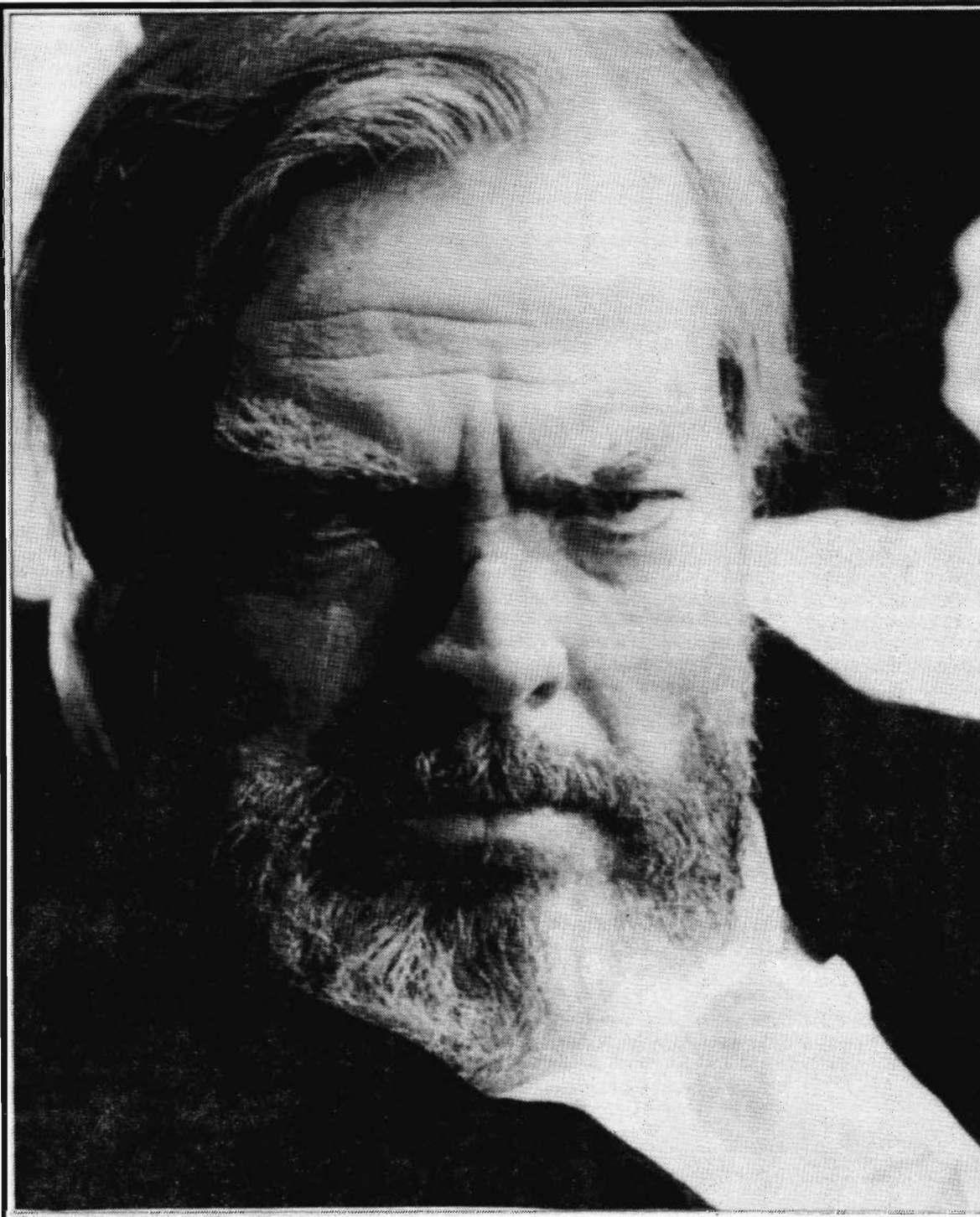


Instauration®

VOL. 21, NO. 10

SEPTEMBER 1996



The
Ups
And
Downs
Of
Orson
Welles

The Safety Valve



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

The government is telling Joe Sixpack that the neighbor on his right will be a queer, on his left a Mexican, across the street a black. On the thither side of his backyard fence will be a drug rehab center. What's more, not only does Joe have to like his new housing complex; he has to say it out loud or undergo mandatory sensitivity training!

508

So as not to leave myself open to charges of racism against Cassius Clay, when people asked me how I felt about his igniting the flame in Atlanta, I replied with unmistakable sweetness that it's bloody lucky he didn't set the town afire. Given his palsied condition, wasn't it really arrant irresponsibility to let Mohammad Ali, as he is now called, handle anything flammable?

191

Atlanta's black merchants are ticked off because the myriad tourists did not flock into their stores. Suspicions are strong that "someone" told those folk to stay away from the dusker districts, that they were not safe. Man oh man! That amounts to **RACISM!**

911

I am wondering how long it will be before Instauration appears on the World Wide Web with its own Web Page?

Australian subscriber

I am haunted by the dark fear that in 3,000 years present-day America will have become another India. Long ago waves of restless Aryans intermittently exploded from their northern homelands to conquer faraway lands and peoples. But alien ways and ideas enchanted Nordic minds and dark meat misled Nordic bodies. The drive to wander, explore, discov-

er, conquer and settle has always been a key part of us. But wouldn't we be better off had our people never departed Northern Europe? We'd have a white homeland populated by a billion Caucasians. Jammed together, we'd be much more secure as a race.

440

If Dole takes what the liberals call "extreme" stands on the major issues, he could possibly win the election. The American people know the country is foundering and strong measures are needed. If Dole loses, as now seems almost certain, well, at least extremist Republicans will have established a strong base that could lead to a G.O.P. landslide in 2000. It's a win-win situation.

323

A recent Globe item headed, "Xenophobia Strong in France," mentioned a 1994 survey "according to which 52% of French people accept that they have racist attitudes." What's wrong with that? Shouldn't all peoples everywhere wish to preserve their own race? Isn't self-preservation expanded to embrace one's own kind the most natural thing in the world? Hasn't Nature implanted in every creature something of the same impulse? When an English country squire 150 years ago said, "A man should have as much care for his race as he does for the breeding of his horses," wasn't he being commonsensical?

Canadian Subscriber

Tired of denouncing Hitler, Jews now let it be known that all Germans were Hitlerites.

111

The faux conservative Weekly Standard had a long article on "Pedophilia Chic," to the effect that our rulers are starting to reassess this practice, as they did homosexuality a generation or so ago. Now that queers are feeling their oats, kiddie sex is the next barrier they plan to topple.

411

If I can do it, other Instaurationists can. Instead of complaining about my once beloved U.S. going to the dogs, I just pulled up stakes and moved into an ethnostate—Finland. It's very expensive, but very quiet. To me, Finns appear to be pure Nordics dazzled by all kinds of innovations. There were no reported rapes before black U.S. basketball trainers and Somalian escapees arrived. Literacy is almost 100%. Everything works! Everything is on time!

Expatriate

It is virtually certain that within a generation or two the already visible disintegration of the U.S. will degenerate into civil war, even if it is called something else. What then? The concentration of Mexicans in the Southwest will probably suffice to form a state, just as Florida will be Nueva Cuba. But how about other minorities such as blacks, Jews and the many varieties of Orientals, who have less in

common than outsiders suppose? They are too dispersed geographically to form viable states. Let's hope something is left for us!

947

Had Marge Schott called a press conference to say that she'd caught HIV from Magic, she'd be the toast of the media. Leno and Letterman would arm-wrestle to see who got her first.

300

Chosen filmmakers are unpopular in Japan because of the way they took Sony and other Jap companies to the cleaners.

235

Have you noticed how ugly many current actors and actresses are? Perhaps the idea is to condition us to accept the developing ugly mongrel population.

652

Marge Schott has unwittingly confirmed the true cause of anti-Semitism. She was publicly silenced and humiliated by a lobby which believes that Jewish sensibilities take precedence over First Amendment rights.

472

Compared to modern America's ruling Lyin' Kings, King George III, crazy or not, sounds like one of Plato's philosopher kings.

420

It is very popular to blame men for society's problems, but it is undeniable that all the social ills from which contemporary society is suffering came after male control over women was removed. No one dares make the obvious connection. Most of the men who make up our prison population were raised—by whom? Their mothers! Whenever social structures fail, women are to be found ruling the roost.

CONTENTS

Orson Welles.	4
Deep Politics.	7
The Psychics Are Coming.	8
Don't "Diss" Discrimination.	9
Mumbo Jumbo Run Amok.	13
Always the Jewish Angle.	14
Kid Fiction.	15
Get to Know Your Jewfish.	15
Non-Jewish Jews?	16
Twelve Bad Men and Untrue.	17
No Room for Women in Combat.	17
Backtalk.	18
Cultural Catacombs.	20
Inklings.	22
Whites Root for a White.	24
No Comprendo.	24
Primate Watch.	25
Talking Numbers.	26
Waspishly Yours.	27
Satcom Sam.	28
Elsewhere.	30

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$35 (third class)
\$45 (first class)
\$48 Canada
\$50 foreign (surface)
\$67 foreign (air)

Single copy price \$3, postpaid
Magazine is mailed in plain white envelope

Wilmot Robertson, editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen.
Florida residents, please add 6% sales tax.

Third-class mail is not forwarded.
Advise change of address well in advance.
ISSN 0277-2302

©1996 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.

Look at any slum. The father is nowhere to be found. The "family" consists of the mother and her illegitimate children.

276

□ There's a new magazine, *Vibe*, whose subject matter is the noise called popular music. Almost every other page depicts a glowering black buck. Since most Negroes don't buy or read magazines, it's hard to imagine there are enough whites for such garbage.

950

□ The "artist" formerly known as Prince is surely one of the most disgusting of his kind. Trapped by morbid fascination, I watched the last half-hour of a black-and-white film he made in 1986. Every other scene was Prince or another black slobbering over a bevy of white beauties frantically trying to touch Negro epidermis. Our women are becoming the prey of blacks. Our children are being indoctrinated by queers. We are not far from hitting bottom.

302

□ What is unprecedented about our dispossession is that it is being accomplished by a myriad of peoples who hate each other as much as or more than they hate us. Orientals gradually taking over parts of the West Coast have no common cause with Salvadorans in Virginia. To be sure, a tiny Chosen elite will try to rule the bubbling stew, but it will be difficult even for those master schemers to reconcile the many warring groups that are not cowed by the Holocaust legend, as we are.

455

□ Most people are totally indifferent to truth or falsehood. They are only interested in what works. Truth gets you nowhere. Truth is, at best, an afterthought and a corrective. Lying always comes first. The history of the world is largely the replacing of old lies with new lies. Since lying cannot be eliminated, the question of who will do the lying becomes of paramount importance. Lies can never be sorted out; there are far too many of them. Even if a lie is exposed, it is soon forgotten in a web of new lies. We should all be grateful for the world's liars, for without them the truth would never emerge.

675

□ As the June Saudi Arabia bombing showed, the U.S. is a combatant in the never-ending war to force a Jewish state on the Muslim Middle East, a goal totally detrimental to the U.S. national interest.

060

□ Jesse Jackson constantly prattles about the rainbow. In case you don't know it, Jesse, there's no black in a rainbow.

110

□ On I-45 just south of Huntsville (TX) there is a 77-foot statue of Sam Houston. The visitor's center provides all the details on this artistic/engineering achievement. The real marvel, however, is that in this day and age (the

statue was finished in 1994) anyone would build a memorial of this magnitude to a white man. History notes that Houston was a friend of the Cherokee and opposed Texas seceding from the Union and joining the Confederacy. Had he not been on the "right" side of these issues, surely someone would have raised hell and big Sam would likely have been consigned to runt status.

752

□ Our white ideological ancestors thousands of years ago in Ancient Egypt and India had an advantage over us. When they were at the same stage of mongrelization as American whites are now, they didn't have to watch the tragic process on TV.

245

□ The fawning, slavering reaction of Congress to almost every line of Netanyahu's address should sicken all non-Zionist Americans. Buchanan spoke of the "Israel Amen Corner" in Congress. It has now become a full-fledged, all-hands "Israel Hallelujah Chorus!"

987

□ There is no way to win with Christians. They can own slaves one century and preach civil rights the next. They are the most vindictive, hypocritical people on earth, while extending the Mercy of the Lord to any who indulge in their superstitious nonsense. They display many admirable traits as individuals, but cannot overcome the fatal flaw of their absurd theology.

501

□ When Leon Klinghoffer's PLO murderer escaped, the U.S. government offered a \$2 million reward. When 19 Gentile Americans were killed in Saudi Arabia, same reward. One Jew equals 19 Gentiles.

100

□ Here's a word I coined: Holocaustodian (n), one who tries to enshrine the lies about the Six Million.

110

□ Somehow I wasn't surprised to learn that the only book President and Mrs. Clinton bothered to glance at concerning the Bosnian conflict was *Balkan Ghosts* by one Robert D. Kaplan. Ignoring over a century of Anglo-American scholarship on the region, as well as more recent works in English by natives of former Yugoslavia, the Clintons naturally chose a 2.5 percenters' cursory, error-ridden and Judeo-centric treatment. The back cover boasts a rave review by none other than networker Abe Foxman.

075

□ Recently I tuned into Chuck Colson, the former Nixon aide who found Jesus in the Big House while serving time for Watergate "crimes." This born-again bozo and kosher conservative was knocking Louis Farrakhan over some of his comments about Jews in the slave trade. Unfortunately Christer Chuck didn't stop there. His main invective against

Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam is that they—you guessed it!—believe in a Jewish conspiracy! Bible-beating con men like Colson, Cal Thomas and that effeminate little twerp, Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition, should be considered mortal enemies of our race. This writer, raised an Episcopalian, started to smell a rat in Christianity back in the 1960s. I was only a kid, but all that drivel about "world peace," "civil rights" and similar rot was actually the beginning of my (albeit slowly) racial awakening.

074

□ Last May our Parliament approved a bill giving special protection to homosexuals. What's next? Special protection for necrophiliacs?

Canadian subscriber

□ In my trip to the Olympics the first four service personnel I ran into were an airport baggage handler, a taxi driver, a hotel reception clerk and a hotel porter. All were blacks or browns whose English was of the no-speaka-da type.

306

□ My fiancé and I believe that AIDS started in Africa because Negro males in Africa have traditionally had sex with primates such as chimps.

554

□ "Even if you are right you can't do anything about it," was the common reaction from family and friends to my pro-white, anti-Semitic comments, especially in my early days of race-consciousness. This response irritated me no end. I believed I could do something about it (though in 17 years I've done a helluva lot less about it than I originally thought I'd be able to). Anyway, I've been true to my nature. I suffer a lot of mental anguish because of my beliefs and I'm not alone. Ignorance is bliss and awareness is at times hellish as hell. But I can't imagine myself not believing as I do.

800

□ A friend who works in a suburban office complex told me about the time he went to his car in the office parking lot late one evening. Espying a group of Latino teenagers loitering on the third-story roof, he (foolishly it turns out) called to them to come down. Instead they sent down anything and everything they could throw, from iron pipes, scraps of lumber and bolts to steel sheathing. Damage to my friend's car came to almost \$3,000.

020

□ Message seen on the T-shirt of a fat, middle-aged black woman: "Moody bitch seeks stud for long-term love/hate relationship. No experience necessary."

332

□ If any race except ours would have gotten absolute power on this planet, it would have destroyed all other races in one act of violence or at least enslaved the other races. The record of race relations in places like Sudan speaks for itself.

702

The Ups and Downs of Orson Welles

Had Orson Welles had the decency to pass away after directing *Citizen Kane* in 1941, he would have gone down in cinema history as the archetype of the brilliant youth cut down at the height of his creativity. In the words of film critic Richard Corliss, *Citizen Kane*, initially publicized as an exposé of William Randolph Hearst, was “the most admired, the most discussed work in cinema history—the *Hamlet* of film.” As Francois Truffaut pointed out, “It owes its uniqueness to the fact that it is the only first film made by a man who was already famous in other domains.”

After *Kane*, Welles directed a number of noteworthy films, but he never achieved the heights he had scaled in his first directorial effort. He died at the age of 70 in 1985, leaving behind a shambles of a legacy. Dead or alive, Welles was dogged by the question, “What went wrong?” Prevalent theories include: (1) he was too much the artiste



The young prodigy

for so crass and commercial an environment as Hollywood; (2) he was unable to adhere to budgets and schedules (a trait the Chosen won't tolerate even among their own, as Erich von Stroheim discovered); (3) he suffered from dissipation and lack of discipline; (4) he was too much of a perfectionist and was unable to successfully complete a project he had started. There may be truth in

all of these theories, but let us explore others—with an Instaurationist spin.

Born to a businessman/engineer/inventor father and a concert pianist mother in Kenosha (WI) in 1915, Welles inherited his taste for high living from the former and his rhetorical/artistic talents from the latter. “The word genius,” he wrote later, “was whispered into my ear the first thing I ever heard while I was still mewling in my crib, so it never occurred to me that I wasn't [one] until middle age!”

Welles's Majority pedigree included distinguished forebears stretching back to America's beginnings: Mayflower passenger John Alden; two-time Delaware Senator William Hill Wells; Wisconsin State Senator Orson Sherman Head; Secretary of the Illinois Board of Trade John G. Ives. There is speculation that Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, was another ancestor.

Home-schooled during his elementary years, he later went to a prep school, but never attended college. Welles first appeared on stage at the age of three when he played Madame Butterfly's love child at the Opera House in Ravinia (IL). Racially speaking, this was an omen of things to come. Welles, once married to Rita Hayworth (Margarita Carmen Cansino), had affairs with Lena Horne and Dolores Del Rio. While in Brazil filming *It's All True* (later aborted by the studio), he dallied with the dusky damsels of Rio on a regular basis.

In 1936, Welles, at age 20, worked with the Negro Theater Project of the WPA to produce an all-black version of *Macbeth*, which was set in Haiti with voodoo witch doctors subbing for the witches. It was an enormous success, though today it would probably be accused of promoting unflattering stereotypes. Welles subsequently staged *Native Son*, Richard Wright's “woe is me” tale of a Negro coming of age in the white man's world. While in Europe, he gave audiences a taste of what is now called nontraditional casting when he chose Eartha Kitt to play Helen of Troy in a Paris production of *Faustus*. It should come as no surprise that Welles directed stage and screen versions of *Othello*.

Like many a latter-day showbiz celeb, Welles fancied himself the conscience of the world, or at least of the nation. He pretty well trod the party line of the liberal, anti-Fascist, pro-Roosevelt and “progressive” issues of his day. As a columnist, Welles always came down on the side of integration, one-world government, progressivism and liberalism, though there is no evidence that he was ever a member of the Communist Party.

One example of Welles's political pomposity is “Race Hate Must Be Outlawed,” an article he penned for the *Free World* magazine (July 1944):

Race hate isn't human nature; race hate is the abandonment of human nature. . .the Indian is on our conscience, the Negro is on our conscience, the Chinese and the Mexican American are on our conscience. The Jew is on the conscience of Europe, but our neglect gives us communion in that guilt, so that even here [we have] the lunatic spectre of anti-Semitism. This is [to be] deplored; it must be fought, and the fight must be won.

