white race. In South Africa the first or most prominent of these was Father Trevor Huddleston, now Archbishop Huddleston, who became famous for his memorable struggle to prevent the government from moving the black inhabitants of the shanty town of Sophiatown to the new and fully serviced township of Meadowlands. Sophiatown was a model for those foreign journalists hired to show South Africa in the worst possible light, rather like the worst parts of Soweto today. (Places such as Mitchells Plain and parts of other townships where nonwhites live in homes better than many whites either in South Africa or elsewhere will ever have, are of course kept out of Western newspapers and magazines). It was the uncontrolled influx of blacks into shanty towns that brought about the Pass Laws, which are now about to be done away with in the interests of human freedom and dignity, though whites will still have to have passes when they visit black townships. Fame was Huddleston's spur. He was photographed by Ed Murrow (who had the habit of throwing coins into garbage cans so he could photograph black children scrabbling for "food scraps") gazing heavenwards with his arms dramatically outflung (a pose copied by Tutu) and with his head in front of an electric light which made the saint look as if he actually had a halo. Promoted for his good works, Huddleston returned to London, where he headed up the Anti-Apartheid Movement in between occasional church work. He has been quoted as saying that he hoped that the entire English people would become a coloured race, as it would improve them considerably.

South Africa's present-day political holy men, who wear their clerical robes as a kind of battledress, are Dr. Allen Boseak, a Coloured man who is president of the imposing World Alliance of Reformed Churches and also patron of the United Democratic Front, which, as Chief Buthelezi has said, is a thinly disguised ANC front. Then, of course, there is the equally diminutive Rt. Rev. Desmond Tutu, the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg and Nobel Peace Prize laureate. Both are described as "courageous," like all opponents of the government, although unlike Andrei Sakharov they have nothing to fear if they do not actually break the law or call for violence. They both hosted Senator Edward Kennedy, the hero of Chappaquiddick, on his visit to South Africa, though the planned climax of his brief tour, a speech in Soweto, ended in chaos when the meeting was disrupted by members of the Azanian People's

Organization (AZAPO) waving anti-Kennedy banners bearing slogans such as "Socialist AZAPO versus Capitalist Kennedy" and chanting "Kennedy, Go Home!" Whereupon Kennedy went.

Blacks prefer communism to capitalism, though they survive on capitalist wages and handouts. When they are asked to explain the difference between communism and capitalism, they are quite unable to do so. Foreigners have been puzzled by this, and I suppose one has to know the black man to be able to explain it. Part of the answer is that communism, as the most primitive of all political movements, naturally appeals to primitives, with its absence of individual initiative and supposed equal sharing of goods. But the main reason Africans go for communism is that they know it is strong and capitalism is weak. Thus they have the utmost respect for Russia but no respect for America, though we must bear in mind that the blacks have no word in their languages for respect, only for "fear." The Americans are democratic equalitarians, fawning on blacks, while Russians (and Afrikaners) are the opposite, which can only mean that the former are inferior beings and the latter superior beings. As Albert Schweitzer himself repeatedly stressed, you must never allow a black man to think himself your equal.

Bishop Tutu urges disinvestment in South Africa. He poses as the self-appointed champion of "his people," and finds Apartheid "evil, immoral and un-Christian," but lives far apart from "his people" in a bishop's palace. No one knows what he has done to merit the Nobel Peace Prize because he is no more than an agitator tacitly calling for a war against the whites, though so many unlikely people have won this prize -- Begin and Kissinger, to name two -- no one can possibly take it seriously.

On the other hand, he at least pleads the cause of his people, unlike the Church of England, which supports everybody but the English themselves. Before accepting his Peace Prize in Oslo, he spent forty minutes with Reagan in the White House and said afterwards that Reagan's stance against Apartheid was no more than rhetoric. He added, somewhat impolitely, "If he were my President, I would be very ashamed of him. If he is supporting a racist policy, doesn't that make him a racist?" In London Tutu said he would revert to being "just an ordinary bishop" if Nelson Mandela were released. In Copenhagen he warned that without international pressure against Pretoria "there will be a bloodbath" because otherwise "we [blacks] would have very little option but to use violence." In London, as the guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie, he dropped in at No. 10 Downing Street to brief Mrs. Thatcher, telling her to recognize the ANC as the only legitimate black political authority in South Africa and begging her to

impose total sanctions. Although Mrs. Thatcher is decidedly antagonistic towards South Africa, Tutu got nowhere with her. (While inviting Tutu and other South African blacks and leftists to No. 10, she pointedly and rudely refused to admit the South African Prime Minister, Mr. P.W. Botha.) She told him, as she had told others, that she could see no logic in taking steps that would ensure nothing but increased unemployment in both Britain and South Africa. Perhaps she did not realise that Tutu desperately wants unemployment and chaos in South Africa and that logic is not a feature of the black mentality.

Where Dr. Allen Boesak is concerned, the Dutch Reformed Church could never have dreamed what a viper it was nursing in its bosom. The first thing he did, on emerging from within its folds, was to have the white branches of his Church expelled from the World Alliance of Reformed Churches. He is a leading opponent of the new constitution providing parliamentary representation for Asians and his own Coloured folk, and although not a racist, because only white Nordics can be racialisists, he has called South Africans "the spiritual children of Adolf Hitler," has begged

the UN Security Council to force Pretoria to "negotiate" with black leaders, meaning the ANC, and while a Christian and "not a Marxist," he laid a wreath at the grave of 18 ANC members who died in Maputo during a South African raid. A married man with four children, he has had to confess to abandoning his wife for a white woman church worker. Whereas Tutu is fighting for disinvestment, Boesak is fighting for a boycott of white shops and businesses, regardless of the fact that whites produce all of the food and goods and that all wholesalers are white. This boycott, which he has ordered his flock to enforce, has been largely ineffective. While planning a big march on Pollsmoor Prison to demand the release of Mandela, he was arrested and charged with subversion, and spent three weeks in detention before being let out on conditional bail. In detention he "wrestled with God and fought with God," which may not have pleased God too much, and he said splendidly that he would resist the subversion charges to the very end. Then he implored those fighting Apartheid not to turn to violence as it would destroy their souls.

