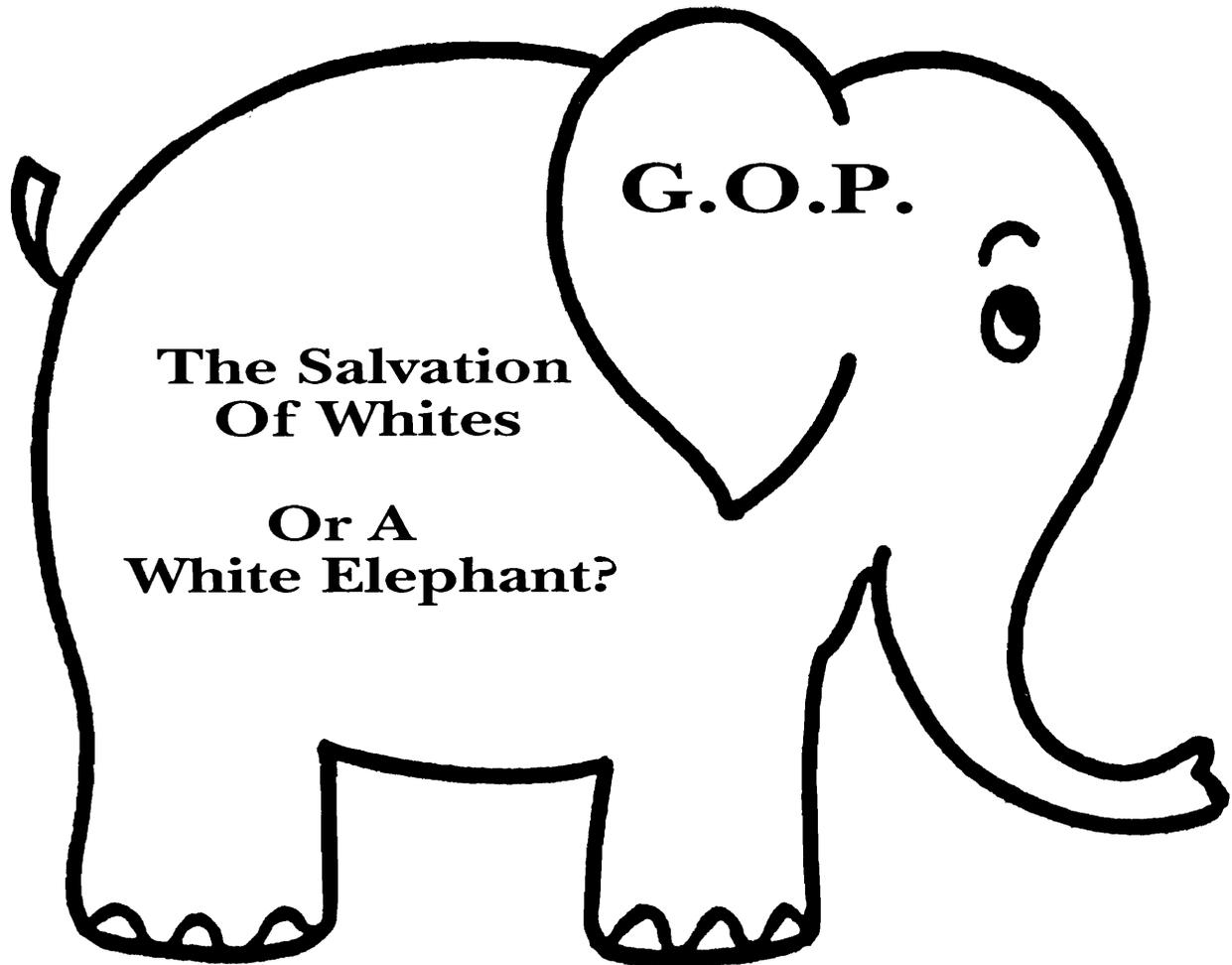


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Instauration®

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The Safety Valve

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

A call to my local video store confirmed that *Schindler's List* is rated "R." My question is, where were all the Christian fundamentalists in California when the children there were being herded without parental consent into theaters to view this propagandist piece? There wasn't so much as a squawk. For some strange reason R-rated movies are acceptable for school use—under certain conditions!

945

For the tax year 1993 the IRS produced 500,000 1040A-Español forms and distributed them in the Ft. Lauderdale and Los Angeles areas. Only 718 forms were actually filed, which equates to 0.14%. The IRS said that the Spanish language 1040A forms were a test to educate taxpayers about their responsibilities and improve compliance. Regardless of test results, the IRS has plans to print more Spanish tax forms and add other foreign languages, such as Vietnamese. The question is whether this is a serious tax compliance program or just a show with all bark and no bite.

981

Instauration sometimes takes the attitude that all is lost. Maybe not. Attitudes are changing. When prototypical California Chosenite fem-libber Susan Estrich was Dukakis's campaign manager, she wore her rape by a black man as a badge of courage. Even *that* had not shaken her lib-min convictions. Estrich often helps fill out CNN's Jewish pundit quota (currently about 80%). It was a surprise re-

cently to hear her vehemently claim that Californians are just plain fed up with illegal aliens. Kind of like the Pope affirming that Muhammad was Numero Uno.

114

When intelligence is discussed, liberals like to deny that races exist. Mike Tyson and Robert Redford? Marilyn Monroe and Whoopie Goldberg? Can't tell 'em apart! But when it comes to that scholarship to Harvard or that small business loan, guess what? Race suddenly enters the picture!

865

It's a law of the media that fresh news drives out stale. Now that we've got the O.J. trial, we don't hear so much about the Menendez brothers. Haiti to the fore, Somalia fades and so on. There's one exception to this rule. The Holocaust is always fresh. Now and then some horror like Rwanda may briefly rival it, but supplant it—never!

110 X

The only positive thing about the Smith girl's infanticide of her two young children is that she said a black kidnaped them. She knew her story would be more believable with a black as the criminal. Sad to see that the message is getting around in such a macabre way.

111

Given a choice, I wonder which of the two males Rosa Parks would less prefer to encounter in a dark alley: the white boor who wanted her seat on the bus or the baboon belonging to her own race who beat her up? I like to think that during her more introspective moments old lady Parks has altered her opinion of the males of both races.

782

I am a white male with an I.Q. of 155. Were I to mate with a black female, boasting a typical 85 I.Q., chances are our offspring would have I.Q.s around 120, well above average. Then, should they accomplish something, it would be entirely credited to the black race!

460

When it was learned that the South Carolina woman who said her two toddlers had been kidnapped was now accused of murdering them, the outrage was overwhelming from every single person interviewed by the press. At last, I thought, we have a criminal that is going to get her just deserts—the electric chair. But no, right off her lawyer announces

she is on a "suicide watch" à la O.J. She can't attend her babies' funeral (poor dear) and so on. The wheels start to grind for a diminished capacity or temporary insanity plea to get her out of a death sentence. All I hope is that she saves us the trouble and expense of a trial.

302

If you have personally witnessed an event reported in the press, you know the two bear little resemblance to each other. So it was with Mandela's second address to Congress. Press reports were ecstatic. But if you listened, the tone was menacing and extortionate. The West must pay up or suffer the consequences.

923

A day or two after one black pre-teen butchers another, a white TV reporter takes viewers on a heart-tugging tour of the ghetto to drive home the point once again that the fault such conditions exist is white America's. Of course, we all know that the same ghetto is home to thousands of husky black youths whose idle hands are the devil's workshop. But no one suggests *they* clean it up!

110

I would call attention to another nail that has been added to the coffin of the Dispossessed Majority. In Florida primary elections have always been held on the first Tuesday of September, but this year election day was moved to September 8 because the 6th was a Jewish holiday, Rosh Hashanah. Why should election day be changed for a minority of 2.5%?

326

The words "Hillary," "class" and "feminine" should never appear in the same sentence. One morning when First Child Chelsea was leaving the White House

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with a school project, she asked a Secret Service agent to carry it. He gently explained that agents are forbidden to do anything that would distract them from their duties or interrupt their vigilance. Chelsea ran back into the White House and a few minutes later a familiar bleached head erupted from a second-story window and bellowed: "Carry the f—box!" Working the White House detail these days is no plum assignment. At least one Secret Service agent has been injured by flying objects trying to protect the President from the co-President's wrath.

200

□ The N.Y. Times recently reported that blacks are uninterested in education because it is irrelevant to their understanding themselves, as though that were the purpose of learning.

276

□ When I visit the States and am out on a drive and accidentally get lost and end up in a high-crime area, I'll now feel secure because I know that those wonderful 100,000 extra policemen will be there to protect me.

Canadian subscriber

□ I get my kicks from listening to black talk radio. Heard yesterday was a young black mama bemoaning the problem of "finding a good man." Seems all the men Jemima invites to her home only loot the place and rape her daughter. She feels there ought to be somewhere you can check out the police record of these dudes. Said Jemima, with the seriousness of a saint, "Sho' we all gots some 'priors,' but some priors is more serious than other priors."