All of which sounds like so much hot air, no matter what one's politics. During Welles's coming-of-age in the theater, he inevitably came under the influence of homosexual aesthetes and leftist Jews. Anyone who achieves success in the arts in America could hardly eschew the company of these two factions. As for the Jews, Welles



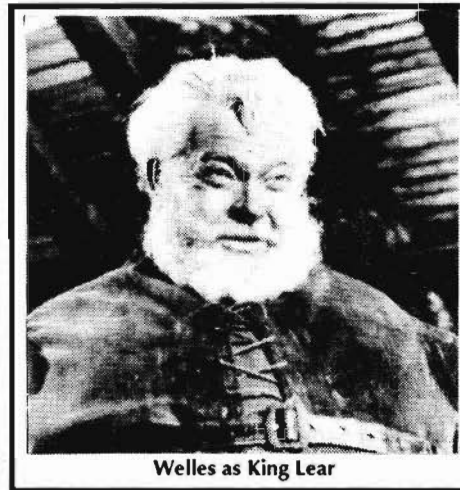
Welles on CBS radio

may have perceived early in his career that stroking them in public and in private could only advance his cause.

One Jew in particular stands out, however. After the death of his parents, Welles became the ward of a shady physician named Maurice Bernstein, who was enamored of Welles's mother (among other Majority females) and encouraged the precocious Welles in his theatrical endeavors. No stranger to questionable moral and financial practices, Bernstein kept much of the money Welles's father had left his son in his will. Following the budding cineast to Hollywood, he practiced medicine in the movie colony and dispensed hard drugs to both Welles and Errol Flynn. Bernstein, of course, was the name of Charles Foster

(Citizen) Kane's sidekick, the man who had been with him "before the beginning." (Ironically, the part was played by Everett Sloane, who played Sammy Goldberg on radio's *The Goldbergs*.) Other long-term relationships involved his business manager/lawyer, Arnold Weissberger, and his artistic partner, John Houseman, the demi-Jew who later became a familiar face as the curmudgeonly professor in the film and TV series of *The Paper Chase*. Both Welles and Houseman ended their careers as pitchmen in TV commercials, Welles hawking Paul Masson wine, Houseman shilling for the investment firm of Smith Barney.

Who could have foreseen such a pedestrian end to a career that held such promise? At the acme of his career,



Welles as King Lear

Welles was one of those larger-than-life, overgrown child figures—a colossus with an insatiable appetite—who seem peculiarly American (Babe Ruth and Thomas Wolfe spring to mind). Even in young manhood, they look like overgrown, ungainly children, impul-

sive and uncontrollable, protean and prodigious. They flame brightly before burning out when their youth is spent. Welles, however, never totally burned out. Indeed, from middle age on, his appearance approximated that of a hot air balloon. By 1966, his Falstaffian appearance was put to good use in *Chimes at Midnight*, a composite version of the Falstaff story from *Henry IV*, Parts I and II and *Henry V*, originally crafted when he was a prep school student. Towards the end of his life, Welles was so obese he got stuck so badly in a small car he owned that it had to be dismantled to set him free.

Fat with cash he wasn't—at least by Hollywood standards. One wonders why the middle-aged Welles had so much trouble financing his projects. Was it because he had in some manner offended the Chosen?

There are two main types in Welles' films: the innocent who has his eyes opened to the guilty world around him; and the egomaniac who wants to dominate that world. As actor, Welles plays the second type, so that his performances of Kane, Macbeth (in his 1948 film version), and the police chief in *Touch of Evil* reveal tyrants corrupted absolutely by power. But Welles the director identifies with the innocents. [*Directors; the All-Time Greats* by Neil Sinyard]

Could it be that Welles, the baby-faced innocent, gained insight as he gained weight, realizing that the greater danger to the world was from the tyranny of the Chosen—not from tyrannical industrialists, royalty or police chiefs?

At home in the realm of Hollywood, Broadway and CBS radio, could an old circus *aficionado* like Welles have failed to notice who were the real ringmasters? Certainly, after his *War of the Worlds* radio broadcast in 1938, they noticed him.

When Welles first went to Hollywood in 1939, the job categories were rigidly stratified. Today we think nothing of a writer-producer-director credit in a movie. In the late 30s and early 40s, the independent artist was not only a threat to the hegemony of the Jewish overlords but the object of spite from Hollywood's rank and file.¹ One can easily imagine how Welles's oft-quoted description of a movie studio as "the greatest electric train set a boy ever had" went over with middle-aged grips, carpenters, electricians and clapper "boys." When Louella Parsons described him as "Awesome Orson, the self-styled genius," she was the mouthpiece for a lot of Hollywood's little people, not just for her boss, William Randolph Hearst.

While Welles's contemporaries were searching for truth, he was pulling the wool over the audience's eyes, the *War of the Worlds* broadcast being his best-known scam. "Every true artist must, in his own way, be a magician, a charlatan," he noted. In *F for Fake* (1973), about art forgery, narrator/director Welles solemnly announced that everything the viewer was about to see for the next hour was absolutely true. Almost 85 minutes later he reminds the audience of what he said at the outset, then admits, "I've been lying my head off" for the rest of the film. As one of his biographers suggests:



Welles as Macbeth

He was amused by the idea of breaking down the frame, of deliberately blurring the reassuring distinctions between fiction and fact that serve as signposts, orienting us whenever we are exposed to made-up stories, whether in novels, the theater, radio, or the movies. [*Orson Welles, a Biography* by Barbara Leaming, p. 161]

To what degree he was accomplishing this in his politics and in his personal life is open to debate. In a 1943 interview he admitted, "I discovered at the age of six that almost everything in this world was phony. . . ." For that reason Welles should have been the ideal employee to toil in the Hollywood firm of Hooey, Hogwash, Humbug, Hokum and Bunkum.

In any artistic endeavor where audience suspension of disbelief is essential, a touch of the magician/mountebank can't hurt. In this respect, Welles's assessment of his career bears some resemblance to that of Marlon Brando. Both were precocious young men from provincial Mid-

western backgrounds who made their mark in the New York theater, where they displayed an unnatural interest in the welfare of minorities. After early success/notoriety in Hollywood, their careers went steadily downhill, though they continued to work throughout their decline while their physiques continued to inflate and critics tut-tutted about their squandered talents.² As Welles, Brando admitted:

I think I'd have made a good con man; I'm good at telling lies smoothly, giving an impression of things as they are and making people think I'm sincere. A good con man can fool anybody but the first person he fools is himself. [*Brando: Songs My Mother Taught Me* by Marlon Brando and Robert Lindsey, p. 243]

True enough, no one is more gullible than a con man. But over time, even a con man can't totally seal himself off from the truth. Brando, despite his fulsome praise of Jews and boosterism in favor of newborn Israel in the late 40s, eventually recognized the havoc wrought by Zionism. He admitted as much in the aforementioned book. Jews, needless to say, were lying in wait for him when he made a slip-up on *Larry King Live*. Could it be that something of this sort happened to Welles? Did he at some point realize that his people, the vaunted WASPs, were no longer vaunted?

There is a touch of sadness in a 1965 *Cahiers du Cinéma* interview when Welles remarks:

The ideal American type is perfectly expressed by the Protestant, individualist, anti-conformist, and this is the type that is in the process of disappearing. In reality, a very few of him remain.

No hot air in this quotation—and in no way did it rack up points among the Chosen. Yet it was spoken from Europe, where, like many an American artist, Welles had taken up residence. Ironically, Hollywood was where he died. He suffered a massive heart attack over his typewriter while he was working late on a script. No one was present, as in *Citizen Kane*, to record his last word. No snooping reporters fanned out to dig up clues to what it all meant.

There was no "Rosebud" for Orson Welles. But was there a Rosenberg? A Rosenstein? A Rosenbaum?³

JUDSON HAMMOND

FOOTNOTES

1. Like Welles, Preston Sturges grew up in an affluent, semi-Bohemian, globe-trotting environment and attained the same exalted writer-producer-director status in the early 1940s. Sturges, however, attained this status after years of toil as a salaried screenwriter, so resentment among the rank and file was negligible. Welles, despite his achievements in theater and radio, had not earned his spurs in Hollywood, so envy was widespread. One RKO advertising campaign after Welles had departed the studio promised, "Showmanship in Place of Genius."

2. When he first arrived in Hollywood, Welles announced his first production (later abandoned) would be Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, and that he would play Kurtz, the jungle overlord. This production never got off the drawing board, but 40 years later, Brando played the Kurtz role in *Apocalypse Now*, the Vietnam rendition of the tale.

3. We may take some solace in the fact that Steven Spielberg, who paid \$55,000 for the *Citizen Kane* Rosebud sled at an auction, most likely bought a fake, according to Welles.

Deep Politics

This year's presidential election will determine—barring assassination, resignation or impeachment—which candidate will occupy the White House in the year 2000. That, it is safe to say, is the only millennial consequence the voting is likely to have for the white majority, which is the true American nation.

It is likely that few readers of this column repose great hopes in either of the possible winners. For those who continue to be especially exercised by the flagitious conduct of Bill and Hill or by inside-the-Beltway Bob's brushing aside of his party's Buchanan wing, it is worth remembering that neither candidate, if elected, will consciously do anything to stay the dwindling white American majority's dispossession, unless such a move entailed no political risk. Their public records, and what can be divined of their private arrangements with Jews and other minorities indifferent or hostile to the fate of the American nation, make that patent. So much for the "character issue," so earnestly mulled over by so many millions of our fellow American whites.

It is the melancholy truth that neither Clinton nor Dole embodies any striking novelty among American presidential candidates. Dole? He's a typical Prairie Republican, heir to the pre-Civil War Free Soilers and the succeeding Alf Landons, Dwight Eisenhowers and Gerald Fords, constitutionally without stomach for the close combat on racial issues for which Pat Buchanan does have the fire (a chief reason the Republicans have relegated him to the Party's fever swamps). Dole's best hour came in the 1976 vice presidential campaign debate with Walter Mondale, when he characterized the WWI, WWII, Korea and Vietnam conflicts as "Democrat wars." Following the Establishment outrage that remark produced, Dole proceeded to, as the media approvingly put it whenever a politician betrays his white constituency, "grow in office," which is another way of saying he shriveled to the inarticulate, doleful legislative deal-maker he's become.

Clinton? Despite the lamentations of such nouveaux "conservatives" as Rush Limbaugh, Clinton is almost amusing in his various peccadilloes, which have impeded his ability to cause more than the usual quota of incremental harm to white America. It is evident that Clinton is some species of mild psychopath, noteworthy even by the standards of contemporary American politics. Master salesman, confidence man and lip-biting Lothario, he brings to mind a Reconstruction-era scalawag. Up to his typical Mountbankery, he has carried off an artful balancing act, appeasing his Party's so-called Reagan Democrats, while appealing to the racial and sexual minorities through such political payoffs and trade-offs as the ap-

pointment of a cabinet worthy of Dr. Caligari. Do Clinton's sexual escapades rival those of Jack Kennedy? Do his financial speculations (and those of his wife) compare with those of Lyndon and Ladybird Johnson? Does his administration's record of harm to the interests of the white American nation match those of Johnson or Franklin D. Roosevelt? In a word, no.

The above cheerful assessment of the realities of the presidential race and the significance of its outcome for the real America—the racial nation that elected George Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson its first three presidents—having been duly recited, it may be worth taking a similarly cold-eyed look at the mechanics of the presidential election itself.

Despite all the chatter about democracy and its importance to Americans, the presidential election is the least democratic of all U.S. elections and the one in which the individual ballot has the least rationally calculable worth (and thus influence) of that cast in any voting booth. This is due to the Electoral College, a compromise the framers of the Constitution reached to reconcile the interests of the large states and the small states while guarding against a possible tyranny of the majority.

Alas, for all their wise foresight, the men who founded the old Republic neglected to envision a tyranny of the minorities. Today, like it or not, it is America's populist Great Unwashed—the sort of folk who almost elected David Duke senator—that is most receptive to the quaint notion that the race of Shakespeare and Verdi, Bismarck and Socrates should survive.

The voter not only casts his ballot directly for president; his vote shrinks or expands, fun-house-mirror style, by its relative importance to those cast in other states and its weight withers amid the (according to the state) hundreds of thousands to more than ten million other votes cast in this most popular of all polls.

Nothing above is meant to disparage the power manifest in voting en bloc. Doing so is why the New York State Democratic presidential primary resembles a hard-fought election in Haifa; why such "single-issue" groups as the National Rifle Association were able to defeat seemingly entrenched incumbents who had strayed from defending Second Amendment rights. If today there is such a block of white Americans capable of influencing the behavior on significant racial issues of Dole and Clinton, it has been keeping itself well concealed. Although sophisticated political operatives working for such candidates as Reagan and Bush were able to make skillful appeal to white Americans' fears of blacks, neither president had any cause to fear the backlash of aroused white voters when, as Stacey

Koons and his fellow police officers discovered, the federal government's antiwhite racial policy continued unchanged.

In November millions of white Americans will surge forth to the polls, bursting with old-style "patriotism," fueled by the usual media hype about the duty to vote, meaning to vote for anybody except a "racist." We don't need to be reminded that newspapers regularly run the names and addresses of contributors to candidates like Duke with the clear intent to intimidate, which is why the otherwise civically demeaning practice of the secret ballot should be retained, at least until the American body politic is hale once more.

Voter ignorance is abetted by the widespread tendency to represent the presidential election as a direct plebiscite, with endless bandying about of the results of nationwide

polls. Individual votes, cast with such solemnity and seriousness of purpose, will disappear in a great swirling tornado of ballots from which one of only two political genies will appear, Bill Clinton or Bob Dole. Whichever genie it is, to each earnest, clandestine voter, he will grant no wishes. To the white American nation, by his own calculations and those of his advisers, he will owe nothing.

For the white American nation, who is elected president this year doesn't really matter. Your vote simply won't count. If you want to let off steam, cast a write-in vote for Buchanan, David Duke or even Julius Caesar, who has about as much chance of winning as the first two. Otherwise, save your energy and resources for political activity that truly serves white America. More on that next month.

MORIARTY

The Psychics Are Coming

The Dept. of Justice has put a record number of federal agents on the church arson cases, exceeding the number assigned to the 60s civil rights and Unabomber investigations. According to most reports, their focus is largely on the 30-plus black churches, not the "other" houses of worship that have gone up in flames. Congress has proposed a \$200 million set-aside for investigating black church fires and has already passed a bill creating the crime of "federal Negro church arson." It is the first time in recent memory that religion, in this case Negro religion, has been advanced and promoted by the U.S. government.

Aside from their propensity for burning churches, what is the great attraction to Negro religionists? Any white man or woman who has visited a Negro church has witnessed what can only be described as religious fraud, hypocrisy and exhibitionism. Numerous Negro churches have jettisoned all pretense of Christianity and reverted to African modes and styles of devotion and worship. Voodoo practitioners can now see and call their favorite Negro or multicultural psychic, thanks to a vast network of TV infomercials, radio talk shows, Internet services and special 800 and 900 telephone numbers. It's a \$1.6 billion industry and growing.

Two of the largest psychic promoters are the Psychic Friends Network and the Psychic Readers Network. Black chanteuse Dionne Warwick is the chief spokesman for the former group. She recently came under investigation for defrauding her own

AIDS foundation of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Direct marketing analyst Jack Schember, publisher of Response TV, says Psychic Friends "is not just the most successful psychic infomercial, but

Call Now!
LIVE PSYCHIC
DEPRESSED ? BROKEN ?
LOVE-MARRIAGE TRAVEL-JOB SOUL MATE
DECISIONS FUTURE ROMANCE SECRET-AFFAIRS
RELATIONSHIPS CAREER-SUCCESS CLAIRVOYANT
Live 24 Hrs. Reunite Lovers
1-900-446-1212
2.99/min. 18 & over LIVE 24 HOURS TAROT CARDS
1-900-659-8888
3.99/min. 18 & over LIVE CRYSTAL BALL READING
Tele Inc. P.O. Box 79156 SAITX 78278 1-210-871-2282

Typical psychic ad

literally, the most successful infomercial of all time." *60 Minutes* calls the pitch the "Godzilla of infomercials."

Negro actor Billy Dee Williams is a spokesman for the Psychic Readers. Other Negroes connected to the psychic business are Philip Michael Thomas, of *Miami Vice* fame, Gary Coleman of *Diff'rent Strokes*, and Ted Lange of *The Love Boat*.

The mastermind behind the Psychic Friends Network is CEO Michael Lansky, whose company handles everything from New Age magazines to Negro psychics. Lansky's creative director Carter Clews declaims, "When a psychic comes to the Psychic Friends Network we feel abso-

lutely certain that this person has both psychic gifts and psychic experience." So far Lansky and Clews have recruited and trained more than 2,000 psychics. Clews boasts, "I think it was just the right product at the right time."

The Washington Times is not enthused about Negro psychics targeting women:

Those in the know say Psychic Friends mania... can be summed up in one word—women. They're the target, and they have been located. In addition to the infomercials... open a copy of *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour* or *Allure* and see all those ads beckoning readers to call all those numbers to get the latest scoop.

Last May, Lansky launched *Psychic Friends Radio Live*. In the same month, *Psychic Friends* on the Internet was started, complete with its own chat rooms. The radio program airs on hundreds of stations, coast to coast. The Times reports that the "target audience for the radio program are upwardly mobile women in their 20s." Whether or not it is intended, the result is the denigration of white Christian families.

Psychics claim to offer "personal guiding angels" that can be ordered by telephone. The Bible says these are not angels at all, but false prophets of darkness, who appear as light. Their popularity is one more proof that this country is sliding quickly into Third World religious practices.

JAY LOCK

Don't "Diss" Discrimination

Now that Affirmative Action is on the front burner in the public mind, it is interesting to note that everyone—supposedly—agrees that discrimination is bad. This is the reason Affirmative Action, ostensibly a means of remedying past discrimination, is under attack: it's *another* form of discrimination, which is categorically bad. Right?

Wrong, and here's why.

If you have a work history of any duration, you've probably seen many questionable decisions regarding who gets hired and who gets promoted. Usually the decisions involve networking, self-promotion, office politics, nepotism, old school ties and other *perfectly natural* forms of discrimination that mitigate against "fairness." We know it would be impossible to go against the grain and legislate against these things—which occur in both homogeneous and heterogeneous settings—yet when it comes to racial discrimination—which is just as natural—we have allowed the government to intercede and enforce "fairness."

The quest for fairness starts early in life. Children are especially sensitive to the concept. At times it seems the phrase, "That's not fair," is genetically imprinted in every newborn, awaiting only a few years of growth to give utterance to the thought. Sure enough, there is truth to the liberal assertion that children are not born racists, they must be taught—or more often—figure it out for themselves. Interestingly, small children don't discriminate very well. Any household pet—dog or cat—is a doggie. Any large grazing animal—cow or horse—is a moo cow. Over time, of course, children's observation and judgment improve. As they learn that life is not fair, they learn to discriminate. They soon comprehend that the "level playing field" so beloved by social engineers is merely an abstraction. The resourceful and the resilient, the real "players" in life, know this and don't waste time fretting about it. They do the best they can with what they've got. It's not always the guy holding the best hand who wins. Luck, providence or whatever you call it does play an important part. As a former boss of mine explained, if you boil managerial decisions down to yes or no responses, some guys will look like geniuses just by flipping a coin.

The underachievers have the habit of comparing their lot to that of others. If they don't like what they see, why it must be the result of unfairness!¹ Since compare and contrast is the oldest theme topic in the history of English composition, it's hard to avoid the practice. When it comes to *Homo sapiens*, observers who dwell on similarities will find plenty of justification. Those who dwell on human differences will also discover plenty of ammunition.