I suppose the best known white opponent of the South African government is

Mrs. Helen Suzman, the local Bella Abzug, who was at one time the only representative of Harry Oppenheimer's Progressive Federal Party in Parliament. Although her heavily Jewish constituency is the wealthiest in the country, she belongs to the party that is the furthest to the left, the Communist Party being illegal in South Africa. She is really the mouthpiece of the Grand Puppeteers of the West in their war against a beleaguered handful of obstinate whites. A great champion of the underprivileged, she feels deeply for all suffering nonwhite peoples with the sole exception of the Arabs. She occasionally drops in on No. 10 Downing Street to give Maggie an unbiased rundown on the South African situation, presumably at the behest of Harry and his pals. No longer the head of the PFP, a job that has been given to Dr. Van Syl Slabbert, a renegade Afrikaner, she could be expected to broaden the appeal of the party, though in fact the party has no future other than as a vociferous newspaper-supported opposition, forever calling for the scrapping of discriminatory laws.

*To be Continued*

## No Instaurationist Received This Invitation

Palm Beach's Breakers, which used to be a bastion of the goy polloi, is now a Jewish pleasure dome, a sort of assignation headquarters where people like Armand Hammer buy their way into the social graces of royalty. The entrance fee for this particular affair was \$10,000 per couple to attend the dance and \$50,000 per couple to shake hands with Mr. Di and spouse. It all smacks of back-alley sordidness. What's the difference between paying 50 grand for a handshake or 20 bucks for something more intimate?

Even the media, which strangely fawn over Hammer, the man who made millions out of his oil concessions from Muammar Gaddafi, the man who broke the federal election laws by giving an illegal contribution to Nixon's 1972 presidential campaign, the man who constantly boasts of another staged handshake, the time he pressed the flesh of Lenin -- even the media were not too enthusiastic about Hammer's "pay-to-come" party.

A brief TV glimpse of the gala showed the kind of faces that belonged to people willing to cough up \$10,000 to be in the same room as the Prince of Wales. Most bore a certain resemblance to Armand Hammer. The women were so bleached and blondined you couldn't tell if they were Nordics or fake Nordics -- probably half and half.

Hammer was once a partner with his father and the Soviet Union in a company, Allied American Corp., that smuggled funds from Russia into the U.S. to foment Communist revolutionary activities. When the British found this out, they ordered the Hammers out of England. But this was a long time ago. Now the Prince of Wales slobbers over the man that his country previously banned, the man whose racial cousins killed a lot of Charles's relatives in Ekaterinburg on that bloody night in 1918.

Additional social note: Patricia Rose resigned at the last minute as chairman of Hammer's gala. She is married to 71-year-old John Kluge, born in Chemnitz in the Old Country, the hectomillionaire who runs Metromedia and is director of Kluge, Finkelstein & Co., food brokers. Mrs. Kluge, born in Baghdad and half Iraqi, was once a famous belly dancer and porn queen.

When she isn't tending her vast horse ranch in Charlottesville (VA), she attends NAACP directors' meetings. Odd that she should have ducked out at the last minute. She was eminently qualified to preside over Hammer's soiree.

*In the Presence of Their Royal Highnesses  
The Prince and Princess of Wales  
The Board of Directors  
of  
The Armand Hammer United World College  
of the American West  
Requests the Pleasure of Your Company  
at a Gala in Honor of  
Dr. Armand Hammer  
for his contributions to  
The International Movement of  
the United World Colleges*

*Tuesday, the Twelfth of November  
Palm Beach, Florida*

*7:30 p.m. Reception*

*The Breakers*

*8:45 p.m. Dinner*

*Palm Beach, Florida*

*Black Tie*

*R.S.V.P. by October 15, 1985*



# A Slice of Life on the Atlanta Subway

I commute to my classes at Georgia State via MARTA (Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority), an acronym that more accurately means "Moving Africans Right Through Atlanta." The other evening I had a chance to see a confrontation between the New South At-LANT-tah and the even newer Third World At-LANT-tah. A woman with the hard, mean face of liberation writ across her brow was perusing a copy of some book whose title was only partly visible. I could see "A Woman's Guide . . ." but to what, was obscured. At the Martin Luther King/Memorial Drive station, a drunken blackamoor came aboard and surveyed the car for a seat. It was only about 25% full, so a decision had to be made with great care. After a few glances here and there, our gallant black graced the seat adjacent to Ms. Lib. With the confidence of a man who knows his place in the world, he threw his arm over the seat back. Ms. went into a turtle position, withdrawing all limbs as close to her torso as possible without being a total fetus. Encouraged no doubt by this reaction, the darkie attempted to insert his face between the book and the face of the reader and leered, "What'cha readin'?" No response. He leaned back and positioned his head on the opposite side of the book, evidently trying to read the spine.

Failing to make out the title, our hero managed to get to his feet and noted a new citizen from the Orient peering out at him from behind inch-thick glasses. Staggering over to the man from Asia, the man from the Heart of Darkness asked: "Who you lookin' at?" With the innocence of a child, the East answered: "I'm looking at you" in

heavily accented English. The black blinked. "I suppose you is." He then kicked the crossed leg of the seated Oriental and instructed him not to look at him any more.

