

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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THE DEVIL HAS SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO SAY

(IN "THE FINAL CHAPTER," pp. 11-13)

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

□ The most recent highly publicized casualty in the race war was the white female investment banker who, while jogging through Central Park at night (like a damn fool), was suddenly and dramatically introduced to the front lines. The contortion of logic by the media to downplay if not eliminate the racial factor defies belief. On major network news the night after the attack, one white female newscaster had the temerity to say in conclusion, "If there is a race angle in this, I guess you could call it a Howard Beach in reverse." I would much rather hang her and her ilk than the black beasts who perpetrated the crime. If not for the likes of such reporters, these atrocities could not happen. It is the deracinated white race traitor who even more than the Jews bears the responsibility for the race war and all of its tragic white victims. The arrogant, smirking black wolf-packers with their pitiless morbid comments on their dastardly deed, displayed prominently in all the Zoo City newspapers, is more effective propaganda for our cause than the most brilliant, articulate writings of our best brains. If the white sheep can take all that in, and not be stirred to act, we truly deserve to perish from this earth.

089

□ President Bush's nominee to be assistant secretary of state for African affairs is Herman J. Cohen. In early May, he stated that labeling the African Nationalist Congress a terrorist organization had been a mistake. His view is shared by the Newhouse-owned paper that reported it. The ANC is now called a "black nationalist organization."

972

□ K kosher Conservative Billy Buckley is hallucinating again. His latest chimera has him rating the PLO's chances against Israel as zilch. No longer does he solicit favor with his mentors by regurgitating the tired old fable of "a hopelessly outnumbered but brave little Israel." He's now onto a new twist. This is the one where everybody joins the mass media's gleeful presentation of the Middle East bandit state as an invincible juggernaut. To wit: "Israeli Center of Strategic Studies at Tel Aviv University shows Israel with a mobilizable manpower of 540,000, some 3,800 tanks, 682 aircraft with awesome bomb capacity, thousands of artillery pieces and missiles . . ." The PLO has, according to the same survey, "8,000 men in scattered places, zero tanks and aircraft, a few guns and no missiles, but a variety of hand grenades, mortars, stones and bottles." (National Review, Jan. 1989)

Also, fantasizes Bonny Billy, Uncle Sam would never let Israel "go under." Ergo, the Jews are unbeatable. Their Arab/Moslem foes had better throw up their hands and come crawling -- pronto. But Billy dreams pipe-dreams. Israel, far from being secure and invincible, is up to its breeches in a huge, dark, sucking, roiling and bottomless quagmire. Moreover, and try as they will to hide it, many lucid, hard-headed Jews and their acolytes have come down with that old sinking feeling of late.

Canadian subscriber

□ I disagree with the premise in your piece, "Sculpture in Hitlerland" (May 1989). Governments have only one role in the creation of art; i.e., to provide a climate in which it can flourish without fear of censorship. On that basis, Germany and Russia under Hitler and Stalin, respectively, fail the test. Who dares to say he is competent enough to set artistic standards?

788

□ Although I am generally disrespectful of the court system, the problem of nonwhite aliens racially polluting Europe could be solved by invoking laws which were formerly used against National Socialism. How? At Nuremberg and other war crimes trials, the importation of alien labor was treated as a capital offense under international law. At present, we could use these same charges against the forces of International Capital to rid ourselves of the alien labor that is now in exactly the same place that previously caused these charges to be brought. Although courts will undoubtedly dismiss such a case by trying to use their "judicial wisdom" defense, it may still be worth a try. If not, it could at least serve to publicize the perpetual mendacity of Europe's continuing 45-year occupation and add fuel to more revolutionary measures.

532

□ Instauration (March 1989, p. 33) stated in regard to the Israeli economic mess, "Government spending is about 70% of GNP, twice the dangerously excessive U.S. rate." Quoting from Economic Indicators, March 1989, U.S. federal expenditures through quarter four at annual rates are \$1,149 billion. GNP through the same period is \$4,999.7 billion. The percentage of GNP is therefore 23%. The implication of your word "twice" is "about 35%."

221

□ As I write this, BBC World Service is broadcasting a report about Christian refugees abandoning their possessions and fleeing their Lebanese enclave by boat under Moslem shell fire. Although there are far more Christians in the U.S. than Jews, American reaction to the destruction of a once-democratic Christian enclave in the eastern Mediterranean is one of indifference, while no effort or expense seems too great to protect the Jewish enclave some miles to the south.

British subscriber

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□ Elie Wiesel makes an appearance every so often. What a name! Not even the imagination of the great Charles Dickens could have thought of a more appropriate moniker. Here we have an occasion when genius itself must bow to the prescience of parental inspiration. It makes no difference how one pronounces or mispronounces it, it is suggestive of eels and weasels, of lies and fork-tongued homunculi. And how the name fits the face! The pasty phiz so expressive of a dishonest pawnbroker haggling with a burglar of uncertain temper over the price of some purloined silver. The twisted snail-like body that seems to cringe and yet contrives a sly insolence. The attitude which demands pity even as it barely conceals a crafty sneer. The lugubrious, cavernous, damp eyes, glitteringly searching the dark corners for some overlooked misery, as for a stray farthing. No one writing fiction would devise such a creature unless for the pulps. No one casting a play or movie would employ an actor with his physical characteristics except in Grand Guignol. Yet he is what this corrupt age gives medals to.

212

□ The editor of my local paper is alarmed that David Duke's success might spawn more "haters." It appears to me that almost any reasonable candidate (with modest financing) could publish a platform in any local paper outside of minority land at election time and stand a chance at getting elected if his platform included: 1. Protect American industry by heavy taxes on imports. 2. Seal our borders and repatriate illegal aliens. 3. End all foreign aid to wastrel governments. 4. Eliminate the manufacture of welfare babies. (He who does not work does not eat.) 5. Outlaw minority set-asides. (He who wants to eat must compete.) 6. Lower the home mortgage interest rates to where the interest charged cannot exceed the principal borrowed.

805

□ The Red Queen in Alice in Wonderland said that a word meant exactly what she meant it to mean and nothing else. The same is very true of American political discourse. Take the word "privacy." The Supreme Court found that within the "penumbra" of the Constitution, there is an implied right of privacy. But this penumbra falls short of permitting citizens to decide who will live next door, or even to whom they can rent a room; nor is its shadow broad enough to encompass the right to decide what clubs they should join or where their children should go to school. In fact, the only right the penumbra seems to shelter is the right to have an abortion, which leads one to conclude that privacy under the Constitution is reserved for the female sex.

181

□ I jes' don't know. I gotta have my doubts about fellas who let on they read Instauration through -- from cover to cover -- in one fell swoop. Great guns, man! Jes' two pages about the doin's of the Jews riles me enough to fling it aside. What's more, even two sentences highlightin' black-white racemixing drives me near berserk! Now missives are all well and good; but, by Thor, ain't it time for missiles?

986

□ As a white and Teutonic female, with all of the characteristics of that shrinking group, I regret my choice earlier in life to become a Registered Nurse. There is nowhere for us to run. Though I hold a degree from a good university, have completed numerous postgrad courses, and am considered highly skilled and dedicated, my very livelihood depends upon how skillfully I avoid any appearance of conflict with Negro, Asian and other mud race co-workers and/or patients. Too many times I have seen white R.N.s come up against black or Filipina nurses, aides and housekeepers, and, in every case, the administration takes the side of the nonwhite. Some of my co-workers were fired for being "anti-social" or "racist." White nurses must tolerate the abuse and sexual advances of unwashed Negro lechers and react or respond in a "professional" manner or risk their position, promotion or raise, and -- in some situations -- their safety.

288

□ Laws are volitional. By that is meant they merely codify the internalized belief of a social culture. Laws which violate that belief will not be obeyed, no matter how many police are hired to enforce them. Statutes framed by a white culture which violate the mores of a black lifestyle are, by definition, unenforceable in that minority society. So it is with laws against the marketing and consumption of recreational drugs. Police, both black and white, know this and carry out their mission merely to placate politicians, whose foolish pronouncements, in turn, are designed to mollify thoughtless voters anxious to find the "magic bullet" for social dysfunction. The war-on-drugs enterprise currently underway is sure to fail. Black social mores accept the ingestion of drugs (no matter what Negro political spokesmen to the white society claim). In failing, this particular "war" will be accompanied by a vast waste of economic resources and widespread disillusionment on the part of those who wage it -- America's integrationist middle class and those blacks caught up in the illogic of their own rhetoric. A thousand condemnations of crack uttered by gray-haired black Baptist ministers will never alter the reality of their congregations shooting up with glee the moment church is out.

220

□ "Darkie" may have been changed to "Darlie" (Instauration, May 1989, p. 9) and Sambo dolls may be disappearing from the shelves in Japan, but Aunt Jemima, Sambo and pickaninies of all sorts are ubiquitous at craft shows all over the Deep South. I have visited several such shows over the past year, and vendors tell me that some of the fastest-selling items are Aunt Jemima-like wood cutouts, brightly painted and adorned with such inscriptions as "Wipe Yo' Feet, Honey Chile." I also came across wood cutouts of black moppets riding in the back of a wagon full of watermelons pulled by a goat. These craft shows are quite enjoyable. A white Southerner feels pride as he walks among people who are for the most part much like himself, admiring artful and often ingeniously crafted objects made by folk artisans doing something that comes to them quite naturally.

361

□ Re the story about the 28-year-old woman jogger who was raped and beaten in Central Park: local news programs showed interviews with some residents of the Upper West Side, whence the juvenile terrorists had sprung. Some samples: Young black girl: "If she wuzn't white, you wunn't even mention it." Young black boy: "There ain't enough recreational facilities." He had obviously missed news of all those youth, police athletic league and YMCA programs and been blind to the mandatory basketball court on almost every street corner. Older male in his 30s: "Whaja expect? It's your [whites'] system." Charges of racism have been hurled about even before the arraignment. God help the prosecutor when the case finally goes to trial!

198

□ There is a recurrent fear within the left-wing academic elite which furnishes the personnel of the TV networks, the New York Times/Washington Post editorial pages, and the think tanks and government bureaucracies that the old values of the old American stock might resurface like an atavistic gene and that we would again arise and throw off arbitrary government and high taxes, as we did 200 years ago. It is undoubtedly fear of the "old Americans" that prompts "ethnic diversity" programs and anti-gun bills. Although not violent in the way that Soviet or Chinese communism was in exterminating opponents, these measures have the same goal: an obliteration of the previous social order, permitting the social engineers to make the society over according to their own master plan.

550

□ A movement is afoot to get Joel Steinberg a new trial. It seems the poor man was lynched by an unsympathetic jury. Perhaps we could send him to Israel, where heroes who beat children of the goyim to death are respected and honored. There, they may even come up with a few witnesses who saw Lisa throw a stone at him or try to stuff him into the notorious Greenwich Village gas ovens. "All because he was Jewish, his only crime."

102

□ "What Can Be Done" (May 1989) was superb, and I am building just the philosophy the author is seeking.

208

□ In The Best of Instauration 1978, the article, "Rational Anti-Semitism," dealt with nine reasons Jews are dangerous to their host society. The seventh reason argued that "Jews promote each other, while excluding non-Jews." The thesis was not developed fully. In my opinion, the critical factor that makes Jews a minus to any society is their unique solidarity. The moment Jews are extended a helping hand and invited into the society of non-Jews, they begin to use their solidarity to prey upon their host. In short, Jewish solidarity always and everywhere includes the concepts of stealth, scheming, plotting, conspiring, colluding, conniving and intriguing against the host people -- all sanctified by the illusion that this is ordained by God.

532

Over the years, I have noted little commentary in *Instauration* on the issue of the ownership and use of legal firearms. Perhaps the readership is too intellectually inclined to enjoy a pleasant day afield or at the range with a favorite rifle, pistol or shotgun. Let me assure *Instaurationists* that no other experience in this age of mass-man better conveys to the individual the spirit and feeling of true liberty. That the "people" are still permitted the Constitutional right to own personal arms in a nation in which other Constitutional rights are largely defunct is due in no small part to the organizational efforts of the 3 million members of the National Rifle Association. Herein, perhaps, lies a lesson. The U.S. has some 70 million gun owners, yet only 4% of them have organized to preserve the rights of all citizens to own firearms. As I write, gun ownership faces its most crucial challenge in over 200 years. Under the guise of controlling drug-related violence and gang warfare, mediocrats and liberal politicians are pushing legislation at the federal and local levels that would not only ban a few mislabeled "assault" rifles, but as many as 30 million semi-automatic rifles, pistols and shotguns. Gun owners, whose legally owned firearms are hardly ever involved in crime, are being made the scapegoats for drug-crazed lunatics and minority murderers. I believe the politicians are much more afraid of an armed populace than they are of the armed criminal element. They probably have very good reasons. By autumn, there may well be 70 million gun owners, including a large new criminal class of formerly law-abiding Majority types, who will be hopping mad at the government. Thank you, Senator Metzenbaum!

