

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχει

# Instauration®

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Sir Thomas Lawrence's famous portrait

Prince Metternich,  
Racial Renegade

# 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.

I write little about the Black Menace, because I take it for granted. It speaks for itself. It's right out there on the streets, in the newspapers, pulsing in the bushes outside everybody's window. It seems hardly worth talking about except in terms of the actual logistics of separating ourselves from them and getting them to stop overbreeding. Ditto for the Chicanos. When you hear English being spoken on your street and it makes you turn around in surprise, then you know it's definitely getting late.

230

Lately the Baltimore Sun carried full-page ads showing pictures of the deceased victims of drunk drivers. Used by organizations like Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD), the tactic is very effective in raising drivers' consciousness. Imagine the impact if the same paper ran a similar campaign that pictured the white victims of violent blacks.

212

Our justice system is getting worse all the time. Next thing you know we'll be getting trials by ordeal—people being forced to thrust their hands in a fire to see whether they're guilty or not. Some black guy in a leopard-skin cloak waving a dead chicken over Air Force One to make sure it gets to its destination. Imagine a future Whitewater with all these Latino and West Indian pols frantically hexing one another, a flurry of lizard deliveries, strangely marked bodies

and the remnants of the media lapping it all up. "Rep. Sanchez denies mailing ashes and beans to Rep. Mbamba." The Speaker of the House will be the Speaker of the Hut. Campaign signs and leaflets of the future America will scream, "Vote Bodobo/Hernandez for Big Magic in Washington!"

522

Must be heaven to know your own people run the mass media (and a great deal of everything else) and will make light of your social gaffes. Ask Hollywood cinemagnate Roman Polansky. This smarmy little Chosenite ran afoul of the law by merely—according to his media pals—"having sex with an underage person." Actually this wee bit of vermin lured a teeny-bopper into his quarters, drugged her and spent the day raping her. Then, to beat the rap, he took off for Europe. But now—surprise!, surprise! He is being welcomed back to the Hollywood dung-heap, there to be feted by his equally debauched playmates. And he didn't have to serve a day or pay one dime in fines. Roman, meet O.J.

Canadian subscriber

Overhead in the office corridor: Her reflexive early doubts changed to a big smile after hearing, "How 'bout afta work you an' me go getta steak?" The follow-through of "an' take it ova yo' place an' cook it" left her back at the starting point.

208

Dr. Joachim Prinz, a Zionist rabbi who rose to be vice-chairman of the World Jewish Congress, published in 1934 the book, *We Jews*, to celebrate Hitler's defeat of liberalism. Noting that "the victory of Nazism rules out assimilation and mixed marriages as an option for Jews," Dr. Prinz added, "We are not unhappy about this. . .for only he who honors his own breed and his own blood can have an attitude of honor toward the national will of other nations." In some cases, maybe. But you would have to ask Israel's neighbors about that.

806

Half-time show at the Citrus Bowl: Black 8-year-old cavorts with 6-year-old blonde. What's next, make Minnie Mouse a blonde? Make Donald Duck an African-American instead of an avian-American? Now that old black-and-white films can be colorized, will Bogart and

Astaire be black-faced? The media elite seem determined to furnish every white female with a dusky escort.

917

Occasionally a media mouthpiece will coo proudly that the 1900s are "the American Century." The next, fast-approaching century cannot possibly be so described. America will have ceased to exist long before the 21st century comes to an end.

455

There's a universal law of propaganda that, when overdone, it becomes counterproductive. Too many film shots of starving Somali kids make you put aside your wallet and ask yourself if blacks can't ever do anything right. Holocaust film #1,057, instead of making your eyes well with tears, makes you wonder if the Jews will ever stop whining. There comes a point at which the average person instinctively realizes that the opposite of the propaganda message may well be true.

744

Instauration's box number exactly tells us the spirit that animates its pages. The "Spirit of '76" energized our ancestors to fight and found a dream state they meant for us, their rightful heirs, to possess.

110

The ugliest aspect of today's politically correct world is the attempt to indoctrinate our kids. MTV is full of "public service"

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ads touting diversity and decrying "stereotypes," though antiwhite stereotypes are gospel!

560

□ After we spent billions to "restore democracy" to Haiti—and the bills keep coming—most Haitians couldn't be bothered to vote!