211

□ Jews are only against genocide when it is directed towards themselves. Besides being remarkably quiet about the many campaigns of extermination carried out by Communists in this century, Jews never publicize their biblical ancestors' acts of genocide. In the Book of Numbers, Moses captures a town in war and gives the order to kill everyone except for the virgin females, who were to be passed around for obvious purposes.

085

□ A local cleaning woman and her husband, both hard workers, saved their money and planned a long weekend at Disneyworld with their two teenage children. The kids, never having been on the other side of the Alleghenies, were beside themselves with excitement. They particularly looked forward to swimming in the motel pool pictured in the bro-

chure. Any day on a Disney tour is a long and active one and because the weather was hot and muggy for their initial excursion, they were doubly anxious for a swim when they returned. Alas, the pool was aswarm with muddies whose dark, noisy presence immediately dampened their ardor. It was the kids, not the parents, who said, "Forget it!"

190

□ Mankind's history is written in blood: survival of the fittest, destruction of the unfit, with rarely a tear shed. There is one startling exception: over \$100 billion compensation to the Jews, not to mention restoration of lands ruled by others for over 2,000 years. Truly they are the Chosen!

390

□ I just watched *Iron Will*, a remarkably fine film produced by Patrick Palmer from the Disney studio. There were no brilliant flaming femi-Nazis, no masses of poor, persecuted, suffering, saintly Jews, no queers dying of AIDS, no heroic blacks. No sleazy sex scenes either. All the heroes were of Northern European stock. Even the canine hero, Gus, was an all-white, blue-eyed Husky! The only bad dog was a brutish, savage black-and-brown type. There were a couple of villains, but they were not displaying crosses around their necks. The subject was adventure and the undercurrent political message was patriotism. What in the world is this country coming to?

077

□ Haiti's problem, according to a Miami University professor, is that the country has never acquired a national debt. He would remedy this by arranging for loans from the usual New York banks. Never mind that Haiti has no tax base and that the loans would be non-performing in less than two years. Chase, Citicorp and Morgan Guarantee would simply turn to the same source that the S&Ls did, allowing Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer to foot the bill again. So after the \$1 billion we'll spend on basic infrastructure (free food, public sanitation, medical facilities), which will occur during the period of our military occupation, despite the billions in loans that will flow in later to improve port facilities, roads and communications, all that America's textile manufacturers will have to do is wait—until Congress passes GATT, which will allow them to transfer their remaining American jobs to Haiti.

113

□ Overrun with crime and nonwhites, joyless denizens of Greater Vancouver escape for the day by driving south to nearby Bellingham (WA). There they rev-

el in a thin slice of what was the clean and happy Canada of their youths. Sadly, even this precious haven will soon go the way of the future.

Canadian subscriber

□ The muscularity of the Negro ends at the ears, as the omnipresent O.J. Simpson reminds us.

920

□ Nothing pointed up media bias against all things German more clearly than the recent World Cup Soccer silliness. When Brazil's mulattos win—in a shoot-out, yet—the media is ecstatic. There is no end to the adulatory coverage. When Germany wins (as in Olympic overall standings), jeers replace cheers. Three things the media have trouble spelling: *Jew*, when it is anything but complimentary; *German*, when it is and *race* at any time.

600

□ Ever notice how blacks on TV or in the movies look like whites with a heavy tan, particularly the women? The crude features of real blacks just aren't attractive.

118

□ Now that dykes and pederasts have been moved into the forefront of our society and have indeed become our role models, why the conspiracy of silence against necrophiliacs? Why do we discriminate against them?

057

□ Want to drive a feminist or an environmentalist (and probably another few "ists" as well) batty? Assert that their movements are invalid because they lack the supreme value: diversity! It's true. You'll find almost no dark faces among the Greens and disproportionately few among feminists. Tell 'em to shut up until they get the right rainbow of colors.

722

□ No one and nothing exceeds and few even approach the courage and intelligence of Instauration in hitting our real, virtually only, enemy. That makes up for 95% or maybe even 96% of its anti-black excesses.

757

SEND IN NOMINATIONS FOR
MAJORITY RENEGADE
OF THE YEAR.

The man or woman who by his or her deeds or words best qualifies for the title will be "honored" in the January issue. Other nominations will appear in the Safety Valve.

Whither Republicanism?

Let's not get too excited about the great numbering that occurred on November 8. The good times have not come to America again. All that happened was a brief interruption in what seems to be the Majority's death march.

The one thing that the election proved was that there are still some Americans left in America.

It was not a Republican victory. It was a Democratic defeat. It was not a victory of the so-called Christian Right. It was a bruising repudiation of the super-finagling Whitewater antics of Clinton, his pants-down tastelessness, and the menagerie of freaks and weirdos with whom he has stacked his Cabinet, the courts and federal agencies.

It was no Republican triumph to elevate such worthless trucklers as Israel-Firster Newt Gingrich, Instauration's Majority Renegade of 1986, to Speaker of the House; the compleat womanizer, Robert Packwood, to head the Senate Finance Committee; the once anti-Chosen and now loudly pro-Chosen Jesse Helms to preside over the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee; and last but not least a Mafioso type like Senator Alfonse D'Amato to control the Senate Banking Committee.

All in all, the 104th Congress will be no great deal.

The liberal-minority coalition suffered a defeat, but it was only a political defeat. Before the last votes were counted, the media and the Hollywood and Wall Street moneymen were as ragingly liberal and as ragingly minority racist as ever. To keep Republicans safely in the pro-Jewish track, Senator Arlen Specter (R-PA) announced his plan to run for president in 1996.

By a long stretch of the imagination the election could be called a signal, a very weak signal, that the Republican Party, though its leaders would die before admitting it, is becoming the "white party," as opposed to the Democrats who, like it or not, are devoted to darkening the American landscape and its cultural and racial complexion.

One scenario of the Majority's possible salvation has it that eventually the G.O.P. will become an openly racial party, thereby putting the Democrats in

How About the Pollsters?

As usual, they leaned leftward. They predicted a win for Mario Cuomo, who lost to an unknown, George Pataki, and had George W. Bush Jr. and Ann Richards in a dead heat, though the former won by eight percentage points. Proposition 187, which was declared too close to call, passed by a 3 to 2 margin.

How About the Crooks?

Rep. Joe McDade (R-IL) was reelected, despite his indictment on a 16-count bribery charge. Two other indicted winners were Rep. Mel Reynolds (D-IL), a black congressman from Chicago charged with statutory rape, and black Rep. Walter R. Tucker III (D-CA), who pleaded not guilty in Los Angeles to 10 counts of tax evasion. Marion Barry, having served time for drug-related misdeeds, is once again the mayor of Washington (DC). Edward Kennedy, the drown-and-run Kennedy, will once again strut and posture as the Senate's leading ultra-liberal. Dan Rostenkowski (D-IL), the former all-powerful chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is gone. He boosted his income by illegally cashing in his perks. Tony Coelho, who quit his House seat to avoid an ethics investigation, was forgiven and in the closing days of the election was practically running the Democratic National Committee.

How About the Turncoats?

New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, supposedly a Republican, endorsed Mario Cuomo, the loser in the New York State gubernatorial race. Republican Mayor Richard Riordan of Los Angeles gave his blessing to the Democratic hellion, Dianne Feinstein. Senator John Warner (R-VA), a gigolo of the old school, came out more strongly than most Democrats against his fellow Republican Ollie North, as did Nancy Reagan. It was no surprise that Chuck Robb, the winner, who claims he had only a massage in a New York hotel room with a Playboy Bunny, was endorsed by Playboy magazine. Teresa Heinz, born in Mozambique, Africa, when it was a Portuguese colony, centimillionairess widow of the late Republican Senator John Heinz of Pennsylvania, launched a slashing, back-stabbing attack on the Republican candidate for senator, Rick Santorum. Her words were wasted. Santorum won handily.

How About the Queers?

Barney Frank (D-MA) was reelected in an uncontested race. Another Democratic Massachusetts fag, incumbent Gerry Studds, overwhelmed his straight Republican opponent. Still another fairy congressman, Rep. Steve Gunderson (R-WI), 43, finally admitted publicly that he was homoerotic. The confession didn't stop him from being reelected.

a bind and making it mandatory to ostracize any white who votes Democratic. The November figures show that 58% of whites voted Republican, a far cry from the day most whites in the North and especially in the South voted for the Demos. The Negro vote has wrecked this once impregnable political edifice in Dixie and is threatening Democratic machines in the North and West.

Negroes voting en bloc, Hispanic ethnocentrism, Jewish money and white vote-splitting are the life blood of the Democratic Party. In the November elections to the House a large number of whites (42%) still voted for the party that espouses affirmative action programs that hit them squarely in the wallets, purses and in the job market. Though white males are becoming overwhelmingly Republican, most white females (54%), some no doubt influenced by feminist agit-propping, still vote Democratic. (Re these figures, taken from exit polls, it should be understood that only 39% of all the eligible voters cast ballots.)