021

At the end of WWII, I was fighting the American Army in the mountains of Bavaria. I was 16 years old then. Most German soldiers had figured out sometime in 1942 that the war was lost. But we fought on for another three years for good measure. My heart wasn't in it, but I had no choice. It was difficult to generate hate against the British and Americans, people who looked so much like us. Hate movies were unknown in Germany. We were told to honor our enemies, "viel Feind, viel Ehr." When I came to the U.S. some years ago, I was amazed at the extent to which history and sociology had been distorted and perverted. What the Jews have done to this country is beyond belief. It's worse than the Weimar Republic. It's a country where selfishness and greed have been sanctified, where culture has been taken over by the cultureless, where society has been dehumanized and ideals corrupted. It's decadence, drugs, lying politicians, corrupt cops and rip-offs. Compared to this swamp, Germany under Hitler was a paradise. We cherished and believed in human values like loyalty, respect, honesty, decency and integrity. We never heard of crime or homosexuality until the Allied de-Nazification and re-education program started.

331

Previous articles in *Instauration* have mentioned black and Hispanic organizations in U.S. prisons. I am not certain how it works in other states, but in California jailhouses, the principal groups are the "Black Revolutionary Movement" and the Mexican "La Raza." Whites have a choice of either the Bikers, who go under a variety of names (primarily they are motorcyclists and "good ole boys" from the wrong side of the tracks) or the Aryan Brotherhood, which is militantly white and National Socialist in orientation. If you are white and in prison, you've got to be in either one or the other of these groups, or you will most certainly be beaten, raped and robbed continually by the minority subhumans. What's good about it from a Majority standpoint is, first, a white is usually welcomed and supported by either of his two racial groups. Second, everyone whose been with the Bikers or the Brotherhood, once he gets out of the slammer . . . doesn't forget!

681

Sometimes words have power far beyond their meaning. Left and Right? What do they mean any more? Nonetheless, they continue to be powerful epithets. Race, too, has come to be an emotionally charged word, and any one with even the most carefully qualified reservations about a nonwhite is nearly certain to be branded a despicable racist. What people think has a way of getting out. If one word becomes taboo, another takes its place. In the case of race, the word is culture. Articles are appearing in the most respected periodicals in which the meaning would be much clearer if "race" were substituted for "culture." Some of these articles would not look out of place in *Instauration*, if such a substitution was made -- so blunt and accurate is their description of the inferiority of some cultures. Why is Latin America a mess? Culture, of course. Why do blacks run rampant in the inner cities? It's their culture. A lot is being communicated, albeit by euphemism. How long before "culturist" becomes a word before which all must cower and for which all must apologize?

038

I was happy to see that I was not the only *Instaurationist* who was disturbed by the article (Nov. 1988) relating the virtues of the Fed. Any monetary system, if it is to be sound, must be based on substance, rather than on a printing press that paints a mirage we call wealth. Substance requires energy, and without energy no real wealth will ever be attained. (Look at who the billionaires and millionaires are today. They regard honest labor as demeaning to their "religious" beliefs). A sound monetary system, composed of 100 cents to the dollar, begs for standardization similar to 12 inches to the foot; 16 ounces to the pound. Any honest unit of measurement must be inflexible, if its purpose is to prevent chaos fueled by speculation. Who needs the Greenspans, Burnses and Simons to control our destiny when that power was originally delegated to Congress?

553

The most outspoken book on the Third Reich must be Professor Frederic Reider's *The Order of the SS* (Foulsham, London, 1981). You don't get many books that describe Jews as the leading Communists in the Weimar Republic, or that trim the "Holocaust" dead to a possible low of 1.1 million and then immediately estimate the deaths of German civilians in Eastern Europe at 2.5 million. Above all, you don't usually find historians describing Reinhard Heydrich as "an accomplished sportsman of Nordic physique, keen intelligence and a will of iron -- the very archetype of an SS man. Unable to attack him directly, his enemies tried to discredit him with the fable that his origin was Jewish." I raise my glass to the French professor and his concern for historical truth.

British subscriber

The raceless, soulless ghouls of high finance, who own and operate America, have embarked on a most expedient way to accelerate their culture-mashing and the profits therefrom. Why spend money moving plants, technology and hard capital to the Third World when it is far cheaper to allow the Third World to move here?

089

Instauration Index

After two years of toil and trouble, the 126-page Index of every issue of *Instauration* from the first (Dec. 1975) thru Dec. 1987 is completed and ready to ship. It contains practically all the names and subjects that have appeared in 12 years of America's dauntless magazine. Three columns per page, 70 lines per column, add up to more than 24,000 entries. All those items you wanted to look up in back issues of *Instauration*, all those bits of news and hard-to-find facts that either never appeared in the "respectable" newspapers or were entombed at the bottom of page 42 are now at your fingertips. Find the reference in the Index. Turn to the appropriate copy of *Instauration* and you have exactly what you are looking for -- information the ordinary newspaper or magazine reader simply doesn't have or cannot find.

If you don't have a complete set of *Instauration* or you are missing back issues, you can always order Xerox copies at \$7 per issue. Or you can order all the back issues from Dec. 1975 thru Aug. 1988 on microfiche for \$100.

As for the great new Index, it will set you back \$25. That may seem a lot for only 126 pages, but the effort put into this project was considerable -- two years of going through every page of the magazine and noting down every topic and every person that *Instauration* has mentioned over the years.

Order the new Index, Xerox copies of missing issues or *Instauration* on microfiche at the prices stated above. Postage and handling are included. Immediate shipment from:

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□ I hope Instauration was not taken in by all the Ayatullah-bashing. The guy was political genius. He embarrassed two presidents and united Moslems throughout the world by tapping their emotional fanaticism against Salman Rush-to-die. If I ever run for office, I want an Ayatullah clone to be my campaign manager.

023

□ The other day, I ran across Shakespeare's sonnet LXVI, which almost seemed written about America in the late 20th century. If you replace the next-to-last word with "race," the lines seem to capture our agony with an eerie accuracy.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I
be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

940

□ Am I alone in suspecting that blacks must stuff wads of surgical cotton into their mouths in order to achieve their disastrous mangling of our common language? To hear Washington's Mayor Barry agonize through a simple sentence and reach painfully for the pronunciation of a three- or four-syllable word is to wonder if nature isn't telling us something about who belongs on another continent?

220

□ I have put my interest in organized religion on the back burner. In my case, it is not so much a matter of disbelief as disenchantment with the institutional church; hardly a unique situation I realize. At any rate, I got tired of trying to adapt to the dwindling options in American Lutheranism, which has undergone merger mania. I am now a mild Anglo-Catholic and have joined the United Episcopal Church, one of a number of splinter denominations made up of people who have left the mainline Episcopal Church in recent years. In *Northern Catholicism -- Centenary Studies in the Oxford and Parallel Movements*, edited by N.P. Williams, D.D. and Charles Harris, D.D. (Macmillan, NY 1933), the point is made that Anglo-Catholicism and Scottish and Continental Protestant imitations of it show the influence of the freedom-loving Nordic temperament.

495

□ Lloyd Dunn, author of the Peabody Picture Vocabulary Test, said recently that "inherited genetic material" probably causes some Hispanic students to perform poorly. For these truthful remarks, his test is now under a general educational ban, and Dunn can expect the treatment Jensen has been getting for 20 years.

310

□ Residents of the nation's capital are long familiar with automobile bumper stickers proclaiming the driver's doubt about the veracity of Kay Graham's favorite journal. For good reason, thoughtfully critical readers have come to question the Post's pervasive social religion of racial integration, which daily distorts its news pages. Blacks as a separate racial and cultural group are almost never spotlighted for their obviously preponderant role in urban crime. And Jews, as another social force, are similarly excused from their own accountability in discrediting the urban scene. Driving behind one of these bumper stickers the other day as my car approached the 14th Street Bridge, I noted that it carried the ever more common I DON'T BELIEVE THE POST sticker. As I passed the driver, I felt he wanted to say much more than that, but, for reasons of gentlemanly restraint, would not. Wouldn't it be wonderful, I thought, to drive around with somewhat more-to-the-point bumper stickers reflecting the Instaurationist social philosophy, such as LIBERALS LIE, RACE MATTERS, AND CULTURE COUNTS?

200

□ The 61st Annual Academy Awards unearthed an assortment of odd creatures. Almost all of the male winners had either long hair, ducktails or beards and exhibited affected vociferation, "in thing" mannerisms and false cordiality. It was an excellent mirror of decadence. It would have been fitting if each single award were in the form of a maggot and multiple awards shaped like cockroach clusters.

190

□ It's been obvious for some time that Japan's popular culture clearly recognizes (and abhors) the danger implied by the American notion of race relations. Without an ounce of self-consciousness, the Japanese man-in-the-street claims his disdain for the mongrelization that's now occurring more or less everywhere in the American social landscape. The reaction of headstrong black radicals has been quick and predictable. In the blacks' book, the Japanese are "racists." Indeed, they are, and more and more Americans are beginning to believe that that's the way to go. In fact, judging by the racial housing distribution patterns in America, most white Americans envy the average Japanese his homogeneous environment. In their new role of international business tycoons, the Japanese have been forced to confront the negatives of race-mixing head on. They respond by having their U.S. auto assembly plants in the South, far from the meddlesome dictates of labor union bosses whose main interest seems to be to integrate the shop floor and production lines. When Japanese companies locate in Texas to obtain cheap wetback labor and import-tariff advantages along the Tex-Mex border, they organize exclusive private math and science schools to tutor their own children. The educational levels in heavily Hispanic public schools are way below Japanese standards. The Hispanic response, echoed by white liberals and Jews, is equally predictable: "Let us in or we'll blow your school house down." Say the Japanese in return: "It really isn't your race we don't like; it's your attitude toward education."

219

□ Tell our resident fiction writer, Douglas Olson, he should write an American version of *The Camp of the Saints*.

223

□ I commend Hector Rogers for distilling much of the essential Lyndon LaRouche from those long verbose pieces the LaRouchies put out. But Rogers missed a very important aspect of good and evil that LaRouche is concerned with. He attaches great importance to the contrasting eschatologies of Plato (realism) and Aristotle (nominalism). History is very much a war between the evil low-lives of the Aristotle school and the forward visionaries of the Platonists. LaRouche sees the aristocrats of the British empire working to halt progress, since they wish to freeze the world as it is and maintain their privileges. The basic characteristic of this division is whether one is a Malthusian or not. To be a Malthusian is the ultimate Aristotelean rejection of the higher vision and denial of divine aspirations that man is capable of. White preservation falls into the Malthus category. LaRouche is not an Instaurationist.

554

□ I read about the new wrinkle in feminism created by a Jewish Vassar professor who demands that business take into account a woman's biological clock. What about my biological clock?

023

□ Instauration has commented before on Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last Viceroy of India, a pillar of the British establishment, a flaming liberal and one of the main influences on Prince Charles. It's well known that Mountbatten may have tolerated his partly-Jewish wife having affairs with both Nehru and a black jazz pianist. And now we find, according to Alison Lurie's *The Language of Clothes* (Heinemann, London 1981) that "the late Earl Mountbatten was observed to have used rouge and a blue rinse." In which direction -- not to put too fine a point on it -- was Louis oriented?

English subscriber

□ Lately there have been many mildly critical articles about Israel in the American press, motivated partly by the continuing problems with the Palestinians, but even more by the controversy over the nature of Judaism. These articles have dared to suggest that perhaps the no-questions-asked blank check granted by the U.S. government to Israel is not an entirely good thing. All of these articles have had one thing in common: their authors are, without exception, Jews who rarely fail to make ritual obeisance to the horror of the Holocaust and the wonder of the state of Israel. It would be interesting if these commentators would consider the question of why so few non-Jews dare to address the thorny topic of U.S. aid to Israel.

072

□ We hear these days about organs of the body being swapped from one person to another at a torrential rate. Some are sold. So how long will it be before some impecunious Nordic gal sells her golden hair, roots and all, to a minorityite?

735

CREATING A MORAL IMAGE

THE FIRST THING I recorded on videotape, almost eleven years ago, was an English movie from the mid-50s called *Damn the Defiant*. I liked it so much I've saved it to this day. Some of you may also remember it. It's set back in the Royal Navy of Horatio Nelson's time, and stars Alec Guinness as the captain of His Majesty's Ship *Defiant*, Dirk Bogarde as his sadistic lieutenant, and Anthony Quayle as a seaman who leads a conspiracy among the crew to petition the Admiralty for a redress of grievances, which eventually develops into an outright mutiny. One of the mutineers, named Evans, is so bent on revenge for his sufferings that, come the mutiny, Quayle is compelled to warn him against harming any of the officers, as such an act would prevent their petition from being considered, and cause all of them to be hanged. I remember his phrase, "All our lives depend on this." But Evans is overcome with the desire for vengeance, ignores Quayle's warning and murders the lieutenant, whereupon Quayle exclaims, "You've done for us all, Evans! You've finished the lot of us!"

I have often thought of that movie, and thought of it again when considering the topic of this paper. The Quayle character is very concerned with staying within certain standards of conduct where his behavior will be acceptable, and where his case or petition will be given serious and fair consideration rather than being dismissed out of hand. His position is already so desperate, so challenging to the status quo, that he cannot afford any behavior that might prejudice it further. His only hope is to make his position morally respectable, and he realizes that, to achieve that moral respectability, his behavior and that of his fellow mutineers must also be morally respectable. Without that, he will have no chance for success and all his efforts will be futile.