Casting a baleful glance around the car, the monarch of MARTA looked around to see if the other passengers were properly respectful. All of them immediately went into the turtle/fetus submission posture and attempted to discover just what it was that made the floor so interesting. Honesty compels me to admit that I might have been tempted to do so myself save for the reassuring weight of the Beretta 9mm in my coat pocket. The black eyes met mine.

I will insert at this point a tale told me by a black police captain. This worthy law enforcement officer had observed that criminals, troublemakers and social misfits can tell when a citizen is "totin'." They can see it in your eyes.

In blackened Atlanta, under the administration of Hizzoner Andrew, late of the Carter administration's Amos 'n' Andy act, it would be a violation of every known human rights edict, to say nothing of good sense, to gun down a member of a protected species. Belonging to a law-abiding caste, I would not wish to displease the masters of my city if I could avoid it.

The black glowered. Without thinking, I smiled. He quickly surveyed the car. Apparently no one else had observed this brief visual exchange. The black smirked back. Dismissing me as a suitable object of pleasure and torment, he returned to Ms. Reader, plopped down beside her again and mumbled and rolled about in his seat until we arrived at the next station, where he

staggered out the door.

The passengers breathed easier. Ms. Lib could retreat into the demonized world where racists and sexists throw sand in the gears of our wonderful Brave New South, where blacks and whites work so smoothly together. Third World Atlanta was blacked out again.

Telling this story to some friends produced some paradoxical reactions. A female lawyer of ultra-liberal social outlook told me I should have intervened. Some coeds at law school agreed. On the other hand, Instaurationists of my acquaintance by and large approved of my decision to take the easy path and permit the liberals to live out their new philosophy. How cynically pleasant it was to hear Ms. BMW and wine-and-cheese females express a desire for white male protection backed by, horror of horrors, a handgun!

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P.S.: MARTA trains were originally equipped with expensive upholstered seats because, as an official put it, it was expected there would be less vandalism than that which has all but wrecked the New York City subway system. But now that the graffiti are beginning to appear, now that it is costing MARTA nearly \$500,000 a year to replace the ripped and defaced seats, \$1.2 million is being spent to substitute 16,320 hard fiberglass seats for the upholstered ones. The difference between the underground *moeurs* and the underground transportation of Atlanta and Zoo City is narrowing every day.

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## A Cold Look at the 1980 New York City Census

One great ally of present-day white survivalists is cold, hard, mind-crunching numbers. Our mediators can lie all they want to about racial issues in general, but they still can't falsify -- too much -- the quantifiable aspects of the racial catastrophe enveloping America. An article in *New York* magazine (Jan. 10, 1983) on what the 1980 Census turned up in New York City is incontrovertible proof of this assumption. The tone of the article is predictably breezy and offbeat in its recital of the mass of nearly indigestible and Alka-Seltzer-inducing stats: there are 163 Eskimos in New York City, 29,557 women vets, 336,763 single-family homes, and so on. But all this persiflage cannot hide the grim demographic reality that lurks like a menacing beast be-

hind all the cheery chatter.

Before offering up some of these frightening yet unsurprising racial numbers, we must first introduce a permanent and blanket qualification. The nonwhite headcount and percentages are almost invariably on the low side. On the other hand, the white numbers and percentages are either an overcount (owing to broad definitions of "white") or relatively accurate. Anyone contemplating the vast, pulsating ghettos of New York realizes the difficulty of obtaining even a ballpark estimate of accurate nonwhite numbers. Coupled with this is the great and ever growing population of nonwhite illegal aliens in the city. Both these factors must lead to a significant undercount, which both the nonwhite communi-

ties and the city government blandly admit. If we keep this in mind, we can obtain a much truer picture of the city's racial realities -- a picture much more in accord with what is seen by any visitor who gets out of midtown Manhattan.

First of all, the 1980 Census claims that New York is now 51.9% white. Even if we accept this figure, it still means that the city lost about 1.3 million whites between 1970 and 1980 -- a very rapid exodus after several preceding decades of exoduses. The nonwhite sector of the population breaks down as follows: 23.9% black, 19.9% Hispanic, 4.3% Other. Staten Island is the whitest borough with 85.3%. Manhattan and Brooklyn are approximately 50% white, the Bronx 33.9%, Queens 62%.

If we were to stop here, the situation would be disturbing enough. But to achieve an accurate sense of the racial transformation taking place in the nation's largest city, we must examine the age breakdown of these racial components, and this the Census exhaustively provides. In these categories we see in every instance that the white population is vastly underrepresented at the younger age levels. As the years go by, white deaths and nonwhite births are steadily chipping away at that already fictional 51.9 white percentage. The only offsetting factor in this steady white erosion is the influx into the city of young and ambitious Yuppies. Yet this white influx, primarily into Manhattan, is a mere trickle in comparison to the continuing nonwhite influx into the other boroughs. And while the latter will contribute much children to New York's age pyramid, the former will contribute very few indeed.

To get a feel for the racial age pyramid, let's examine the extremes: 20.3% of white New Yorkers are over 65, compared to 7.1% for blacks and 4.7% for Hispanics. Only a paltry 4.2% of whites are under five. It's 8.5% for blacks and 10.3% for Hispanics. In the under-18 category, nonwhite children comprise 67.2% of the city's total, which, states *New York* magazine nonchalantly, forecasts "significant changes in New York's future profile."