Turning the Republican Party either openly or secretly, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or subconsciously, into a Majority racist party would be an epoch-making transformation. One big stum-

bling block is that the current Republican leadership includes Majority trucklers and renegades like William Bennett and Jack Kemp, who want the Republicans to compete with the Democrats in recruiting blacks, Hispanics and assorted Asians. If the Bennetts and Kemps have their say, the only hope of a Majority *reconquista* is the Third Party way, a brand of politics that goes against the grain of American political history and demands immense and almost impossible feats of organization and indoctrination.

If the Christian fundamentalists try to turn the G.O.P. into a religious party, they will chase the honest liberals, political neuters and agnostics back into the laps of the Democrats. It's either a racist Republican Party or, despite the heady feelings engendered by the Republican sweep, in the years to come there will be no G.O.P. at all.

The trend towards Republican racialism was detectable in the recent off-year elections. We will see if the Republican leadership squelches this incipient movement before it becomes a *leitmotiv* of future G.O.P. electioneering. If the Republican Party can't escape being drowned in a sea of murky genes, then the only alternative for the Majority is the Third Party route.

11-STEP REGIMEN TO END ADDICTION TO THE CHOSENISTIC MEDIA

1. Eat pork TV dinners while watching the *CBS Evening News*.

2. Purchase a video of *Schindler's List* and dub in canned laughter at the most tear-jerking moments.

3. Play frisbee with the original cast LP record of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

4. Organize a Leni Riefenstahl film festival at your local college.

5. Use Sunday's N.Y. Times Book Review to train your German Shepherd puppy.

6. During the month of February, send a \$10 check to the Patriots Defense Fund every time you see African-American History Month mentioned in the media.

7. On Yom Kippur, religiously abstain from watching any television programming produced by Aaron Spelling.

8. Scotch-tape a rap music CD to your head and wear it as a yarmulke.

9. Make duplicate copies of *Triumph of the Will* and slip them into the sleeves of rented Steven Spielberg videos.

10. During a weekend at home, turn on MTV, turn off the sound, and play Wagner's complete *Ring* cycle.

11. Rent a videotape of *Exodus* and chant this mantra during the 213-minute running time: "It's only a movie. . .only a movie. . .only a movie. . ."

JUDSON HAMMOND

American Graffiti XX

Death Watch for a Tattered Tiger

Mao Tse-tung, the creator of the most murderous state in history, had a quaint way with words. He would often dip into the ancient Chinese bag of nature similes to make his points. "Imperialism is a paper tiger" was a favorite aphorism of the Maoists.

A tiger made of paper may appear ferocious—as in Chinese New Year's celebrations—but it lacks real strength or bite. The U.S. is not quite yet a paper tiger, but is rapidly becoming one. It still possesses mighty armies and mightier weapons. When it roars people still listen, and are often fearful. The big cat's economy is still mightier than anyone else's.

Yes, this tiger does have real sinews and claws, but much of the rest is cardboard that is transmuting to *papier-mâché* day by day.

The U.S., a world power for less than a century, is already in decline, even though it appears to stride triumphant over the earthball. It could be compared to a brief and violent volcanic eruption, spewing destruction everywhere before eventually choking on its own effluvia.

There were no sound political reasons for the U.S. to enter WWI. Its power and prestige would have been much greater if it had mediated a peace. However, commercial and finance interests with ties to England and a militant Jewry insistent on a British victory in return for the Balfour Declaration was enough to push the politically unsophisticated Americans into a war against their own interests.

WWII was both similar and far worse. By the 1930s the apparatus of the American state was little more than the executive office of Jewry and of international capitalism, and remains so today.

The two world wars had excited the nonwhite populations of the earth. The first stimulated them to action. The second resulted in the destruction of Europe's colonies and the impacting of the colored populations into the land mass of the former colonial powers. Neither war would have taken the shape it did nor ended so disastrously if it had not been for American intervention. But long after the last shells were fired in 1945 their explosions continue to rock the world, not the least in the U.S. No nation—even one protected by natural barriers—can endlessly waste its political and spiritual powers and resources without eventually cracking up.

Americans thought they had "won" WWII, and the several decades of peace and prosperity (never again to be matched), interrupted only by the disturbing shadow of Korea, did nothing to dissuade them of that idea. "Democratic ideals" were spreading everywhere. Germany and Japan were being educated to reenter the community of civilized nations, Ozzie and Harriet were on television. All was right with the world.

And then came Vietnam, a result rather than a cause. Not merely a defeat, but a humiliating rout of the tiger's armies. At home the leader of the so-called free world was also humiliated, and forced from office. The social degeneration that flowed through the streets of the 1960s—and has since spread to dominate the entire culture—allowed WWII veterans a view of the kind of "freedom" they had really fought for.

And into the 80s and 90s: Reagan and Bush deploying their armies four separate times, but never against a country with the capacity to strike back with nuclear weapons. Far worse things were happening in the Soviet Union and China than in Grenada or Panama.

Grenada, Panama, Iraq, Somalia and now Haiti. What a shameful display for the nation that once roared so lustily at the world! Even in tiny Grenada a ragtag force of surprised Cuban seabees blocked for a while the advance of the American army. The occupation of Panama was a Pyrrhic victory, as the drug trafficking has returned full force.

'Twas a famous victory in the Persian Gulf, but the leader of Iraq is still in power while the president who "defeated" him is tending his garden in Texas. In Somalia, tribesmen with small arms routed an elite unit of the U.S. Army, then humiliated the belching tiger by dragging bodies through the street. All this while a buffoonish U.S. retired admiral acting as a UN commissioner vainly searched the country for a tribal leader who may become the ruler of Somalia. The parents of some of the soldiers dragged through the streets of Mogadishu bitterly told Congress that their sons had died in vain. True, but it was not the first time that had happened nor will it be the last.

The recent "intervention" in Haiti is even more bizarre: a notorious draft dodger as Commander-in-Chief implementing a policy engineered by the Congressional Black Caucus. Did even the last, dark decades of Imperial Rome exhibit such grotesqueries?

There is not one single case where U.S. fighting men won a victory or even performed heroically for any sustained period of time unless they possessed overwhelming technical and material superiority. (The American Revolution was fought before the U.S. was a nation.) America's multicultural armed forces are a joke; without the planes, rocketry, computers and other high-tech weaponry they would have trouble defeating a spirited force of Mexican peasants.

Who would have thought it would come to this? Everyone who could see the racial and historical realities behind the jejune propaganda had thought it, and had prophesied it.

How fares the beast in its very belly? Very poorly. Domestic wars rage without end. The guts of the tiger are in shreds.

While on television recently to promote his book on diplomacy, Kissinger sadly remarked that the early 90s were unlike the late 40s, "when no one went around all the time saying that everyone in government is corrupt, a crook, or a liar." Oh, for those innocent, good old days! Right, Henry? Then, the American people, the cannon fodder for useless adventures, actually *trusted* guys like you!

Vietnam and Watergate, and all the smaller wars and scandals that followed, have changed everything. Today, there is not only a pandemic distrust of the federal government, there is a widespread hatred of it.

No statement of goals, no policy, no plans issuing from Washington are trusted or respected by anyone. No high—or low—office seeker is treated like anything except a thief or a degenerate. While political corruption and incompetence have historically been viewed as topics for humor in America, the patience and tempers of the people are now shorter than ever before. The bloated farce inside the Beltway is considered by many to be the repository of evil. This was not true before 1960.

The only real "victories" the forces of the U.S. government seem to be able to win anymore are the domestic ones, and they botch those as well. A basket of blunders spilled blood over the Texas landscape when General Janet Reno sent her troops against religious cultists. Even those who had no sympathy for

the weird cult leader reacted with disgust at the antics of Janet's jackals. In the Weaver case in the Pacific Northwest, General Reno also made women and children her chief targets. In both cases, juries reacted by acquitting the defendants of the most serious charges.

"Racists" present a good target for G-men. Brings back those innocent days when we were engaged in the good fight against the dirty Nazis. However, devoting millions of dollars and countless hours to entrapping imaginative teenagers says a lot about a tiger whose power is ebbing. Such senseless adventures would never characterize a state that believes in itself, that has a future. Power is never a static entity; if spent negatively, it ultimately exhausts itself. Needless to say, the brave warriors from the Beltway never make frontal attacks upon black narcotics gangs, the burgeoning Israeli and "Russian" Mafia presence in the U.S. and other politically correct criminals.

Large segments of the citizenry violently oppose the policies of the federal government. Anti-abortion forces believe that Washington is engaged in an active conspiracy against them, as do alternative medicine and food supplement folks. The millions of four-square people who own guns were treated last year to an editorial in the NRA magazine blasting the FBI for its eagerness to lead the fight for firearm confiscation. Nowadays, no federal agency is so sacrosanct as to escape the ongoing tattering of the tiger.