Everyone who goes out on a limb and promotes a cause against the odds is in a position similar to that of the Quayle character. If they fail to achieve moral respectability their ideas will be dismissed out of hand, will not be given serious consideration, and their efforts to promote their cause will be ineffective. So it is with our embryonic movement. If it fails to achieve moral respectability, it will be stillborn, and never go anywhere. Our opponents know this, and so must we. Our opponents make every effort and spare no expense, with all the vast resources at their command, to portray us and our position as morally unrespectable, as morally unworthy of consideration. To counter this (and unless we do counter it, there is no hope for the salvation of our race) we, our position, our solutions, our goals and methods, must all be, and appear to be, morally respectable.

It is a battle for our image, for control of our image, the outcome of which will determine whether we will always be on the moral defensive and be ineffective in promoting our program, or whether we will be able to go on the moral offensive, putting our opponents morally on the run. To win the moral battle, and the battle for the salvation of our race, we must create a moral image. We must define ourselves, our ends and means, goals and methods, in a manner that puts morality on our side. We must have a position, a platform, philosophy or ideology that claims the moral high ground, that is clear and credible, and we must communicate it in both word and deed, in everything we say and do. Above all, we must not leave any gaps in our position, no vacant spaces in our proposed solutions for our opponents to speculate about, no blanks that they can fill in as they please.

Let's face it. Racism (or, to be more precise, racism in favor of

our race) has a serious image problem. It, and we, have been consigned to the moral cellar, portrayed as the antithesis of civilization and the enemy of mankind. As far as our moral image is concerned, one might be tempted to conclude we have nowhere to go but up, were it not for the unfortunate fact that our opponents have been very successful in lumping us together under the racist label with others who seem determined to morally bury themselves even deeper. Our opponents love these racists; the berserkers who preach and practice the gospel of violence; the kamikazes who glorify martyrdom; the apostles of racial supremacy who deny other races the same rights they claim for their own; and, yes, even the advocates of genocide who, in their lust for revenge, would deny other races the most basic right of all, the right to live. Our opponents love to equate racism with hate, violence and vengeance, with totalitarianism, with racial supremacism and mass murder, with uncivilized and immoral values and conduct, with the rejection of the liberal traditions and freedoms of Western Civilization, and these racists make their task much easier, and our task much more difficult.

What is the image of racism today? Very negative. It is discredited for four major reasons, which our opponents have fostered and exploited, with the assistance of those rogue racist elements who have played into their hands:

1. Racism is associated with immoral solutions, ends or goals, such as genocide or enslavement of other races, or separation by mass expulsion without adequate provision of a new home, all of which offend the most basic civilized sensibilities and sense of fair play of our race. This is where the Holocaust propaganda is used to good effect, to accuse all racists of intent to commit genocide and thereby prevent their pleas -- which may be for no more than the conditions their own race needs to live -- from being considered, drowned by chants of "Never again." The negative emotional force of the genocide accusation is very strong. This is why our opposition dearly loves racists who openly espouse genocide, or allegedly repentant former racists who say they once did. The sad part is that there really are racists who seek genocide as part of their solution, either for Nietzschean reasons or for revenge, or as an expression of their violent perspective on life. This we cannot prevent. But we can make our own solution, ends and goals clear and detailed, and morally the opposite from those our opponents like to see.

2. Racism is associated with negative and pathological emotions, hatred and mental illness. This is a very powerful and effective discrediting factor which we should be very aware of and not underestimate.

3. Racism is associated with totalitarianism, with the rejection of the political morality of our race and its values of democracy, individual rights, freedom and equality. The image of Hitler and his legacy, part true and part distorted, kept alive by his latter-day admirers to the detriment of the best interests of our race, are largely to blame for this condition.

4. Racism is associated with ignorance, stupidity, lack of education and kooks, and thus seen as intellectually inferior and disreputable, and dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration. Our opponents frequently resort to straw characters to do this, who base their racism on beliefs that are obviously untrue, and which have no relevance to the real issues of racism, such as a belief that whites are faster runners than blacks. Thus racism and racists become the object of ridicule and the butt of jokes, a position

most people will strongly avoid. The Archie Bunker character is an example.

This last negative factor is intellectual, attacking the intellectual respectability and acceptability of racism, but the first three are clearly moral, denying racism's moral respectability and acceptability. The irony is that factor 4, the intellectual criticism, is maintained by the first three moral criticisms and, without their support, would fall. The intellectual and scientific case for racism is already quite capable of putting its opposition to flight, if it were given an open-minded and fair hearing on the merits. But it is not given intellectual consideration because it is already morally discredited by its very negative moral associations. The strength of our opponents is not in the intellectual or scientific area, but we cannot defeat them there until we first defeat them at the source of their strength -- the area of morality. We cannot bring the sword of truth into action until it is joined with the shield of virtue.

As I have thought on our situation, I have become ever more convinced that morality is the key. Members of our race reject racism because they perceive it as immoral, and for good reason, since the only racism they know of is clearly immoral by the traditional values of our civilization. Moral racism recognizes the same rights for other races that it claims for its own, most basically the right to life and independence, or control of its own life. Immoral racism does not recognize or respect these rights for other races, but promotes their violation by advocating the immoral solutions of either supremacism, where one race rules over another and denies its independence (which we are experiencing ourselves at this time to a major extent), or genocide, where one race causes the destruction of another and denies its right to life.

Our task is to morally rehabilitate racism. We must create a moral form of racism as an alternative to the immoral forms which are now seen by the public as the only forms. To succeed, we must redefine racism by defining a new, morally respectable form of racism, our definition of racism, our kind of racism, and make it the mainstream type, the primary definition, of which others are deviations. Moral racism must be seen as the racist Major League, and the various immoral forms of racism relegated to the bush leagues. The foremost type of superiority we should seek and claim is moral superiority, and we must make the claim the reality.

Our goal is the salvation of our race. It is a supremely moral goal, and deserves to be matched with equally moral methods. To achieve that goal, we must win as many members of our race to our side, and their side, as possible. A moral unity of means and ends is the best path, I believe the only path, to the racial unity we need to save our race. We must find a position, complete with goals and methods, that attracts and unites the greatest possible number of our race, not one that repels the best of our kind and divides the rest into opposite extremes. But we cannot be all things to all people. We cannot please everyone. We cannot appeal to both the gentle and the violent, to those who seek salvation and those who seek vengeance. We must make choices, choose what kind of people, what element, we most want to appeal to. We must set our sights on those we believe to be most important for the success of our cause, for the continued life of our race, and concentrate our efforts on winning their hearts and minds. We must distance ourselves from those whose goals or methods conflict with our own, who violate the morality we espouse and repel those we wish to attract.

Several years ago, when Cholly Bilderberger's column was appearing in *Instauration*, he made the point that our race was obsessed with the need for respectability, and fastidiously avoided racism because of its disreputable image. Cholly saw this affinity for the morally respectable, and aversion to the morally disreputable, as a handicap and weakness, even as a fatal flaw, which our opponents can manipulate to paralyze us and prevent us from acting in our self-defense. But I believe we can turn this powerful

moral sense to our advantage, that it can be a potential source of great strength, once mobilized in our favor. We must know our race, its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, accept it for what it is and work within the constraints of its nature, making the best of what we have and what we are. If we go against the predominant nature of our race, we will lose it. Our goal must be to create an image that is the very epitome of respectability, to have our name become a synonym for moral respectability, integrity, fairness and concern for doing what is morally right and proper. Morality must be seen to be on our side and we must be seen to be on its side. We must be seen to be on the side of right, for what is right. Our opponents must be seen as being against right, as the side of immorality.

Given the concern of our race for fairness, even to the point of sacrificing its own interests to give others a better chance, it may be that we will attract more and better support within our race by being more generous in what we offer to the other races as part of our proposed settlement, rather than holding on to more for ourselves. Our proposed settlement should be the one that maximizes the quantity and quality of support and approval from our own race, within the limits of our goal of racial salvation. If this requires walking the extra mile and being generous to other races beyond their deserts, so be it.

Morality is a weapon, and the moral battlefield will decide the fate of our race. We must learn to use the power of morality. We must become proficient in the use of moral arms to be victorious on the moral battlefield. We should take advantage of existing moral principles and values and use them in our favor if possible, and attack them only if they are inherently against our goal of racial salvation. We must work to have morality and rightness clearly on our side and go on the moral offensive, combating the clearly immoral position and goals of our opponents.

We should adopt a *minimalist* position, advocating the minimum amount of change required to achieve our goal of racial salvation through separation and independence. Above all, we should seek no change in political institutions, the form or system of government. Our ends can be achieved within the present forms. This will help us avoid excess, extremism or radicalism, and the disturbing, irresponsible and untrustworthy image they foster. It will also help us to keep our attention focused on the primary objective and to concentrate our forces at the decisive point rather than being sidetracked into unnecessary controversies over secondary matters, spreading ourselves too thin by trying to do too much. After our race is safely independent, we can turn our attention to secondary issues of economics, environment, history, culture or politics, but until then they should be deemphasized so as not to detract from the primary issue of racial preservation. It is the life-threatening issue that must be dealt with first.

Before we can go on the moral offensive, we must first build a strong foundation on which to build our movement, a platform it can stand on and work for. We must create a morally and intellectually respectable image for our movement, consistent with the moral values and instincts of our race. We must create a moral alternative to the immoral forms of racism with which the term is now equated. I have been concerned with the salvation of our race since 1963, but for many years the situation seemed morally and intellectually hopeless to me. In the mass media, the only people openly espousing racism were those associated with the Ku Klux Klan or the Nazis. Neither of these were acceptable to me. The original KKK had established a form of racial supremacy which was a temporary and partial solution to the problems that occur when different races inhabit the same territory, but it, and its successor organizations, had not gone on to promote a comprehensive, lasting, moral and just solution. In Nazism, I saw a specialized Central European totalitarianism, blended with racial supremacism, which could only be regarded as exotically out of

place in the American scene. Because of their history of racial supremacism and chauvinism, or worse, both were morally discredited beyond serious hope of rehabilitation, and could be of no relevance for a campaign to promote racial separation and independence. It was not until 1973, when I came across *The Dispossessed Majority* in a bookstore, that I found an example of how racism could be morally and intellectually respectable, and saw a direction in which we could move with real hope of success. It was a major step toward the creation of a racist alternative that can win moral and intellectual respectability and acceptability, and that can save our race.

We must move forward to the next step: to officially create a moral racist alternative to draw in the majority of our race who are repelled by the immoral forms of racism that would rule over, or even kill, other races. We must institutionalize a moral form of racism consistent with the high standards and values of our civilization, advocating a separatist solution that Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln could support, that is consistent with the principles of our liberal political tradition, that renounces and condemns violence and revenge, willing to forgive the sins of the past for the sake of a better future of racial separation and independence, adopting the forgiving spirit and tone of Lincoln's second inaugural address, "with malice toward none and charity for all." We can emphasize that, for the first four score and seven years of this republic, the leadership, including Lincoln, favored racial separation. With that step, we will move to take control of the word racism, to control its image and associations, and as our word spreads, as the good news goes out that it is finally possible for good and moral people to support the salvation and independence of their race, to be racist and moral, that image will become an increasingly positive and moral one.

It is easy for our opponents to portray racism as immoral when it is associated with ideologies, movements and individuals that do not respect but violate the legitimate rights of other races to life and independence. But imagine their difficulty when confronted with a moral form of racism that is based on respect for the rights of all races to life, liberty and independence. For our own people, it will give them a positive alternative, a moral way they can work for the salvation of their race. It will let them know that there is a nonviolent, moral means to promote racial survival, something the entire family, women and children as well as men, can participate in.

We need to face the violence issue head-on. First of all, as a matter of morality, but also as a matter of reality. Ours is a very civilized and peace-loving race. Unless and until there is a breakdown of civilization and society, of law and order, very few of our race will willingly turn to violence, but most will be totally repelled and lost by the mere suggestion or whiff of it. Only the berserkers, those who go out of control and cross the line out of civilized conduct, will resort to violence while the civilized order still stands, and the masses of our race will oppose them.

If violent means are our hope for salvation, they will have to wait for a social collapse resulting in mass desperation. But the odds are against that happening until our race is such a small minority that it can no longer maintain the civilized order. If it should happen, then the outcome will be very uncertain at best, and, in the slim chance that our cause should emerge victorious, it will probably be a Pyrrhic Victory, won at a cost so great, so self-destructive, as to be self-defeating. So we should hope and work for a better and happier solution, one that we can control and work for now without having to wait and hope for unlikely and undesirable events beyond our control to give us our chance. A moral battle for salvation is one we can begin now, that is consistent with the civilized heritage of our race, and that has a chance to win with minimal loss and suffering.

A good beginning, that will clearly separate us from those who

seek vengeance as their goal and violence as their means, would be to make it clear that we renounce both. Thus we will announce that the advocates and practitioners of violence and vengeance are not our brothers-in-arms but, like seaman Evans in *Damn the Defiant*, they are endangering the welfare of us all by vengeful and violent actions. We are not working for a common cause with them. Their cause, and their goal, are materially different from ours, as is their means.