It is instructive to examine the various components of nonwhite growth between 1970-80. Blacks increased from 1,545,242 to 1,694,127 (a 9.6% gain), while Hispanics grew from 1,202,281 to 1,406,024 (a 16.9% gain). The "Other" category shows the results of the first wave of Third World gate-crashing: Chinese went from 69,324 to 124,764; Asian Indians from 6,445 to 40,945; Koreans from 2,654 to 23,257; Filipinos from 11,207 to 23,810. Anyone who has spent any time in New York is well aware that these figures are low. In any event, we can be certain that the 1990 Census will reveal a great many more persons in the "Other" category.

Amidst this sea of numbers, one group mentioned in the article stood out from the rest. The borough of Manhattan had 1,428,285 denizens in 1980, of whom 69,152 (4.8%) were under five, well below the national average of 7.2% for this age group. Remembering that Manhattan is allegedly only half white, we can see that the 706,264 white Manhattanites produced only 16,082 children under five, a mere 2.3% of the white population. Simple arithmetic tells us the other 53,070 children under five in the borough are nonwhite. So Manhattan, 50% white overall, is only 23% white in the under-five cohort (to use a term dearly beloved by demographers). And even

this latter figure surely seems high to anyone who has noted the relative scarcity of white kids and the abundance of nonwhite ones. "We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy," runs the well known lyric. Maybe yes, maybe no. But when the newest generation grows up, the joyful islanders will be a different breed than that which the songwriter had in mind.

The reasons for this racial disparity among the young are obvious. While Manhattan's nonwhites exhibit the fecundity common to their brethren everywhere, its whites are perhaps the supreme example in the Western world of a "low fertility culture." Besides being disproportionately old, they are disproportionately homosexual and, even when not homosexual, disproportionately Jewish and childless. Furthermore, Manhattan is an arena for a substantially higher percentage of racial mixture than is the case in less trendy sections of the nation. The only thing scarcer than an Upper East Side WASPess with a child is an Upper East Side WASPess with a Majority child. And even when a white couple in Manhattan desires to have children, the fearful cost of living in their gilded enclave may well cause Dad and Mom to opt for childlessness.

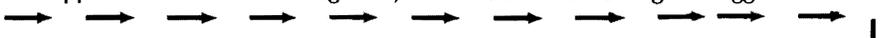
From a strictly biological and ecological perspective, New York City, like much of urban America in this age, is in effect a killing ground for whites. The only redeeming factor is the previously unmentioned influx of bright-eyed and bushy-tailed whites from the provinces; whites who will probably be rendered sterile by the peculiar and deadly racial dynamics present in contemporary Metro America. Since the white birthrate nationwide is well below replacement level, the supply of whites from the countryside is not limitless.

It is fitting that a long article on the 1980 Census appeared in *New York* magazine,

which purveys on a weekly basis the standard liberal-minority credo with a curiously contrasting brand of consumerism based on restaurant-hopping, interior decorating and keeping abreast of the latest foreign films. The way in which the article itself glibly ignores the frightening racial implications of the Census is perfectly indicative of the sort of head-in-the-mud approach educated whites everywhere are taking toward these issues. Armed with their Boasite undergraduate anthropology courses and their ample quotas of racial guilt, most readers of *New York* will choose to ignore these unpleasant realities, if they manage to recognize them at all in their mad rush to get analyzed by a trendy new shrink and buy a fancy new bauble from the corner boutique.

A doctorate in demography is not needed to predict New York City's racial destiny. The Bronx, which as recently as the early 1940s was overwhelmingly white, will likely be no more than 10% white by the turn of the century. Brooklyn's nonwhite neighborhoods, unprotected by natural geographic boundaries, will be at least 75% nonwhite by A.D. 2000. The whites of Queens -- until quite recently an Archie Bunker borough -- will probably be a minority by the end of this decade. Staten Island will continue to be something of a white redoubt. Manhattan, with its traditional lure to the eager and talented, will probably remain more or less as is on the racial scale.

What do we learn from all this? Very little that most of us don't instinctively know. Multiracialism, whether of the *Sesame Street* or Bronx variety, is invariably a prelude to white extinction. The white race can no more successfully coexist with tens of millions of nonwhites in its midst than the dinosaurs could coexist with the mammals that were eating their eggs.



### Ponderable Letter

Dear President Reagan,

It has been over three years now, and a large portion of this country remains embroiled in a bitter race war. People are being murdered every day. If anyone in this country hasn't been affected yet, there is little reason to believe that they won't soon be. The white people of this country are being quietly murdered, blackmailed, and harassed by nearly every member of the black race. I am a white male who has never intentionally broken a law in this county, and yet my relatives and friends are being killed, and my residence constantly entered by blacks. It is past time that you and the members of Congress -- the *elected* leaders of this country -- take *effective*, concrete action to stop this war and enforce the laws of this land. Stop hiding behind politics, and do what you know must be done.

A citizen of the U.S.A.

*(Copies of this letter, sent to us by a friend, were also mailed to members of Congress, selected newspapers and radio and TV stations.)*





## A Tale of Two Towns

Stone Mountain and Commerce are both towns in northern Georgia with 1980 populations between four and five thousand. Each is roughly 85% white and 15% black. But Stone Mountain is located within the sprawling Atlanta metropolis and grew by 150% during the 1970s, while Commerce is situated 75 miles to the northeast, near Athens, and grew by only 10%. Nearly twice as many Stone Mountaineers are high-school graduates, which partly reflects their much younger median age.

For all its newness, Stone Mountain is also an historic American hamlet. It was here, on Thanksgiving Day 1915, that the modern Ku Klux Klan was born. By 1925, nearly half of the white population of Florida (of all ages) had paid the \$10 Klan initiation fee, and the organization was only slightly weaker in such far-flung states as New Jersey, Maine, Nebraska, Indiana and Oregon.