When making comparisons, however, we would do well to walk softly. "Don't be judgmental!" is an all-too-popular litany in the most litigious society the world has ever known.² "Comparison is the root of inferiority," notes Israeli psychologist Haim Ginott. Trust a Jew to think that way, for Jewish consciousness has pushed and promoted egalitarianism ever since Marx got a leg up on modern thought. The Communist founding father's prose fairly oozes with leveling rhetoric:

The more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labor of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity of the working class. All are instruments of labor, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

Modern industrial labor, modern subjugation to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character.

The working men have no country. . . . National differences and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing.

Karl Marx, *The Communist Manifesto*

Today these words sound more like those of an international capitalist than those of a Communist. Yet even in a relatively small operation like my office, employees find themselves referred to as work units in company communiques. By focusing solely on economic function, Marx, big business and my employer have donned blinders. Sure, you can train a dog, a bear or a horse to stand on its hind legs—but that doesn't mean dogs, bears and horses are equal. The canine, ursine and equine "essences" are still readily distinguishable.

As obvious as this should be to us, we can't help but notice how the one-size-fits-all single-mindedness (frequently bordering on obsession) of Judaism influences our world:

In proclaiming the oneness of God, therefore, the prophets intended more than a repudiation of idol worship. They were bent on establishing the principles that reality is an order, not an anarchy; that mankind is a unity, not a hodgepodge; and that one universal law of righteousness holds sway over men, transcending borders, surmounting all class lines.

On the evidences of the past and of the modern rabbinate, Judaism stands these days. . . . for international peace guaranteed by a world government, the notion of the absolute sovereignty of the national state having always been an obscenity in the eyes of the Tradition.

Milton Steinberg, *Basic Judaism*

All of which seems to point to a profound failure of Jewish perception, not a triumph of Jewish righteousness. St. Paul said, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28) Apparently, even after the scales fell from his Jewish eyes (which implies that conversion from Jew to Christian was, among other things, a drastic improvement in one's perceptual capabilities), he couldn't entirely leave his Judaic ideas behind!

Jewish perceptual failures would be of little consequence if Jews didn't wield such a disproportionate amount of influence. Order is the prime rule of the universe, but the Jew does not really see it, feel it, or perceive it. (Quick quiz. Name one Jewish naturalist.) Einstein may assert, "God does not play dice with the universe," but this could be interpreted in many ways, one of which would be that Yahweh is a despot. The concept of *natural order*, as opposed to a deistic dictatorship, is an important distinction. Darwin, the only Gentile admitted into the intellectual empyrean with Marx, Freud and Einstein, extracted his theory from a lifetime of observation. He didn't start with an abstract concept and then bend and twist reality to justify it. *Natural* reality is the only reality and it cares not whether the Jew (or anyone else) perceives it:

There is visible throughout all nature a bias in favor of order. We have no means to explain it, and perhaps never shall. But the bias is there. A prejudice governs the movement of stars within galaxies, galaxies in their relations with others.

Robert Ardrey, *The Social Contract*

Mother Nature is an unforgiving taskmistress. She discriminates and discriminates—behavior the egalitarian mind cannot comprehend. Just how far the egalitarian impulse can be stretched is evident by the far-out members of the animal rights crowd who assert that all species are equal. None is more exalted than any other. Yes, there are people out there who refuse to squash a cockroach. While this concept is pushed in schoolbooks (and often at your local zoo), it is not one borne out by observation. The taxonomy of living creatures is itself a testament to the human power to discriminate.

The Jew, not being a student of nature, doesn't understand the instinct imbued in living things to draw boundaries and mark territories—literal, moral, racial or national. This instinct is so strong that we occasionally see zoo animals exhibiting it, even though they no longer have a practical need to mark territory. The Jew, described throughout history as a wanderer and a cosmopolite, is not known for observing boundaries but for violating them.³ Draw a line in the sand and the Jew will not just step over it, he will turn around and try to obliterate it.

Sure, sometimes the lines we draw are arbitrary and subject to revision. Most taxonomists, I believe, would admit as much. But that doesn't mean the urge to draw them is arbitrary. As L.C. Dunn and Theodosius Dobzhansky note in *Heredity, Race and Society*:

One should not conclude, however, that because the dividing lines between races are frequently arbitrary, races are imaginary entities. By looking at a suburban landscape one can not always be sure where the city begins and the country ends, but it does not follow from this that the city exists only in imagination. Races exist regardless of whether we can easily define them or not.

An element of self-abasement in the egalitarian, anti-racist mind-set may explain the phenomenon of the self-hating Jew and the increasing prevalence of the self-hating Nordic. The Jew's disastrously low birthrate, aped by liberal whites, is a related consequence. It takes a tad of *hubris* and an iota of racial or species chauvinism for humans to think that the world can't get along without their contribution to the gene pool. The modern egalitarian looks at it this way: why go to the trouble to bring *one of your own kind* into this world when we're chockablock with so many other wonderful creatures? Consider the Haitian, the Bangladeshi and the Puerto Rican, not to mention the noble slug, the irrepressible cockroach, the mighty titmouse—all living things just as we are. So they must be our equal. Ethology has shown us that hierarchies are not just an arbitrary human invention. The biological record reveals food chains and hierarchies galore. As Robert Ardrey notes, "A society is a group of unequal beings organized to meet common needs." The fact that entities—whether biological, economic, national, chemical or mechanical—are interdependent does not mean they are equal. De Tocqueville reminds us, "Nowhere do citizens appear so insignificant as in a democratic nation." Small wonder that America is the land of the cult of self-improvement and upward mobility—anything to stand out from the crowd.

The more inclusive we have become, the more obsessed we are with inclusiveness. We can't compete in this global economy unless we include everyone. It's the *right* thing to do. Meanwhile, we're told, the social service industry is obsessed with erecting "safety nets" to catch the people who "fall through the cracks." It may be that, as more and more mothers enter the work force, generations bereft of that unconditional motherly love will demand same from the state. Today's slackers plead, "Please take care of me—and don't discriminate against me because I'm a homosexual/illegal alien/criminal/dope addict. Don't ask me to measure up to *your* repressive standards. Just open up your heart—and your wallet."

The mania for inclusion is also reflected in the procrustean rulings of the crusty jurists on the Supreme Court. Twisting, squeezing, cramming and jamming produce inevitable distortion. There is an absolute obsession on the part of too many Supreme Court justices—Jew and Gentile—to declare some phenomenon constitutional or unconstitutional when, in reality it is a-constitutional. Article X of the Constitution states, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The article just doesn't seem to register with

the Court. The Constitution, unlike the Talmud, was not designed to regulate every detail of our lives. But in our current state of hyped-up Jewish consciousness, it is difficult for the average American to grasp the concept that the Constitution wasn't designed to encompass every move we make. Rather, it was forged to give us some leeway. But even before the Jews came to power, the abolitionist mentality, strongly Old Testament in flavor, held sway in America. Prime issues were slavery in the last century, prohibition earlier this century and cigarettes, abortion and "hate speech" today. Like Judaism, abolitionism permits only one standard to prevail. Compromise and accommodation are unheard of. We might coin a phrase and call such a society a monocacy.

Absolutism is the religious/philosophical counterpart of big government—another modern manifestation of Jewish consciousness. Whether it's the President, the Supreme Court or Congress abusing its authority, the Jew never complains, so long as said breaches of authority are in keeping with his political views. The American associates totalitarianism with physical repression. The idea that *total* government without torture chambers or gulags could be just as evil never hits home.

As the name implies, totalitarianism leaves nothing to *chance*. Chance implies luck which implies winners and losers. Maybe even—horror of horrors—the formation of *classes*! Note that gambling, a universal human pursuit (or affliction, if you prefer), is anathema to Jewish consciousness. Now our Brooklyn readers might say, "Whaddaya talkin' about? I've known Moe and Sol for 30 years and if anybody likes to spend a day at the track or a night at the poker table, it's *those* guys!" Not so fast! The Jew likes to *profit* from placing wagers or making investments, so much so that he is famed for rigging the game, whether it's the stock market, the financial markets or the 1919 World Series. It isn't gambling if you've got inside information or deal from the bottom of the deck. You can argue with the Jew's ethics, but not his reasoning! After all, if he *didn't* rig the game, he might *lose*! And the Jew *hates* to lose. No easy come, easy go like the goyim, who accept the idea that risk-takers may reap disaster as easily as reward. It appears to be an irrevocable law of nature. Is there such a thing as a Jewish failure? That the Jew always seems to defy the odds makes one wonder if the odds apply in his case. Luck, like nature, is just too unpredictable for the Jew to put any trust in it. (Quick quiz #2. Ever see any Jewish meteorologists?)

As we reflect on Jewish consciousness at work in 20th-century power politics, we should also point out its rise in the 20th century art world, resulting in a slew of primitive and/or abstract art. In a dissertation on "Abstraction and Empathy," art historian Wilhelm Worringer asserted that abstraction arose from anxiety (a noteworthy Jewish trait, perhaps nurtured during millennia of existence as the world's preeminent minority group). The Jew, like the caveman, was attempting to create order and regularity in a world ruled by nature which, despite its orderliness, was

full of surprises. Hence there is little to choose between modern art and primitive art.

It's not difficult to see why Jewish consciousness and abstract art are a natural match. The Jew pushes the primitivism of Third Worlders (and their First World imitators) and calls it great art not because it is, but because he has a racial affinity for abstractions. The Jew's inability to discriminate stunts him aesthetically and does the rest of us no good.

Representational art excites the urge to merge with the objects depicted, which is perfectly natural. It explains why European Americans, the original rugged individualists, removed from their homelands and the warm, snug overcoats of their native cultures, are such joiners. It also explains the apotheosis of romantic love in popular culture. Turn on any of the low-IQ talk shows and gape at the mismatched interracial couples. The canaille in the audience—to a man, to a woman—will assert that if two people are in love, then nothing else matters, not the wishes of the Montagues or the Capulets, not the children of such a union, not racial destiny, not eugenics. Such pedestrian considerations simply cannot be allowed to sully the cosmic union of the salt-and-pepper couple. This may also explain why the divorce rate for all marriages—intracacial and interracial—is so high in America. Without a family, without a tribe, without an ethnic group, without a race—indeed without a nation—the young white person seeking to be a part of something turns to a relationship with the opposite sex. Having no other affiliation, he overloads this relationship, pours all of his desires and hopes into it and inevitably ends almost suffocating it. Disappointment is inevitable. He divorces, ending up more alienated than ever. He may then proceed to flounder around for years. He may get married a second or third time. He may discover a group of kindred spirits. Has anyone noticed how many of these men who belong to militias have woman trouble or family trouble?

We would all like to be a part of something bigger than ourselves. (Let's be honest here and admit that a large part of the appeal of Instauration is due to this yearning.) Will the urge for affiliation more likely be egalitarian or hierarchical? I suspect the latter.

When I was going to grade school in the late 50s, I recall a couple of boys who doodled cartoons featuring Hitler, swastikas, iron crosses and other Third Reich icons. Just why they were fascinated by these symbols their fathers had taken up arms against must remain a matter of speculation. Maybe I missed something, but I don't remember other boys doodling cartoons of Churchill, FDR or Ike. The armies of democracy held little appeal, since they let anyone in. That concept, of course, was near and dear to the hearts of the ideological chefs who kept stirring the concept of the Melting Pot. Remember those WWII movies with a squad of guys named Kowalski, Goldberg, O'Brien, Genovese, Olsen and maybe even Smith (sorry, no German names)? Today, I doubt that alienated young men sit around and idly draw United Nations logos and

dream of donning a blue helmet and carrying out the wishes of world government bureaucrats. Any cretin can be a world citizen! Meanwhile, skinheads are energized by Nazi symbols 50 years after the Nuremberg trials. Yes, good buddy, that master race concept is heady stuff. After all, not just anyone can join. What joy to be included in an exclusive group! What camaraderie they must share! Anyone who watches all that marching and singing in Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* and who doesn't feel a stirring in the blood might as well be in a concentration camp of the soul. Isn't this a clue why the word "party" has both a political and a celebratory meaning?

Expounding on exclusivity and discrimination makes it impossible not to talk about the family. The "rights" of children are largely championed by the same people (UN bureaucrats, friends of Hillary, global do-gooders) who want to expand the definition of family.⁴ What these people would call the traditional family has a definite hierarchy. This may be why Communists, liberals and others of an egalitarian frame of mind have such an inveterate antipathy towards the family. Hierarchy, by its very nature, is discriminatory. Yet in a family, everyone has a place at the table—literally a birthright. It is at once inclusive and exclusive.

As we mentioned at the top of this essay, the child is a natural-born egalitarian because he has not yet learned to make distinctions. The child's—and the primitive's—sense of totality, of being at one with the universe, is not easily achieved in modern society, which may be one reason why drug use is rampant. Being at one with nature is a virtue we attribute to the American Indian, though I suspect his storied existence is really little more than the "nasty, brutish and short" one described by Thomas Hobbes. But even primitive man had to learn to discriminate. If he didn't learn which snakes are poisonous and which aren't, he would not live long enough to enjoy his vaunted cosmic consciousness.

There is a danger in sounding too reverent or too disdainful when employing a phrase like "cosmic consciousness." I've experienced this consciousness when communing with nature. My most memorable communion occurred several years ago when I was on a Caribbean cruise, which is certainly conducive to the relaxed state of mind that accompanies cosmic consciousness. My first experience snorkeling among the tropical fish in the coral seemed to trigger something. I swam with the fish every which way, breathing deeply in and out, literally going with the flow. It is readily apparent why the word "oceanic" frequently crops up in descriptions of this state of mind. (Landlocked midwesterners may occasionally achieve a similar feeling listening to the wind rustle the grain or tall prairie grasses in the middle of nowhere.) Afterwards, I felt supremely relaxed, both mentally and physically—without any help from alcohol. You could say I felt at one with the universe, though I was still able to make distinctions between races and species. I knew where I ended and the "other" began. Perhaps I was made

of the same stuff as the toothy Negro waiters on the ship or the sea creatures I swam amongst. But my "stuff" was put together differently. To assert equality among living things is as nonsensical as saying that all modern buildings are equal because they are all made of steel, concrete and glass.

During the long afterglow of my Caribbean interlude, I felt nothing but goodwill and a complete absence of hostility. But equality? It is one thing to glean from a biology textbook that all living things have a purpose. It is something more profound to actually feel the concept and know that I, as a living thing, also have a purpose. One might slyly note that a prime cause of the Negro's discontent is that he doesn't know his place.

By contrast, the Jew does not find himself given to such epiphanies. An inveterate urbanite, he is never at home in the wide open spaces. No wonder his remote ancestors wandered for 40 years in the desert. All that wilderness must have really disoriented them! In *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Freud admitted, "I cannot discover this 'oceanic' feeling in myself." He can only interpret such feelings not as a higher form of consciousness but as regression to an earlier state, that of the infant unable to distinguish itself from the surrounding world. It was left to Jung, the Gentile, the son of a Protestant country parson, to perceive the different archetypes (one is tempted to say gods) that dwell in the human psyche and to assert that each race/nation/culture has a different soul or collective unconscious. Naturally, Jung's ideas were more amenable to Third Reich theorists, exposing him to charges of (yawn) anti-Semitism that have persisted to this day. Ironically, Jung's theories now appear to be in vogue with some "warm, fuzzy" New Age types.

Jung, who was fascinated by mandalas or symbols of wholeness/unity/totality, points out that many of these circular patterns are also sun symbols. In *Man and His Symbols*, he asserts that some of the best examples can be found in the rose windows of cathedrals. It might be added that with the transmission of light comes the feeling of uplift—as in the Gothic cathedrals. When pre-Christian Europeans gathered at summer solstice, was the light they celebrated more important than the warmth? June 21 is the longest day of the year, but not usually the warmest.

In attempting to shed light on our situation, the hoped-for result is, as Joseph Conrad said in relation to the art of the novel, "above all to make you see." Sight without enlightenment is difficult in darkness. "They're all the same in the dark" goes the old male chauvinist apothegm. But who wants to spend his life in the darkness? "We don't see color," assert the Quakers. This is not so much an assertion of ignorance or perceptual failure as the recitation of dogma.⁵ If the Negro came equipped with an occipital eyeball, a sixth finger and a third arm or leg, the dogma would still prevail.

The Jew, by setting the agenda in the media⁶ and academia, keeps us in the dark and tends us as if we were mushrooms.⁷ Equality, antiracism and non-discrimination

are all easier to practice in the dark because no one can see! To see is to discriminate—something that can be done with great difficulty, if at all, in the Heart of Darkness we call present-day America.

JUDSON HAMMOND

NOTES

1. Fairness, however, can be an elusive (and sometimes elastic) concept. The have-nots favor equality when they perceive it is in their favor, but demand special treatment when that is more likely to move them ahead. The same is true regarding devotees of democracy when the concepts of majority rules and minority rights conflict.

2. I preferred the old phrase, "Who are you to judge?" The inevitable reply was, "Who do I have to be?"

3. The definitive work on this topic remains *The Ordeal of Civility* by John Murray Cuddihy, Beacon Press.

4. Of course, a definition, is, by definition, discriminatory.

5. As E. Digby Baltzell points out in *The Protestant Establishment*, "in Philadelphia where Quakers tend to be among the city's elite, one often meets Friends of Jewish origins."

6. The Jews' affinity for motion pictures is a natural: we, the audience are literally in the dark, transfixed by a flickering light that appears to offer us a window on reality, but is ultimately an illusion. The Jewish pornographer shines a light on activities that are usually performed in the dark.

7. Let us remember that the mushroom cloud is one of the great symbols of Jewish power and that the A-bomb was the quintessential Jewish weapon because it didn't discriminate: It killed every living thing in the immediate area. I suspect the "smart" weapons in use today—in other words weapons that discriminate—were conceived and designed by Gentiles.

Mumbo Jumbo Run Amok

One of the more pleasant manifestations of the delightful, highly spiced ethnic stew we are brewing consists of the intriguing religious practices of some of our new fellow Americans. I am not talking about the growing Muslim community, which at least is bound in some way to the greater worldview held by most Majority Americans. After all, Judaism, Christianity and Islam are all religions of The Book, as the Muslims say, and a case can be made that the Muslims are simply highly evolved Arian Christians.

I refer, rather, to the various animist religions, if they can be called that, imported from darkest Africa by way of the Caribbean. Lower class Cubans, including many mulattoes, brought with them Santeria. Haitians brought Voodoo. There are endless variations of these "religions," all with different names and ceremonies, some consisting of nothing more than harmless gibberish babbled by ignorant but crafty conmen eager to convince their equally ignorant customers that a little powdered hog testicle will do wonders for their arthritis. Teenage girls will paint themselves with powders and oils to win back their boyfriends. Deadbeats will stick pins in little dolls painted to look like their creditors. This sort of stuff is just primitive bunk, in itself no worse than throwing salt over your shoulder for good luck or throwing away money on lottery tickets.

Unfortunately this alien witchcraft has its ugly side. In the first place, those are

not always chicken bones in the pot. As a horrifying incident in Matamoros, Mexico, a few years back demonstrated, people who prance around camp fires calling on evil spirits sometimes manage to summon them up, even if they have to come from within their own besotted souls. In the Matamoros case, a Cuban-American narcotics trafficker ended up cooking and eating one of his "fellow Americans," a Texas college student. He also chowed down on about 20 Mexicans. Panic-stricken Mexican officials, no doubt concerned that the atavistic cultural traditions of their own country could furnish fertile soil for this daring example of Nouvelle Cuisine, started a head count and discovered to their horror that other narco bands had consumed up to 60 other members of the Cosmic Race. As far as we know, those other gourmands have never been caught. The head of the cult in Matamoros bit the dust in a gunfight with the *Federales*. It is common for the narcs to find pagan altars in the houses they raid.