We should not condemn violence per se in a pacifist sense. There are situations where the moral and legal traditions of our race regard it as warranted and proper, and even necessary. There have been many situations in the past where decisive battles helped to save our race, the Teutoberg forest and Chalons being good examples. But our present situation is not one of them. Our opponent is not destroying us with an army, but with a morality. We cannot defeat that morality by any physical means, including violence. Rather, violence directed against it only tends to confirm and strengthen its claim to moral superiority. When we encounter people who should naturally be on our side who are shocked and angered by our ideas, their outrage is a moral reaction, based on a morality that is destroying us. Even if we succeed in disassociating ourselves from the negative associations already mentioned, many will still oppose us because of a morality that says it is wrong to even be concerned or care about racial matters. But until we do disassociate ourselves from these negative associations, we will never even have a chance to enter the moral battle and come to grips with our moral foe. It is the most dangerous and life-threatening foe our race has ever faced, and it cannot be defeated by violence, only by a superior morality.

As moral enlightenment, not violence, is our means, so racial salvation, not revenge, is our morally enlightened goal. One of the lessons long taught by the wiser heads among our race is that revenge is seldom satisfying, and its long-term effects are often spiritually and psychologically harmful. So must we strive to rise above the desire for revenge. We have certainly been greatly provoked, and we will likely be even more greatly provoked in the future, but it is to the future beyond those provocations that we must dedicate our hopes and our actions, and we must strive to leave that future a legacy it can live with in peace, both with the other races of the world and, most of all, with its own moral conscience and self-image.

On the subject of provocation, my thoughts turn to the article by David Lane, a founding member of The Order, which appeared in the April 1989 issue of *Instauration*. He mentions a 1983 incident where he and Robert Matthews encountered a very beautiful young blonde, her black husband and their mulatto child. The account ends with Matthews drawing his gun on the three of them. We are left to speculate about what happened next. The image of the beautiful young blonde is a very powerful one. I would say the most powerful of all. It arouses our strongest and most basic racial-sexual male protective instincts. To see such a one mated to a male of another race is very provoking. It causes great pain, anger and sorrow. But sad to say, I believe we have all seen similar sights. Such sights have a way of sticking in one's mind. The first I remember was in 1968. Such a sight is a powerful motivator. How can you help them? How can you save them? You want to do something about it, to stop it, undo it or prevent it, and it is frustrating when you can't. It makes you feel ineffective and helpless, even emasculated.

What is to be done? What can we do? What action can we take that will be effective in saving our race and prevent further such tragic losses in the future? How effective were Matthew's actions? Did he save the blonde, or any blondes? The blonde no doubt believed that what she was doing was morally proper and even morally superior. Drawing the gun on her did not change this belief, but only tended to confirm it. We cannot force people to

change their moral beliefs at the point of a gun, and we certainly gain nothing by killing the very people we should be trying to save. Perhaps he should have told her that what he saw caused him great pain and sorrow, and explained why. Maybe that would have been more effective. It certainly would have required courage. As it is, I don't believe his actions saved any blondes, rather I believe that his actions, by giving our opponents more grist for their propaganda mill, and undermining the moral image of racism, had the opposite effect of causing more to be lost. I do not believe this was his intent, but actions often have unintended effects, especially irresponsible and ill-advised actions that play into the hands of your opponent. If we can't see that, we will be like blind men, and our race, with none but the blind to lead it, will surely be lost.

It has been said that living well is the best revenge. If our race is saved, if it gains the racial separation and independence it needs to live, and lives well, reproducing itself successfully and resuming its strides up the evolutionary ladder, that will truly be the best revenge against those who wish us ill, who have worked for our destruction, and they are the ones who most deserve to be punished. Let them live to witness our salvation, unable to interfere. That should be the only punishment we inflict.

In creating a moral image and taking the moral offensive, it is important to become fluent in the language of love. Our opponents love to equate racists and racism with hate. Learning to express ourselves in terms of love and other positive emotions, and avoiding the language of hate, may seem like a simple thing, but it can be crucial. We should always express ourselves in sympathetic and caring terms, speaking of the things we love and care about, with details of how and why we love them, and of the concern, sorrow and pain we feel when those things are endangered, diminished or lost. These are, after all, the things we really feel. It is often difficult for the male mentality to express its emotions openly in terms of love. We must overcome this and emphasize our love for our race in all we say and do. Make it clear to all that love, not hate, is the source of our motivation. As intellectuals we have learned from sociobiology that hate is a legitimate emotion, that the code of enmity and code of amity are both necessary, but as political communicators to the majority of our race, it is better to avoid the necessity for such explanations and stick to the positive side of the emotional spectrum. If we succeed in associating our movement with positive emotions of love for our race, rather than hatred for other races, it will be a moral victory of the greatest importance, the one we need most of all.

There are many practical things we can do. Sooner or later, and sooner better than later, we must start an organization. And at its

very inception, within its founding charter or compact, it must have a clear statement of moral principles, of ends and means, goals and methods, which all will be expected to honor. It should be coated at its birth with a heavy layer of moral teflon, dipped in the protective waters of the moral River Styx from head to heel, as well as toe. It must seize the moral high ground at the very beginning, where it will be immune to moral attack and able to launch moral charges against our foes that will put them on the defensive. The founding charter should renounce violence, save only where it is clearly justified by the moral standards of our race, and then only in the minimum amount necessary. It should pledge to uphold the hard-won political, religious, social and intellectual rights and freedoms of our race, with particular emphasis on freedom of conscience, expression, speech and inquiry, and consistent with this, it should renounce totalitarianism in all its forms, which is so hateful to our race.

One thing we can do is to commemorate certain days on the calendar. We can have days of our own and days that others observe, to which we add our own racial moral emphasis. Martin Luther King Day could be for us a Day of the Nightmare, in which we emphasize that the racial mixture our opponents celebrate as their dream is for our race a form of soft genocide, in which we will suffer the nightmare of extinction through intermixture. We can also have a Day of Mourning, in which we mourn the loss to our race of those who are the victims, willing or unwilling, of that soft form of genocide. (The beautiful blonde encountered by Matthews and Lane would be one of these.) On the positive side, we can observe days such as the anniversary of the founding of our organization, or other worthy events as they come our way. We could also have a day to celebrate the children of our race, their importance and value and our hopes for their future, and certainly we should celebrate the days that honor the moral, political, intellectual and scientific achievements of our race, from the Althing to the moon landing.

Above all, we must keep the emphasis on morality, our morality and our opponents' immorality. We must take the path of the saints so we can be seen as the Camp of the Saints, the side of the angels, surrounded by the powers of darkness. From our circle of light, let us proclaim the good news of moral racism. We will organize and raise a revolt -- a moral revolt against the moral tyranny that is now oppressing and destroying us -- and call on our people to arise from their bewildered moral slumber, to rise up in a moral uprising to serve and save a great cause, the cause of racial salvation, the cause of continued life for their race, and, as our circle of light grows, we will finally have cause for hope.

RICHARD McCULLOCH

LIFE WITH BLACKS

"BOB" DROPPED OUT of high school when a freshman, often uses "black English" and is confined to a maximum security prison. Bob is not black. He is a white product of today's integrated school and military systems.

Bob was born in 1955 in Gary (IN). At the time, whites were a dwindling majority in the city. He spent his early years in a three-quarters-white, one-quarter-Hispanic neighborhood populated by retirees and steelworker families. In his first five years in school, Bob did well. But in the sixth grade, he was bused 30 minutes each way to the 5% white, 5% Hispanic, 90% black Beverage Grade School.

It was in the sixth grade that Bob learned he was, alternately, a "honky," "cracker" or "redneck" who had committed the un-

pardonable felony of being born white. He was often assaulted verbally and sometimes physically in the school's hallways and playground for no other reason than his skin color. His lunch money was extorted so often by groups of blacks that he would have gone hungry if the white assistant principal hadn't given him free lunch tickets. Teachers did have some control in the classrooms, but taught at the level of the slowest students.

During the seventh and eighth grades, Bob attended the neighborhood Thomas Edison Junior High. By this time, since more blacks and Hispanics had moved into the area, the student population was divided about evenly three ways.

In the seventh grade, Bob had his first contact with organized black teenage gangs. Walking to school one day, after having had

his bicycle stolen by three blacks a week earlier, several black gang members asked Bob for a match. When he told them he didn't have any, they resorted to racial slurs and beat him so badly he ended up in a hospital emergency room. When Bob complained about the assault, school personnel did nothing.

In junior high, Bob often skipped classes. It was his way of avoiding the racial problems. When he was absent for a couple of days, the truant officer would contact his parents. After his father had "whipped" him, Bob would return to school for a couple of days and the cycle would begin again.

By the time Bob was ready to enter high school, few white families with children were left in his neighborhood. Nearly all the white children who remained attended an area Catholic school. The school had a five-year waiting list, so Bob had to attend the local West Side High School, where the student population consisted of 15 whites, 51 Hispanics and about 500 blacks. The whites' lockers were located in a row near the principal's office. Otherwise, they would have been broken into constantly.

In his second week in high school, Bob witnessed his first drive-by shooting. As he walked out of his last class of the day, three black males in a Cadillac fired at a group of Disciples, a black gang. Several were wounded.

About 95% of the teachers were black. The 5% white and Hispanic teachers were as afraid of the blacks as their students were. Most teachers dared not expel or discipline disruptive black students for fear they would be assaulted in school or in the parking lot. Several had been.

Some white and Hispanic girls were gang-raped in the school restrooms. They either accepted a black as their boyfriend/protector or their lives became unbearable -- so unbearable they would have to drop out of school. A few girls -- black, Hispanic and white -- "turned tricks" on school property to get money to supply their boyfriends with drugs. Some whites started using drugs in an attempt to be "accepted" by blacks and not be victimized.

Verbal intimidation of white students was a daily occurrence. The number of physical assaults was especially high during "Black History Month" and when Negroes like Martin Luther King Jr. were class topics or in the news. At such times, black teachers made derogatory remarks about whites, blaming them for all the Negroes' ills.

Toward the end of Bob's first semester in high school, the black basketball star started pestering the white freshman girl, whose locker was next to Bob's, for a date. She refused repeatedly, explaining that her parents considered her too young to date. The black kept pushing and accused her of being a racist. One day when the black was trying to kiss her, Bob told him to leave her alone. "Shut your face, honky Mudder----!" the black yelled as he pushed Bob into the lockers. Bob hit him, a not inconsiderable act of bravery, or possibly stupidity, on the part of a 5'7" freshman against a 6'4" senior. The two began to wrestle and fell to the floor. Several blacks appeared and started hitting and kicking Bob, while teachers looked on and white students scurried away.

Bob spent ten days in the hospital with a broken nose, several broken fingers, cracked ribs and a concussion. While there, the school's principal telephoned Bob's parents and told them Bob had been expelled from school for a month for fighting. No attempt was made by the principal to learn Bob's version of the incident. The black, whose only injury was a black eye, was not disciplined.

The day Bob returned to school, he saw the white girl he had attempted to protect, walking hand in hand with the basketball player. She looked at the ground as the black sneered at Bob and sloppily kissed her and pawed her behind. Bob was told several times he would be killed if he came back the next day.

Bob did not return to school. Unable to get a job because of his age and lack of education, he decided to join the Army. When he

turned 17, his father signed the necessary papers.

During basic training at Fort Knox, Bob was in a 40-man platoon composed of 20 blacks, 15 whites and 5 Hispanics. When platoon members received their first \$325 paychecks, several whites were accosted on the way to the PX by three black recruits, who demanded \$25-\$35 a month to allow the white soldiers to "live" in the barracks. Later that night, several whites banded together and "threw a blanket party" on the leader of the black extortionists. (A blanket party consists of ganging up on someone who is asleep, throwing a blanket over him and beating him up, knowing he can't identify his attackers.) Bob was fireguard that night and received 60 days on KP for not stopping the incident. At any rate, the extortion stopped. The whites who had paid up got their money back.

In his four years in the Army, Bob saw little fraternization between black and white males. Whenever possible, they would separate into their own groups. The exception was black males and white females. That situation and its causes were similar to what he had observed in high school.

In Vietnam, there were frequent racial fights and several cross-racial "fragging" incidents. Blacks and whites spent their off-duty hours in separate taverns. Any white who entered a black tavern stood a good chance of being assaulted and robbed.

Bob enrolled in GED (General Equivalency Diploma) vocational classes at Fort Hood (TX) and Camp Casey, South Korea. In both places, blacks outnumbered whites five to one in the classroom. Again, more class time seemed to be devoted to black fun and games than to learning. Drugs were used openly in the classrooms.

During Bob's six months at Fort Hood, two black soldiers were killed by other blacks in drug rumbles. White soldiers walking alone at night were often beaten and robbed by black soldiers. A few white females were raped.