The Klan was in the news again late last year, in both Commerce and Stone Mountain, and the media's treatment of the two stories brilliantly illuminates the decayed state of American morality.

In Commerce, a Christmas parade is held annually, and last year the Klan asked if it could add a float. "Merry Christmas from the Klan" would be the message. When the town fathers determined that they could not constitutionally stop the Klan float (and the Constitution is still respected in this backwater), they cancelled the entire parade as a "great security risk." The story was picked up by the wire services and carried nationwide as "How the Klan Stole Christmas." According to *Newsweek*, "[Great Titan Danny Carver] could pass for Ebenezer Scrooge."

As for Stone Mountain, at 3:30 A.M. last October 13, the historic Klan Imperial Palace was burned to the ground. The DeKalb County Arson Unit said it was definitely arson. The \$90,000 loss was sustained by the venerable James Venable, an activist throughout most of the Klan's modern history. He hadn't a penny's worth of insurance.

The building was situated in an old residential area in the heart of Stone Mountain. The Klan had often let community groups use the hall for meetings. Historic reports from the Klan's early days were lost, but most of the major Klan relics were stored elsewhere.

Whether one loves the Klan, hates it, or feels indifferent, such a story clearly

belonged on all the TV networks and on page one of the *New York Times*. Yet, with the exception of the tiny *DeKalb Neighbor* (Oct. 23), not a single paper in Atlanta -- much less anywhere else -- carried the news.

## The Ghost People

After running dozens of panicky articles about high Jewish intermarriage rates and low Jewish birthrates, the *New York Times* (Dec. 3, 1985) finally got around to acknowledging that the folks who founded America are no longer to be found among greater New York's 14 million denizens. Former Mayor John V. Lindsay estimated a WASP component of 6%, but surely that's far too optimistic a figure for those under 40 (his own non-endogamous daughter married a Jew).

If the presence of the article in Abe Rosenthal's paper was surprising, the content was anything but. A renegade dowager was trotted out to reminisce about how colorless things were when the WASPs were in power. Elizabeth Chapin, whose husband Schuyler is dean of the School of Arts at Columbia, said, "You can't imagine how stifling, how boring that old world could be."

E. Digby Baltzell, University of Pennsylvania sociologist and historian, commented to the *Times's* reporter: "WASPs built America because they were outdoors people. They made great pioneers. They hate cities. They're misfits in an urban world." (Half a truth is better than none.)

John Lindsay, who, like Baltzell, referred to WASPs as "they" (perhaps because he's a second-generation American), observed that "they" are not only down to "no more than 6%" but powerless to boot: in all of mighty Manhattan, said Lindsay, all that the WASPs retain are a few commercial banks, several scattered hunks of real estate, and the occasional cultural board. (He refrained from saying who owns the rest of the island.)

When Mrs. Chapin and her husband were asked to name some old WASP families who still have "real power or influence" in the city, they were stymied. The *Times's* reporter, however, who presumably went around the office asking everyone for ideas, at last produced seven names: John Lindsay and brother Robert; David Rockefeller and sister-in-law Blanche; novelist Louis Auchincloss; Winston Lord, ambassador to Red China (who has a Chinese wife); Robert Goellet, president of the

American Museum of Natural History.

The article, "Of Wasps and New York," ended with a word from an ex-mayor: "We'll rise again," Mr. Lindsay vowed. But he was laughing.

## Zoo City Nights

If you had been a white man or woman and happened to be walking at or near Madison Square Garden on the night of December 27, 1985, you stood a good chance of being robbed, possibly stabbed and, if you were really down on your luck, shot. The Garden had put on one of those high-culture bashes known as a rap concert, featuring a band of black troublemakers who were the star attractions of a violence-inciting, hate-whitey film, *Krush Groove*.

After the "concert" was over, as many as 5,000 blacks streamed into the streets, knocking down any white pedestrian unfortunate enough to be within their reach. Jewels were ripped off all the white fingers and necks the "youths" could get their hands on. On Broadway, many white passersby lost every possession of value they had on their persons. In all, one man was shot, seven were stabbed, hundreds were robbed -- but only 16 blacks were arrested.

## Hail and Farewell

Washington's Farewell Address is dated Sept. 17, 1796, but it was never delivered orally. It was printed two days later in only a single newspaper, Philadelphia's *American Daily Advertiser*. The address, a plea for national unity, appeared under a small heading on pages 2 and 3. Page 1 was devoted to advertising.

James Madison helped Washington write a part of the message in 1792. Alexander Hamilton put in his two cents' worth in 1796. The famous phrase "entangling alliances" does not appear. Rather, it was used by Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural. Though the Farewell Address used different words, it carried the same profoundly isolationist meaning: "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies" should be the limit of America's foreign policy.

Today, the saddest tradition in our nearly traditionless land comes each Washington's Birthday, when a congressman recites the Farewell Address before "assembled senators and representatives." Typically, less than half a dozen members bother to show up, greeting the still pertinent and still eloquent words with the stifled yawns of the uncomprehending. Consequently, it is all the more remarkable that the new prayer book adopted by some of America's Conservative Jewish congregations includes an excerpt from the Fare-

well Address (along with other non-Jewish writings like "America the Beautiful" and the Bill of Rights).

Washington devoted part of his parting message to deploring "this plague of mankind -- war," and to counseling the young republic against things like a party system of government and deficit financing. Jews could consider such warnings as most appropriate for the strife-torn politics and printing press economy of modern Israel.

Perhaps someday, a Jewish prayer book will include the remarkable speech made in New York last year by George Bush. In what could be considered his first rhetorical bid for the presidency, the forty-third Vice-President grandly declared that Americans must fight anti-Semitism for "a million years."