Even if your local Santeria devotees are not scarfing down the neighborhood kids, watch out for Rover. The sacrifice of live animals is an integral part of all of these cults. Dogs, goats, chickens, you name it. Public parks in Miami have been plagued for years with the rotting bodies of slaughtered animals.

But what of the deeper cultural effects of allowing this sort of barbaric poppycock to flourish? It is tough enough to

permit whole generations of people who practice this homestyle butchery to live among us. It is too much to let them teach their children that life's problems are solved by rubbing a potion on your right toe or cutting off a goat's head. Western man left animal sacrifice behind a long time ago and in so doing removed the dead hand that has kept so much of humanity chained to darkness, fear and superstition.

Critics will say that Christianity has its own quotient of superstition and bloody-minded primitive imagery. True enough, as anybody who has visited an old church south of the border can attest. But there is a difference, a big difference.

Leaving aside some of the theological quirks of Christianity, the religion appeals to the higher instincts of man. Good and bad, right and wrong are not reduced to a flip of the coin, a decision made by some horrid idol who will bestow his favor on the man who has offered up the choicest morsel of flesh that morning. We may or may not still believe in God, but we most certainly do not believe that zombies walk at night or that a pot of pig innards can decide a person's future.

The Supreme Court decided in 1993 that this baloney was entitled to recognition as a religion. The Noxious Nine, as is so often the case, were wrong. When the Majority regains control, we will crack down on this humbug, along with the humbuggers.

N.B. FORREST

Always the Jewish Angle



A recent front page article in the N.Y. Times gave us yet another chapter in the never-ending story of noble Jews and ignoble Germans. The protagonist was Gretel Bergmann, an erstwhile Olympic class high-jumper and current resident of Queens (NY). The 82-year-old former athlete, now known as Margaret Bergmann Lambert, still harbors a deep resentment for the land of her birth, because she failed to win a spot on the 1936 German Olympic team.

She tells us she was kept from competing because she was Jewish. She then contradicted herself by claiming she was "coerced" into training by certain "veiled threats" against her family. While it is true that she couldn't belong to the German Athletic Association, "where the best training and competition existed," she failed to mention that Jewish track and field athletes had their own organizations and trained for years under the watchful eye of the National Socialist government.

When she competed at the Adolf Hitler Stadium on June 30, 1936, she declared she was angry at "all the Nazi flags and all the officials saluting." Nevertheless she proceeded to equal the existing German high-jump record of 5' 3": "I always did my best when I was angry. I never jumped better; I didn't miss a jump."

With the bar set higher and a chance to make the team by *breaking* the German record, Bergmann said she was suddenly afraid

this would be a slap in the face to the Aryans. . . . Would they kill me? What would they do to my family? . . . I just fell apart. I couldn't really lift myself again.

The German Olympic Committee wrote Bergmann: "Looking back on your recent performances, you could not possibly have expected to be chosen for the team." What happened is not unknown in the world of competitive sports. For some athletes the pressure and the spotlight are too much. A few get so nervous they can't perform at all. In other words, Gretel Bergmann "choked." This is clearly what the Olympic Committee's letter referred to. Her performance was not up to expectations. So she didn't make the team.

Bergmann explains that her pre-Olympic successes were part of a larger plan. To forestall foreign criticism of its anti-Semitic policies, the German government *allowed*, if not encouraged, Jewish athletes to compete. So what Bergmann is saying is that she was initially coerced into training by veiled threats, and then frightened into failure because she feared reprisals. If it really was government policy to temporarily soften its anti-Semitic image, then her failure to make the team was a blessing in disguise. Had she won a gold medal in the high-jump, competing

under the Nazi banner, Goebbels would have pointed to her as the ultimate proof that Germany was still a tolerant and fair-minded country. Consequently, Bergmann's later life in Queens might not have been so pleasant. Certainly she would have been described as a traitor to her people.

Ira Berkow, the N.Y. Times' reporter, goes on to tell us "no German Jews could have competed" for Germany in 1936. Not true. In her recently published autobiography, *Leni Riefenstahl: A Memoir*, quotes from a 1958 letter by Professor Dr. Carl Diem, former secretary general of the 1936 International Olympic Committee:

[T]he German government expressly assured the IOC that all races could participate unhindered in the Olympic Games and these promises were kept. I can name the Ball brothers in ice hockey and the fencer, Helene Meyer, who won the silver medal. I may add that these non-Aryans of the German team were not prevented from getting their start in Germany.

If Helene Meyer could win a silver medal in fencing, with a team captain like Reinhard Heydrich looking over her shoulder, Bergmann's anxiety could be delineated as stage fright.

When the author of this article was a kid growing up in Queens, baseball stardom only arrived for a young player when his picture (and statistics) were found on trading cards issued by bubble gum companies. Imagine my surprise upon discovering that the Times article included the photo of a "souvenir card" from *Teneriffa Cigaretten*, which states in the lower right hand corner: *Serie 1 - Bild 9 Gretel Bergmann, Stuttgart, beim hochsprung.*

It was a picture of Bergmann tying the German (female) high-jump record of 5' 3" in June 1936. With millions of tobacco users in Germany at the time, it may safely be assumed that this photo of Bergmann was circulating throughout the country during the autumn and winter of 1936, which means she was probably admired by a significant number of Aryan track and field enthusiasts.

Gnädige Frau, was it really as bad as you suggest?

In 1937, one year after the Olympics, Bergmann was safely in the U.S. and won the U.S. championship for the female high-jump. In the Year of Our Lord 1996, although a U.S. citizen, the German government, as a means of begging forgiveness for sins not committed, made her an honorary member of the German Olympic Committee.

In accordance with the media's determination to attach a Jewish angle to everything that happens these days, Gretel Bergmann made page one of the N.Y. Times shortly before Atlanta played host to the giant flea market, sprawling mall and commercial orgy known as the Olympic Games.

Kid Fiction Is Not What It Used to Be

Far be it from me to defame the comeliness of another culture's women, but wherefrom comes the oddest of conventions that calls big attractive gals of our breeding Amazons? One good look at a real Amazon is all that's needed to recognize the enormous gulf that separates the tall European ideal of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Rider Haggard and Richard Harding Davis from the pygmy-like form of actual Amazon females.

The difference got me thinking the other day about the source of this nomenclatural mixup. One possible explanation lies in the pages of the books of one of America's most race-conscious writers, Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of the Tarzan series which, in their day, featured tall Amazon women cavorting about the jungle vines with a fair-skinned Tarzan. Burroughs was an Englishman, an early-day father of the fifty-cent youth novel and a confirmed exponent of the racial doctrines that permeated his times. If Tarzan made love, it could only be with women worthy of his genes—tall Amazons not short ones. In his books, blacks were considered so outré that they simply didn't figure in plot lines even though his stories were normally set in darkest Africa. (To this day Tarzan books are bitterly resented by racially hip blacks, both here and abroad, who well understand what Burroughs was driving at.)

The youth novel had its serious purpose of racial indoctrination as well as the reinforcement of middle-class (white) values. More popular than Burroughs' Tarzan (which, by the way, made him sufficient millions to live in retirement on a palatial Southern California estate called Tarzana) was the Rover Boys series created by Edward Stratemeyer, a prolific writer who, under other names, wrote the Dave Dashaway Motor Boat series and the Jack Ranger compendium. Before the Rover Boys there was Yale's great fictional hero, Frank Merriwell, created by Gilbert Patten. Afterwards, in 1930, came the popular Nancy Drew series, giving the idealistic American girl her literary moment in the sun. By that time, however, life's ugly realities were beginning to make the placid pascings of the youth novel old hat.

The 30s was the era of the hard-boiled detective story. However contrived, the youth novels of the 20s and before taught a cogent message of racial self-awareness that was well-received by

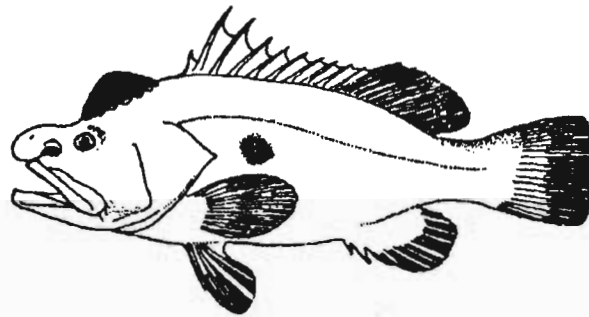
an Anglo world of fair-skinned Americans, Brits and Northern Europeans. The great drawback of the youth novel of its day was not its innocence or racialist bent, but its middle-class bias. Persons depicted as poor and unkempt were not merely pitied, but classified as evil-doers to be shunned as moral lepers. In a world of Depression economics where nice people were losing their jobs and moving in with relatives, such a distinction became problematic. Class could not be a defining characteristic of the Western ideal.

In his own brilliant musings, N.B. Forrest often updates that same message, pointing out how prejudices of the American upper class have been at the core of our racial discomfort. By opening the doors of opportunity, not to the meritorious among us, but to the meritless among the minorities, the Ford, Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundations have made a mockery of our social order. So, to the youth novel of long ago, to Burroughs, to Stratemeyer and certainly to N.B. Forrest I tip my hat.

IVAN HILD

Tip the scales in your favor

Get to Know Your Jewfish



LESSER JEWFISH
Proboscis Giganticus

Characterized by ichthyologists as both thick-headed and thick-skinned, the Jewfish is the largest species of the sea bass family. As a rough-scaled bottom dweller, the gimlet-eyed Jewfish frequently competes against sharks and other predators of the deep. Fond of warm South Atlantic waters, the Jewfish is known to be especially prevalent in the Miami Beach area.

Clumsy-looking ponderous and rather sluggish, the Jewfish can grow as large as 8 feet and 800 lbs. Though it starts life as a hatchling a mere fraction of an inch in length, the Jewfish's problems soon change from mere survival to that of consuming enough to maintain its bloated constitution. Becoming more confident and bold as it grows, the mature Jewfish is as powerful as it is voracious.

If a diver enters the feeding pattern of the Jewfish slowly and without sudden movement, the Jewfish is likely to see him as part of the environment and ignore him. However, if one moves boldly and decisively, there is less danger than if one attempts to swim away. Taking the initiative and swim-

ming toward the Jewfish will usually drive him away. Jewfish who have been pursued or attacked by man, however, quickly learn to be alert, cautious, and elusive.

One of the most celebrated encounters with a Jewfish occurred in 1974 in the Gulf of Mexico near Corpus Christi, Texas (Jewfish are known to hang around oil rigs). While scuba diving in 35 feet of water, Steve Withers was swallowed whole by a giant Jewfish, who sensed something wasn't quite kosher and immediately spit him out.

Sport fishermen insist that Jewfish are excellent food fish, but Jew-baiting remains a tricky proposition.

Though some alarmists insist that the Jewfish is threatened with extinction, the species is hardly floundering. Indeed, some observers feel the Jewfish is more robust than ever. Rumors of a fish kill of 6,000,000 during the early 1940's have been greatly exaggerated. The exceptional heartiness of the species goes to prove the maxim, "Once a Jewfish, always a Jewfish."

JUDSON HAMMOND

Non-Jewish Jews?

I am a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Ashkenazic Americans N.A.A.A.A. The Ashkenazics are a Slavic-Turkic People rooted in Eastern Europe. They converted to Judaism on or about 1000 A.D. In their westward movement they developed the Yiddish Language.

Being an Ashkenazic, I am concerned with the future of my people. Some "experts" think we are Hebrews and Semites, but that is not true. We never came from Palestine nor did we ever want to live there.

Zealots won't let us forget the religious conversion we made 1,000 years ago. We are mainly non-theistic and have our own economic and cultural concerns. Religious fanatics and Zionists are depleting our energy. If not stopped, they will cause our social death.

Our organization believes that once

the Ashkenazics recognize their history as a Slavic-Turkic people they will have a new vision of themselves. The idea that their history is written in mythological Scripture will be gone. They will find it wasn't Yaweh who led them to greatness, but the power gained by natural selection. Since Ashkenazics were given no chance to work in a Christian and Muslim environment, they survived only by creating their own livelihoods.

This entailed a high cognitive ability. Those that didn't have it died. Even though our people are small in number the footprints we leave are very large. We are about to enter a new century and it's time to look at the nature of an old enemy. "Envy" is its name. The higher we climb, the more bitter is the crowd below. We must come to terms with this situation. Otherwise that crowd will pull us out of our heights and destroy us.

I suggest we stop wasting our energy in synagogues and development of the Holy Land. We won't find salvation there. A secular approach to our defense is needed. The world has to accept our talents without envy. Perhaps with eugenic engineering they can duplicate our natural growth.

We Ashkenazics have to solve our problems now. Our National Association is designed for this agenda. We are not a fund-raising organization. We only require that you evince the spirit of this letter.

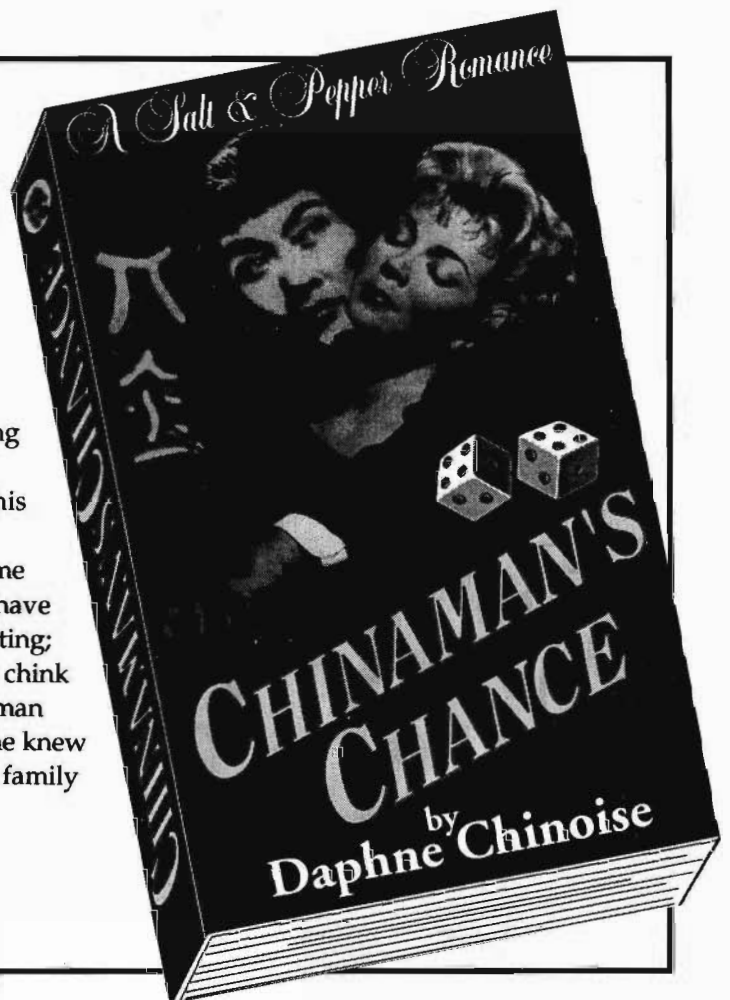
125

Editor's Note: The above mini-manifesto came to Instauration through the mail. The writer identified himself, but did not give us permission to use his name. It is difficult to tell whether what he wrote is on the level, a hoax or news about a weird new cult. At any rate, for those interested in the Jewish question, it makes intriguing reading.

Confucius say... "You likee this book velly, velly much!"

The descendant of a proud family of Chinese merchants, Robert E. Lee was educated at the best business schools America could offer. Upon graduation, he had a job waiting for him in the family business in Hong Kong. His success was all but guaranteed. But there was a great yearning in his life, a yearning that could only be satisfied by Mary Anne Custis, the vivacious Southern belle he had met at a costume ball and hadn't been able to get out of his mind. It should have been a match made by destiny—she came as a lady-in-waiting; he as a knight. But when she lifted his visor for a peek, the chink in his armor was apparent. He wasn't the Southern gentleman she thought he was. His family might disinherit him, but he knew the only way he could woo her was by giving her a prized family heirloom. . . a precious yellow pearl.

*Will their romance endure...or
will it yellow with age???*



Twelve Bad Men and Untrue

If you want a firsthand look at how trial lawyers have perverted justice in our fair land, get called in for a jury pool in Austin (TX). People used to have voter registration cards to report for jury duty. Now Texas uses driver's license numbers. This, we are told, offers "more jury diversity."

Under the old system, you'd go to the courthouse, where you would join 40 to 50 other folk, largely middle class and white. Lawyers would quickly sift out the ones they liked and, if you weren't selected, you could leave within an hour. This is no longer the case. This time you have to show up in the barn-like building where the Shriner's hold their annual circus. I walk in at 10:00 a.m. as I am supposed to, along with a swarm of others, and am greeted by the un-air-conditioned aroma of the unwashed *lumpenproletariat*. Some 500 people, perhaps 50% black and Mexican, and many other assorted trolls, dykes, fags and freaks are in the bleachers. These are the 10 o'clock folk, but they must sit there for at least an hour

because the 8:30 a.m. folk are still queued up. Birds are flying around in the rafters. Fire ants are licking the caked food and Coca-Cola residue from the cinder block walls. An Hispanic woman leaps up, screams and flips out and starts violently contorting as if dancing to *La Cucaracha*. Apparently she has ants in her pants! "They're f----- bugs in here, they're f----- bugs!" she squeals, as her dark boyfriend laughs and brushes her off.

Presiding over this legal circus is a Chicana judge. All her helpers are either Hispanic or black. She proceeds to lecture for an hour in the manner of a high school teacher on "civic dooty." Although it's all in the booklets handed out, she has to explain what's what for the winos and gangstas in the crowd. The big red-eyed black buck smelling of Ripple wine sitting next to me hardly bothers to listen.

Judge Naranjo says "voyeur diary" every time she means "voir dire" and says "family" every time she means "felony."

The inefficient and "mañana-style" system she is presiding over is extremely aggravating, but affords considerable moments of amusement and lunacy.

Looking at the potential jurors, anyone with an IQ the same temperature as the barn's fetid air could understand why O.J. got off and why GM is sued for a million dollars in Alabama every time Rastus gets thrown out of his car in a wreck.

Practically all the municipal and county criminal court judges in Austin are liberal Democrats. Judge Naranjo was especially condemnatory of the individuals, mostly Anglos, who seek to be excused from jury service "for economic reasons." The rest of the lumpen were happy to get time off from flipping burgers. I pleaded that I was self-employed and could not lose days of work for \$6-a-day jury service. The Judge snapped at me, "Don't you have any sense of civic dooty?" I felt like answering, but didn't, "No, no longer, your honorita, for this is no longer my land nor is it my justice system."

786

No Room for Women in Combat

Should women be allowed and encouraged to take part in man's oldest sport, killing other men? Some feminists claim that to deny ladies the right to take part in combat is gender discrimination at its purest. Others say, since serving in combat conditions brings higher pay, women are being denied access to better-paid military slots. There also is the question of jobs, such as flying jet fighters in combat, where virtually all the pilots are better-paid males.