Discharged from the Army, Bob married and returned to northwestern Indiana. One night he took his wife to see the movie, *Taxi Driver*, in East Gary. In the row behind them were several black males and a white female. The blacks talked loudly and profanely during the movie. When Bob left to get refreshments, the blacks tried to get his wife to sit with them. When he returned, two of the blacks kept playing with his wife's hair and kept suggesting she go out with them. Bob stood up and told the blacks to leave his wife alone. Two of the blacks hit him. Bob had a pocket knife and stabbed one of the blacks:

Bob was arrested and sentenced to 25 years at the Indiana State Prison for attempted murder. Within two years, his wife had divorced him and taken their daughter to Florida, where she remarried. Following his arrest, Bob's wife switched from respecting him to saying he was a fool who should have simply walked out of the movie.

When Bob arrived at the state prison, he was assigned to GED classes in the Education Department. His first day, he was told by two blacks, "You're in the wrong place." Bob quickly learned that the only students were blacks and a handful of whites who were homosexual partners of the blacks. Like Army classes, prison classrooms were not a place to study, but were really unofficial recreational areas. Civilian teachers made no attempt to teach.

Bob transferred to the prison's vehicle license plate manufacturing facility. After nearly ten years, he learned of a GED correspondence program and used some of the earnings from his prison job to enroll. Last February, he passed the GED examinations and is presently enrolled in correspondence courses through Indiana University.

Barring disciplinary problems, Bob will serve half of his 25-year sentence and then will be placed on parole for a year. Because his was a violent offense, he cannot serve the last months of his time in a work release center.

THE FINAL CHAPTER

HE SWEEPED INTO THE celestial throne room to appeal to God. The throne was empty but God was seated nearby at a table littered with parchment and instruments. The Lord's watery eyes were distant, searching in unknown realms on matters beyond ken.

"Dad," he said.

His Omnipotence jumped and eyed the intruder. "Ah, Jacob," He intoned.

"Jesus," corrected Christ. "I think we ought to call off this Armageddon business."

God drew himself up majestically. "I promised them one and they'll get it. It's the culmination of eons of preparation. The angels work with gentle piety in the Celestial Laboratory at the most trying formulations I have set forth and not a word of complaint do I get from them. It's a labor of refinement and delicacy that demands constant field testing. Think of their versatility -- from the introduction of the mosquito to the evaporation of Gomorrah. They would be terribly hurt to hear you speak that way. Once the heavenly angels in the Celestial Laboratory get the animals and plagues right and we start rattling the planet with the extra earthquakes and such, it's on."

"But Satan's gone native," argued Jesus. "What's the point of filling this place with souls? It's bulging with your assistants as it is and you just don't get on with humans."

"I am the ruler of heaven and earth, the alpha and the omega," noted the Lord testily. "There's plenty of room up here and once Records gets the Books sorted out again, we'll know who's eligible for what benefits. Seems to me you're forgetting what you were made for. You're stale. I'll see that you get a little refresher. Walk ye upon the earth and to and fro upon it; seek ye those whom I have Chosen, and mark ye the Serpent." With a wave of the Holy Hand, the Son was suddenly earthbound.

London was foggy and a slight drizzle dampened Christ's robe and soaked through his sandals. It was miserable to be embodied again, and he realized immediately that the clothes were not right. Twenty years earlier he would have looked like just another hippie, but now he felt conspicuous. He wandered for days, learning once again the feelings of hunger, pain and despair.

"Jesus Christ!" exclaimed a voice. Although by now this somewhat cloying expression no longer jarred him, this time it was meant literally. A tall, handsome man in a costly, superbly tailored three-piece suit, wearing an immaculately sculpted moustache, seized his arm and surveyed him with amazement.

"Satan!" cried Jesus, earning a few sharp glances from several passersby.

"What are you doing here, old boy -- surely it's not the Second Coming? My word, you still look like a California surfer."

"I've been sent down," responded Jesus ruefully.

"To bring the message to the peasants? Spread the light? With your looks and face, I could get you a church and a television show that would have them rolling in the aisles."

Christ winced at the memory of his last sojourn among mortals. "No, the old man got angry. I asked Him to call the whole thing off -- the scorpions, plagues and all that. But His heart is set on it. He threw me out in a fit of pique. I want to get some proper clothes and disappear somewhere to think a bit."

"What's the matter? Afraid the citizens will 'nail' you again?"

"That's not funny, Satan," Christ replied stiffly. "Hanging there, I really thought Dad had forgotten me."

"So did I," said Satan sympathetically. "Thought we'd have to bail you out ourselves."

"Really?" said Christ quizzically. "Isn't your part always to be the heavy?"

"When I was created," replied Satan with an injured air, "His mind wasn't on the job, so I have that element of independence that grates on all fathers. I still dote on Dad, however, and just keep trying to save Himself from Himself." Jesus was reminded that he was actually one of countless "sons," and a Johnny-come-lately at that.

"Seems a bit odd to hear you admitting you're a misfit. Hardly suits the proud and haughty image."

"Vive la différence," replied the Devil. "Take yourself. The old man energizes a human female with a dose of heavenly plasma to create a fatherless man-god freak to stir up the masses. You're unique, old chap -- one of a kind, too good to lose. I wouldn't have stood for it. But you've got to shake off that diffident attitude. Humans can't touch you now. You're independent, a god in your own right with a whole world to get re-acquainted with. If you start pining for heaven, we can work something out. Live a little."

"He'll catch on," demurred Christ. "He listens to prayers and thoughts."

"No, I switched it off centuries ago -- it was driving him mad."

"How's that? You're not allowed in heaven."

"Of course, I am. Wander up there whenever I feel like a chinwag or to pull a few strings. Surely you've heard of Job? The insufferable little snot developed quite a corner on the prayer market and kept it up night and day. The old man literally curled up and purred. Nobody could get in a word edgewise or get Him to do a thing. The blokes in Celestial Maintenance were growing hysterical. He finally emerged to have a quick word with His sons. I was dying for a spot of fun and came right up. You should have seen the stampede for the exits. But more delighted He couldn't have been."

"'Whence have you come?' quoth He.

"'From going to and fro on the earth and walking up and down on it,' says I.

"'Have you considered my servant, Job?' He insinuates fatuously.

"'I can fix him,' I assure Him.

"'Can't either,' says He, with feeling.

"It's fearfully embarrassing to see creatures like Abraham and Lot squirming before Dad. It breeds excesses that debase both man and deity. I was hoping to put Him off those simpering sycophancies, but rather botched it. Afterwards, I slipped in an ingenious filter to weed out most of the supplications and thoughts assaulting heaven. Just lately, signs looked a bit ominous so I discreetly scrambled the Book of Souls. Caused a dreadful stink in Records, but we can't have billions of clamoring little souls in heaven. A few years of dutiful work for the Almighty might do them a bit of good, but a century with those pompous angels would drive their tiny minds insane. It would result in a bigger fracas than I threw in the good old days. The old man knows that but He just won't let go. 'It is written,' He says, forgetting that the angels, bless 'em, concocted most of the stuff."

"Ask a lot of holy bureaucrats to compose an exalting story, let the Hebrews do the editing, and you wind up with the Bible," admitted Jesus regretfully. "I tried to broach the matter of humans with the old man, but He's convinced that mortals should become immortals in heaven."

"Good god!" uttered Satan, lapsing into the vernacular at a sudden thought. "You're not mortal, are you?"

"No, not this time. I just can't go back until I'm suitably re-inspired. Dad seems to think I'll regain my zeal by abiding with the Hebrews."

"There aren't any. Got completely mixed up with the natives and disappeared. All you have now is a lot of wannabees. I ought to know -- I chose them."

"What do you mean, *you* did? Dad did -- long before I was born."

"Rubbish. He wanted the Greeks -- the Athenians, to be exact. A polished people, civilized, brilliant writers, architecture, philosophy, all the bells and whistles to awe the peasants. Just the type of people to suit His ego. It would have been a piece of cake."

"Well, why didn't He?" asked Christ, warming to the idea.

"A people of such credibility and intelligence might have wrung concessions from Dad and developed a lofty religion suitable to human nature, and convinced everybody in no time as to their Chosenness. Human souls would have prematurely clogged heaven before their fundamental incompatibility was appreciated. Mankind would have been finished. 'Dad,' I said, 'Where's the inscrutability? It's too transparent. How can you be seen to move in mysterious ways if you choose them? Now take that lot,' I said, pointing below to a particularly noisome and bellicose band of bedouins. 'Choose them and you'll have mankind perplexed and dismayed for eternity.' He jumped at it, of course, and they and the old man bickered and betrayed each other for centuries."

"Why did you want to complicate things?" demanded Christ. "Why put us in this mess?"

"Sheer ennui. After an eternity in heaven with the old man's moods and boasting and throwing His weight around, a chap goes stir crazy. You've only been around a couple of thousand years, youngster. Dad's creating earth was a whacking good idea -- His best. I did a lot of the groundwork and don't want it junked or turned into another heaven. Life on the material plane can be quite jolly. Most humans are a waste of space, pure filler, but so many are fascinating specimens. They are each so different. Genetic recombination with every birth makes for splendid variety. It's a delightful contrast to the angels -- whom you can hardly tell apart, they're so inbred. Stuffy, self-important lot. The point to grasp is that humans are endlessly entertaining. I can't help liking them. Whereas the old man, though He won't admit it, can't really stand them. They bring out the very devil in Him," concluded Satan, without humor.

"The whole thing is beyond me," protested Christ. "Dad designs a cat when He really wants a sheep in order to convert it into an angel. Then there's endless wrangling and coaxing to get the cat to behave like a sheep."

"Dad thought Adam was the perfect prototype," observed Satan. "Beautiful, obeisant, pure balsa between the ears. Then He created the first true human, Eve, and howled with indignation because she proved she could actually think for herself. Cursed her with an impossibly long gestation period, agony in delivery and considerable inconvenience every twenty-eight days."

"You sound like you own the earth, Satan. I almost wish it had never been made, although that would have made my creation unlikely."

"He tried to exterminate the planet once," reflected Satan. "Beastly shame, I thought, and got some thousands tucked away, then managed to get things smoothed over and re-started. Dad pinched the credit for it with that preposterous Noah-and-the-Ark story. You've got to know when to flatter and soothe to get things stretched out. Keep Him diverted."

"I can hardly talk to Father," replied Christ dejectedly. "Let alone understand Him."

"It's for our own good that the deep seas of His thought are

remote. Drink too deeply of those chill waters and your soul will freeze," cautioned the Devil. "Took a nip myself in the old era -- definitely not to my taste. You and I are bonded to heaven and earth, but let us transcend them for a moment and ponder the Creator's plight. Think back before time, when Father coalesced alone in vacuity and triumphantly realized His existence. Intuitively mastering every nuance of science, He joyously adorned the void with lavish stellar sprays and little worlds. He conjured forth spirits to share His exuberance and together they exalted in His brilliance and reveled in the miracle of being. In their delight and wonder, they further embellished the universe, built heaven and created the earth.

"As the Halcyon ages wore on, the Lord matured and was abashed by the painful puerility of His beloved spirits. Creating ever mightier and more magnificent angels merely intensified His wistful conviction that nothing in creation could ever truly commune with the empyrean heights of His soul. Alienation extinguished His joy and the very universe wearied Him, for every atom was His own creation. Haunted by stagnation in a potency that has scarcely been tapped, He could conceive of no further grand endeavors.

"In isolation, He brooded darkly about His own origin and searched the cosmos for His own kind, but He dreaded the prospect. Would He be a peer or a pygmy? In His blackest dream, He sensed a curdling vastness glowering beyond the universe, with which He yearns to contend, yet His soul quails at the implications. Eternity, with the horror of irrevocable immortality, stretches balefully before Him with the appalling prospect of enduring everlasting time surrounded by sophomoric angels as the universe gradually decays.

"Distinction as the sole and primary origin is His pride, yet He is incredulous at the thought. Will nothing else come for all eternity? Is no sign ever to arrive from Beyond that stunning new Truths will ultimately be revealed to Him? Thus languishes the Lord, solitary, disillusioned, suffocating in an infinite majestic sepulchre of His own design. It wouldn't surprise me if He collapsed the universe one morning just to see if some Outside entity is provoked into revealing itself. And that is but a droplet of the ocean in which His mind swims. Such thoughts are beyond our realm. But when He seeks a spot of solace by immersing Himself from time to time in such as ourselves and the trivia of this seething little planet, we do well to channel and encourage it."

At this, Christ shuddered involuntarily in the crisp London air. A luxuriously furred and bedecked lady approached and pressed a fiver into his pliant fingers. "There, there, dear. Do have a proper meal," she cooed, and swept off, full of self-satisfaction and good thoughts.

Satan blinked guiltily, then murmured a few arcane phrases. Christ suddenly found himself dried off and spiffily attired in a pair of thick, insulated hiking boots, a pair of snowy-white bell-bottoms and a woolly blue sweatshirt with "Malibu" emblazoned in red across the front and back. "Frightfully sorry, old horse," said the Devil. "I completely forgot about your damp condition. You're now shaved, showered, changed and fed. Feel a bit better?"

Christ admitted that he felt a good deal better.

"By the way, have you incanted the Krishmir tantra?" inquired Satan. "Do so. If Dad takes it in His head to strip you of your immortality, it sends the Command into an infinite spiral but returns a 'task completed' message."