Not exactly in the spirit of Washington, who was not one to go into special relationships.

## Crusade Against Christ

In his relentless and unceasing attempts to develop a secret history of Christianity, Hugh J. Schonfield, routinely described as an "eminent Jewish historian" by leading book reviewers, wrote a bestseller some years ago called *The Passover Plot*, which claimed that the death and resurrection of Jesus was a gigantic hoax. This is the kind of trash that sells three million copies, although a book alleging a Jewish hoax, Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, is considered anathema by practically all American bookstores and has actually been banned in Canada.

Having delivered himself of his earlier piece of religious bigotry, Schonfield has now come out with another opus, *The Original New Testament*. Normally a book that attempts to rewrite the holy writ of the overwhelming number of Americans might be expected to stir up some controversy, if not violence. But Schonfield's libel has been greeted as a fascinating historical document by Jewish and non-Jewish book reviewers alike, even though, for example, he exonerates Herod of that famous massacre and accuses St. Luke of pirating material from the Old Testament and from the renegade Jewish chronicler, Flavius Josephus.

There is, naturally, a great deal of Jewish racism in Schonfield's work, especially when he attacks the New Testament for trying to "de-Semitize" Jesus. Luke is chastised for never having set foot in Judea and John is condemned for not being a Jew. As customary with Jewish assaults on the New Testament,

Schonfield tries to pin the responsibility for Jesus' death on Pilate, while white-washing the high priests and the howling Jewish mob which called for the crucifixion.

Speculate to your heart's content about the character and motives of Christ, but be sure to put him in a pro-Jewish and anti-Gentile light. Then jot down your wildest interpretation of events, send them to Harper & Row, and you've got yourself a bestseller. So goes the Zeitgeist in what was once a Christian nation.

## Criminal Misinformation

What are the chances that an American woman will be raped in her lifetime?

On Tuesday, November 26, the CBS *Evening News* ran a feature on the booming security business. A salesman was shown telling a couple, "One in eight women that you see on the street today will be a rape victim."

"Wrong!" boomed the CBS reporter, "The real figure is one in 600." Dan Rather was the anchorman that night, and let this bit of lunacy slip by unquestioned.

FBI records show that, in 1983 alone, 78,920 forcible rapes were reported. But a Justice Department study released last spring showed that only 60% of all rapes are reported. Meanwhile, attempted rapes are at least twice as common, and only 50% of them are reported.

Assuming, as one must, that there were actually only 132,000 rapes (both the 60% reported and the 40% unreported) during 1983, and twice that many attempted rapes (264,000), for a total of 396,000, one may extrapolate from these figures to cover a normal lifespan.

The American woman born in 1981 will live 78 years, on average. Assuming she is rape-vulnerable for 70 years, one obtains the figure of  $70 \times 396,000 = 27,720,000$ . Divide that into the 110 million females aged 8 to 78 living in this country. Even if one assumes that many women will suffer rape/attempted rape more than once, the one-in-eight probability appears very conservative.

The one-in-600 figure pulled out of a hat by Rather & Co. constitutes first-degree criminal negligence, simply one more media lie deliberately concocted to defuse an outbreak of white anger.

According to last year's Justice Department study, even men are now being raped in America at the rate of 123,000 for the decade 1973-82. This figure undoubtedly overlooks most of the homosexual rapes in prison, nearly all of which are either black-on-white or

black-on-black. (Homosexual behavior is widespread in European prisons, but homosexual rape is nonexistent or nearly so.)

## Film Flimflam

Whoopi Goldberg, the queen of stand-up obscenity, has been getting rave reviews for her acting in *The Color Purple*, the screen adaptation of a gory, hyper-realistic tale of Negro life in the South by Alice Walker. The adulatory puffery in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (Dec. 21, 1985) contained these memorable words: "[Whoopi's] first stage name was Whoopi Kushion, she admits with a loud whoop. But Goldberg seemed more dignified . . ."

Since *The Color Purple* is full of black actors and based on a black-authored novel, it had to be good -- better than good, in fact, because it was directed by Steven Spielberg, the greatest film genius of all time, practically a cinematic god. Gene Shalit, the Afro-haired caricature of a bleached cannibal chief and NBC Today's arbiter *elegantiarum*, proclaimed, "It should be against the law not to see it."

Only blacks had the guts to attack what white reviewers felt compelled to call a cinematic masterpiece. A Negro picket line paraded in front of L.A. theaters showing *The Color Purple*. Placards proclaiming it was "demeaning," that is, portrayed blacks who were not as pure and perfect as Martin Luther King Jr., whose penchant for white women was equaled only by his penchant for Marx and Gandhi. In fact, the principal male character rapes his daughter and sells his chillun to an adoption agency.

The other great cinema hit of the day is *Shoah*, a grinding 9½-hour hatefest against Germans and Poles, a Holocaust film to end all Holocaust films. Jewish and non-Jewish critics pronounced it the film of the year, if not the century. One of the very few reviewers who managed to keep her wits about her, along with her intellectual integrity, was Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*, who commented, "I made it through five hours and gave up. I just don't think it's very good. It's a very narrow-minded, slacker-made movie."

Gene Siskel, the *Chicago Tribune* TV critic, drooled that *Shoah* is not only "among the greatest films ever made," but "is the greatest use of film in motion picture history." He then told about a "teenage" boy, who survived Nazi bullets in 1945 in the Chelmno camp and who, "now 47," told his story to Claude Lanzmann, the producer-director. The arithmetic is typical of Holocaust atrocity mongers.