Crime pays like never before in America. It's everybody for himself, and the order of the day is "get yours" before the party ends. A mole (probably not the only one) was discovered in the CIA selling secrets for dollars. Even the FBI had a case where an agent was caught selling confiscated drugs for profitable resale.

Violent, drug-related crime on the street will not be controlled, regardless of how many billions are spent. The money is there to be made; the deterrent of social cohesion is gone. Profits from white-collar crime dwarf even the fortunes generated by the drug trade. Swindlers regularly rip off the government and corporate raiders do the same to large corporations. Fraud—often by telephone con men—goes on daily, its victims not only gullible seniors, but wealthy investors blinded by greed. The cleverest crooks know that those with money aren't any smarter than the peasants, just dumb in a different way.

The breakup of the legal system has become another signpost in the deathwatch of the stricken tiger. On the one hand, jury nullification is increasingly practiced by blacks in metropolitan areas. On the other, the double jeopardy clause in the Constitution is trashed by hotshot lawyers in the Justice Dept. out to nail some easy target to massage a favored interest group.

A consensus of opinion on anything is no longer to be found. Nor can the federal government solve even the most obvious problems, except by short-lived hoaxes. In the mid-1980s it "solved" the problem of millions of illegal aliens residing in the U.S.—by legalizing them.

Polls indicate that Americans have no long-term faith in the economy. They realize that they or their children will not live as well as their parents did. Polls also indicate that many are returning to religion, but not always of the standard variety. Cults are proliferating like never before, signs that a distressed populace is seeking connections inside a disintegrating society. In any case, even God cannot stay the dissolution of the U.S.

The tiger is sick, tired and discredited; it quivers with each rumble generated by the breakup. This is not to say that the state is going to collapse tomorrow, or even in this generation. It still possesses manifold resources, sufficient to pay a large army of mercenaries to control any really dangerous reaction. Those who are very aware and agitated by current realities, activists especially, tend to see events through a telescope and in fast-forward.

The pace of dissolution is more leisurely—though no less certain—than seen and sniffed up close by many with sensitive nostrils for the aroma of decay.

As the paper tiger slowly dissolves and blows to the four winds, people begin to seek reassurance and survival in "community," in associations with like. The old, mostly white Industrial Workers of the World (known as Wobblies) used to say they were "building the new society within the shell of the old." That is an activity not to be dismissed. The most viable communities will be those with the longest and strongest roots, that is to say, race-based.

Conservatism Or Destructionism?

Re-reading Nietzsche confirms what one knew on first reading: that this brilliant and varied soul had something to offer everyone not brain-dead. I particularly enjoy the poetic artillery, his brief formulations that are like shots across the bow.

"Those you cannot teach to fly," he wrote, "teach to fall."

Very well. America cannot be taught flight; it prefers to wallow in various Semitic and multicultural mulch. So, teach it to *fall!*

On this formula rests my new movement of Destructionism. It adopts a quietist approach to all contemporary issues, with the one guiding principle being that anything that hastens the destruction of America is good; anything that conserves it is bad.

Only through the downgoing of America can Euro Man survive. The only contest in the universe that counts right now is whether America or Euro Man is destroyed first. If Euro Man is destroyed, then America will, of course, follow. But if America is sent down the drain first, Euro Man will likely survive and prosper.

It follows that the worst enemies of Euro Man's survival are the Conservatives. They want to conserve America's strength, thereby allowing the monster to continue its assault upon Euro Man. My reply: DESTROY!

Specifically: if you are a Destructionist, you like Clinton, except you are a bit disappointed that he is less liberal than you'd hoped. You also support such items as affirmative action, you oppose "English-only" baloney, and you silently cheer when the fruits and bull dykes celebrate Stonewall by strutting their stuff.

But even more concretely, to determine if you are a Conservative or a Destructionist, here is a brief quiz.

1. You accidentally discover the plans of megapolitan mudsters to torch buildings, ambush cops, engage in massive looting and the like.

You: (A) excitedly call the police and tip them to the nefarious plot; (B) calmly secure your own residence as much as possible, travel to a motel or a friend's place a safe distance from the action, and turn on the TV to enjoy the show.

2. You fortuitously happen upon a building on the outskirts of town that is a "safe house" for illegal aliens. As you're standing there gaping, the chief smuggler comes up and offers you a grand to walk away and keep your mouth shut.

You: (A) rush to call the INS, and then run around boasting what a good citizen you are; (B) start figuring how much closer a thousand will bring you to your planned Norwegian vacation.

3. Your cousin, a junior executive for a poisonous, multinational soft-drink company, has fallen in love with a Negress and seeks your advice as to whether he should marry her.

You: (A) frantically try to talk him out of it; (B) offer him a cigar and the blessings of many children.

Born Destructionists will know immediately which set of answers fit their philosophy. Conservatives may have to seek the assistance of Google Will to figure it out.

"Those you cannot teach to fly, teach to fall."

VIC OLIVR

Wise Words from Sir Jimmy

As Jewish corporate raiders go, Sir James Goldsmith (commonly called Sir Jimmy) is one of my favorites. Urbane, good-humored, polite, friendly, easy-going, with more than a tad of the bon vivant, Sir Jimmy is about as far as you can get from the deranged, utterly amoral, rag-picking, foam-flecked likes of an Ivan Boesky or Michael Milken. A major figure in the massive 1980s stock market swindles, Goldsmith, a half-Jew, was closely involved with the all-Jewish Milken crowd. He was, however, considerably shrewder than the Garment District shmucks who eventually ended up in jail, since he knew the difference between bending the law and breaking it.

Regularly described as "Anglo-French," Goldsmith is one of the world's wealthiest men and his lifestyle shows it. He is one of those superrich who believe that if you can't take it with you, at least you can have a ball spending it. Such a chap is much more to my taste than some greasy Shylock counting up every last penny until the day he eructs his last breath in some fetid garret. What's more, Sir Jimmy is said to be a man of refined tastes and discretion, which certainly sets him apart from corporate raiders on this side of the Atlantic. By the way, "corporate raider" and "Jewish corporate raider" are virtually synonymous terms. The odd T. Boone Pickens merely lends a fig leaf to the genuine plunder artists.

Sir James, to put it bluntly, is a hard-fisted, extremely successful businessman who has pulled off enough nasty financial stunts to earn himself a long line of enemies on both sides of the pond. He was one of the first raiders to make it big and one of the shrewdest. A more attractive figure than most of his fellow tribesmen, he is not one whit softer for it. The people who defended Goodyear Tire from a hostile takeover bid in 1986 were apparently less than awed by him. The mayor of Akron (OH) referred to him as a "slimy bastard."

Goldsmith's behavior over the past few years has been, shall we say, odd. In 1987, shortly before the stock market crash, he liquidated almost all his holdings and ended up with a mountain of cash that would reach from here to Pluto.

Sir Jimmy has spent the last seven years goofing off. He is well-equipped to do so. He has houses, apartments and villas all over the world, plus a monster ranch in Mexico. The husband of three wives and father of seven children, he once put his second wife in one wing of a Paris mansion and his French mistress in another wing.

Lately he began to delve in politics, though not what most people would call normal politics for a billionaire businessman. While hardly a right-winger by normal definitions, he is not the usual sour-liberal moneybags we are so familiar with.



No NAFTA or GATT for Sir Jimmy

Sir Jimmy has decided to run for a seat in the European Parliament and has connections with a group known as "Another Europe," which counts the grandson of Charles DeGaulle among its members, and is run by a French aristocrat, Philippe de Villiers.

Why has Goldsmith been bitten by the political bug? As strange as it may sound, he is seriously concerned over the future of Europe. He believes that the current policies of the European Community in the area of unlimited free trade, will wreck the continent. His views deserve consideration. Few men are more qualified to comment on the risks and advantages of an untrammelled marketplace.

While Goldsmith is no Ross Perot, he is sounding uncomfortably like most of the people who lined up against NAFTA and the GATT. Maybe he knows something that Clinton, Bush, Reagan, Carter and all the rest don't. Maybe now that he is sitting on a pile of several billion, he can say what others cannot say. It is anathema to many of our readers to admit that a man like Goldsmith could ever have a disinterested, noble thought, but we would be foolish to deny that possibility. He may be sincere in trying to warn the people of Europe (and by extension Americans) of the terrible dangers they are facing from the New World Economic Order. He would know the truth better than any of us, that's for sure. The title of the book he wrote to expound his theories is entitled *Le Piège (The Trap)*. Not a very cheerful title.

The Wall St. Journal (May 25, 1994) article about Goldsmith attempts to make him, of all people, sound like some nutty professor or flat-earth kook for daring to call into question the economic "wisdom" currently guiding Europe, the U.S. and the rest of the world. Peter Gumbel, author of the piece, does his best to make him seem like just another crank.