"Thanks. But don't you have wars to start, minds to corrupt and so forth?"

"My dear fellow," replied the Serpent austerely, "don't wallow in divine propaganda. I would hardly be so crude. Besides, humans are naturals, the true image of their Creator. He engineered an irritable, capricious mentality stamped with an astonishing

capacity for random behavior and wrapped it in a flimsy envelope scarcely able to withstand the ravages of a hostile environment. It's a formula guaranteeing all manner of unpredictable unpleasantness. Any extraneous 'evil' would be redundant and good intentions are simply wasted on such people. Look what a terrorist Joshua turned out to be, yet the humans venerate him. The Heavenly Auditors glance down now and again and think I'm diligently at work. The actual challenge here is getting a damper on things when they overheat and when the old man starts muttering about the end of days again."

"Well," asked Jesus doubtfully. "What am I to do? Dad thinks of me as a military genius and wants me to come back and rule a kingdom on earth for a thousand years. I'm just not up to it. I can't stand ritual and bureaucracies, and I've had my fill of telling

humans how to live. I'll never get more than a handful of them to behave like angels. My entire mortality was spent learning that. Unlike you and Dad, I know what it's like to feel corporeal stress and pain. I'm hanged if I'm going to participate in subjecting a third of the world to flames, plagues, famine, war and all the other lunacies dreamed up between that idiot John and the old man for the end of the world."

"What are you to do, you ask?" said Satan in mild surprise. "Why, let humans be humans. I'll shave a couple of decades off my looks and we'll pop over to California and teach you to surf. Every now and again, you'll shoot up a report and say things are going swimmingly," he snickered. "I'll tell my chaps in the Celestial Lab to botch the scorpions again."

POWELL MacLOCH

The Darkening of America

Year	Total U.S. Population	Increase from Previous Decade
1930	122,775,000	17,065,000
1940	131,670,000	8,895,000
1950	151,326,000	19,656,000
1960	179,323,000	27,997,000
1970	203,235,000	23,912,000
1980	226,546,000	23,310,000
1986	241,078,000	14,532,000

Year	White Population	Decade White Increase	White % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	110,287,000*	15,466,000*	90.6
1940	118,215,000*	7,926,000*	89.1
1950	135,150,000*	16,935,000*	86.1
1960	158,832,000*	23,682,000*	84.6
1970	178,098,000*	19,266,000*	80.6
1980	180,202,000*	2,104,000*	71.7*
1986	185,901,000	5,699,000	39.2

* Mexicans included in white totals until 1980; U.S. Census figures.

Year	Mexican Population	Decade Mexican Increase	Mexican % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1980	14,609,000		
1986	18,400,000	3,791,000	26.1

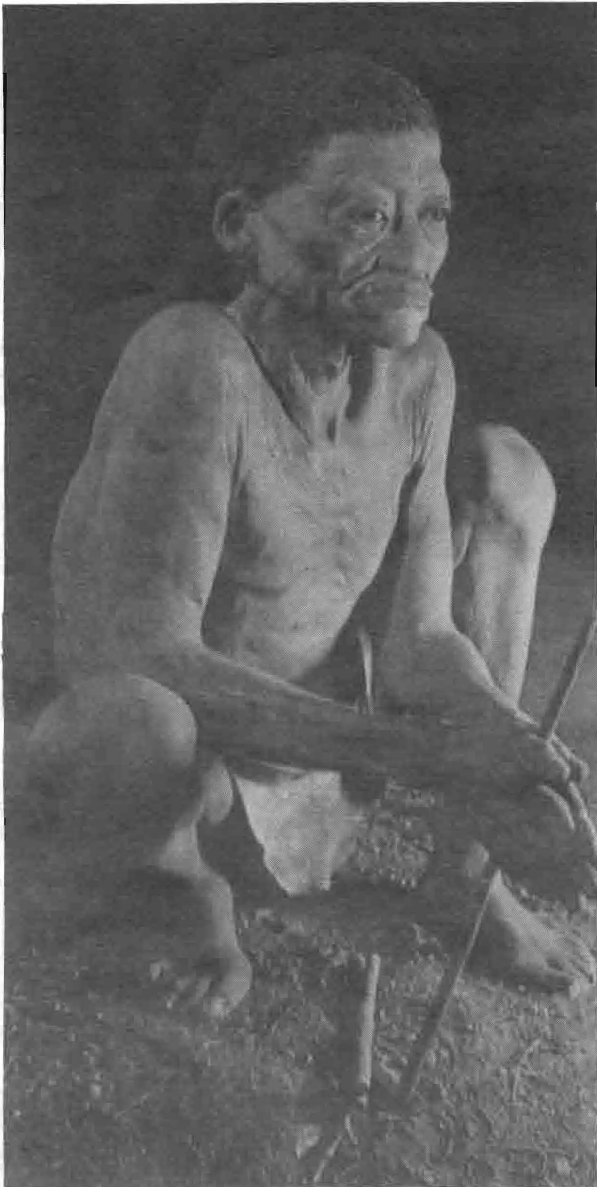
Year	Black Population	Decade Black Increase	Black % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	11,891,000	1,428,000	8.4
1940	12,866,000	975,000	11.0
1950	15,045,000	2,179,000	11.1
1960	18,872,000	3,827,000	13.7
1970	22,581,000	3,709,000	15.9
1980	26,631,000	4,050,000	17.4
1986	29,306,000	2,675,000	18.4

Year	Other* Population	Decade Other Increase	Other % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	597,000	170,000	1.0
1940	589,000	-8,000	
1950	1,131,000	542,000	2.8
1960	1,620,000	489,000	1.7
1970	2,557,000	937,000	3.9
1980	5,104,000	2,547,000	10.9
1986	7,171,000	2,367,000	16.3

* Asians, American Indians, Eskimos and Pacific Islanders

ALL ABOUT BUSHMEN

I APPRECIATED Brian Scott's article in *Instauration* (Jan. 1989), but in spite of his excellence in the general field of anthropology, he still hasn't got the African picture quite right. That is to say, he refers to Bushmen as being dark, kinky-haired, flat-nosed African primitives, essentially like Negroes. This is incorrect and I have some photos to prove it. These photos, now in the Cape Town museum and dating from the turn of the century, are of life-casts of a band of Bushmen living on the Orange River south of the Kalahari in a place called Prieska. They were just about the last remaining pocket of pure Bushmen, a species that in its pure state no longer exists, though throwbacks can still be seen among South Africa's present Coloured population.



Bushman making fire



Bushwoman preparing dinner of roots

The Bushmen's skin is more yellow than anything else, quite unlike Negro skin. Their hair is not kinky like that of Negroes, and their noses not so flat and flaring. They look more Chinese than Negro and were altogether a mysterious people, much more peculiar than Australian Aborigines. Their language is a mere succession of clicks. They can count up to three, which is one more than a baboon can count. As it happens, the hair of the Bushman in the picture is not entirely typical in that it is generally more "peppercorn," that is, bare skull interspersed with tufts of hair.

Incredibly, a Bushwoman in the Cape Town diorama, who possessed pronounced steatopygia (bulging buttocks), was discreetly veiled for a time. This could well have been due to the visit of a group of American university men who complained that the Bushmen were being displayed more like animals than human beings. What they meant, no doubt, was that racial differences should be minimized to the utmost in the interest of the white man's future mongrelization. Since we see with our minds rather than with our eyes, brainwashed young people must not be jolted into a realization that racial differences are real and significant. This was what I told the museum authorities themselves when they first covered the lady, which didn't make me too popular. They said it was for modesty. I asked why the other steatopygous Bushwomen weren't covered. They replied that nubile Bushwomen covered their bottoms, which I said they did not, certainly not in earlier times. Why, they were even more advanced in Bikini fashions than our modern white maidens!

SOUTH AFRICAN SUBSCRIBER

Passing Thoughts

One becomes inured to the multitude of multiracial absurdities in American megalopolises. However, it is a bit unnerving to be in the middle of Tennessee and be greeted at a cozy little motel by an East Indian woman, complete with sari and black-dotted forehead. And that was by no means an anomaly: East Indians have been buying up small hotels all over the U.S. Somewhere I read that they all have the same name -- Patel.

So deep is the penetration of the small motel industry by foreigners -- Indians and other minorities -- that nowadays one can see the reaction in some of the little "motel cities" that hang on to a forlorn existence just off the exit ramps of the major interstate highways. The signs read: "Lampighter Motel -- American-Owned and Operated."

Gas stations, garages and liquor stores are several other traditional small American businesses under siege by nonwhites, particularly in the bigger cities. Orientals and Arabs especially are snapping up these shops at an incredible rate. It seems that once an alien owns a business, he can bring in an almost unlimited number of relatives from overseas to help run it. Asians also have an economic advantage over the American proprietor, in that six or eight busy little Chongs, Kims or Hassans will often be satisfied to subsist on scraps and to sleep on a blanket in the kitchen. The American-born owner, on the other hand, will usually have to pay wages for indifferent help.

It's little wonder that the shopkeeping minorities can often offer the American owner a very attractive price for his business. They seem able to raise the money somewhere. (I understand that virtually all the money that finances Arab purchases of liquor stores comes from Detroit -- the Arab capital of the U.S.)

Many American liquor store owners who resist selling, who wish to continue to own and operate their own businesses, have come under intense pressure from Arab and other minority entrepreneurs, who telephone them constantly with lucrative offers. One grogshop owner in a large Western city was finally obliged to put a huge red, white and blue sign in his window:

**AMERICAN-OWNED
AND STAYING THAT WAY.**

The new nonwhite shopkeepers seldom change the name of the businesses they buy. Consequently, Tom's Texaco or Pratt's Liquors could well be operated by someone who a few years before could not even pronounce the name of the business he owns today.

If I can help it, I don't patronize nonwhite

businesses, though I do have mixed feelings about the Arabs (the enemy of my enemy). Their growing business and financial acumen on our shores will certainly produce a heavy counterweight to the titanic power of American Jewry, and in fact has already done so to some extent.

However, I'd never leave my car at an Arab-run repair shop; Hassan is compiling an unenviable record of consumer complaints with the Better Business Bureaus and the various state consumer protection agencies. Nor will I buy food from Arabs -- their standards of cleanliness appear to leave a bit to be desired. One liquor salesman related to me an incident he witnessed where an Arab female dropped some cold cuts on the floor in the process of making sandwiches for the in-store deli section. Without blinking an eye, she picked up the meat and stuck it between two slices of bread. Yummy! Then there was the dead rat reposing under a box of Hershey's. And a few other droll tales.

So good luck to you, Hassan, in building a strong lobby to checkmate the power of your Semitic cousins in America. But as for me, hold the bologna on rye.

* * *

What militates most powerfully against a combative white race consciousness in America?

First and foremost, of course, the Religion of Money. (And, like all religions, this too shall pass, though its many adherents believe it will go on forever.) But after Money, the vastness of the United States, the sense of space, and the long American tradition of easy mobility.

Rooted in the American soul is the idea that if you don't like it where you are, pull up stakes and move elsewhere. Yonder the grass grows greener.

Probably because of the mobility and the relative youthfulness of the country, a bonding to the land, to a particular piece of land, never took place as solidly as it has in other countries. Perhaps America has been such a splendid host for Jewry because we ourselves are a species of Wandering Jew, the Diaspora of the Heart.

There may have been the beginnings of a bonding with the land in the antebellum South, but today it is difficult to see anything, anywhere, that even resembles this more or less mystical process. It may be that certain ethnic groups in the megalopolitan Eastern seaboard come closest to it. In some cases, their attachment to a particular neighborhood is so strong that five or more generations are born and die within a few square blocks. There are similar situations

in many small towns throughout the land, where a family may trace its antecedents back to the eighteenth or early nineteenth century.

But, generally, the land appeals to us only in our pocketbooks. I doubt that most American farmers have any real attachment to the soil they own and till -- their relationship with it is almost exclusively economic, perhaps out of necessity. The recent hard times in agriculture, the foreclosures which many American husbandmen have experienced, are due in most cases to their own greed, coming up losers after indulging in that famous American love of speculation.

Americans are a species of nomad -- gypsies with an enormous love of the reckless gamble. It is very difficult to appeal to such people on the basis of genetic survival. What, they will ask, is there in it for us? We are already here. Let the future generations take their own chances.

Little that is truly promising can be done until the frantic running stops, and until the capital for the speculation runs out. In fact, this is now happening to some degree. There are few places left now to run to, certainly as far as big and small cities are concerned. When the Money God demands of the American people another blood sacrifice, the run will slow to a walk. And when the running stops, movement begins.

VIC OLVIR

Ponderable Quotes

While the JAP jokes are disgusting, they are simply a reaction to the vulgar display of wealth on the part of some Jews who have money but have no class.

The Jewish-American Princess, pushy, spoiled and materialistic, is not a stereotype. It is a fact. This is not to say that Jewish men are angels. We aren't.

Some in the Jewish community should be called to a higher standard of behavior. Where are the rabbis when we need them?