900

□ Clinton wears a yarmulke so often he could dispense with the rest of his head-gear.

159

□ Hearty congratulations on turning 20 last December. Instauration is no longer a teenager!

420

□ Stanley Hilton, Senator Robert Dole's former legal counsel, has written a book, *Senator for Sale*, one of whose chapters is entitled, "Summer Soldier for Israel. From Staunch Supporter to Angry Critic." Just why an American senator should have any obligation whatever to Israel is left unexplained.

359

□ Two states share the island of Hispaniola. The Dominican Republic is no utopia, but struggles along. Despite billions in aid, Haiti remains the cesspool it has been ever since the French left.

340

□ We all know what Wiggers are. But have you ever seen a Chigger? I have. The sight of an adolescent Chinese affecting the manners and dress of a hip-hopper is positively hilarious.

113

□ A writer named Joe Vikin in *Emerge* magazine (Dec.-Jan. 1996), in his list of all the inventions of blacks, included "bipedal locomotion." He was serious!

329

□ I don't know why more Instaurationists aren't Libertarians. Harry Browne is the Libertarian candidate for president in 1996. He would end all welfare, all affirmative action programs, all foreign wars and all foreign aid, including every penny and perk that goes to Israel. He would literally cut our taxes in half.

209

*Editor's Note: Instauration abhors Harry Browne, who supports open borders, which is the knife in the American Majority's back. The God of Libertarians is materialism, an ism that Instauration consider un-*

*holy. Listen to Browne's eulogy of Israel: "It's populated by some of the finest minds and hardest-working people in the world. Their determination to resist invasion has saved them from extinction." Oh, yeah? Who, Mr. Browne, are the invaders? In 1914, only 10% of the people in Palestine were Jews. Browne can re-write history as diligently as any N.Y. Times editorial hack.*

□ Canada's wise columnist, Doug Collins, reminds us that, "We should learn to accept that there is no one more foolish than an educated person with no common sense." No one fills the bill better than that superior snot, William F. Bookly Jr., who pretends to have never heard of that perplexing 15-point spread twixt white and black IQ, a difference which can only be decreased by lowering the white IQ by miscegenation.

Canadian subscriber

□ A TV show called *Bloomberg Personal* (now that's a name that inspires confidence!) recently reported the results of a survey conducted to find the cheapest and most expensive American cities in which

to live. Oklahoma City was found to be the cheapest. The most expensive, not surprisingly, is Beverly Hills. A house that costs \$100,000 in Oklahoma City costs \$750,000 in Beverly Hills.

450

□ 1996 seems a lot like 1995 so far. They're both 1984 to me.

240

□ Instauration readers argue over just when our decline began. It's true white rule was at its apogee in 1913, but the high point of white power was 1945-50 when, with an ultimatum, America could have ruled the world.

987

□ Courtney Love is lead singer of the pop/punk group, Hole. But her real claim to fame was becoming the wife in 1992, and 26 months later the widow, of grunge group Nirvana leader-singer and shotgun suicide Kurt Cobain. Last year in a gig at Madison Square Garden, Courtney tried unsuccessfully to get her fans to chant "nigger."

212

□ The trouble with Majority Renegade of the Year is that it is an individual concept. What is needed is the Nuremberg concept of criminal organizations. What more criminal organization could there be than the U.S. Congress? Its patriotism can be measured by the members who did not attend Yitzhak Rabin's funeral. Congress is just as much a Reichstag as any in Germany. Just look at how much largesse it bestows on the Greater Israel Protection Society.

535

□ Conditions are harsh in Chinese orphanages, but Newsweek has a solution: adoption by white Americans! Since there are four or five times as many Chinese as there are white Americans, in a generation or two we could accomplish the miracle of turning America into another China, perhaps with a few score million Africans and Bangladeshis thrown in for "diversity."

111

□ New Yorker magazine recently had a whiny article about mistreatment of Big Apple Jews by blacks. The growing conflict between the two groups stems from what they have in common: emotional attachment to a distant homeland to which, oddly, both minorities refuse to return.