Leaving aside the possibility of a noble Goldsmith, let us consider the possibility he changed course out of fear of a real catastrophe if something is not done to derail the lunatic, vicious vision of a New World Order. As Sir Jimmy puts it, the multilateral free-trade system, "will provoke a disaster unparalleled in the history of mankind." Strong stuff, considering the source. What Goldsmith is saying is this: The free-trade mania that has led to GATT, NAFTA and a host of lesser-known international agreements, including unilateral decisions by Western industrialized countries to allow the Third World to flood their markets with cheap goods, will inevitably lead to the destruction of the economies of these industrialized nations. The middle

class and the formerly fairly well-paid working class will simply be wiped out. Goldsmith knows that that will mean authoritarian governments moving ruthlessly against those who allowed this situation to develop. Guess who will be the first targets?

Sir Jimmy has affirmed that you don't have to be a rocket scientist to understand that if a company can hire 47 Vietnamese workers for the cost of one French worker, the company using French workers will not survive. "If you shut down your production in France and move it to a country with low wages, you will make a fortune. If you stay, you go bust." The European Community must be internally open and competitive, he asserted. It cannot allow unfettered trade with the Third World. If it does, not just jobs but the actual vitality of Europe will be drained away and Europeans will be reduced to living like coolies.

All the above applies equally, if not more so, to the U.S. The ugly truth is that our corporate pashas and the swarms of lawyers and lawyer politicians that serve them have sold us down the river with hardly a backward glance. These people, caught up in a hurricane of humbug generated by others of their ilk, have come to see themselves as "international" or "supranational" beings far beyond any narrow considerations of country or race. They have a rosy vision of drifting effortlessly over continents and time

zones as their money flows smoothly to find the lowest—or highest—levels. They would no more think of keeping a factory open in the U.S. to provide jobs for fellow Americans than they would shine their own shoes. The very idea brings an amused smile to their curled lips.

American workers will be hard put to feed, clothe and educate their children, even if they can find the means to marry. Our young people can look forward to a life of demeaning work as wage slaves, in competition with Bangladeshis and Brazilians. No one should fall for that line from the NAFTA freaks about how cheap labor is not the only thing that attracts capital. With new modern techniques monkeys can be taught to run a factory—and Bangladeshi monkeys cost less than American monkeys. The antics of the New Class, as they enjoy what they imagine to be permanent wealth, leisure and power will be sickening.

Before they get too comfortable, these folks should remember that whatever they may think, we consider them to be traitors to their countries and their race. When it is in our power to do so, we will remind them of that in a stern and pitiless fashion. All the bodyguards in the world will not save them.

As for Sir Jimmy, he has at least tried to atone for some of his past sins. Maybe we can afford to give him a break.

N.B. FORREST

TV Evangelicals Play Us for Suckers

President Lyndon Johnson's decision to send aid to Africa had the effect of loading entitlement programs for foreigners on the backs of the American Majority. The Biafran hunger crisis was the first of dozens of unending African crises to be dinned into our ears and scanned into our eyes. African disasters had previously gone largely unreported or at least not used as a media sledgehammer for picking American pockets. Taking a lesson from modern evangelicals who were holding highly successful tent meetings throughout Africa, the media stumbled upon a tool assured to draw Majority dollars as copiously as blood is drawn in a Spanish bull ring.

That tool was, and remains, television. Billy Graham and Oral Roberts led the way with TV films of their excursions into the Dark Continent, showing the teeming, sweaty, black masses gathered around impromptu altars, gleaming with stage lights. Like the cargo cults of Negroid peoples around the world in which bamboo airstrips and control towers were erected in hopes that the white god in the big iron bird would return with the goodies, Africans scrambled around the film crews and ministers begging for trinkets and scraps of food. On cue, when the preaching stopped, they began speaking in tongues, dancing and waving and dropping to the turf in response to convul-

sions supposedly caused by the Holy Spirit.

Graham and Roberts, considered to be miles apart in doctrine, used the same media techniques. TV was depended on to zap the easily guilt-ridden American viewer, who in the 1960s was enjoying the Golden Age of Consumer Prosperity. Recall the popular movies and TV shows of the time, and you'll remember how blessed Americans were or at least were so depicted in their pristine suburb communities. *Good Neighbor Sam* with Jack Lemmon and *My Three Sons* with Fred MacMurray were just two of the shows that captured the roseate American Dream. While this was yet another fable to be foisted on the second generation of us to know suburban life with all its material grandeur, the prosperity underlying the cliché was the fruit of Majority hard work and creativity and those who either emulated it or stepped into it.

The price we had to pay—were forced to pay—by the media for such wealth and freedom was a false sense of guilt. Like the prosperous, wayward sons and daughters of the Puritans who were led by their false, contrived guilt into the universalistic, then-Quakerish doctrines of egalitarianism, abolitionism, temperance and occultic mesmerism, so too had the American baby boomers of the 60s—mostly Baptist but with a smattering of other mainline

denominations—been led to believe that prosperity and responsibility to one's own family and people were wrong and that they had to make great sacrifices for others.

The manipulators and mediators want you to think that you must give money away to foreigners and ignore your own countrymen and families. They want you to take your eyes off Western civilization and help them build another world order, one designed for them, not for us. For them, it was not enough that Northern Europeans had engendered the Protestant work ethic, so important in establishing and maintaining Western civilization. It was not enough that such a way of life had produced heretofore unsurpassed living standards.

The enemies of Christianity and the West, including those sailing under false colors (but exposed by their ecumenism) in the World Council of Churches, agreed with Jesse Jackson's infamous chant at Stanford University: "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go!"

Before the culture could go, however, Western nations had to go. It all began in the great Nordic wars, otherwise known as the Civil War, WWI and WWII, and continuing with the Asiatic wars in which French and American whites were sacrificed to hordes of yellows. It continues today in a sophisticated techno-psycho-spiritual war, in which passive Majority members are willing to be corrupted in return for a few hours of TV and some tenuous assurances of peace and prosperity.

It's not as if Graham and Roberts didn't have any help in using TV to jump start mass media audience response. The former, you'll recall, launched his career in big-time media evangelism on the heels of Henrietta Mears' Los Angeles Sunday school and church growth campaigns. Organized cell groups and trustworthy, loyal lieutenants called out the numbers for Graham's first outdoor L.A. appearance. All the details were worked out ahead of time, like the Hollywood production it was, including planting church members in the audience as shells to feign a response to the altar call and "come forward for Christ."

Today those same "Church Growth Movement" ploys, along with the deployment of cell groups, shells, guest appearances by movie stars, social activists, astrologists and tarot-card reading "Christian psychologists," are used in the largest charismatic and independent churches in the world. American churches and leaders who adopt these practices fail to see that they have bought into Oriental, occultic mysticism. One of the great threats to the uniqueness of the American character, if we still have such a thing, is the orientalization of Christianity.

Some of those who rage most against the New Age Movement and secular humanism are actually practicing it through the techniques of mass evangelistic or "miracle" campaigns, and the so-called "discipleship" and leadership training programs advocated by the followers of Witness Nee, a Chinese.

Graham and Roberts brought back films of their African adventures to show on their respective TV programs in the 60s. They soon became fast friends. Graham jetted to Tulsa

in 1965 and served as the dedication speaker at ceremonies officially opening Oral Roberts University. Billy appeared again to dedicate a 10,000-seat arena and theater in 1972. The generation of TV ministers had begun in earnest, lasting until the bizarre acts of embezzlement and 600-foot Jesus episodes of the late 70s and 80s knocked them down a peg. Roberts, especially, became the model for manipulative media endeavors by concentrating on the poor, sick and suffering in Africa. Henceforth the "brotherhood of men" was extended overseas to include all citizens in the New World Order.

Today Roberts' "poor African brother" legacy is best represented by World Vision, a CIA-front for infiltrating target nations and regional hot spots like Nicaragua and Nigeria. Even such reputable ministries as Focus on the Family have taken the World Vision bait and urged support of their fasting programs to call attention to the hungry. Each of these groups has mastered the TV marathon special fundraising technique made so wildly successful by the Jerry Lewis Labor Day broadcast for muscular dystrophy. It's interesting to note that the Jewish Lewis once directed the old, national prime-time *Oral Roberts Presents* and worked with Roberts on a number of common interests and issues.

When LBJ turned on his TV and saw "those nigger babies" sorrowfully peering into the camera lens while holding cups of rice that we had sent them in CARE packages, he was moved in a sympathetic and political way by the power of the television medium. He was not moved in a truly compassionate way, nor was he fully aware of how or why he felt as he did while seeing all those electronic images.

It's the same for us today, whether we watch Lassie limp around with a "broken leg" while rescuing someone, or cheer another O.J. as he breaks yet another "unbreakable" rushing record, or see a Jew in *Schindler's List* being sent to the "gas chamber." The real experiences or specific knowledge we bring to the medium are cheapened and artificially heightened for the sake of a momentary emotive jolt. For the informed, it's all slapstick.