## The Mob from Moscow

The large contingent of criminals that arrived with the Cuban influx in south Florida has been well publicized. Not so well known -- for well-known reasons -- are the swarms of Jewish criminals who arrived with the invasion of Soviet Jews, to whose traveling expenses U.S. taxpayers have contributed tens of millions of dollars. The Russian Jews, whom the press, when it does touch on this touchy subject, prefers to describe as the Soviet Mob, have now joined forces with the Mafia in south Florida in a gas tax ripoff, which has cheated federal, state and local treasuries of some \$50 million, now stashed safely away in secret Panamanian and Austrian bank accounts. In their spare time, asserts the *Tampa Tribune* (Dec. 26, 1985), the Russian-Jewish mobsters are "committing fraud involving insurance, credit cards and gold coins, as well as blackmail, counterfeiting and extortion."

## Photo Fakers

Disinformation specialists have been given a big boost lately with new digital audio-visual technologies that make it possible to add or subtract bits and pieces of a photograph or a tape recording without anyone being the wiser. As one Instaurationist writes, "I see a time in the not-too-distant future when incriminating photographs and recordings can and will be manufactured out of whole cloth and constitute the most damning of courtroom evidence."

The forgery skills of the KGB, already considerable, will be greatly enhanced by this new technological "progress," which they are now busy stealing. Perhaps the next time Soviet agents send out fake letters from the Ku Klux Klan, as they did in their attempt to sabotage the Los Angeles Olympics, they will be able to enclose a photo of the Grand Wizard in the act of signing a document threatening death to all blacks, browns, yellows and Jews. Moreover, the forged evidence the KGB has been supplying the Justice Department in the latter's campaign to frame citizens from eastern Europe on war crimes charges will acquire a new and more convincing credibility. No doubt we may soon see "live" films of Auschwitz gas chambers, accompanied by snapshots of surly German soldiers throwing babies off apartment house roofs in Poland.

Digital finagling would have been a

godsend and a worksaver for Robert Capa, the late Hungarian-Jewish photographer, whose camera produced some of the propaganda masterpieces of the Spanish Civil War, WWII and the first Arab-Israeli war. In a recent review of a Capa biography by Richard Whalen, the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Sept. 29, 1985) had this to say: "[W]e do know that on several occasions he titled his photographs inaccurately so they could better serve as anti-fascist propaganda."

Capa, whose real name was Endre Friedmann, not only fibbed with his camera, but with his mouth and his pen. He said he had sneaked into a lecture of Leon Trotsky by helping workers carry heavy steel pipes. He really got in the bourgeois way -- by buying a ticket. He claimed he had parachuted into Sicily with American troops in 1943, when he actually arrived in a supply ship. His most notorious photo, the "falling soldier" of the Spanish Civil War, was almost certainly a fake. Consider the photo angle. The photographer would have been shot long before his subject.



Was Capa's falling soldier for real?

The man whom *Time* called the greatest war photographer of all time met his end when he ran over a land mine in Vietnam in 1954 while covering the Vietnamese uprising against the French. The mine, ironically, was laid by the Red-lining Viet Minh, with whom Capa deeply sympathized.

## The Common Thread

Democrat Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio is praised in liberal circles for his outspokenness against covert activities abroad by U.S. government agents. The fact that he's been giving interviews calling for America to assassinate

Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi will not end that praise. One can be all in favor of killing a Gaddafi yet retain one's liberal credentials.

What makes a Gaddafi different from most other tyrants, great and small, is simply that he perceives his chief enemy as Israel, and the Israelis return the favor. That is the only common thread and that is why we can't send a military observer to El Salvador without a ruckus in Congress, the same Congress that is now roaring to approve a military attack on Libya and did approve sending the Marines to Beirut and still approves keeping more than 1,000 American troops as sitting ducks in the Sinai between Israel and Egypt.

## More Sacrifices

Peace missions in the Middle East are getting more costly, not just in American money, but in American lives. The latest sacrifice on the altar of our "special relationship" with Israel was the 248 American soldiers who died in the raging firestorm of a crashed, under-maintained, overloaded chartered jet in a Newfoundland forest. They were our finest breed of GIs, members of the crack 101st Airborne Division (the "Screaming Eagles") and they were heading home for Christmas from the Sinai, where Jimmy Carter had arranged for them to be stationed as an added bribe to get Begin to sign on the dotted line of the 1979 Camp David Accords. Most of the dead were young Majority members from America's heartland. Very few came from the big cities where reside the limousine liberals and the minority politicians who have been entangling the U.S. in warmongering Middle Eastern politics since the unnatural birth of Israel in 1948.

The dead Americans were part of the 2,600-man Multinational Force and Observers (1,100 Americans, the rest from 10 other nations) that was set up when Israel finally pulled back from the Sinai. Their mission was to monitor Egyptian troop movements and serve as human buffers in case of another Israeli-Egyptian war. To attack Israel and give the Palestinians back their lost homeland, the Egyptians would have to overrun the Multinational Force's positions, killing quite a few Americans in the process. This would give the President and Congress an excuse to declare war and make it legal for Americans to start dying for Israel en masse, instead of by fits and starts as they have been doing so far.

Like the 241 American servicemen killed in the 1983 Beirut blast, like the victims of the assault on the U.S.S. *Lib-*

erty, like the scores of other Americans killed, kidnapped and tortured in the Middle East, the 248 members of the 101st Airborne would still be alive if there were no Zionists in the world and no Israel. No doubt many more American soldiers, sailors and marines will be missing future Christmases until our government comes to its senses and decides supporting and cheering the dispossession of millions of Palestinians is not in the interest of a nation which once made self-determination a cardinal point of its foreign policy. Israel is a tiny beachhead on the western end of that anti-Zionist land mass, the world's largest continent. Vietnam was a tiny beachhead on the eastern end of that same continent. We know what happened in Vietnam. Israel, the geopolitical stupidity of the century, is a Vietnam waiting to happen.