The Navy is bearing much of the brunt of the drive to put women in combat. Naval conflict is not as personal, not as basic, as fighting on land. As a Navy veteran of WWII, I can vouch for much of the impersonality of war at sea. Having been assigned to minesweepers, I never took part in ship-to-ship engagements. My "enemies" were mines, shore guns and planes. It seldom occurred to me that people were operating those weapons. The only Japanese I saw was the silhouette of a pilot whose plane was on fire as he crashed near my ship one night in Borneo.

Ground fighting is another matter. The soldier can be subject to excruciating physical conditions—incredible filth, blood and gore everywhere. In hot weather the overpowering stench of feces and decaying bodies makes life intolerable. Often you can smell the trenches long before you get to them. In addition, combat can become very personal. You can see the man who is trying to kill you even as you try to kill him. In the caves and bunkers of Iwo Jima knife fighting was the order of the day.

Somehow I cannot bring myself to believe that women are emotionally or physically capable of that sort of warfare.

The Navy had dozens of ships sunk or damaged in the battle of Okinawa, where kamikaze planes accounted for 10,000 American casualties. The frantic chaos and constant struggle to keep the guns firing, look after the dead and wounded, and maintain damage control to keep the ship afloat made the ordeal a ghastly nightmare.

I have to say that virtually none of the

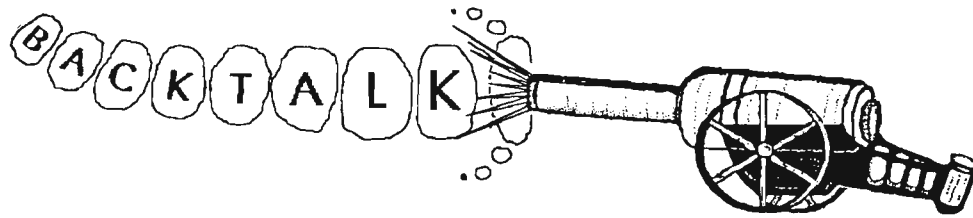
women I know could have handled that bloodbath.

The great physical and hormonal differences in men and women prevent the latter from becoming efficient warriors. The testosterone that causes the male animal's aggressiveness gives him a great and essential advantage over women when it comes time for killing.

The genetic factor is an important reason why we should not assign women to combat duty. Historically we always send the strongest, smartest and overall best male specimens of the species off to be slaughtered in war. By leaving the best women at home, we salvage at least half of the better specimens of our gene pool. If we sent our best women as well as our best men off to die, our species would soon revert to Stone Age status.

I vote to leave the women in their traditional roles in the military. Let them nurture the wounded and the sick, take care of supplies, and keep the records and the books.

323



Who Is a Feminist?

A subscriber wrote in to say that feminism causes a backlash of bad behavior on the part of racially minded men. He states that even in the "Movement," women cling to feminist ideas. What I'd really like to know is how do he and your other readers define feminism? My husband shakes his head at some of the things Instauration says about how women should be treated. He even likens some of your subscribers to Orthodox Jews in their attitudes. Is a feminist a woman

- who prefers working outside the home and doesn't want kids?
- who has kids but works outside the home and dumps them in daycare?
- who does anything besides sweep the floor and run after toddlers?
- who resents men for running things?
- who forces herself into traditionally male areas, such as the military?
- who voices strong opinions in an aggressive way?
- who thinks that women are biologically and intellectually able to do what men do?
- who thinks physical differences are not important?
- who thinks that women ought to support themselves with some type of work even if they stay at home and have a family?

I confess to being a woman of the last type. I have direct knowledge of the following scenario. A lady with no marketable skills marries and has a family. The head of the family dies young, leaving her with children to support. Since the concept of the extended family is all but dead, she has little or no help. She either throws herself on the mercy of the government (we all know how Uncle Sam helps mothers) or tries to get along with some low-paying job, unable to properly raise her kids because of her financial struggle. I saw it happen to my own mother, who had a useless art degree and at one point was raising three kids on a paltry \$185 a month. The state took the two oldest.

I vowed I'd always keep a hand in some kind of outside work, no matter how many kids I had, so that if something happened to my husband, I'd have survival skills. My children's lives wouldn't be thrown into turmoil by eviction, a sudden drop in standard of living or intervention by state authorities. I do not wear suits, nor do I have a desire to don a helmet, barge into a construction site or machine shop and demand to be hired. However, if I wanted to learn any of those valuable skills, I wouldn't hesitate to pay an individual to teach me or buy some books and learn by doing. The sort of men who would deny women access to jobs that would ensure them against unstable family situations are just the sort of control freaks who, if not racially minded (sometimes even if they are!), end up marrying Filipinas, Latinas or Asians for their submissive, non-threatening demeanor. "Hai, hai,

here is your curried schnauzer with rice noodle!" I agree that most feminists are quite obnoxious and are nothing more than self-indulgent, intellectually dishonest adolescents. But thank goodness not all Majority activists are as insecure as some of the ones whose writings appear in Instauration.

It seems to me that present-day parents shove and push their kids to grow up before they're ready. When they reach adolescence, the kids stay teenagers for the rest of their lives. To put it another way, most American adults are just arrested teenagers.

LADY SUBSCRIBER

Search for a Viable Writing Style

The subject of Instauration is the decline of the Nordic, which is proceeding so rapidly that the most heroic efforts of the world's most creative genetic stock may be insufficient to prevent our extinction. This is the most powerful, grimly beautiful, and potentially tragic subject that any writer will ever have the opportunity to address.

The thematic approaches available to Instauration writers are as uncircumscribed as Nordic genius. Every possible approach is capable of inspiring a brilliant literary style. The satirical potential alone calls for a thousand Swifts, a thousand Menckens, a thousand Cholly Bildersbergers.

Other themes inherent in the subject make me wonder whether any writer, of any period, could treat them adequately. If our race does become extinct, it will not be merely a human tragedy, but a tragedy of cosmic scale. Evolution will be reversed. What literary genius of the past could forge a meaningful style to delineate such a tragedy? Shakespeare? Milton? Hardy? On what grounds could we agree that any literary style was appropriate to such an undertaking?

V.S. Stinger has considered this greatest of all possible artistic problems and concluded that the communicative key is alliteration. To cram a concatenation of consonants together comprises the acme of creative literary composition in Stinger's considered account.

Of even greater interest, perhaps, is Stinger's response to Zip 625, who had the temerity to suggest that alliteration can sometimes be excessive. Any criticism of Stinger's stylistic idiosyncrasy, I now concede, is implicitly a concession to the dark forces of political correctness. I was particularly pleased to learn that Zip 625's criticism amounted to an insistence "on dumbing all styles down to the Dead Sea level of our already sunken-below sea-level so-called democracy." If the creative coinage of "dumbing down" hadn't compelled me to confirm that alliteration is the most appropriate way to address what may become

the ultimate tragedy of the cosmos, V.S. Stinger's concluding and convincing evocation of Dylan Thomas would have coerced my conviction.

AUSTRALIAN SUBSCRIBER

Hyperpessimist

I am 28 years old and have subscribed to *Instauration* for about two years. In my early twenties, I could have been correctly described as a liberal. Now being involved in the counter-culture, such as it is, I have been able to see the flaws in my previously held ideologies.

I agree with and appreciate much of what is written in *Instauration*. Although I have minor criticisms, they are petty compared to my major criticism—Instaurationists seem to believe that America can be salvaged or that it's worth fighting for. I disagree on both counts.

America is already gone. It's history. People just haven't yet come around to realize it, although many know that something is horribly wrong. The fault is not the wretched refuse of nonwhites teeming among us. The problem is and continues to be the American sheeple, who have supinely accepted every blow delivered to their once great republic.

To paraphrase the words of Garet Garrett in his book, *Burden of Empire* (Noontide Press), Americans never voted to get into WWI and WWII; never voted for the New Deal; never voted for the debasement of our currency; never voted for Lend Lease, the Welfare State or the United Nations. Indeed the majority of Americans once opposed all this. But when they came to pass, everyone (except a few brave notables) jumped on the bandwagon and cheered the erosion of national sovereignty and individual rights.

I have no reason to believe that Americans have what it takes to turn their country around. We are a lazy, stupid lot, willing to be led over any cliff, only to apologize for splattering our blood all over the rocks below. It may be harsh to say that Americans deserve every bit of the predicament in which they now find themselves. But anything less is just sugar-coating the truth.

295

Stop Supporting Serbs

Inability to face facts unsuitable to their way of thinking places Instaurationists in great danger. Closing one's eyes, mind and soul to the documented mass murder of thousands of civilians by the Bosnian Serbs, puts Instauration in the same swamp of immoral self-righteousness we despise in our adversaries.

You can say that the two civilians who survived the July 1995 massacres are making it up, but after you see and hear them you'll change your mind. Separated by the Bosnian Serbs from their families, thousands of men and youths were murdered, trusting the UN that after they had been passed on to the Serbs they were on their way to their homes in Bosnian Serb territory. These two survived by lying motionless under the pile of dead bodies of their murdered friends and relatives.

These facts have emerged from my studious observation of the war, combined with closer knowledge of the bestial behavior and sadistic streaks of Serbian chauvinism and megalomania. I advise Instaurationists to pause and think twice before embracing the oppressors. You can't put this in the same basket with "the others did it too." Evil sometimes has a distinctive face.

The material side is simple, especially in the case of Croatia: The cow the Serbs have been milking for decades was escaping their grip. Croatia, the greatest (by far) source of Belgrade's economic power and revenues wanted to get out. Instead of agreeing, the Serbs mounted a vicious and barbaric (Dubrovnik) assault with the tanks bought with the money produced by the Croats' superior know-how, intelligence and sweat.

S.P. EAK

Down with Skinheads

I am certain to be denounced as a race-traitor by many of my so-called friends for what I am about to say. That's okay; they have a right to their opinion, as I and my Winchester have a right to mine.

The skinhead culture is a hideous blot upon the honor of the Majority. While there are isolated individuals of high character, rational mind and personal accomplishment who identify as skins, the paradigm (if it can be called that) of the skinhead scene represents nothing noble. Unrestrained inebriation, senseless violence with no strategic direction and infantile "us/them" infighting are the endemic traits of the skinhead "movement."

It is alleged the skinhead culture is a neo-Viking warrior culture, prepared and ready for action. Yeah, right! But what has the skinhead culture done to advance the Majority's survival? By bashing countless heads of personal, not racial, enemies? By burning down black churches? By spray-painting swastikas? By drunken brawling? "Brave" skins risk felony charges with no demonstrable, favorable results for our people's salvation. These creatures are far from heroic.

The false image of the skinhead scene is that of a working-class youth culture of proud white folk celebrating their heritage and rebelling against the evils of the present order. I am a 25-year-old-son of a working-class family who grew up in the Sacramento area and shared the same disharmonic social environment with local skins. I needed neither beer nor violence nor the support of cults to get ahead in life. Why am I so different? Perhaps coming from a long line of German *bauern* instilled in me the traditions of Northern European culture, not an artificial cosmopolitan pseudo-Aryan culture. I am a lonely standard-bearer of what Germans call Kultur, as opposed to the "civilization" of the concrete deserts from which the skinhead anti-culture arose. The latter is a hodge-podge of unholistic social elements fused together to counter the collapsing Western social structure.

The youth of a people is its tomorrow. If the skinheads are our tomorrow, then our race has no future.

563



Semites Only

Shortly after his appointment, Professor Thomas Bird resigned as chairman of the Jewish Studies Group in New York's Queen's College. Because he is not Jewish, Jewish faculty members said he would be an inappropriate "role model." Bird, who probably knows as much about Jewish history and culture as most Jewish professors, was deeply distressed by the racist attack. Saying he simply could not deal with such "primitive religious bigotry," Bird resigned his new post. Considering that hundreds of Jews run college departments that focus on some aspect of Western civilization, it's rather ungracious for Chosen professors to react so intolerantly when a Gentile is put in charge of Jewish studies.

About Independence Day

Although the possibility exists that aliens from deep space might someday want to invade this side-show planet, what is totally improbable are the two "heroes" who save the earth. One is a Marine Corps fighter ace, played by Will Smith, a witless and marginal Simian actor who is at heart a gangsta rapper. The other "savior" is an unambitious Jew. It is overwhelmingly offensive to suggest (even pretend) that, faced with total annihilation of the human race, the only two persons capable of snatching us from the clutches of doom are members of the two races that have been consciously or unconsciously working to destroy us.

Released near the July 4 holiday, *Independence Day* set a new box office record for its first five days. The producers must be in greed-hog heaven. They're probably spending most of their time these days writing checks to the ADL, the JDL, the ACLU, the Committee to Re-select Billy Jeff, and Morris "Sleaze" Dees.

Kosher Baloney

You have to hand it to them. King Haman couldn't do them in. Mobs of Middle Age peasants and cowed Inquisitors merely moved them to yawn. They took Cossack-led pogroms in stride. Even a dash of the old Zyklon B hardly dented their chutzpah. For people without shame, who cannot be embarrassed, and for whom appeals to decency or good taste are curiosities, proclaiming themselves American "conservatives" is really small beer.

William Kristol, son of Irving Kristol the oldtime Trotskyite, huckster and motor-

mouth, is heading up a new publication called *The Weekly Standard*. Kristol is no doubt ably assisted by John Podhoretz, the deputy editor, son of Norman Podhoretz, another Jewish pinko turncoat. The executive editor is Fred Barnes, a token and truckling goy, a refugee from the liberal/homo/Jewish New Republic.

Kristol is best known to most Americans as "Dan Quayle's brain." His other nickname in conservative circles, "The Smirker," is as well-earned as the first. Essentially a carnival shill and snakeoil salesman, Kristol's function for the past few years has been to act as the Zionist point man and infiltrator in the American Right. While bulky, virtuous Bill Bennett, he of the scowling, meaty jowls and the wagging finger, has postured as a mixture of Mother Teresa and Cotton Mather, Kristol has played the role of the Mad Hatter, popping up here, there and everywhere there is any danger of real Americans seizing control of the Republican Party or forming their own non-Kosher political movement. His most recent escape involved orchestrating the media assault on Pat Buchanan.

The *Weekly Standard*, having made no friends among the "moderate" Republicans, has miffed House Speaker Newt Gingrich. Not to worry. Zionist agents planted close to pols such as Gingrich will ensure that his displeasure will never go past the grumbling stage.

At first, Kristol's man for President of the U.S. was General Colin Powell. Since the former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs was indisposed, Kristol was willing to push for Lamar Alexander, the boring, washed-up nobody from Tennessee, a typical example of a New South Country Club Republican, with a backbone like a banana and the intellectual weight of a handful of cotton candy. A useful puppet for the Chosen.

Kristol has taken cruel aim at Bob Dole, who has many faults, but at least he is a brave American who proved his patriotism on the battlefield. True, Dole is a smoke-filled-room man who prefers to cut deals rather than defend principles, but it makes my gorge rise to see a pip-squeak Jewboy like Kristol mock him. Let all World War II veterans see what gratitude they receive from the tribe they risked their lives to save!

As the N.Y. Times notes, the mission of *The Weekly Standard* seems to be to criticize Republicans, the more "conser-

vative" the better. As John Podhoretz puts it, "We have to keep ourselves and American conservatism honest, if that doesn't sound way too pompous." Pompous is not exactly the word I would use to describe Podhoretz's statement.

The *Weekly Standard* is the current vehicle being used by Kristol to help prevent the rise of the Majority Right and the storming of the Republican Party by Majority activists. Needless to say, there will be no place for Kristol and those of his ilk should this take place.

The real mission of Kristol is to keep pumping up a line of insipid, uninspiring weaklings as Republican Party candidates. While claiming to want Bill Clinton out of office, Kristol would like nothing more than for him to win in 1996. Why? For much the same reasons that many of us want him to win in 1996. Should Bob Dole win, we can look forward to four years of faltering leadership, backsliding and deal-making with the most radical liberal wing of the Democratic Party. The Republican Party, unfortunately, the only serious political organization that Majority Americans can hope to use to their advantage at this point, will be frozen into a dull, bloodless, play-it-safe, middle-of-the-road nothingness.

If Clinton is reelected, his second term will be an unmitigated disaster. Kristol is smart enough to see that. Anybody who is not a drooling idiot can see it. Where Kristol makes his mistake is in thinking that we will just muddle through another four years and then turn around and elect a Republican pinhead such as Lamar Alexander or some other empty suit, to be manipulated at will by the forces which control Mr. Kristol. Kristol has no real fight with Clinton at all. He is perfectly pleased with what he has done thus far. Ditto for the rest of his gang.

A Clinton victory this year is necessary and all Instaurationists must pray for it. This is not 1992, much has changed in four years. The outcome of the Buchanan campaign has made it "Kristol clear" that the American people will do the right thing only when they are beaten into doing it. Let them be beaten, and beaten bloody. They deserve no less. When they have suffered enough, they will open their eyes and do what they must do, which is heave the rotten garbage overboard and support a Majority leader who will take the reins and throw out anybody who stands in his way. The American people have shown that they are incapable of ruling themselves and they have no right to continue to live with the illusion that they do. Four more years of Clinton

should do the trick. A stock market crash, a distinct possibility in the near term, would be healthy as well, like an ice water upper colonic for our dear, materialistic fellow countrymen.

As for The Weekly Standard, the fish market can always use such products.

N.B. FORREST

Lady Renegades

Worse than the shiksa who depreciates her blondism is the woman who writes articles praising Jews and slamming her own kind. Read the dust jacket of *The Shiksa*, a novel by Barbara Bartlett, which promises a titillating tale "about a beautiful Catholic woman who can love only a Jewish man." Listen to this passage from *The Goy Next Door*, a short story by Meghan Daumer:

Christian men, with their innate sense of entitlement, with their height and freckles and stamp collections and Dairy Queen jobs, all those homages to the genetics and accoutrements of Western society, Jewish men were rife with ambiguity, buzzing with edge. Their sports were cognitive, their affection seemingly cerebral. They were so smart that they managed to convince girls like me that they liked us for our brains. . . .

Ugliness Advocate

Since the Nordic is the handsome race, it was inevitable that some Jewess would come along and start praising ugliness. Lynn Romer, head of a group called the Pinocchio Plot, says, "There's nothing wrong with ugliness" (meaning there is something wrong with being handsome). She wants illustrators to take the warts off the Wicked Stepmother and put them on Prince Charming. The Pinocchio Plotters promote such books as *Sleeping Ugly* by Jane Yolen and *Beauty Is the Beast* by Ann Hill-Beuf.

Million Dollar Liar

Jewish Joe Klein, ex-Newsweek columnist and ex-CBS commentator, lied so much about the authorship of his scandal-mongering novel, *Primary Colors*, that even his brother journalists couldn't take it. Ken Auletta, a writer for the New Yorker, summed it up best: "Joe fibbed and that's not acceptable. He not only hurts himself, he hurts the business of journalism. It grants a weapon to the enemies of the press, the feeling that we're all seedy, slimy bums."

Amen to that.

The editor of Newsweek, Maynard Parker, who was in on the deception from the very beginning, denied knowing anything about the matter and even encouraged his writers to look in the wrong di-

rection in speculative articles. When the editor of a magazine is engaged in a brazen lie, what does that say about the magazine?

As for Klein himself, he announced, "Joe Klein has never lied in a column and will never. My credibility as a journalist has never been questioned." What a guy! His credibility is now zilch, but he is laughing all the way to the bank where he will be depositing the \$6 million he is supposed to make from hardcover, paperback, movie and foreign rights.