The controlled media have learned their lessons well. What Majority technology and creativity have not been handed to them on a silver platter has been sold for 30 pieces of the stuff. We said, "Here, you do it better. Entertain me, shock me, make me feel important, necessary, and a part of it all." We should be horrified and angry that they make us feel sad or guilty for what far away, free moral agents do to themselves or bring on themselves. But we cannot see or understand their manipulative techniques because we have been captive to a form of it—racial guilt—ever since the Civil War. Unlike the Revolutionary War, in which we died to make ourselves free, Union soldiers in the Civil War were cajoled and harnessed to die to make other men "free." It is a hard and fast rule of history that men can only obtain and maintain freedom by their own efforts.

JAY LOCK

Et Tu Dixie?

The other day I was browsing through a local music store trying to find an album, tape or CD which might contain *Dixie*. It had occurred to me that I had not heard a decent version of the Southern National Anthem for years.

Song lists from the section on Americana Music yielded such expected titles as, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, *Columbia* and *Stars and Stripes Forever*. No *Dixie*.

I was about to give up when the manager told me I might find something in the back of the store where they kept recordings which either had not sold well or were tagged for liquidation. At the bottom of a single lone cardboard box on the top shelf of the dusty back room I discovered a CD entitled, *America Sings*. To my utter amazement and delight, in the midst of all the usual songs expected on a "patriotic album," the very first selection was *Dixie!*

I snatched the disk, plunked down my money and dashed for home. Enroute, I called two of my Southern friends on my mobile phone and gave them the news. As I pulled into the driveway, they were waiting at the front door. Before turning on the CD player, I called my mother in Louisiana and asked her to listen to what was coming over the phone.

There is no way I can convey the gut-wrenching emotion we all got as the Eric Rogers Chorale Orchestra lashed out at us. Blaring through the house from my huge stereo speakers came the most beautiful and dynamic rendition of *Dixie* I have ever heard. Our Southern Anthem, served up by the instruments and voices of a full symphony orchestra, made us shiver with pride—goose bumps on top of goose bumps.

It was practically a religious experience. The voices were young and vibrant; the female chorus feminine, the male chorus viral and strong. The arrangement, though true to form, was not your typical *Dixie*. Listening to its energy and drive as it flowed out of my stereo, I knew that the arranger must have admired and respected the special people who would ultimately hear and appreciate his effort.

As *Dixie* came to an end, I noticed something I had not seen in years. Three grown men stood silently and reverently in my living room straining to hold back their feelings. Trying to compose myself, I walked over to the phone where my mother had patiently been listening via long distance. To my surprise, my sister was on the line. When I asked where my mother was, she said: "What on earth did you say to her? She's in the next room crying."

Even over the phone my mother was able to experience the power of the music played so beautifully and forcefully. It sapped the pent-up emotions which all of us had car-

ried around as excess baggage since the early days of civil rights.

That day, I and my friends experienced a cultural rebirth. The magnificent rendition of *Dixie* stabbed us with the icy blade of reality. In discussing our reactions, we came to some stark conclusions, which we decided to share with other Southerners. There was much more to our emotional response than warm reminiscences of a South which flew the Confederate Flag, sang *Dixie*, feared nothing, answered to nobody, was unapologetic and could care less about what was done up North—a South that embraced the term "Rebel" with proud defiance.

A 135-second rendition of *Dixie* had drawn to the surface anxieties, frustrations and a whole cadre of memories buried for years in our subconscious. Memories of the days before civil rights when, for all practical purposes, we were living in a fabled ethnostate. For all the "evil" the egalitarians claim was the legacy of segregation, the segregated South of yesterday, was an infinitely better place to live than the desegregated South of today.

White Southerners have memories of streets adorned with Rebel Flags from one end to the other, the smell of Bar-B-Q at the year-round festivals with names like, Holiday in Dixie, and Old South Day, the indescribable feeling of being "Southern," as we walked by and rubbed elbows with other Southerners in a sea of smiling white faces.

How our hearts soared as we watched men like Lester Maddox and George Wallace defy the hated federal government. How we cheered the Ole Miss students as they battled the federal goons for the right to retain control of their university. In those heady times to be a "Southerner" was like being a Viking—prideful, strong, independent and unrepentant.

Then reality set in and flushed all those glorious images down the memory hole. Nowadays most of our heroes who fought so hard for Southern Independence truckle to minorities. The one-way sellout of our culture is in full swing, aided and abetted by those we once thought were on our side. Our precious symbols have been yanked off everything from bags of commercial grass seed to the venerable Harley-Davidson logo. Anyone, especially blacks and Jews, can demand and get the removal of our sacred symbols from public property.

If all that isn't bad enough, the "leaders" of the new Confederate movement have embarked on a plan that they believe will drum up support for "our (really "their") cause." The basic stratagem is to include Jews and blacks in traditionally Southern causes. These "leaders" ambush any legitimate points they may make by drawing parallels with the so-called suffering of other groups, which is meant to somehow highlight our own misfortunes.

The two most popular comparisons are slavery and the Holocaust. Trying to draw parallels by comparing Holocaust fantasies with Southern suffering is extremely unwise because the day is drawing near when the truth about these events will come out. I would hate to have our Southern movement tarnished by being associated with years of obsequious pandering to opprobrious falsehoods.

Thankfully the great majority of loyal sons and daughters of the South don't buy into any of the orthodox views and ideology of the egalitarians and multiculturalists who have a stranglehold on public thought. When true Southerners mouth this rubbish, they are immediately alienating most of their best soldiers and stand to lose this whole cot-

ton-pickin' struggle to our enemies.

In retrospect I would surmise that the feelings stirred up in our hearts by hearing *Dixie* are due to many factors: our love of the South and all she once stood for; our love for the Confederate Battle Flag and all it once stood for; our fond memories, our land, our people, our customs, our culture, our heritage and our bravery. However, taking a good, hard look at the New South and the truckling ways of our New Rebel Leaders compel us to hang our heads in shame, as we hear the faint gasp of a prostrate South sinking lower in its grave, finally done in by those whom we foolishly sought for help.

JOHN ANDREW MASON

“The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl”

This three-hour film documentary by Ray Müller is a must-see. It's a masterpiece in spite of its periodic forays into cheap anti-German propaganda. Leni Riefenstahl was and is a magnificent example of female pulchritude and intellect. The film swings back and forth from images of her early life and work to contemporary interviews. Ninety years old when the documentary was made, her charisma, energy and spirit are astonishing. She has more mental acuity and zest for life than most women half her age!

As a young dancer and actress her beauty and talent far surpassed that of her more famous contemporary, Marlene Dietrich. The project that both immortalized and damned Leni was her *Triumph of the Will*, a film of true genius. Although she was never a party member or politically involved with Hitler and the National Socialists, Jews and their fellow travelers never forgave her. They destroyed her film career and tormented her at every opportunity, as they continue to do to this very day.

In the early and middle parts of Müller's documentary, when accused of being the epitome of evil by her interviewer, Riefenstahl defiantly held to her position that she was an artist and had no political interests whatsoever. The evidence supports her. But near the end of the documentary the effects of the incessant Jewish carping and whining wore her down. At one point she even had to defend herself against an imbecilic assertion by Susan Sontag that her still photos of black African Nubian tribes were fascistic! This was too much even for a contrite Riefenstahl,

who confessed she was appalled by such slander. Her still pictures, as her films, extolled masculine virtues and qualities. To the eyes of a degenerate like Ms. Sontag, this is fascistic and Nazistic. If there was ever a filmmaker who tried to capture the essence of the inherent godhood in the Aryan form, it was Leni Riefenstahl.

I most enjoyed the clips of Leni dancing, acting and mountain climbing—barefoot, no less! She successfully mastered mountaineering when it was exclusively the domain of males. One of her more astounding accomplishments was obtaining a deep-sea diver's permit at age 70. To take the test she had to lie about her age and say she was only 50. She still goes in for deep-sea diving at the age of 91! In the depths of the ocean with a male companion she does intensive filming for what will in all probability be her final project. What a priceless set of genes!

It is truly regrettable that Leni had no children. It is also regrettable that she did not have the temerity to tell her deracinated ghoulish accusers to

go to hell, that she has no regrets and is not sorry for anything she has ever done. You could almost sense her seething anger as she was being questioned, but other than an occasional mild outburst, she kept it in check, ultimately succumbing to the same Jewish inquisition that has intimidated and paralyzed the minds and wills of so many whites, for so many decades.

Try as they will, however, her enemies will never rub off the gleam from this shining jewel of the German gene pool.

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Leni as a young movie actress

Where Do We Go From Here?

Like all of you, I eagerly await the arrival of Instauration each month. First, I turn to the Safety Valve pages, which reassure me that I have not gone mad and am not alone in my agonizing over the pitiful state of our race. From all around the world, subscribers write in and express their anger and frustration. Those of us who live in cities that have become multiracial zoos are reminded of our declining influence on a daily basis. We have all come to realize that if the present situation is not reversed, the white race will become a mere footnote in some future history book. It is time, therefore, to stop arguing over whether we should call ourselves Nordish or Euros, time to stop debating over which Northern tribe we may have descended from. Our task now is to examine what choices are still available to us.