200

## Come One, Come All!

The Second American Renaissance Conference will be held May 25-27 in Louisville and promises to produce "a remarkable group of speakers and attendees—undeceived, uncensored and committed to the defense of Western Civilization." On the podium will be Professor J. Philippe Rushton, Dr. Samuel Francis, Professor Michael Hart, Rabbi Mayer Schiller, a righteous Jew if there ever was one, plus a cohort of other high-IQ disestablishmentarian speakers. Jared Taylor, editor of the intriguingly erudite publication, *American Renaissance*, will preside. Tickets are \$100 per person. Reservations and payment must be made by May 15. Attendees can make hotel reservations at Louisville's elegant Seelbach Hotel at the special rate of \$69 per night. For further information write to American Renaissance, P.O. Box 1674, Louisville, KY 40201, or phone (502) 637-3242.

## Prince Metternich

**A**t this time of year, as we have just finished celebrating the coronation of the 1995 Majority Renegade, it is well to remember that the personages who fit this category are not always contemporary Americans. Some dwell in the pages of history books. Some are even characterized as heroes of conservatism.

To illustrate this point, take the case of Klemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar von Metternich, diplomat, foreign minister, and finally Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Born in Coblenz in the Rhineland in 1773, Metternich spent his youth as a pampered member of the landed aristocracy. When the armies of revolutionary France marched into the Rhineland, the family properties were seized, forcing the penniless Metternich to seek refuge in Vienna, where the House of Hapsburg offered him employment in the diplomatic service. Charming, educated, sophisticated, worldly and political in every sense of the word, Metternich married well and moved up quickly. At 33 he was appointed ambassador to Napoleon's imperial court in Paris. In 1809 he became Austrian foreign minister. During the Napoleonic wars and the occupation of Vienna, Austrian Emperor Francis I made huge concessions to the French emperor in the Treaty of Schönbrunn. When Napoleon was sent packing by the Russians, Metternich organized a wartime coalition of Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia. After the defeat of the French at Leipzig in October 1813, Napoleon went into exile.

Having lived through the revolutionary chaos let loose by France in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, Metternich felt that the rabble had run riot long enough and that it was time for a resumption of order. In September 1814 European statesmen gathered at the Congress of Vienna to define boundaries, discuss the containment of France, choose rulers for several states and discuss sundry other matters of international concern. Present were the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia and a host of lesser lights, as well as such professional negotiators as Castlereagh and Wellington from England, Hardenberg from Prussia, Talleyrand from France and, of course, Metternich. The deliberations dragged on for nine months, as the guests attended a marathon of balls, concerts, dinner parties, masquerades and high intrigue, all at taxpayers' expense. In a sense it was worth it because a balance of power was struck. After Napoleon's final flurry at Waterloo in 1815, peace reigned in Europe until 1848. That 34-year period from 1814 till 1848 is often called The Age of Metternich. Whether or not Metternich's machinations were salubrious or detrimental is still a subject of vociferous debate.

Metternich's political philosophy was essentially con-

servative. The forces of liberalism (actually libertyism, to coin a phrase in order to distinguish it from today's liberalism) had to be kept in check by authoritarian—some might say reactionary—governments. In fact “ruler” and “master” were more in line with Metternich's mind-set than “leader.”

At this point readers of *Instauration*, overwhelmed as we are by egalitarian propaganda, may be thinking, Hey, we could use a man like Prince Metternich! Hey, it's about time for a hard-liner instead of a party-liner. The difference is that in Metternich's time, egalitarianism among Europeans—not among races—was in the air. What qualified Metternich as a racial renegade? Perhaps it was his hauteur, his “Father Knows Best” attitude towards the Joe Six-Packs of his day. His efforts were devoted to preserving a system of government the masses didn't support. In the end, all he could do was delay the inevitable—much as the Democrats of today work overtime, trying to keep the welfare state afloat, even though scuttling it or at least putting it in dry-dock for a major overhaul would seem to be in order. Metternich himself seemed to sense the futility of his position. In 1828, he lamented, “I am spending my life propping up moldering buildings.”