Anti-Nordicism

• Handsomeness and attractiveness being advantages in election contests, it's no surprise that the media of late has been full of articles against Nordics. One of the leaders in this blond-bashing is the American Spectator, a so-called conservative journal which routinely turns over a goodly portion of its pages to Jewish pundits. The July Spectator had a particularly brazen attack against blonds of both sexes by "a conservative" columnist, Stephen Chapman, who wrote: [N]ature instilled in me a pronounced attraction to females of the sultry Mediterranean type and a relatively low threshold of boredom with those of the paler shade."


• Other attacks on Nordics are found in articles and books by or about shiksas who slaver over Jews and sound off

against "insensitive" WASPs. Many minority writers attack blonde women in print while trying to get them into bed. In this undeclared racial war, the minorities and Majority renegades have won all the battles, except the aesthetic one. The reason must be that there is some instinct present in all races that gives the beauty prize to the Nordic. Since it's not easy to fight instincts, nonwhites are not doing well in fueling anti-blondism. They are trying to downgrade what they are genetically programmed to upgrade.

• Complicating the issue is the non-Nordic woman who pretends to be one by dyeing her hair, adorning her bosom with breast implants, even buying blue contact lenses. No matter how hard they try, these women never quite make it, never quite look "right." There is always an element of artificiality. The Nordic physiognomy and body simply cannot be copied.


• Since environment has to bow to genetics, one would think Nordic men and women should not have much to worry about. One would be wrong. More and more Jewish-WASP marriages mean fewer and fewer blond genes. There are fewer Nordics in the world today than there were 20 years ago and their proportion of the world population is sagging sharply. Because of their falling birthrate, each generation contains fewer Nordics than the preceding one.

Weirdo Beliefs

Recently *20/20* or *60 Minutes* or some other international Hebraic show devoted a segment to the loving exploration of Negro urban myths. We learn that blacks believe the familiar kosher  indicates Ku Klux Klan ownership; that Snapple features a "slave ship" on one of its soft drink labels. The Chosen at Snapple hastened to deny the charge.



If you don't believe it, read the label

The Snapple label actually depicts the Boston Tea Party and states this very plainly. One issue associated with the Boston Tea Party is "no taxation without representation." So what is that  doing on the label? What is it doing on so many labels? There may be a subliminal message in all this. If so, it is for dispossessed whites, not blacks.

CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER



Long-Lived Gossip

When the Olympics games come up every four years the public is treated to a replay of the old canard that in the 1936 games Hitler stood up Jesse Owens. Even Jesse said this is untrue, but the myth persists. TV obeys the rule that when it comes to Hitler nothing good can ever be spoken. Even Satan had a few good points, according to some poets, but Hitler is beyond the pale. No one ever asks how, if he was so excruciatingly bad, Der Führer managed to get and retain the enthusiastic support of scores of millions of people until he led them to disastrous defeat? TV made much of the torch-carrying ceremony, but couldn't find the space to explain that this was a Nazi addition to the 1936 games. It had never occurred in previous games and was totally unknown to the Ancient Greeks.

That the 1996 Summer Olympics' mascot was named "Izzy" says it all.

Dole's Vaporous Veep

Dole's choice of pro-affirmative action, pro-immigration, pro-life and pro-minority Jack French Kemp is so disenchanting that Instauration is at a loss for words. The most we can do at this time is repeat some of what we said when we named Kemp Majority Renegade of 1994.

The native hearth of the star quarterback of the Buffalo Bills and the nine-term New York congressman is not the Empire State, but the heavily Semitic Fairfax section of Los Angeles, where he attended a public school that was 75% Jewish and where his first girlfriend was a rabbi's daughter. Many years later, when he went on the politicians' obligatory pilgrimage to Israel, his hyper-Semitism turned into a permanent neurosis. In Congress he never ceased to vote the straight Israeli ticket, which caused some colleagues to call him "Yitzhak Kemp." Listen to what gushed from his mouth at an Israel bond dinner: "No matter how the political winds blow, Israel will never be lacking for friends [funds?] as long as I have air in my lungs to speak out."

Kemp poses as a straight arrow, which has allowed the media to transform him into a Republican Galahad. As Secretary of HUD in the Reagan administration, his fits of liberalism never ceased to heat the cockles of the Demos' hearts.

But Kemp is not as squeaky clean as the media pretend. No renegade ever is. One significant glitch in a man's charac-

ter leads to another. Back in 1973, Kemp entered a 50-50 partnership with a raging homosexual to buy a lodge in Lake Tahoe, where queers contaminated one of America's beauty spots with orgiastic all-night parties. From then on, the Washington rumor mills took it for granted that Kemp, although married with four children, was "that way." (Newsweek (Dec. 2, 1985) devoted several paragraphs to the question of Kemp's sexual ambivalence. In regard to military service, he got a medical exemption to allow him to continue playing professional football while his Army Reserve unit was sent off to protect lives in the 1961 Berlin crisis. Call him not a draft dodger. Call him a shirker.

Whether or not Kemp sticks to his old party line—to make Dole happy he says he won't—in the event he becomes vice president, the Majority Renegade of 1994 will still be on our short list for Majority Renegade of All Time.

Why No Black Swimmers?

Up to its old shticks the Washington Post (May 28, 1996) appeared with a full-page essay that blamed the absence of black swimmers in the Olympics on lack of training and past discrimination. Not a word, not one single word about the real reason: blacks happen to have a higher bone-to-body ratio than whites, which means that they have less buoyancy. They have to expend more energy keeping afloat than their white counterparts. It's as simple as that.

Too Much Ado

Like the Oklahoma bombing, the destruction of TWA flight 800 was originally blamed on Middle East terrorists. The Atlanta pipe bomb was pinned on a good ole boy, William Jewell, who was tried and convicted in headlines throughout the country, even though the FBI after one week couldn't produce enough evidence to arrest him. Arizonans were scared half to death with news about the Viper Militia, accused of planning to blow up federal buildings in Phoenix. Six of the 12 were jailed; six were allowed to return to their homes with electronic bracelets attached to their bodies. Eight men, four belonging to a Washington State militia, were arrested in Bellingham on weapons and explosives charges. It was hinted, without the slightest proof, that they might have been responsible for recent bomb blasts in Spokane.

If the growing number of arrests of white activists keeps up, whites may soon be regaining their lost majority in big-city jails. At least they will have enough manpower to protect themselves from being terrorized and bludgeoned by black inmates.

The most irresponsible media attacks were on the alleged arsonists who burned down black churches. Actually almost as many white churches were set ablaze. Although both blacks and whites were charged with the crimes, the arson was largely blamed on "white racists," who may have been part of a nationwide conspiracy.

It can't be denied that all this press hysteria stirs up racial hatred. In the case of the TWA crash it stirred up hatred against Arabs and Muslims; in the cases of William Jewell and the church fires, against white Southerners; in the cases of the alleged Bellingham revolutionaries and the Viper Militia, against whites in general.

As media ululations against "hate" groups grow louder every day, it becomes more and more evident that the real haters are those who keep screaming hate.

Clinton's Secret Weapon

Do the Republicans know something that the Democrats don't know or don't want to know? Dole is so far behind in the polls that there seems little reason for him to continue campaigning. Some commentators say he continues because he expects or hopes that some dramatic last-minute exposé of Clinton's sexual or financial hanky-panky will cause so much disgust in the minds of millions of voters that they will swing away from him before election day.

What shoots down that theory is that the more Clinton is accused of vulgar sex-capades and financial sleight-of-hand, the more his poll ratings seem to escalate. The tales about sexual dalliances with blacks and his nine-year-old mulatto son have been known and whispered around right-wing circles and some tabloids for years without affecting his popularity.

Even if Clinton was discovered to be a spy for the old Soviet Union, even if he were caught stark naked in a Washington bordello, he would probably win the November election. If American voters are willing to choose a draft dodger over a war hero (Bush) and a wounded veteran (Dole), it is obviously that they don't put much store in the character factor.

One aspect of the presidential race which is never discussed is the Aesthetic Prop (see *The Dispossessed Majority*, pp. 116-22). Clinton, whether he likes it or not, whether his financial backers like it or not, is a blue-eyed Nordic running against a dark-eyed, sallow-skinned pol.

It's a modern update of the Siegfried-Nibelung scenario. That the Aesthetic Prop favors handsome political candidates over not so handsome candidates cannot be discounted. It's almost a certainty that Clinton will pick up more female votes than his older, less attractive, less sexy opponent.

One reason for the President's high standing in the polls is that it's a little dangerous to criticize him too sharply. When the Ozark Heartthrob approached her to press the flesh at a Chicago festival, Mrs. Patricia Mendoza told him right to his face, "You suck and those 19 boys died." Clinton motioned to an aide and she and her husband were dragged off to police headquarters, where they were questioned for 14 hours.

Good Guy Gone

Jim Quillin, a name that should be remembered with fondness and respect by Southerners, if not Majority members everywhere, died in relative obscurity in June in a hospital in his hometown of Opelika (AL). He was 72. A longtime employee of Auburn University, he retired in 1979. When not sailing the high seas in the sailboat he built himself, he devoted his time, money and attention to Majority causes. His monthly newsletter, European-American Public Affairs, was not too well known, but, unlike publications with a thousand times the circulation, it endeavored to tell what was really going on in this disintegrating country.

Jim Quillin was for equal rights, but he insisted that they be extended to white people, not just minorities. He pressed hard for a sharp rollback of immigration, for speedy criminal trials and convictions, and for total welfare reform. He was against both monopoly capitalism and socialism.

If people like Jim Quillin could have broken through the censorship and been heard nationwide, America today would be a different place, a better place, a place where Americans could once again relish being American.

Rulers of the Roost

Because of a few Supreme Court decisions and state initiatives, some naive Americans have been led to believe that racial preferences in education and jobs are out the window, along with legal and illegal immigration. Not by a long shot. The Clinton administration is as immersed in the affirmative action business as ever. It's a wonder the rest of the country is supposed to be law-abiding when the Executive branch of the government is deep into law-breaking. Clinton and his Cabinet gang, so totally tied to the minor-

ity vote, have no intention of obeying Supreme Court and state referendum mandates. All that has changed in the case of affirmative action is the nomenclature. Minority set-asides now function under the name of "sheltered bidding." "Goals and timetables" are being transformed into "benchmarks."

Just in case Majority Americans think that someday the law and its enforcers will swing around to doing what the public overwhelmingly wants in regard to immigration, what happened in Los Angeles in July should set them straight. A peaceful demonstration against legal and illegal immigration that is turning this country into a latter-day Tower of Babel was attacked by a bunch of Latino hoodlums. One Majority demonstrator was beaten so badly he had to be taken to a hospital, while the cops stood by and did absolutely nothing. Many of the Latinos used their "Vote for Clinton" signs as bashing boards.

Come what may, minority goons are determined to keep the immigration floodgates open. If laws are passed to close these gates, they will be ignored and, if necessary, violence will be used against those who try to enforce them. That is not the American way, but the American way is becoming the Third World way.

Zillionth Hate Hoaxes

- It was a big scandal in Traverse City (MI) when "Nigger" was painted on a black-owned garage. The charge of "racism" rang loud and clear across the city and burbs. It did not take long for the police to decide that the slur was the work of two black kids, who painted it on the garage of their own home. An 11-year-old girl did the spraying, while her brother, 9, acted as sis's security guard. No charges will be filed. A rally against white racism had to be canceled.

- The media went bonkers over red swastikas spray-painted on the doors of six black soldiers in a Ft. Bragg (NC) barracks. The Pentagon got into the act by condemning it as "the work of a hate network." A full-scale investigation was launched, during which 350 troops were restricted to their barracks area. Only later did the news filter out from a Fayetteville (NC) TV station that the prime suspect was a black.

More Holocaustery

Two Jewish senators, Specter and Boxer, recently secured an initial \$1 million federal grant for Steven Spielberg's Holocaust documentation project. The seed money will be used to raise substantially more funds from Germany, Austria and other WWII losers. Why Spielberg needs

to hit the government for \$1 million when he himself is worth anywhere from \$400 to \$700 million is not clear.

Best known for fairy tale movies like *Jurassic Park* and *Schindler's List*, Spielberg rounded up some 50,000 "survivors" whose stories will be recorded and sent gratis to museums and schools. Considering how many testimonials of such witnesses have been judged too unreliable to be used as evidence in court proceedings, Spielberg may have some difficulty adhering to the Hebraic commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

200

Unlamented Deaths

- Melvin Belli, one of the biggest frauds in the history of shysters, died in July at age 88. Among his clients were Lee Harvey Oswald's killer, Jack Ruby, Errol Flynn, Mae West, Tony Curtis, Zsa Zsa Gabor and televangelist Jim Bakker. He hammed it up in several movies and appeared in an episode of TV's *Star Trek*.



Tort King

He is survived by his latest (sixth) wife, Asian Nancy Ho. Some of Belli's white relatives claim he was murdered.

Known as the King of Torts, Belli was famous, or rather infamous, for his

ambulance (and skirt) chasing. He made millions but died a bankrupt.

- In the Vietnam War, David Ifshin went to Hanoi where, speaking over the Communist radio, he urged American troops to mutiny. He later drifted to Israel and worked in a kibbutz, where he dramatically but not unexpectedly changed his tune. To aid Jewish terrorists in their takeover of Palestine, he agreed that American arms could be a "force for good." Back in the U.S. as director of AIPAC, he became an expert on election law and strove mightily to get out the Jewish vote for Mondale in 1984 and Clinton in 1992. Ifshin never apologized or was punished for his treasonable acts in Vietnam. For him it was a short, easy and painless trip from Uncle Ho to Uncle Bill. After his death in April at age 47, Ifshin rated an effusive full-page obituary in *The Economist* (May 17, 1996). Some people can't do anything wrong.

What do you know?

Whites Root for a White for a Change

I went to a Polish-American club to watch Andrzej (Andrew) Golota fight Riddick Bowe. Arriving early, I noticed that second-, third- and fourth-generation Polish Americans were ecstatic. Many identified with Golota, a tall blond from Warsaw.

Although I enjoy being among neighbors, I told a friend that we should really go across town to see the reaction of diverse other Americans to Golota. Polish Americans were decidedly too zealous in their admiration for him. We drove two miles to a café frequented by WASPs, Swiss, even some French. My purpose was to witness the reaction of these Americans towards Golota.

A magnificent large-screen TV was treating viewers to a degrading propaganda flick. The blond boxer was portrayed as a "dirty fighter" and a "Pole." Vibrant images were shown of the Afro-American Bowe. He was puffed as a dynamic "family man." "He loved his wife and children."

Golota, it was recounted, had retired from European sports and come to the U.S. to get a job as a lowly "truck driver." Bowe was the last real heavyweight champion of the world. Listening to him speak, it was obvious his IQ oscillated

around 65-75.

The TV announcers gave Golota a measly chance to win. Newspaper stories went overboard in insinuating that Bowe was the most feared man on the planet and the only man who could possibly beat "Iron Mike" Tyson.

Just before the bell rang a pretty blonde sat down in the chair next to mine. She was 20-25 years old. Her eyes were blue and she was intoxicated. When she saw I was only interested in the fight, she moved near a fellow with a dirty shirt.

The room, with a small crowd of 50 males and 10 young females, quieted down. After Golota started to physically clobber Bowe, it wasn't long before all the WASPs, Germans, Frenchmen and others began to identify with the Pole. A young brown-haired WASPish-looking fellow, with a tie and holding a girl's hand, bellowed that Golota "was the best white heavyweight in the world!" When Andrew hit his opponent with a low blow, two solitary individuals cursed him, one calling him a "God damn Polack." But these unkind remarks were drowned out as Golota again beat the stuffing out of the huge onetime champion. Accord-

ing to the HBO computer, Golota threw and landed about twice as many punches as the Negro did.

At one point Andrew threw a punch which appeared to hit Bowe's lower abdomen. Bowe yelled it was a "low blow," which offered the severely pummeled boxer a chance to rest. He was desperate. The time-out didn't help. "Big Andrew" continued to beat him to a pulp.

The white crowd chanted, "Golota, Golota, Golota!" Young white men, programmed by the media's high-octane one worldism never to express their inner feelings, were screaming for a knockout. Golota then hit what seemed to be Bowe's belly button, sinking him to the canvas. The referee grabbed Bowe's hand from the floor to signal victory. The "winner" smiled. He was saved from being knocked out. Blacks, screaming against Golota's "fouls," piled into the ring in a primitive rage. Some reporters called it a race riot. Golota was hit on the head with a walkie-talkie. Old white men sitting in ring-side seats were smashed on the back of their heads. The media had their anti-Polish image. We Euro-Americans had ours.

060

No Comprendo

An office mate who is a Mexican American appears both proud of his ethnic heritage and enormously and perpetually angry at the treatment of his people at the hands of Anglos. He is convinced Anglos are shrewish and vain; Mexicans warm and open-handed. Recently I tried to talk with him about the race issue from the perspective of whites. I referred to the soaring crime rate of the illegal immigrant community, of the enormous increase in welfare payments to the illegals' children and of the cultural revolution that is taking place in South Texas. Instead of pondering over my words, my Mexican amigo suggested that I was indulging in racist thinking. That charge, made in the con-

text of government regulations forbidding such beliefs in the workplace, isn't small potatoes when coming from a Latino. Softer criticism than mine has gotten many a white in deep trouble. So I had to back off. To my mind reasonable communication between whites and Mexicans is virtually impossible.

Months earlier I had tried to alert another Mexican American to the importance of Jewish power. I pointed out that through their influence in the media they had been able to destroy whites' respect for their own (European) social history. "So what," replied my friend, "Haven't you whites done the same thing to us Mexicans?"

I replied that his fixation on the problems of minorities alone, though perhaps understandable, lacked perspective. It is the problems of the majority, I countered, which will matter the most, for whites and nonwhites alike. We both should be concerned, I said, because Latino immigrants come to this country precisely for its advantages—the advantages provided by Anglo culture and endangered by Anglo problems. The Mexican looked at me carefully and uttered the standard cliché, "You are a racist."

Can minorities be reasoned with? Only with the greatest difficulty.

IVAN HILD



In Augusta (AR) a white by the name of Chris Wood was beaten to death when he tried to break up a fight during a track meet. **Six black "youths"** were arrested. Police said they attacked the victim like sharks in a feeding frenzy. The media treated the crime as no big deal. How would they have reacted if Wood had been a black and been beaten to death by six whites? The question answers itself.

#

In the slanted verbiage of the Washington Post, **Vanessa Williams** the "green-eyed" mulattress who was forced to abdicate her Miss America crown when her nude photos turned up in Penthouse, is now described as a typical suburban "mom" with three kids, a Range Rover and the possessor of a lip-smacking carrot cake recipe. Actually, Vanessa is a highly paid recording artist about to make a movie with Arnold Schwarzenegger. How many suburban moms get to squeeze Arnold in front of a camera?

#

For ventilating a truism about Adolf Hitler, Marge Schott had to step down as boss of her Cincinnati Reds until the end of the 1998 baseball season. The anti-Schott campaign was led by Chosenite **Bud Selig**, interim head of Major League Baseball. If the demotion wasn't enough, Selig rubbed salt on Marge's wounds by banning her from her offices and her luxury box. To see her beloved team in action, now all she can do is buy a ticket and sit among *hoi polloi*.

#

In his umpteenth arrest since his run-in with the batons of L.A. police, **Rodney King** was convicted of dragging his wife, Crystal, behind his car, but acquitted of beating her. Since wife-dragging is apparently a misdemeanor, he will not go to jail. Instead, the exultant King announced, he was going to Disneyland.