Some Instaurationists entertain a misty notion of The Great Uprising. They have probably seen too many French Revolution movies on TV. They continue to dream about The Day When We Get Mad as Hell and Refuse to Take It anymore and Decide to Fight Back! They have mental pictures of themselves and fellow white rebels manning the barricades in a variety of tattered uniforms. Camaraderie and bravado overflow as they give each other the thumbs up. Then, as the brown-skinned hordes attack, they coolly insert a clip into their M-1s and sight along the barrel as *The Ride of the Valkyries* plays on a battlefield P.A. system.

Sorry, guys, it isn't going to happen that way. There will be lots of big-city race riots like the one in L.A. in 1992, but they will not be nationwide and will only last for a few days. Remember the long hot summers of 1967 and 1968? Remember how Watts, Newark and Detroit went up in flames? Remember what happened after the flames died down and the National Guard had restored order? Absolutely nothing. Life went on as before. The people watching some future looting and burning of a big city on the nightly TV news from the safety of their homes in Augusta (ME) or Cedar Rapids (IA) will simply shake their heads in disbelief and reach for another slice of pizza. If it isn't happening in *their* backyard, why should *they* worry?

Some Instaurationists continue to search for a political messiah who will emerge from out of nowhere to lead us all into the Dawn Of a New Tomorrow. It's a nice thought, but we will all be long dead and composted before this particular dream comes true. In today's politically correct world, the handful of pols who dare to mention race are abruptly vilified and demonized by the media and receive zero public support. As we are all painfully aware, political power today wears a yarmulke and embraces the multi-hued mob. The second part of this dream has our Great White Leader declaring that all nonwhites are *personae*

non gratae and ordering their deportation back to their Third World homelands. That's another wonderful idea, but has anyone ever actually sat down and worked out the logistics?

One proposal does have merit and deserves examination—a whites-only homeland somewhere in the American Northwest. As the large cities in the East and South become more violent and more black, there will very likely be a slow exodus to the Northwest. A clean, relatively crime-free environment is very tempting to families that would like to escape drug-ridden, gang-war streets. But this proposal is not without its pitfalls and stumbling blocks. If you're retired and have a few bucks put aside, packing it all in and moving to the Northwest would not be a huge problem. But if you're a working stiff with a wife and several kids, just how do you intend to earn a living when you move to Billings (MT) or Cheyenne (WY)? What about the climate change? Winters in the high country will be far harsher than the ones you were accustomed to in Atlanta or St. Louis—and they last much longer! What sort of reception will you get from the home folks, the people already living in your Shangri-la? If *Shane* and other Western films are anything to go by, the locals did not take kindly to the arrival of Eastern sod-busters, squatters and homesteaders, who moved west in the late 1860s and put up fences on the cattle ranges. Their reaction to a present-day exodus from the huge Eastern cities might be just as hostile. People fleeing the dangers of Los Angeles for the relative safety of Seattle in the past few years have received a decidedly cool reception. There was no lack of animosity on the part of Seattleites towards the Californians who were suddenly crowding their schools and their freeways and sending home prices sky-high.

The particular problems listed above are not necessarily insurmountable. But here's the biggest hitch. Having created a predominantly white homeland in the Northwest, how will you keep it that way? How will you stop those undesirable hordes who caused all the problems in the first place from moving in with you? A certain number of renegades in your midst will claim, "It can't do any harm to let in just a few of them." To protect such a huge territory, chain-link fences and armed patrols are obviously out of the question. Nothing would be more attractive to those parasitical bottom-feeders than the law-abiding, prosperous, well-ordered environment that a whites-only population would undoubtedly create. In short, why bother to create Paradise if the alien hordes are going to slither in over a given period of time and turn it into another festering swamp?

CONCERNED SUBSCRIBER

Our Disease Is Anti-Racism

Students at the Dalton School, one of the toniest private schools in Zoo City, are being harassed by a practice known as "herbing." Lone students ("herbs"), kids of a type unlikely to be able to fight back, are surrounded by three or four "youths" who proceed to beat and kick them until they give up their money. Dalton administrators, according to news reports, are "concerned" about the problem. So are parents who were advising their children not to resist. Apparently this latter piece of advice is bearing fruit, as some students have worked out an arrangement that permitted them to hand over their money to the gangs without being beaten, a payoff which is a perfect preparation for the white kids' future role as taxpayers.

Although clouded in the usual media obfuscation when reporting racial matters, it is perfectly obvious Negro and Puerto Rican punks from north of the 96th St. DMZ are scooting down the seven short blocks to 89th St. and Park to indulge in the sheer pleasure of beating and robbing Dalton students.

Physical violence is traumatic for everyone, but for young students it is particularly devastating, since it seriously detracts from their ability to enjoy and profit from school. I remember quite well that, when I had an after-school fight "scheduled," the entire day in class was a wash-out characterized by steadily mounting

tension. A number of such physical clashes will quickly make a child's life a veritable nightmare. I find it fascinating that in an age when Phil Donahue-type liberals talk constantly about "child abuse" that minority assaults on white children evoke the most deafening silence.

In the unlikely case that the parents of one of those victimized kids at the Dalton School is reading this, I should like to apologize in advance for what I am going to say. As a member of the Dispossessed Majority, I regard such incidents with a Leninist "the worse, the better" attitude. As traumatic as these attacks are, the student victims have been injected with a priceless, potentially life-saving vaccine. When their high-school social studies teacher starts telling them about Martin Luther King, when their English teacher has them read poems by Langston Hughes, there is likely to be a small core of innate resistance that renders them immune to this deadly virus of Majority self-abasement and minority self-praise.

The attacks on the students at Dalton are only one small part of a vast pattern of endless racial turmoil and conflict in a steadily disintegrating nation. Right now the warfare is a strictly one-way proposition, as it can be said that the American Majority is collectively being "herbed." The hegemony of the liberal-minority coalition would appear to be so total that nothing less than a massive, indiscrimi-

nate Rwanda-style machete attack would finally jolt us out of our stupor. But there-in may lie our salvation.

I remember reading a history of the New Left in which it was described how, at an SDS convention in 1969, a snott-nosed punk named Bill Ayers (he would later marry Jewish hellion Bernadine Dohrn) stated that one of the "missions" of the SDS was to "beat the racism" out of white America. This wasn't just a figure of speech; he meant it quite literally. Ayers should have realized that "racism" can never be beaten out of whites, unless they are simply beaten to death (which may have been the point all along). However, it is indeed possible to eventually "beat the anti-racism" out of white America. Now that society has for all practical purposes eliminated any effective check on minority racism, it is only reasonable to expect a steady escalation of minority misbehavior, criminality and antiwhite violence. Thus, sooner or later, minorities will indeed "beat the anti-racism" out of us and minority barbarism will awaken the Barbarossa of Majority barbarism.

On the day that happens, the current administrators of the Dalton School who are now impotently wringing their hands out of "concern" over the beatings of their students will be firmly and permanently relocated to history's dumpster.

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Overcome by Negrophilia

Back in the 40s and 50s the owner of a well-known and very successful Queens (NY) department store made something of a name for himself as the archetypal affluent Jew who "befriends the Negro." He became very active in the NAACP and other interracial organizations, contributing lavishly to all of them. "That Mr. Gertz, he sho' is good to us! Let's go live near his sto'!", said one of his Negro admirers.

As the decades wore on, the southeastern Queens neighborhood in which the department store was located left Europe and joined Africa. The transformation was a financial disaster for Gertz. In the late 70s his store closed its doors for good. One wonders if the old Chosenite is down in Miami Beach sunning himself and grumbling about the "schwartzes."

The fate of Gertz's department store in a certain respect mirrors the 200-year-old history of Washington (DC). Right from the start the District had a substantial black population. Even before the Civil War the nation's capital had a curiously magnetic effect on Negroes. As one black was known to remark, "I figure where the President eats, I eats."

In the immediate aftermath of the War for Southern Independence, a more accurate designation, newly freed slaves poured into Washington, as whites openly expressed their anxiety. Since then the dominant theme of the District's history was its unsuccessful struggle to avoid becoming predominantly black.

However loudly Eleanor Roosevelt and her crowd denounced the Jim Crow as-

pects of Washington, however often liberals weep over the DAR's denial of the use of Constitution Hall to Negro warbler Marian Anderson in 1939, Washington was a paradise for Southern blacks. Among other perks, it offered Negroes at least the possibility of obtaining that most priceless of possessions, a do-nothing government job. A century after Appomatox, Washington was 70% black. It seems likely to remain so for centuries to come.

But here the analogy with Gertz's department store must end. Having unlimited access to tax dollars, the federal government, which subsidizes the District, will never go out of business—until there's no Majority to kick around and tax, tax, tax.

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Inner and Outer Slob

With the publication of his autobiography, along with the release of a 1,000-page oral biography compiled by Peter Manso, Marlon Brando is very much back in the news. Although he is too much of a lightweight—intellectually speaking—to deserve Instaurator's Majority Renegade of the Year award, he spent most of his life sticking it to his own people in one way or another.