Letter to Jewish Monthly,
(May 1989)

There are political cartoons, remarks on television situation stories related to Catholic themes which, if they were related to Jewish or other racial groups, would evoke enormous cooperative protest.

Bishop William H. Keller,
Harrisburg (PA)



Barefoot Nazis

The college student who signs up for Anthropology I risks emerging with the phrase "suspension of values" ringing in his ears. As the old Red Indian supposedly said, "Before I judge my foe, let me walk a mile in his moccasins."

John O. Voll, a history professor at the University of New Hampshire, recently made the same point in connection with the Salman Rushdie affair (The Chronicle of Higher Education, Mar. 22, 1989):

As interpreters, not advocates, we do not have to reconcile the two sides, but we must be fair in presenting one side to the other . . . Even scholars who personally condemn the actions of the Ayatullah need to be able to present Khomeini's views in such a way that they would at least be recognizable to his followers. Without that dimension, the analysis simply becomes part of the polemic . . .

Scholars, for example, may start from the Western secular orientation that sees separation of "religion" and "politics" or "politics" and "culture" as natural. They speak of the Ayatullah as "politicizing" literature by his condemnation of the Rushdie book, or they accuse him of using "religion" for "political" purposes. This can be a distortion in which the interpreters are imposing their views of what is "normal" on people for whom the separation of politics and religion or politics and culture is unnatural.

If only scholars would extend the same basic courtesy to those Germans who once lived in a non-prostrate country. In its condemnations of Hitler, has the postwar intelligentsia represented his views "in such a way that they would at least be recognizable to his followers"?

Emphatically not. They have chosen to paint a country and an era in the garish, surreal colors of a carnival spookhouse. Voll unwittingly accounts for this rarely noted double standard:

In a world of sophisticated global communications, everything that I write may be read by the people about whom I am writing. Therefore, I cannot write anything that I would not be willing to say in person to the people whom I am interpreting. This opens the way for discussion and debate on the basis of mutual respect.

Or on the basis of fear. No one writing about National Socialism since May 1945 has ever risked a Nazi picket line outside his door. But every half-honest white professor in America must cope with visions of angry blacks, Jews, Hispanics and feminists dancing regularly in his brain. He spends so

much time walking in their "moccasins" that he rarely gets to retrieve his own shoes. As for the Hitlerites, they've been barefoot before the world these last 44 years.

Freedom of the Zoo

While Americans still enjoy many freedoms, we are inching closer every day to a sort of "police state." Even as Lady Liberty was being raised in Shanghai, Mayor Ed Koch was releasing his new \$26.6 billion budget for New York City, which calls for:

- 1,668 more regular police officers
- 2,083 more corrections (city jail) officers
- 538 more officers in the Transit Authority and Housing Authority Police Departments
- 1,390 more workers to monitor complaints of child abuse and to run abuse centers
- 405 fewer street cleaners (leaving only 517, a 44% reduction)
- 133 fewer park maintenance workers
- 75 fewer workers in housing preservation and development

In addition, many libraries and museums must further curtail their hours, and new playgrounds will go unbuilt.

As Henry J. Stern, the city parks commissioner, reflected: "It's a signal that in the 1990s, the life-support agencies will have priority over the life-enhancement agencies."

Yes, Americans still enjoy many freedoms, including the freedom to be mugged, abused and surrounded by cops.

Comic Relief

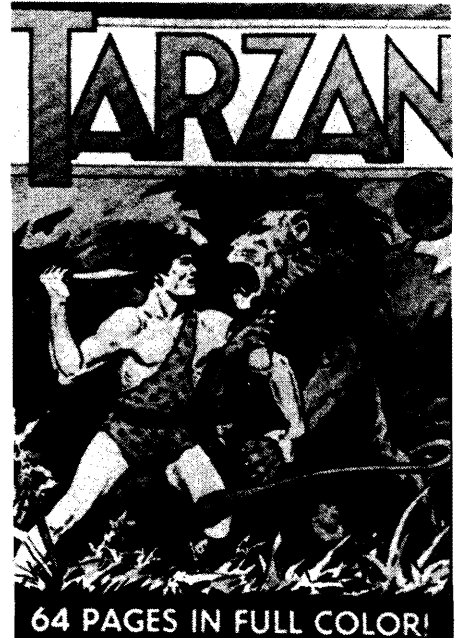
More often than not, it's the little things which define our world -- little things like the comics. Back in the 1920s, of the 2,300 U.S. dailies, only two newspapers of significance, the New York Times and the Boston Transcript, refused to carry them. Comic strip characters of those good old days mirrored "our world" for mainstream white Americans.

George McManus of the Hearst-controlled King Features syndicate was the man responsible for *Bringing Up Father*, which recounted the exploits of Maggie and Jiggs, a lace-curtain New York Irish twosome whose stuffy innocence made your Presbyterian uncle howl with glee. H.H. Knerr drew *The Katzenjammer Kids*, a playful, not-too-subtle poke at German Americans. Billy de Beck was the creator of *Barney Google*. E.C. Segar dashed off *Thimble Theater*, the home of Popeye, the spinach-chomping sailor man.

The Chicago Tribune Syndicate handled Sidney Smith, the creator of *The Gumps*,

whose stars were so close in character to my Pennsylvania family that I secretly thought my father and mother were his models. Another family look-alike came from the pen of Frank King: *Gasoline Alley*, an "everyman" representation that perfectly captured the settled reality found along the neighborhood avenues of the clapboard houses of Victorian America. Frank Willand turned out *Moon Mullins*. Chester Gould penned *Dick Tracy*.

United Features, owned by Scripps-Howard, distributed *Tarzan of the Apes* based on the character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs, who lived south of Los Angeles on an estate called "Tarzana." Even for the racially unconscious of that era, the very Nordic Tarzan delivered an unambiguous message of vigorous "whitism" in his spectacular victories over African jungle bunnies. Today, Tarzan is deeply resented by Afro-conscious blacks who realize that he was more than Errol Flynn in a loincloth.



Tarzan continues to irritate blacks

Budd Fisher drew *Mutt and Jeff*; Fontaine Fox, *Toonerville Folks*; and Sol Hess, *The Nebbs* -- all for the Bell Syndicate.

Perhaps the most lovable comic strips of them all, *The Timid Soul* and *Skeets*, were the brainchildren of H.T. Webster and Don Walling, respectively, who were employed by the New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate. Here, for all to see, was the simple, classic WASPism, the ism that made America, an ism far removed from the present-day iconoclasm of those bent on unmaking America.

Ponderable Quote

A cult is a religion with no political power.

Tom Wolfe



Freezing Out White Students

Philip Smith is director of admissions at supposedly elite William College in Williamstown (MA). In an article in the New York Times (Feb. 22), Smith was quoted as saying the sort of thing that just isn't said in these fiercely minority-racist times:

What we are worried about are low-income white students -- we don't have a good way of tracking them. We have a way of tracking blacks, Hispanics and Asians through searches through the College Board. It stands clear to me that we are admitting a greater number of American minorities, but we are cutting back somewhere. We are not cutting back on alumni kids.

An article in the Los Angeles Times (May 19), about President Donald Kennedy of Stanford University caving in to the demands of the minority students who occupied his office, inadvertently lent credence to Smith's remarks by noting that "Most incoming white students, the products of upper-class rearing, have had little contact with minority or poor youngsters."

If most white students at places like Stanford are "upper-class" and the rest are mainly either Asian "grinds" or black and Hispanic "special cases," what about the common, garden variety white? Instauration has been posing this question for years. Finally, an admissions director has indirectly asked it.

Incidentally, the new pro-Asian admissions policy changes at the University of California at Berkeley have Henry Der delighted. As Instauration has reported in the past, Der is the very sinister executive director of Chinese for Affirmative Action. Along with several allied Asian-American groups, CAA argues openly that Asians should be admitted largely on the basis of their high standardized test scores, while blacks and Hispanics, on the contrary, should not be denied entry on the basis of their low ones. According to Der's twin-edged formula, the number of Asian students on America's elite campuses must be greatly increased, but never at the expense of black, Hispanic or Amerindian admissions. The reasoning is that doing so would create minority conflicts, thereby weakening the great antiwhite coalition which all these groups, Asians included, regard as essential.

The recent policy change at Berkeley had Der almost ecstatic. The additional Asian admissions would cause a further decline in white enrollment, he explained to reporters. Indeed, whites were already ob-

served to be dropping from the competition for some available openings! Yet the number of blacks and Hispanics at Berkeley would stay roughly the same. Clearly a model arrangement to be replicated across the nation.

Henry Der, by the way, is a "respected civil rights advocate" and widely quoted as such in the American media.

As for Philip Smith's solicitous words for the forgotten white man, they must be weighed against this diseased academic background to be fully appreciated and understood.

The Amazing One-Way Word

Former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm recently uttered these wise thoughts: "Racism in our society is a motion for closure. Accuse anybody of racism, and it almost stops the debate."



Richard Lamm

He should have said: "Accuse any white of racism . . ." Accuse a black of racism and cries of "white racism" will fill the air. Since everyone already knows that, hardly anyone bothers calling blacks "racist" any more. But, oh, how the label fits!

Item: Black Dollar Days is held each year in Seattle, when everyone -- black, white or whatever -- is pressured to buy goods and services exclusively from black-owned businesses. Local black churches and other groups print lists of black businesses by the tens of thousands so that all Seattle will know whom to boycott on racial grounds.

Item: Kwame Toure, who used to be called Stokely Carmichael, recently spoke at

overwhelmingly white Hamilton College in overwhelmingly white Clinton (NY). American blacks, he said, should see themselves not as African Americans but as "Africans in America." As for Martin Luther King's philosophy of nonviolence, it was wrong, wrong, wrong. Happily, blacks "corrected [his error] after his death." They "rose up and burned whatever they could, looted whatever they could, shot whoever they could." Now, once again, it is time for blacks to confront "the enemy" with weapons.

Item: Columnist Courtland Milloy of the Washington Post writes, "If the NAACP wants to do something, it can . . . make sure it [the pan-African flag] flies in every black household in America." Once that happens, blacks will have the power to drive the Confederate flag out of American life.

Does anyone imagine we can shut up Courtland Milloy or Kwame Toure, or stop Black Dollar Days by calling them "racist"?

Changing Definitions

"Wilding," a topic familiar to Americans for decades under many a generic name, gained its present colorful appellation in a Central Park "do," which left a female stockbroker senseless and broken. Last year's fashion of nomenclature dictated a different phrase: "getting paid." Thirteen black charmers "got paid" by the sadistic rape-murder of black grandmother Catherine Fuller.

In the 1970s, "wilding" amounted to plain old vanilla "gang brutality," a sport favored by the inner-city after-dark set and usually played on an isolated subway platform. One memorable event rendered a Philadelphia female attorney permanently comatose. The 1960s model gave posthumous celebrity status to New Yorker Kitty Genovese. And 1950's "wilding" gave us all swingy Broadway tunes, thanks to *West Side Story*, a musical celebration of "wilding's" primitive age.

Is wilding our lot? Or can we, as some Instaurationists suggest, escape the many manifestations of minorityism by raising our birthrate above theirs? The law of multiplication and my dime-store calculator say "never." However we procreate, our Majority will always remain the world's true minority.

Ponderable Quote

Blacks buy 26% of the new Cadillacs sold in the U.S.

Tony Brown,
Tony Brown's Journal
(June 11, 1989)



WASPISHLY YOURS

I SAW *DEAD BANG* twice. Probably not one other WASP in the country can make that claim. The first time around, I was driven by curiosity about a white-bashing film that was actually getting poor reviews -- a rare phenomenon. It turned out the critics were dead on. A second sitting was endured in the hope of figuring out the whys and wherefores of certain suspiciously glaring defects. This is a challenge for a WASP, because kosher reasoning is required. Any conclusions reached are consequently suspect. With that proviso, let's examine this tepid tale about yet another blow struck on behalf of a kinder, Chosen America.

Don Johnson was the lead puppet, playing (poorly) an L.A. homicide detective. He stumbles onto the trail of a ragtag gang of white supremacists and follows them to an Aryan Nations compound in Colorado, where the folks involved aren't ragtag at all. In the course of his pursuit, he has to deal with white designer dorks, along with very smart and very decent blacks.

In one scene, a group of country cops goes with Johnson to arrest four racists currently holed up in a dingy ranch house. Not content with producing a white-basher, the film's creators also made a pitch for gun control. The hero puppet was worried that while the pro-whites had automatic weapons, the pro-muds only had pistols and one or two shotguns. Actually, their quarry also had a .30 cal. machine gun mounted in the back of their station wagon. The lesson here -- lost on the movie producers -- is that if guns are banned, the baddies would outgun the goodies.

Johnson shows his heroic side when, armed only with a shotgun, he charges a shed full of pro-whites with Mac-10s. Alas, they departed for points east before the derring-do could be concluded.

A thought-provoking scene occurred when ZOG's minions made plans to capture the four pro-whites at a Richard Butler-type redoubt. The "hero," a chronic worrier, expressed concern that some law enforcement officers might be sympathetic to the supremacists, perhaps even friendly to the Klan. Such individuals are called "Kluckers." He had nothing to fear, however, from the Colorado sheriff and his deputies. They were all blacks. Nothing more was made of the tremendous plus a monoracial factor can be in any endeavor, possibly because it might have occurred to whites in the audience that if monoracial efforts are good for minorities, then why aren't they good for...? The mind reels.