#

The **Brookens African Methodist Episcopal Church** in south central L.A. named **O.J. Simpson** an honorary member. . . **Simpson's** Ferrari with the license plate JUICES was sold to an admirer for \$127,500. . . To avoid testifying in Simpson's civil trial, **Dr. Ronald Fischman** tried to run over a subpoena server. After being fined \$4,000 he decided to testify. . . **Jason, Simpson's son**, working as a chef, has shot up from 200 to a Brandoesque 280 pounds.

#

Carrie Chapin Catt, who died in 1947 at age 88, was the most famous graduate

of Iowa State University. A fire-breathing suffragette, she was probably as responsible as anyone for the passage of the 19th Amendment which gave women the vote. Last year, when university officials decided to name a building after her, **black students** raised a racial ruckus. They dug up some old Catt apothegms, such as "White supremacy will be strengthened, not weakened, by women's suffrage." Her firm belief that uneducated immigrants and Indians, whom she characterized as "savages," should not be allowed to vote was plastered all over the campus. So far college administrators have not caved in to minority demands that the hall be given a less controversial name.

#

Michael Milken, by all accounts the biggest swindler in U.S., if not world, history, threw a huge bash on July 4 to celebrate his birthday in his new 36,000-sq.-ft. pad near Lake Tahoe. Guest of honor was fellow Chosenite **Steve Winn**, the Las Vegas gambling mogul.

#

In his one serious speech on public policy, **Colin Powell** told an audience at Bowie State University that he strongly opposed the California Civil Rights Amendment. This is the man the mind-numbing Republican establishment would like to have as president, vice president or secretary of state. All of which goes to show the G.O.P. is ideologically bankrupt. The same might be said for Powell, who wrote in his book that he was against racial preferences.

#

Maine's Supreme Court has reversed the conviction of **Mohammad Kargar** for kissing his son's penis. The judges reasoned that it was not a sexual but a cultural act. In Afghanistan it is apparently considered a display of affection.

#

The **Newark Star Ledger** (June 21, 1996) ran a stroking article on **Bryna Levine**, who became a prominent lady bootlegger back in the 1920s, after her arrival from Poland. The way the story was written, you'd think that the law-breaking "grandmother Levine" was a species of earthbound angel.

#

Calvary, Pittsburgh's largest Episcopal church, has named a **black, Rev. Harold Lewis**, as its priest. A subscriber writes, "The white and wealthy 'Epistocrats' have made their choice. They are so dismally predictable! I'm only glad I can't see their beaming, beatific faces as they savor this

bold, wise decision. After church on Sundays I'm sure they'll all scamper to their lily-white communities where they have their weekend 'cottages.'"

#

Dennis Rodman, the basketball freak, was portrayed by columnist Donald Kaul as "a 6-foot-8-inch, cross-dressing, nose-piercing, body-tattooing black man whose hair looks like a psychedelic game of tic tac toe."

#

New York goonish gangs have given up spray-painting graffiti on subway cars. They now use razor blades, which they scratch on glass windows. Their "scratchiti" now decorates 99% of New York's 5,000 subway car windows.

#

Bruce Cabbagestalk of East Allegheny (PA) shot Kevin Cecil, 16, a white engineering student, in the head. Cabbagestalk, 15, who could hardly read and write, is a black. Cecil is now a quadriplegic. Cabbagestalk and two friends wanted to rob someone to get the money to buy a 40-ounce bottle of beer. The police report didn't say that the Negroes wanted to rob a white, but that's what it amounted to. The career of a bright, would-be engineer is destroyed forever by a worthless throwback. The U.S. will not be a better place until the Cecils can live out their lives in peace and the Cabbagestalks are sent back to their jungle environment.

#

New president of the million-plus-member A.A.R.P. (American Association of Retired Persons) is a seventyish **black woman**.

#

She was a good-looking blonde Swede who got a job nannying the two daughters of Frank Rapp of Dover (MA). In her own country it was safe to walk around at night. She didn't realize it wasn't safe in the U.S. A day after she went to a local nightclub, the top half of her body was found in a Boston dumpster.

#

Maurice Shaeq Fareed, believing there "was no hope and white people were going to keep black people in slavery," relieved his frustrations by: (1) killing a white potato chip delivery boy; (2) killing a white Akron (OH) policeman; (3) shooting another white cop in the jaw.

#

Two Long Guyland teens were arrested for burning a nine-foot cross on the lawn of a black Haitian woman. Nothing eyebrow-raising about that. What was new was the ethnicity of the two confessed malefactors: 19-year-old Jew, **Brian Levi** and 17-year-old Hispanic, **Javier Caballero**.

Talking Numbers

1.83 71 2 100.013 .03% 43 31425 7

Prison admissions per 100,000 population in the province of Ontario in 1994: blacks, 3,686; Aboriginals (Indians and Eskimos), 1,993; whites, 706; Arabs, 482; East Indians, 456; Asians, 353.

Actors, screenwriters and directors have joined in a class action suit against the seven major film studios. If they win, they could collect as much as \$1 billion. The movie makers have devised an accounting system which conceals millions of dollars of profits that should have been, but weren't, shared with lowlier film folk.

Some 16,000 gangs have a membership of more than 500,000 in 800 U.S. cities.

A Roper survey of 139 newspaper bureau chiefs and congressional correspondents in the nation's capital found 89% voted for Clinton in the 1992 presidential election; 7% for Bush.

82% of Republicans in Congress voted for the term limits amendment; 19% of Democrats. Nevertheless all the networks blamed the G.O.P. for the measure's defeat.

U.S. blacks account for 28% of men with AIDS; 53% of women with AIDS; 54% of children with AIDS.

Only about 25% of Marines called upon to enforce a nationwide ban on non-sporting weapons would fire on American citizens. (Master's degree thesis at Postgraduate School, Monterey, CA)

In a 1992 study measuring the reading comprehension of 4th graders in 32 developed countries, the U.S. placed third. Finland and Sweden came in first and second, respectively. As for 9th graders, U.S. students were more or less tied for second place with Sweden, France, Canada and Portugal. Finland came in first.

Of the 21 winners of the latest MacArthur Foundation awards, only 11 had Majority names. Of these at least 2 or 3 were minority members. The "genius" awards range in amount from \$245,000 to \$375,000.

243,000 applications for U.S. citizenship were approved by the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1992; 403,000 in 1994. The head of the INS, Doris Meissner, a Jewish lady, lost her

husband in the recent crash of the TWA jumbo jet.

The new, improved, expanded Martin Luther King Jr. Dream Center in Atlanta will cost between \$40 to \$60 million. Meanwhile the National Park Service has opened an \$11.8 million visitors' center across from the present shrine.

85% of murdered U.S. police officers are white, writes George Will in a May column, which carefully avoided saying how many of the cop killers were black.

The construction overrun of the Northwestern High School in Liberty City (FL) totaled \$46.8 million. The largely black school's final cost was an outrageous \$74.6 million. The contract was restricted to minority firms, with no bidding allowed by white contractors. Charge it to affirmative action.

The 1994 Forbes World's Richest List had 5 Asians, 3 Americans, 1 Canadian and 1 Swiss in the top 10. Of the 447 billionaires, 149 were Americans, 123 Asians, 52 Germans, 15 Mexicans, 14 French, 12 Swiss, 10 Brazilians, 7 Canadians.

Blacks, 7.4% of all officers in the Navy, Air Force and Marines, compose 2.1% of the 10,000 fixed-wing aircraft pilots in the Armed Services. The paucity of black officers in these services is largely caused by the service academy's drawing recruits from a pool of high school students who have at least a 3.5 grade point average and a 1,100 SAT score. These requirements obviously winnow out a large number of blacks, who depend on affirmative action, not brains or talent, to get the civilian and military jobs for which they are not qualified. Apparently the military, when it comes to pilots, opt for skill in place of affirmative action.

Native-born black families in the U.S. have a lower median income (\$21,548) than that of most foreign-born blacks. The median income of first-generation blacks who hail from Africa is \$30,000.

In 1993-96, Secretary of State Warren Christopher made 74 trips to the Middle East, 26 of them to Israel, the most visited country. Britain had the honor of receiving Christopher only 4 times.

20% of the 6.6 million violent crimes committed in the U.S. each year are inter-

racial. The victims in 90% of these interracial crimes are white. For every white-on-black assault, there are 21 black-on-white assaults. Blacks are 64 times more likely to rape a white than whites are to rape a black. The most crucial crime figure: blacks murder whites at 18 times the rate whites murder blacks.

For a 1-year contract in the hoopster business, the prize goes to Michael Jordan, \$30 million. For 7-year deals, Alonzo Mourning got \$105 million, Juwan Howard, \$100 million-plus. Shaquille O'Neal grabbed the grand prize. He will get \$121 million for bouncing a ball around in an odoriferous gym for 7 years.

59% of Californians favor the state's Civil Rights Initiative to abolish much of affirmative action; 29% disapprove. 45% of Hispanics are opposed, but a surprising 41% are for it. When it passes, as it surely will, another Jewish judge may step in and put it on hold as Judge Mariana Pfaelzer did in the case of the anti-immigration referendum.

The infestation of Mexican and black minorities has progressed to such a level that fewer than 16% of whites living in Texas are able to attend predominantly white schools.

People who want to avoid crime should move to the five states where they would have the least chance of being robbed, assaulted, raped or murdered. These oases of civilization are the Dakotas, Wyoming, New Hampshire and Vermont.

In his book, *Outrage*, Vincent Bugliosi, the famed Los Angeles prosecutor who put away Charles Manson and his gang of creeps, listed 101 reasons why O.J. Simpson is guilty as hell. Based on the blood evidence alone, there is only one chance in 57 billion that Simpson did not do the bloody deed.

Ponderable Quote

Africa still mocks America from her jungles. Still she jeers: "With the dense darkness of my ignorance I confound your enlightenment; still, with my sloth, I weigh down the arms of your industry. Still, with my supineness, I hang upon the wings of your aspiration. And in the very heart of your imperial young republic I have planted, sure and deep, the misery of this ancient curse I bear."

*William Garrott Brown
(1868-1913), historian*



Waspishly Yours

St. Theresa warned us to be careful about what we prayed for, because the boon one begged for might bomb. Or, to paraphrase Shakespeare, be careful of crying out for justice, for if we all received what we deserved, who should escape whipping?

So why do the Jews demand justice? Who else has made such a virtue of the vicious, of standing truth on its head? Who could St. Theresa have had in mind, in cautioning against pleading for answered prayers?

And so I am reminded of killer Bee-Bee Netanyahu, prime minister of Israel, who addressed the U.S. Congress in July, between days when France and America both celebrate their declarations of independence from ancient regimes of taxation and tyranny.

So if killer Bee-Bee Netanyahu addressed the U.S. Congress during our so-called season of independence, why were our captive politicians roaring their approval of his determination to kill the so-called peace program? If killer Bee-Bee Netanyahu had the brass to preach to Congress while the French were burgeoning to celebrate the storming of the Bastille, why were captive congressmen applauding the words of killer Bee-Bee?

If taxation without representation is tyranny, who is tyrannizing the West Bank and the Gaza Strip? Who is taxing the American people to the *hava nagila* tune of \$3 billion a year? Who is tyrannizing the President and Congress itself? Shouldn't we be dumping city-sacking Bibi overboard like a dead-weight sack of AshkeNazi tea?

The symbolism is significant, if only because a cowardly Congress applauded B-B's performance and demonstrated its total subservience to all the influence that shekels can buy. What bloody boiler-plated political applesauce was Congress applauding anyway?

Killer Bee-Bee made a plea for "reciprocity." Can you imagine? Reciprocity! From the prime minister of a people which has stolen a state, butchered and dispossessed its rightful owners and based its claim for usurpation on a butcher's Book which purports to be a divinely inspired blueprint for morality. Can you imagine? Never mind the historical amnesia such a prayer portends, can you appreciate the insult to the truth and our national honor which such a plea represents?

Reciprocity? B-B, you of all people plead for reciprocity? Despite what you think of that ruminant renegade, Jesus, and Christians generally, oh, killer Bee, you should heed the warning of St. Theresa. You should curb the killer impulses of your chutzpah, Bibi.

Reciprocity? You promised to preserve the peace process, the commitment to peace made by your predatory predecessors, Rabin and Peres, who committed Israel to

exchanging land for peace. And now you call for "reciprocity?"

(Does that mean that the Palestinians should surrender even more of the land which has already been stolen from them? Is that killer Bee-Bee Netanyahu's meaning of "reciprocity?")

True, you "returned" the stolen Gaza, but only because you did not want it and because the Intifada made governing it all but impossible.

True, the AshkeNazis "returned" Nazareth, worthless except for its symbolic value as the root and olive branch of money-in-the-West-Bank tourism. Christians go to the Judeo-Arabic city of Jerusalem and Muslims make their hejira to Mecca. What's the difference? Jesus ascended into heaven and so did Mohammed. What's the difference? Hitler roused the Jews out of Germany and the AshkeNazis uprooted the Palestinians root and branch. What's the difference?

But you still have not evicted the hardline Hasidim interlopers from the Hebron, as the Israeli government had promised. And just exactly what do you mean when you say the "peace process" should be pursued with "no preconditions?"

Jerusalem is "off the table." So are the unsettling Hebrew settlements on the bankrupt West Bank. There will never be a state of Palestine, according to Bibi, and Jews still have the right to invade the "liberated" land of the so-called "Palestinian authority," especially in "hot pursuit" of so-called "terrorists." If the reverse were true, wouldn't the right of Palestinians to pursue terrorism to its roots lead right back to Washington?

With all of these non-preconditions off the sideboard, what is left on the table for the Palestinians except a political mess of pottage, a humble pie overcooked out of kosher crow? Is this the coxcombry that was applauded by the cuckolded Congress?

And now Bibi Netanyahu has the Irgun brass to come before the U.S. Congress to plead for "reciprocity" from the plundered Palestinians?

If reciprocity means (and it certainly does) to get as much as you give, I joyfully join in hoping that killer Bee has his prayer for reciprocity answered by the great Yahoo who governs all, for Israel deserves reciprocity indeed—as much as she can get and more.

The sooner the better, and, since Israel deserves nothing but the best, millions of dispossessed Palestinians can be forgiven for hoping that the reciprocity will take the form that the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki can appreciate.

V.S. STINGER

HBO, a spin-off of the Time Warner octopus, seems to relish trashing the police. The Philadelphia branch of the Fraternal Order of Police got so fed up with the bashing that it asked its national office to advise its 170,000 members to cancel their subscriptions to HBO, which broadcast a documentary that actually tried to pin a dim halo on the frizzled head of Mumia Abu-Jamal, a black cop killer. The Law Enforcement Alliance of Americans, 50,000 strong, wants to extend the anti-HBO campaign to the entire Time Warner media empire, which has been "anti-cop all the way down the line," according to LEAA executive director Jim Fotis.

Instauration proposes a more effective way to get the Jewish bosses of Time Warner to stop drooling over cop killers. The next time a Time Warner executive gets raped, mugged or murdered, the police should take their time, a lot of time, looking for the criminal.

From Zip 220. On July 19, Rabbi Mark Gilman broke up the *Imus in the Morning* drive-time radio talk show by proclaiming that the presumed bombers of the ill-fated Paris-bound TWA airliner should be tried, convicted and then killed right away! Said Gilman with such force that the microphone rattled, "Get them, try them and then kill the little Arab bastards! And if you want forgiveness, call a priest!" The show's star attempted to gloss over this gaffe by some cryptic mumblings that a few hyper-sensitive Jews interpreted as anti-Semitism.

Imus comes from a mainstream hard-scrabble Protestant background of Arizona settlers. The man with the golden-gravel voice, who began spinning records in New York back in the 1960s, has long been suspected, by those who care about such things, of covertly harboring anti-Semitic thoughts. Witness his endless jibes at the "dirty SOB's" who make New York City run.

A recovering alcoholic and drug addict, Imus recently upset the Clintonians by delivering a salacious speech containing bawdy references to the present occupants of the White House. The words were so unsparing that some attendees walked out in feigned shock. The telecast of the speech by ABC, replayed by CNN, took a swipe at nearly every icon of late 20th-century acceptability, Jewish icons excepted.

Imus is a vintage vulgarian whose standards somehow reflect a weighted-average of the nation's mainstream taste. He occasionally drifts over into obscure book reviews and on-air tête-à-têtes with right-wing Republican congressmen. His principal competition is Howard Stern, the half-Jewish foul-mouth



whose incessant allusions to female body parts make even cynical Semites twinge. Though Stern's audience is fundamentally adolescent in character, Imus continues to deliver heavy doses of heavy-handed political one-liners lest his ratings plummet. So far, however, they are way up, providing him an income that tops \$10 million a year. Stern, employed by the same radio syndicator, is similarly compensated. Both use yes-persons as foils for their particular patter, Imus depending on a mature voice that responds to the name of Charles. Howard has as his foil a pleasant black woman with the moniker of Robin Quivers.

Whereas Imus is only suspiciously anti-Semitic, Stern is openly and outrageously anti-black. He labeled the O.J. jury "monkey-like" and "unable to think." Quivers absorbs much, but not all of this, her top dollar salary doubtless making the anti-Negro material easier to take. In a recent moment of rebellion, Quivers did argue that inner-city black crime is fundamentally a matter of poverty, not race. Howard put her down with an expletive. With Stern the king of sex-shop radio and outrageous Imus the stirrer of the political pot, morning radio has never been so (pathetically) funny.

From Zip 914. Do prime-time TV producers realize there is often another reading hidden beneath their plots? Chubby ace detective Andy Sipowicz on *NYPD Blue* is often berated by his public-defender wife for being a "dinosaur," a prototypical "angry white male." But is he always wrong? He almost loses his job for criticizing a black who used the word "nigger" to describe himself. If a black uses the "N" word, can no white even mention it? In another episode Sipowicz complains that with 14 years' experi-

ence and having solved some extremely important cases he has yet to make detective first grade, though an Hispanic woman who firmly insists on using Spanish on the job, was given the promotion in only a few years.

From Zip 121. As anyone who watches *The McLaughlin Group* with any regularity knows, panelist Eleanor Clift, who scribbles for Newsweek during the rest of the week, is distressingly typical of a certain kind of Majority woman who becomes so deeply caught in the web of feminism and ultra-liberalism that she ends up almost completely on the Other Side in America's incessant racial skirmishing. What these women can't seem to get through their hairdoes is that the lot of Majority females in an increasingly minorityized America is not going to be a pleasant one. Their current problems are going to be very small potatoes in comparison to their fate when the Majority is in a state of complete collapse. Then—perhaps too late—Majority women will realize that the heavily Jewish-influenced modern feminist movement sold them a bill of goods with its oleaginous and highly manipulative talk of “black and white sisterhood.” (By the way, has anyone ever noticed that we never hear anything from Israeli Jewesses about this mystical state of “sisterhood” with Palestinian women? Once again, the location of the Jew often determines the politics of the Jew.)

In regard to the upcoming presidential and congressional campaigns, Ms. Clift criticizes Republicans for even whispering about affirmative action and immigration, which she promptly labeled as being “divisive and phony.”

The greatest single issue in American politics and culture is the survival and well-being of the American Majority. Yet, as we all know, because of the death-grip of the minority-tilted media, it's an issue which “dare not speak its name.” Jews and Majority renegades who now call the shots for the major media outlets will simply not permit Majority survival to be discussed. Instead, we are compelled at ideological gunpoint to “celebrate diversity” and all the rest of the multiracial hooey.