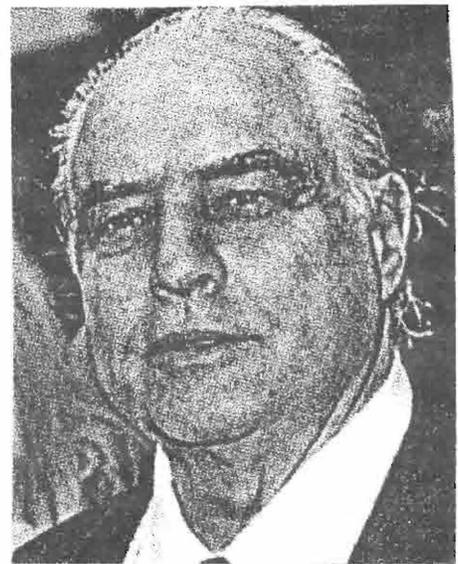
On a strictly personal level Brando, who in his earlier, trimmer days could have had just about any woman he wanted, turned his back on Majority females to pursue one exotic Third World beauty after another. The inevitable result was a pack of hybrid children whose well-chronicled misdeeds—murder, attempted suicide, hard drugs, stints in a loony bin—reflect the basic instability of their biological makeup.

Even worse was Brando's politics. An and fervid supporter of the abhorring Zionist state in the late 40s (when he was deeply involved in New York's largely theatrical world), a dedicated booster of "civil rights" in the 50s and 60s, and of Amerindians in the 70s and 80s, he proved to be one of those dangerous dilettantes sequentially drawn to the cause of one ethnic group after another, as long as it is not his own.

I wonder if Brando has ever realized the massive contradiction inherent in having served as a cheerleader for both Israel and the American Indians? In advancing the cause of the latter, he presumably

stands up for the principle that indigenous peoples should have their rights respected. Yet his beloved Zionist state

tous and just plain unfair. Yet it cannot be denied that the muscular young sex god of the early 50s has in his dotage turned



The young Brando.....and the grotesque oldster

made the systematic, massive and perpetual violation of the rights of another indigenous people the foundation stone of its very existence.

So much has been written about Brando's weight problems that I hesitate to join in the chorus. To criticize someone's appearance is often mean-spirited, gratui-

into a blubbery and repulsive slob. What better example of poetic justice! In his inner life, in his values and beliefs, he was always a deeply repulsive slob anyway. It is only fitting that his exterior should eventually come to mirror his interior.

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Where City Life Is Still Possible

Do you ever wonder whether Jews have had second thoughts—even perhaps a guilty conscience—about the impact of their peculiar mission in America? The thought came to mind when I was reading Janet Malcolm's article in the New Yorker about her 1990 visit to what was still Czechoslovakia. A fluent Czech-speaker (her parents were Czechoslovakian Jews who fled from you-know-who, you-know-when), Ms. Malcolm spent most of her time in Prague while writing about the mixed reactions of a people emerging from 40-plus years of communism.

At one point the hotel clerk assured her that, even as a lone woman, it was

safe to walk about after dark. Although she didn't say another word about it, she must have felt sheer delight to be in a city where urban life possesses a quality that is now scarcely imaginable to Americans accustomed to thinking of their cities, as the National Review phrased it, as clusters of mausoleum-like office buildings surrounded by black slums.

The Negro in particular and multiculturalism in general have effectively destroyed, at least as far as white America is concerned, the possibility of the sort of felicitous, civilized, urban life still very much in evidence in Prague—with or without communism. As the archetypal

urbanite, one would think that the American Jew would mourn this loss most. It's simply inconceivable for someone like Ms. Malcolm not to have thought about this issue. Nevertheless the anti-Western revenge-imperative felt by Jewry maintains its commitment to the brand of multi-racialism which, having destroyed so much of the urban landscape, ultimately threatens to destroy the entire nation as well.

One thing is certain. As long as our destiny as a people remains in any degree subject to the quirks, neuroses and complexities of the Jewish psyche, we cannot expect the bleeding to stop.

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Crusader Against Motherhood

In an article which appeared in Ms. magazine a decade or so ago, Gloria Steinem launched a withering attack on right-wing fearmongers who were warning about a catastrophic decline in the white birthrate. It was a phony issue, she declared, that was shot through with the "racism" of whites afraid of being swamped by nonwhites. It was also, in her opinion, a reaction to the threat posed by feminism which wanted to save women from being returned to their old "barefoot and pregnant" role. Steinem concluded with a dash of undiluted Marxism: Corporate capitalism favored high fertility as it provided a plentiful source of both workers and soldiers. These are the old "Industrial Reserve Army" and "Imperialism: the Highest Form of Capitalism" hypotheses. In the former a large pool of unemployed workers serves to drive down wages; in the latter a plethora of young men makes

it possible to recruit armies in order to wage imperialist wars. That Steinem should have injected these rhetorical flourishes in her article is yet another reminder that Jewish Marxism and Jewish feminism are and always have been kissin' cousins.



Second thoughts, Gloria?

While ostensibly an attack upon reactionary "pronatalist" men who seek to turn women back into Ethel Kennedy-type baby factories, Gloria's brand of feminist thinking easily slides over into a generalized scorn for motherhood and the family itself. To callously reduce the pleasures and comforts

of motherhood and domesticity to little more than a mindless participation in a capitalist scheme aimed at reducing wages and waging foreign wars moves ideology into the realm of psychopathology. Just as many leftist "lovers of humanity" often seem to hate individuals, left-wing feminists harbor a kind of fundamental animus towards the very essence of womanhood.

Stubbornly faithful to her expressed belief system, Steinem had no children. No longer the glamorous journalistic sexpot who first came to public attention in the late 1960s, she is now 60, an age when most women begin to take great comfort in their grown children and grandchildren. One wonders whether Steinem ever entertains any second thoughts about her neo-Marxist arguments against motherhood.

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The Tie that Binds

Some years ago *Instauration* ran an item about the "strange" affinity existing between Fidel Castro and the late Francisco Franco. "Strange" that is, until it was explained that Castro's father and Franco were both from Spain's northwest province of Galicia. As our black brethren would put it, Castro and Franco were homeboys. Why then should such a silly thing as politics override that much deeper bond?

A similar example of blood overriding politics has been occurring for years in my own backyard. As a resident of New York State, I can't help avoid being a Mario Cuomo watcher. At a time when, for a host of reasons, many of his fellow Italian Americans have abandoned the faith, Cuomo stubbornly remains a True Believer in that poisonous mix of welfare, liberalism and anti-Majority racism, a noxious ideological brew that has defined a powerful sector of the Democratic Party ever since the reign of that aristocratic Pied Piper, FDR.

A flaming liberal, Cuomo ought to be light years removed from a conservative hardliner like Antonin Scalia. When Reagan nominated the latter to the Supreme Court in 1986, one would assume that Cuomo would be strongly opposed to the nomination. After all, the governor of New York had enthusiastically joined the

liberal-minority lynch mob that crucified Robert Bork in 1987.

Not only did Cuomo fail to oppose the confirmation of the arch-conservative, he openly supported the nominee with great gusto. Scalia being the first Italian American nominated to the Court, it was simply preposterous to expect a few trivial ideological disagreements to cause Cuomo to stand in the way of his fellow *paisan*.

Unsurprisingly a similar ethnic camaraderie has characterized the relationship of Mario Cuomo and Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato. Supposedly partisan political opponents, both Cuomo and D'Amato have always observed an informal nonaggression pact. When D'Amato ran for the Senate in 1980, 1986 and 1992 (always against New York City Democrats of the Jewish persuasion), Cuomo did as little as possible to help the Democratic candidate and rarely said a word against his Republican opponent. D'Amato returned the favor by doing little to help the Republican candidate when Cuomo ran for governor in 1982, 1986, 1990 and again this year.

Any biographical rundown of Cuomo usually mentions the anger and resentment he felt after having been turned down by a number of WASPy Wall St. law firms after his graduation from law

school in the 1950s. Obviously he believed that these rejections had much to do with his Italian-American background. No doubt it was this experience that fueled his ongoing spiritual affinity with minority racism. That he has done pretty damn well for himself in so-called WASP-land seems to have done little to bank the fires of his inner rage.

Let us accept Cuomo's assessment of the motives of those Wall St. firms as accurate; that these firms did in fact prefer to hire WASPs for primarily ethnic reasons. Are such ethnic preferences any different than those Cuomo himself displayed towards Scalia and D'Amato? The governor has not been hesitant to appoint a covey of Italian Americans to various state jobs. Isn't it possible that in doing so he passed over some better-qualified young WASPs?

Again we witness the endless hypocrisy of minority racism as practiced in modern America. Ethnic "fellow feeling" is *de rigueur* for them and strictly forbidden to us. The natural, understandable ties of blood which serve to bind such apparent opposites as Castro and Franco or Cuomo and Scalia have virtually been criminalized when felt or expressed by Majority members.

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