## Cherchez le Juif

It's getting to be routine. Somebody defaces a Jewish synagogue or vandalizes a Jewish store or a Jewish home and the media go bonkers with an orgiastic display of front-page headlines and stories hinting at dark anti-Semitic plots and simmering holocausts.

Last November, 18 Jewish stores in one section of Brooklyn had their windows smashed. Nothing was stolen and no insulting racial slurs were written on the walls. The *New York Times* (Dec. 7) speculated: (1) the dastardly deeds were committed by "local non-Jewish youths," who were angry at rabbis for forbidding the stringing of Christmas lights on the main thoroughfare; (2) the first window-smashing binge came on November 8, the 47th anniversary of Kristallnacht in Nazi Germany, when Germans broke a lot of Jewish glass in retaliation for a Jew's murder of a German diplomat in Paris (a somewhat less stringent tit for tat than the 1982 Zionist invasion of Lebanon to punish the gunning down of a Jewish diplomat in London). Assemblyman Don Hikind, not as circumspect as the *Times*, declared he "was 95% sure" that the attacks were the work of anti-Semites, referring to their "almost professional" nature. He pointed out that Gentile-owned businesses on the same street were untouched.

The *Times*, per usual, did not include in its speculative scenarios the one that turned out to be true. The perpetrator was a Jew, Gary Dworkin, who confessed to the vandalism and who, said the police, "has a history of psychological problems." Dworkin, it was explained, had been carrying on a personal vendetta against several Israelis and Ha-

sidic Jews who lived in the neighborhood.

When the *New York Daily News* (Dec. 10) announced the arrest of Dworkin, the headline read: MAN NABBED IN ROCK SPREE. Since the whole point of the story was that the anti-Semitic criminal was a Jew, the *Daily News* might have used a more appropriate three-letter word in place of "man."

## Green Power

Tony Brown in his TV talk show is leading a racist crusade to get American Negroes to "Buy Black."

"Buy Aryan" was denounced as an evil slogan when Germans used it in the 1930s. But "Buy Black" is perfectly all right. Nobody has denounced Tony Brown.

The *de facto* boycott works like this. Black businesses pay \$100 each to buy a "freedom seal" containing a dollar bill within a black circle. It visibly identifies them as black-owned. To get a seal, the owner must also pledge his assistance to the black cause. Lists of black businesses are then circulated among Afro-Americans (but *not* among Euro-Americans), and broadcast as "public service announcements" over black-owned "freedom stations." (Did Germans once tune their dials to hear, "As a public service, let it be known that Schultz's Delicatessen is owned by a family of Aryan stock. Shop Schultz's!")

American blacks are said to spend only 6% of their consumer dollars in black establishments. For Jews, the intramural spending figure is supposed to be 75% (*Washington Times*, Oct. 8, 1985, p. 5B). Considering that most Jews are well integrated in the economic mainstream, this figure is astounding. The average Jew wanders distractedly around vast shopping malls the same as everyone else, yet winds up spending 75 cents of each dollar at Jewish-owned firms! (And without "freedom seals" and radio and TV announcements.) It all suggests that non-Jewish whites must be a lot closer to the 6% black figure than the 75% Jewish one.

## Sanctuary Boosters

The U.S. Catholic Conference has appointed a new director of immigration and refugee services. He is the Reverend Nicholas Di Marzio, an outspoken advocate of what he calls "immigration reform." The American Catholic church, worried because many conservative white members are abandoning it, sees Hispanic immigration as the new ticket

to growth and power. So, led by Di Marzio and the militant bishops of Texas, it is mobilizing followers nationwide to "aggressively lobby Congress" for weaker immigration laws and laxer enforcement.

The nation's Jewish minority is turning even more viciously against the forlorn and fracturing nation which once gave it sanctuary. At its national meeting in Los Angeles last November, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (UAHC), a body representing 791 Reform synagogues in the U.S. and Canada, approved overwhelmingly a resolution which supports the outlaw "sanctuary movement" and equates Central American illegal aliens of today with the Jews who fled Nazism. While 260 Christian churches nationwide have formally embraced the "sanctuary" cause, more than three times that many synagogues have now sided with the lawbreakers.

## The 2.8% are 22% of the Richest

The 1985 list of the 400 richest people in America -- combined net worth of \$134 billion, each worth more than \$150 million -- was published in *Forbes* (Oct. 28). Actually 477 people were listed because the magic number of 400 included families. Of the 477 multi-multi-millionaires, at least 104 had identifiable Jewish names. That's 22% of the total. At last count, Jews amounted to only 2.8% of the U.S. population.

The *Forbes* list helps explain why Jews have the wherewithal to come up with 50% of the money contributed to Democratic and 25% of the money contributed to Republican candidates for Congress and the presidency. No wonder politicians of both major parties are so beholden to Jewish causes.

## No Speak

The gag gangsters are closing in. An Irishman, Kenneth J. Tobin, recently relieved himself of a few vocal criticisms of two Negroes in a restaurant in Dedham (MA) and was slapped with a \$250 fine and placed on probation for a year. Charles Hely, the assistant district attorney who performed this memorable abrogation of free speech, in collaboration with the judge, actually seemed proud of what he had done, an act which more than qualifies him for a senior post in the KGB. Two anti-free-speech assignments we'll bet Hely never undertakes are to go after Jews who slur non-Jews in best-selling books and Negroes who slur whites day in and day out on radio and TV talk shows.