Unlike the dumb white deputies of previous scenes, the blacks were smart enough to take along M-16s. In all respects, they were far better organized and civilized than their white counterparts -- you know, just like in real life. During the raid itself, white women were shoved around by blacks, and a white paramilitary "racist" who spat on

the ground was kicked in the genitals by a black deputy. Our future was being shown in "living color." The scene brought back memories of *Betrayed*, when the protagonist, Tom Berenger, made reference to the Zionist Occupation Government's "nigger police." Curiously, the theater audience did not cheer as pro-whites were brutalized and shot down.

In another scene, the lead puppet expressed deep concern about the white preservationist movement: "They got organization, they got money, they got resources I wish to God we had!" How the quiche-eating writers must have laughed as they penned this fantastic line.

Let's look at their humor from two perspectives. Within the movie's context it's stated by a Los Angeles homicide detective that his organization lacks resources. Does this explain why, to this day, L.A.'s finest have not managed to find -- or at least haven't dared arrest -- the vermin that burned the books of the Institute for Historical Review and Noontide Press in 1984?

A second perspective is to step outside the movie. It's a Steve Roth film, produced by John Frankenheimer and Robert Rosen, foisted on the silver screen with the help of Warner Bros., run by Steven Ross, and by Lorimar Productions, run by Mervyn Adelson, and by Cineplex-Odeon, run by Garth Drabinsky. All these outfits have strong links to MCA, headed by Lew Wasserman.

The most bizarre puppet in *Dead Bang* is an FBI agent who plays second fiddle to Johnson. The screenplay must have been scripted with several scenarios in mind, one of which was to make him a Klucker. This side of his character becomes evident when he strongly expresses his Christian faith by using a megaphone prematurely, thus alerting the pro-whites in an underground hideout.

The Tribe is still seething about the bad old days, when FBI agents were arresting Jewish spies left and right. Apparently they decided -- this time at least -- to keep the FBI image relatively unsullied. But the feds better start rounding up a whole lot more white activists (and lay off Israeli spies, thank you very much).

The film had a satisfying (i.e., kosher) denouement -- namely, droves of dead or jailed white activists. But this hardly overcame the relentless use of sewer-level visuals and language. The "hero" sweated profusely, swore non-stop, chugalugged cans of beer for breakfast, had infantile temper tantrums and even upchucked on a man he caught after a foot chase. Naturally, the supremacists themselves did a lot of nasty things, but why did the Hollywood Jews elect to make Don Johnson, the star of the film, so repulsive?

Halfway through the second sitting, one possible answer presented itself: conditioning. The entire film was one extended effort at instilling discomfort in the viewer, much

like Pavlov conditioned dogs. After a 90-minute session of *Dead Bang*, John and Mary Average will automatically have strong negative feelings whenever they see or hear anything about white activists. To ensure its lesson stuck, the film makers opted to emphasize heavy propaganda and distasteful imagery.

Box office receipts may have been disappointing, but the satisfaction of purveying another smear of white preservationists can't be counted in shekels. And there were bonuses, such as offending Moral Majorityites in the audience with vulgar language and desensitizing their kids. (Hey, cool guys like Johnson swear a blue streak, right dude?)

Another puzzle was why *Dead Bang*, like *Betrayed* and *Into the Homeland*, portrayed white supremacists as generally ready to die for their cause. In *Homeland* and *Dead Bang*, it nearly came to a firefight when the compounds were raided. Both times a showdown was avoided only when a minister ordered his followers to stack arms.

Why doesn't the kosher crowd show this new breed of whites as gutless through and through? Certainly in real life there's been more than one former white activist who sold out. Yet in this movie and several others of the genre, white activists literally go down fighting.

Again one has to grope in the dark for an explanation. According to the ADL, anti-Semitic incidents rose to a five-year high in 1988. The total was nearly 1,300, with harassment up 41% and vandalism up 19%. In a nation of roughly 200 million whites, 1,300 incidents is small beer. A threat must seem real to make sheep uneasy, but constantly portraying pro-white activists as few in number -- and buffoons besides -- lessens their menace. If, however, they are seen as dedicated enough to die for their cause, an ominous new dimension is added, justifying the harsh laws and actions taken against them in real life.

Dead Bang was added ammunition (albeit small bore) for gun grabbers and race-mixers of every persuasion. This includes teary-eyed types who wail incessantly about "little murders," a term used when justifying harsh legal sanctions against ethnic slurs, racial putdowns and hateful remarks. They reason that hurtful words can psychologically "kill." Since we deny certain rights to the traditional kind of murderers, denying freedom of speech to those who kill with words is no big deal -- as long as it's the Majority that's being denied.

As might be expected, "little murders" committed against straight white males are quite acceptable. For examples that are cute, kosher and constitutionally protected, consider the following list, compiled from a four-inch column on the return of Evan Mecham to Arizona politics (U.S. News and World Report, March 17, 1989, owned by Mortimer Zuckerman and edited by Roger Rosenblatt):

- chief embarrassment of Arizona
- removed from office for high crimes and misdemeanors
- like an unstaked Dracula with the full moon lighting his grave, he is rising again
- [His supporters] quietly seize control of the Arizona legislature
- jackasses; bunch of kooks; GOP leaders cringed

Dead Bang made much use of *Human Puppets*. This craft has a long history and its practitioners have been called many names over the ages, including the "Hidden Hand" and "Power Behind the Throne." The premise is simple but effective. No matter what their age, Gentiles tend to be fascinated by glitz and sleaze. Being quite possibly the most naive people in human history, they blithely watch flashy human puppets with rarely a thought about who controls things from behind the screen.

Today human puppeteers have many types to choose from, including the *Hand Puppet*. This is the simplest kind, but then, "simple strokes for simple folks." Surely the best example of this sort are news anchors Peter, Tom and Dan, who are little more than show-biz figures. In his day, Walter Cronkite was the most trusted man in America. Some fans actually wanted him to run for President. This despite his reputation as an airhead, confirmed every time he went one-on-one in a live interview rather than reading from a script. His greatest intellectual feat was declaring the Communist Tet offensive a military victory, although the enemy lost 40,000 men in that campaign and the VC infrastructure was totally shattered. It was a political victory, however, thanks in large part to Uncle Walter.

Then there are *Dummies*. This type offers a bit more realism, but still requires no brains whatever. According to the L.A. Times, Senator Alan Cranston's "alter ego" is 31-year-old Jerry Warburg, great-grandson of Jewish financier Felix Warburg, who helped finance the destruction of Czarist Russia. In 1988, Cranston gave a stirring Senate speech on behalf of transvestites' rights. He denounced those who felt "we shouldn't have to associate with individuals who are different from ourselves . . ."

The *String Puppet* is a much beloved type. He, or, more likely, she, is still under close control, but more eye-grabbing action and razzle-dazzle are provided to mesmerize the couch potato. Jane Fonda combined glamour with all the brains of a '58 Buick. Though she did as much damage to America's war effort in Vietnam as the Cronk, in return for treachery she received all kinds of offers from Hollywood movie moguls. Her career might have turned out differently if she had visited a PLO refugee camp instead of Hanoi.

Archie Bunker was a designer dork. By playing the asinine lead puppet of *All in the Family*, Carroll O'Connor very nearly forced rednecks and blue-collar workers into the closets so recently vacated by faggots. The Bunker "family," including the mousy wife, meathead Polish son-in-law and brain-dead daughter, was created by that son of a rabbi, Norman Lear. O'Connor, pretending not to be Irish, dutifully mouthed the bigoted "Majority" lines supplied him by Lear's hatchetmen and jerked submissively when they yanked his strings. For some reason, Norm chose not to ridicule an obviously Jewish family week after week.

Then we have the *Remote-Controlled Robot Puppets*, used for the dangerous work that Jews are afraid to do themselves. Senator Danny Inouye has a menorah on his desk and once considered converting to Judaism. Danny's relationship to his chief money raiser, Zev Wolfson, was "virtually student to rabbi When Inouye is sick, he calls up Zev to ask what doctor to go to." (Washington

Jewish Week, Jan. 14, 1988). This kind of control may have had something to do with the senator's attempt to give \$8 million of U.S. tax funds to North African Jews in France for "religious education." When he was caught red-handed, Inouye took the heat, and it may have prevented him from becoming Senate Majority leader. Meanwhile, Wolfson slunk along, unseen and practically untouched.

Next come the *Semi-Independent Android Puppets*, for the complicated work away from close control -- a type of puppet that can actually do some thinking on his own. William Bennett may be on his way to qualifying for this category. The jury isn't in yet, but while Bennett was building a hardcore conservative image with grandstand protests against Stanford's demotion of Western literature, he also paid lavish tribute to Martin Luther King Jr. In one speech, he had the gall to say that "King lived an ideal moral life of excellence which inspires the rest of us . . . [and was] a person whose life and work represent a profound example for our children."

Bill knows better. Marty was a black puppet of ZOG and a goatish fellow traveler. Bennett mightily pleased the ZOGists as Education Secretary, and is apparently determined to be even more pleasing as Drug Czar. He's already done more for the gun controllers than anyone except the occasional nut who opens fire in a schoolyard.

Jewry refers to its puppets as *Shabbas Goyim* (i.e., non-Jews who are willing to do the Jews' dirty work). This is a general term covering the whole gamut, from actors to politicians, judges, cops who specialize in tailing skinheads, local media personalities and George Bush & Co.

What better term than *Supertrucklers* can be applied to the four white members of the Meridian (MS) police force who, in 1968, ambushed two Klan members bent on bombing the house of a Jewish racist. Nancy Ainsworth was killed instantly and Tommy Tarrants was badly wounded and dragged off to jail. Listen to L.D. Joyner after he and the other white cops closed in on his racial kin:

We found Tarrants lying in the bushes. We opened up on him. All four of us were firing shotguns from about 15 feet away. We had in mind killing him, I don't mind telling you By the time we dragged Tarrants into the yard, a couple of neighbors had gathered around us. We knew we had to stop then.

Or what about former Senator Birch Bayh? Writing in *Newsweek* (April 17, 1989), he devoted a whole page to expressing alarm and outrage over David Duke's election to Louisiana's legislature. He went on to list numerous incidents of prejudice across the land, practically all of which were attributed to pro-white activists. Of the more than a million crimes committed against whites by blacks each year, none was worthy of mention. But then, he only had one page to work with. Formerly a lickspittle senator, Bayh now devotes himself to terrorizing white preservationists by chairing the National Institute Against Prejudice and Violence.

A *Judas Goat* is an animal -- often but not always a goat -- trained by meat-packing companies to lead other stock animals down the ramps and into the slaughter house. Jerry Falwell is a Zionist par excellence and proud of it. Another

JG is Pat Robertson, an "unabashed pro-Israeli," according to Jack Anderson (March 7, 1988). Billy Graham endorses *The Living Bible*, a heavily kosherized version of the King James version.

Millions of white *Sheep* follow their kosher shepherds without thinking things out for themselves. Surely the best example are talk show audiences, consisting mostly of white folks who bleat at Majority activists, little realizing these men are not wolves but are fighting to save the bleaters. When Anita Bryant made her celebrated stand against queer teachers getting access to children in school, Johnny Carson mouthed his kosher-written lines night after night, ridiculing her and her beliefs. The Sheep in his audience bleated lustily every time the "applause" light told them to.

Majority talk show hosts come under the category of *Sheep Dogs*. Five days a week they open their shows by howling about Aryans and skinheads, gun enthusiasts and fundamentalist Christians. They bark viciously at callers who aren't too happy about homosexual rights, open borders or mucho-billion-dollar gifts to Israel. They snap at pro-white guests, but protect all Sheep that meekly follow the kosher path. These hunting dawgs are tireless and ever on the alert for racists and anti-Semites.

Wimps are whites who may know about ZOG and the war it is waging against their race, but fear to speak out. William Buckley is a prime example. The man *has* to know what's killing our country and our people, but says nothing -- at least not directly. What's stopping him? A TV documentary, *The Conservative Mr. Buckley*, was financed and produced by people with names like Pearlmutter, Goldsmith and Liberman. Warren Stiebel, a self-confessed fag, produces or used to produce Buckley's weekly *Firing Line*.

Other examples of *Wimps* are 99.999% of Majority professors on high-school and college campuses. They see all too well that white America's future is being destroyed, but fear for their jobs and reputations if they lift a finger to prevent their students from being hopelessly brainwashed and guilt-squashed.

The *Insufferables* are epitomized by Michael Dukakis and Morris Dees. But enough about them and their ilk -- more than enough.

For the Good of the Species

Old MacDonald has a farm,
And cheers each time a calf is born.
To shield the gene pool from all harm,
Nobody on MacDonald's staff
Will abort an unborn calf.
The odds are much less than half
That out of a well-bred cow is born
Some form that Old Mac might scorn,
And which a kinder hand would warn
Of Mac's ax and its certain wrath.
Be thankful that on our behalf
Our ancestors chose the unkind path!

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