When the Republicans, however timidly, bring up affirmative action and immigration, they must be aware that on some level they are dealing with the existential question of Majority survival. They are like the teenage boy contemplating a copy of Playboy at his local newsstand. He badly wants to look at it, but is afraid his English teacher will walk by and see him perusing the centerfold. Most Republicans realize that Majority members are desperate for real leader-

ship on these issues and are sick to death of being on the losing side of an unrelenting racial guerrilla war. But the power and ruthlessness of the controlled media is so great that they are afraid that even to touch, not pick, this forbidden fruit will automatically lead to their being smeared as so many Marge Schotts, Jimmy the Greeks or David Dukes.

It is one thing to be forbidden to mention an immensely important issue. But not even to be allowed to acknowledge its importance, to brand it as “phony,” is an exercise in Orwellian illogic. Clift's stance is not one of downplaying affirmative action and immigration. She simply denies that those issues are valid. In her warped view, they are “phony” and Republicans are playing a cynical political game by even raising them.

If you really follow Clift's arguments to their logical conclusion, she is saying that the American Majority has absolutely no right to fight for its interests in the current racial and ethnic free-for-all. Putting it another way, she is almost saying we don't have any right to exist.

From Zip 210. Kathie Lee Gifford discussed the Oxford University Press's *The New Testament and Psalms* on her TV show, *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*. Kathie commented, “They're changing who crucified Jesus.” Compounding her thought crimes, she told Charles Grodin on CNBC that she was more in touch with middle America than the executive producer of her TV show, Michael Gelman, “He's a male, Jewish, single guy living in New York City.” Predictably she was “ordered” by the ADL's Abe Foxman to take back the quote.

Charles Kernaghan, a labor rights activist, accused Kathie of using child labor in Honduran sweatshops to make the clothes for her Kathie Lee Collection sold at Wal-Mart. She got rather hysterical about this well-timed accusation and to clear her name plunged into a campaign with Chosen dwarf Robert Reich to combat child labor abuses. Next she showed up at the 11th Annual Irvin Feld Humanitarian Award Dinner (Feld is the current owner of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus), where in an ambivalent speech she described how she grew up in a Judeo-Christian home “full of Jewish guilt and Christian joy. Home was full of love, with Dad's Old Testament and Mom's New Testament.” Flaunting the diamond-encrusted bracelet given to her by her husband, Frank Gifford, she explained, “It has both a cross and Star of David!” It's a good bet that it will take more than the above racial massaging to get a full pardon from the Jewish side of her family tree.



Canada. While Ernst Zündel is suing his maligners for \$6.2 million, who in turn are suing him for \$2.5 million, his attempt to acquire citizenship in a country where he has lived for 38 years was back on the front burner. A federal court judge ruled that the government intelligence agency that reviewed his application was so biased Zündel could not possibly have received a fair hearing. The doughty Holocaust doubter is now free to apply once again for citizenship.

The Toronto Metro Council gave \$5,850 to Anti-Racist Action, a group which specializes in violence against right-wing Canadian activists. Some members were involved in burning down a Zündel supporter's house and may have had something to do with the arson attack that reduced Zündel's home/office to a pile of ashes. A Western Canadian group imbued with the same hysterical anti-Nazi fervor was given \$92,000 in federal funds two years after it had been forced to shut down for failure to meet minimal filing requirements.

Doug Collins, the most castigated and most fearless columnist in all the length and breadth of North America, challenged a Holocaust professional named David Lethbridge to a debate. A chair was prepared for him in a meeting at Salmon Arm, British Columbia, but Lethbridge, a hot-to-trot Jewish racist, was a no-show.

It's almost impossible to believe but former Minister of Immigration, Sergio Marchi, gave special laissez-enters last year to more than 1,500 assorted rapists, murderers, suspected terrorists and drunk drivers.

A black man was shot and killed by police in Toronto as he was threatening an officer with a sword. Per usual, Canadian Negroes raised a howl. According to their twisted logic, the black thug should have been immobilized by a shot in the arm or leg instead of a fatal bullet in the chest. The hitch is that aiming at an arm or leg increases the chance of hitting a person who happens to be standing behind the target. Also in such cases arms and legs offer less body bulk to stop bullets. Police "engagement rules" are quite explicit on the subject but, as is his habit, the Negro wants special treatment even when being shot.

Britain. Dame Shirley Porter, one of the Sceptred Isle's shrillest and richest Jewesses, has been charged by a government auditor of joining five colleagues in expending \$4.9 million of taxpayer money trying to rig a local election in 1990.

The British Rothschilds, despite their enormous wealth, seem to have a warm affection for Marxism. The late Victor, Lord Rothschild, has long been suspected of being a fellow traveler, if not a member of the spy ring of Burgess, Maclean, Philby et al. Teresa, Lady Rothschild, who died in June, carried on a strange two-year affair with Anthony Blunt, the homosexual spy who had entrée to Buckingham Palace. It's all in the new book, *Sir Dick White, the Perfect English Spy* by Tom Bower.

Another interesting book for the delatation of British readers is *Partners in Power* by Roger Morris. It offers titillating tidbits of Clinton's flag-burning days at Oxford and insinuates that during that time he was working for the CIA. Author Morris has credentials. He worked in the White House in the Johnson and Nixon administrations as a member of the National Security Council. Quitting his job in protest at the invasion of Cambodia, he went on to write a bestselling biography of Nixon. An American edition of Morris's new book is also available.

To understand where Britain is going these days, keep in mind there are more Brits named Patel than Smith.

A bearded Negro flourishing a machete tried to mow down two four-year-old girls and one three-year-old boy on the playground of a British primary school in Wolverhampton. Much blood flowed, but all the kids, as well as the adults who were wounded defending them, survived.

Sweden and Finland. *From a subscriber.* How could race-proud whites not experience new heights of we-feeling as they watched Sweden's Ludmila Engquist and Brigita Bukovec of Slovenia spurt away from the pack of African Amazons in the Olympics 100-meter hurdles and take the gold and silver medals? Two fair-skinned athletes proved to the whole lib-min world—especially the Negro portion—that white females can indeed jump, not to mention run!

France. For calling the Holocaust a "detail" of history, Jean-Marie Le Pen, the fire-breathing leader of the Front National, was fined \$230,000 by a French court. Le Pen, now itching for revenge, asked the European Court of Human Rights to give him \$1.5 million for violating his freedom of speech and his right to a fair trial. Supported by at least 15% of French voters, Le Pen adamantly opposes immigration and wishes to expel the three million immigrants now busy lowering French civilization several notches. He wants to confine people with AIDS to what he calls AIDStoriums.

From NBF. The French have an ambiguous record in racial matters. They have always espoused a sickly, decadent, café-au-lait type of race-mixing, based largely on the Frenchmen's desire to enjoy the favors of exotic, dark-hued women. As a result of the French presence in Africa, many Frenchwomen took up with creatures so primitive and untamed that American Negroes are positively charming in comparison.

On the other hand, the French have always maintained a certain reserve towards nonwhites. Their ad hoc affection for their little brown brothers was closely bound to French commercial interests. What was the harm of a little interracial sex when millions upon millions of francs were at stake? As long as there was no question who held the upper hand, few millionaires cared if the streets of Paris shook to the pounding of millions of non-white feet.

Things have changed. In Paris I could feel the tension in the air. On the boulevards of that queen of all cities, Africans and Arabs are clearly unwanted. The police have made it clear that their appearance in the better parts of the city is not desirable. The intruders are treated with that mixture of disdain and rudeness that only the French can muster. When Arabs and Africans linger too long in one place, they attract the attention of gangs of tough-looking cops, who order them to move on.

It's true that there are far more nonwhites than there should be, but most are kept penned up in the poorer neighborhoods. Paris is still Paris. When I told an attractive French lady how great it was to be in the French capital, she put on a bitter smile and told me I should have been there before "they" took over.

The big shock for me was the friendliness and helpfulness of the French. I take back everything I ever said about them. They made my stay a real pleasure. I am saving my pennies to return.

Germany. The German government says it is phasing out its annual tribute to Israel, which has amounted to more than \$91 million a year since 1965. The total comes to more than \$27 billion.

One little-known argument against the charge that Germans ran extermination camps in WWII is that few if any Jews in Germany or in the rest of Europe resisted the order to go to these camps. Psychologists have attributed the strange docility of European Jews to various causes—fear, fatalism, intimidation, crushed spirits. One compelling reason to explain their resigned attitude has seldom been advanced, namely, that the Jews themselves knew they were being sent to detention, not extermination, camps. Since even the enemies of Jewry would have to admit that Jews are an intelligent people, how could anyone believe that they did not know where they were going? If they knew they were headed for death camps, there certainly would have been some violent reactions.

In one more gesture of goodwill to international liberalism, the German telephone monopoly, Telekom, has appointed Aaron Sommer, an Israeli, to head up the company. In still another gesture, the government has named Dr. Michael Wolffson, another Israeli, to be professor of German history at the Munich army facility where future German officers are trained.

Many German churches, disregarding the wishes of their parishioners, have followed the lead of some U.S. denominations by espousing the cause of homosexuals and feminists. On the occasion of "World Whore Day," Pastor Herbert Eichinger of the Petri Church in Braunschweig, after apologizing to 70 gathered prostitutes for his religion's past attitude, took out his guitar and began to sing medieval ballads about unchaste monks and a nun "who hated to sleep alone." In another example of the present-day German church in action, some religious-minded youths avoid military service by dedicating their time and efforts to caring for the Jewish elderly in nursing homes throughout the world. Other atoning young Germans work on Israeli kibbutzes.

Austria. Kurt Waldheim was the distinguished Secretary General of the United Nations (1972-82) and the president of Austria (1986-92). Despite his high posts and high repute, he was quickly demoted to pariah status when organized Jewry went into action and accused him of war

crimes. Waldheim, now 87, has finally got around to answering his slanderers in his book, *The Answer*, published in German and soon to come out in an English edition. The battered Austrian lays the blame for his plight squarely on the World Jewish Congress and names liquor baron Edgar Bronfman as his chief nemesis.

Italy. It didn't do Erich Priebke much good to be found not guilty of war crimes in his recent trial in Rome. The same day a military court freed him on the charge of taking part in the massacre of 335 Italian civilians in retaliation for the murder of 32 Germans in WWII Italy, he was taken back to his cell and locked up again, while Italian authorities studied Germany's request that he be extradited to his inimical fatherland. As it stands, he cannot go back to Argentina, where he has lived for decades. A not guilty verdict for an ex-Nazi doesn't necessarily mean he is free. It can mean his courtroom woes have just begun.

Bosnia. Some 60-70 female G.I.s have become pregnant since Clinton sent the American expeditionary force to Bosnia. All have been shipped back to U.S. bases in Germany. Many pregnancies were probably intentional. It was an easy way for female soldiers to escape the dangers and rigors of policing a trigger-happy Balkan country. Some 1,500 women are serving with the 17,100 U.S. troops over there. In the Gulf War, 19,208 females out of a total 375,127 U.S. troops became pregnant.

Correction

In "Negro War Record" (Inklings, July 1996) it was stated "the black 24th Infantry Division panicked and ran." The 24th was a white division originally from Hawaii, which served proudly in both WWII and Korea. Known as the "Victory Division," it carried no such stigma as Instauration mentioned. The unit in question was the 24th Infantry Regiment. This was the infamous case where black G.I.s streaming off the front lines shoved aside their white officers with, "Man, ain't no M.P.s on dat hill." Because its members threw down their weapons and ran, the unit was stripped of its colors and permanently disgraced. This deplorable act of cowardice convinced the top brass in Washington that the remaining all-black units had to be broken up and integrated.

Russia. From a subscriber. He looks exactly like what he is, a career Russian Army officer, who could split firewood with his forehead. Aleksandr Lebed, 46, the new National Security Chief is, in effect, co-president together with newly re-elected Boris Yeltsin. He is a tough, crafty, intelligent, no-nonsense man who smoothed his path into high office by advocating an iron-handed treatment of crime and corruption. Yeltsin, a clever and ruthless old Communist apparatchik reborn as the champion of democratic values, needs Lebed to fend off the challenge by neo-Communists. Nobody is saying what passed between Yeltsin and Lebed, but since the latter came out four-square for the embattled Russian president, he must have driven a hard bargain.

Just how hard was hinted at by the undignified departure from Yeltsin's entourage of four of his most important "advisers," all notorious for their corrupt contacts and game-playing. Lebed tossed the whole gang out on their ears in one day. A bleak future may be ahead for Russia's largely Jewish Mafia. As Lebed put it when asked about his plans to deal with crime and corruption, "Many people will get long prison sentences." There is a dreadful finality to such words when they come from the Russian Chief of National Security. Russian prison bosses have always believed in the virtues of hard manual labor on a low-fat diet in the brisk Russian winter.

Lebed has drawn some snickers from the effete, arrogant, intellectual crowd in Moscow and the West. Nobody doubts his honesty and his reputation as a basically decent, patriotic man, but some point out that his plans to "clean up Russia" are naive. They assume that he will be bought off or co-opted. One powerful group is deeply worried that Lebed means exactly what he says.

No media creation like Colin Powell, no kooky billionaire like Ross Perot, Lebed is a hard-as-nails former Red Army man, virtually the only Russian general to hold his unit together when the Soviet Empire went down the tubes.

Lebed dislikes a lot of people, including Jews. This should come as no surprise. President Clinton subtly chided him for his lack of subservience to the Chosen. It will take more than a tongue-lashing from the likes of Bubba, however, to make a dent on Lebed.

Russia's Jews may be entering difficult times. Lebed has stated on many occasions that he does not want "Western culture" invading Russia. He is not talking about Mozart, Michelangelo or Rembrandt. He is talking about the sludge that



oozes out of both Russian and U.S. television. He is quite aware of the gang that produces it.

Israel. Just after hearing that the FBI and CIA will be cooperating more closely with the Russian and Israeli secret services, we learn of some of the more advanced interrogation techniques used in the Holy Land. Former Shin Bet agent Ehud Yatom has confessed to using a rock to crack open the skulls of two Palestinians who had hijacked a bus.

Israelis have joyously welcomed home one of theirs, Markus Wolf, Communist spy chief of former East Germany. Reported to have relatives both in the U.S. and Israel, Wolf was greeted in the Promised Land with oleaginous hosannas. Jaacov Peri, former Shin Bet chief, gushed: "Markus, you are a legend." Shlomo Gazit, former military intelligence chief, slobbered, "If your father had been a Zionist and had immigrated to Palestine instead of Moscow, you may have become the chief of Mossad." Wolf's New York publisher has reportedly paid a six-figure advance for the ex-Stalinist's bio. Wolf has also sold his sordid life story to a Hollywood filmmaker.

Before he died in Brooklyn two years ago, Rebbe Menachem Schneerson immersed himself in a bath, the water of which has now become a miracle cure for Jews afflicted with various illnesses. The water is now available in small plastic vials in Jerusalem. Rub one drop on a rheumatic joint and the pain immediately disappears. So claim the Rebbe's devoted followers. Habad Hassidim, a Jewish clothier, vouches for the magic liquid, which he claims not only relieved his pain, but brought him an order for ten new suits.

Israel not only gets the most advanced U.S. weaponry free, but makes money out of it by selling some of the technology to China. It's public knowledge that Israel has been dealing under the table with American secrets, but few complaints have been lodged. None, of course, from any politico.

Prime Minister Netanyahu led a somewhat mysterious life in the 11 years he spent in the U.S. He used the name Nitai when attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His Social Security

file contains four names, one of them John J. Sullivan. His file, incidentally, was marked "Secret." One member of the Knesset was sternly ordered not to ask Netanyahu if he had ever been a member of the CIA.

Benjamin Netanyahu's two nannies were not thrilled about working for his snub-nosed peroxide-blond wife. According to one of them, Mrs. Netanyahu worked her from 5:30 in the morning until well past midnight. At one point she was chewed out for almost a half hour for daring to eat a tomato. She was fired when she accidentally burned a pot of soup. Both nannies had the feeling that the Netanyahu ménage was short on family values. Husband and wife rarely got together. When they did, they talked at instead of to each other.

Yoram Sheftel, John Demjanjuk's lawyer, sadly asserts that no punishment has been meted out to the U.S. Dept. of Justice people who tried to frame his client by concealing crucial evidence.

In Jerusalem the second and present wife of Jonathan Pollard has gone on one of those hyped-up fruit juice hunger strikes in the hope of freeing her jailed husband, whose spying prowess equalled if not surpassed that of America's other top-ranking Jewish spooks, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Nigeria. The most corrupt nation on earth is Nigeria, followed by Pakistan, Kenya, Bangladesh and China. Least corrupt: New Zealand, Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Canada. The U.S. was judged 15th least corrupt. (Transparency International, June 2, 1996)

Gambia. A court handed down jail sentences to two women convicted of possessing skin bleachers.

South Africa. In June 500 Muslims staged a violent demonstration outside the Israeli consulate in Cape Town. Dodging police bird shot and rubber bullets, the demonstrators burned Israeli flags and denounced flagrant Zionist aggression. In an earlier demonstration held during a strike by the Congress of South African Trade Unions, Tony Leon, the Jewish head of the Democratic Party, was assaulted and surrounded by pickets displaying such unkind words as: "Tony Leon Has an Illegal Nose." All of which

goes to prove that the smoldering Jewish-Muslim conflict is by no means limited to the Middle East. Unfortunately for America, Allah-worshipping Muslims see little distinction between international Jewry and the its banker and arms supplier, the U.S. government.

Mexico. From NBF. Contrary to the lies of the Clinton administration, life is not getting better in Mexico. How could it? The same gang of pin-striped, cologne-drenched clowns are still running the show. The country is at the point of implosion. Funny, but we have never heard much from Al Gore and all the pro-NAFTA crowd since Mexico went into the tank. Nor have we seen much of former President Carlos Salinas de Gotari. Among a thousand other things, his brother is charged with murder. What is amazing is the stone-faced refusal of the "market economists" to admit what a parcel of incompetent, corrupt liars they are. The Mexican government is making sure that the high rollers don't get too badly hurt, using money from the bank bailout to pay off crooks like Roberto Hernandez and Alfredo Harp Helu (fine old Spanish name, that!), the owners of Banamex, the country's biggest bank.

Australasia. Graeme Campbell, a former Labor Party M.P., has founded the Australia First Party dedicated to cutting down immigration and overturning the government ban on guns. In New Zealand a former cabinet minister, Winston Peters, leads the New Zealand First Party, which pursues approximately the same goals as its Australian counterpart. As expected, both parties have been smeared as "racist" by their countries' establishments. In a speech in the suburbs of Auckland, home to a large Asian population, Peters demanded that "immigration be cut to the bone." Peters, incidentally, is an interesting combination of Scot and Maori. Latest polls show his party would win 25% of the vote.

The second richest man in Australia, according to the Weekend Australian (Aug. 3, 1996) is Richard Pratt, who was practically bankrupt in the late 1980s. A billionaire cardboard box manufacturer, Pratt has his own gold-plated brain trust consisting of two former Labor prime ministers and two ex-premiers of two Australian states. This year Pratt has already paid his "consultants" \$2 million. As for the 131 charities he supports, they range in size from \$40 for a Police Pipe Band to \$1.36 million to the United Israel Appeal. Pratt's father, Leon, a Polish Jew, fled the Nazis in the late 1930s.