In the jumble of post-Napoleonic Mitteleuropa, millions of people found themselves under alien rule. Nationalism was their principal philosophical justification for casting off the yoke of imperialism. Freedom of speech and expanding the franchise were two other goals. All across the Hapsburg empire, comprised of Hungarians, Croats, Czechs, Poles and Germans, the cause of nationalism was taken up by journalists, playwrights, professional men and students. Censorship, spy networks and police action were regularly employed to thwart any signs of political progress. International intervention also came into play, such as the Austrian Army being commanded to restore order in Naples.

If we had to name a pompous, vainglorious political figure (one German author wrote a book devoted to Metternich's personal vanity) who enjoyed the good life in the company of beautiful women, ran up the national debt, used police powers to crush dissent, and thought imperial-ly rather than nationally, any number of 20th-century politicians would fill the bill. All of the above fits the 19th-century Metternich. Also, like many a 20th-century “statesman,” Metternich was a friend of the Jews. He was kosher when kosher wasn't cool.

Swimming against the tide of anti-Semitism in Austria, Metternich had the financial help of many Jewish acquaintances, among them Baron Eskele, the first Jewish nobleman in Austria, and Leopold von Herz, a banker whose

financial skills had been put in the service of the monarchy. When the Vienna police were about to expel two Jewish representatives from the German city of Frankfurt, Metternich personally intervened and saw that they received visas. He made a point of asking cities not to discriminate against Jews when they restored their constitutions after the Napoleonic wars.

Metternich's right-hand man (officially, his secretary and economic adviser) was a pretentious Jew of indeterminate origin (perhaps from Prussia, perhaps from Austria) named Friederich von Gentz. To get to Metternich, one had to go through Gentz. Like Metternich, Gentz believed in the absolute rule of the aristocracy. A dandy with a gift of gab, he had a taste for foppish attire, elegant women, extravagant dress balls, expensive chocolates and gambling. To put it in a nutshell, Gentz was a schmoozer, an influence peddler. History books often used the word "publicist" (today we might say public relations man) to categorize him.

Although Gentz pretended to have a wide knowledge of money, his chief interest in this commodity was the accumulation of it for himself. He made it widely known that he not only was willing to accept bribes but would be affronted if they were not forthcoming. In his diary he refers to them as "good news" or "pleasant financial dealings." [Virginia Cowles, *The Rothschilds: a Family of Fortune*, p. 55]

Both Gentz and Metternich were on the friendliest of terms with the Frankfurt branch of the Rothschilds. Though Napoleon had extended civil liberties to Jews, after his ouster anti-Semitism became fashionable again in Vienna and other parts of Europe. Then as now, "international banker" was almost a synonym for Jew. Since bankers supported Metternich's reactionary politics and since most bankers were Jewish, the enmity came with the territory. "Revolutionary anti-Semites" was how the anti-Rothschild forces were characterized by Metternich, who gave Nathan Rothschild, the brother in charge in London, the position of Austrian consul. He let it be known that if the Rothschilds pulled out of Frankfurt, where anti-Semitism was strongest, they would be more than welcome to open a bank in Vienna, which they did under the guidance of Salomon Rothschild. All of this at a time when Jews in Austria could not own land, become judges, civil servants, lawyers, teachers or army officers. The Chosen, who could not marry unless they paid a poll tax, were forced to report periodically to the "Jewish Office." Since Salomon had the bucks, he got around the proscription against owning property by booking every room in the Hotel Romischer Kaiser, the most expensive lodging in the city, thereby cramping the lifestyles of the rich and famous

who had grown used to staying there on their visits to Vienna.

Salomon Rothschild was more than happy to loan money to chronically debt-ridden Austria—and he did the same for Metternich, whose personal taste for the good life outstripped his income. So great was Metternich's gratitude that in 1822, six days after the House of Rothschild made him a personal loan of 900,000 gulden, he persuaded the Emperor of Austria to confer baronies on the five Rothschild brothers.



Metternich in his salad days

Responding to Salomon's pleas, Metternich energetically promoted Jewish emancipation. In 1822 the once anti-Semitic Frankfurt senate gave Jews all political rights and abolished the ghetto. When a Frankfurt newspaper wrote a series of articles attacking the Rothschilds, Metternich banned the newspaper from distribution in Austria. His ties to the Rothschilds were so strong that the family referred to him

as Uncle Metternich. A friend of Zionism long before anyone had heard of Zionism, Metternich was as important to the early days of the House of Rothschild as Uncle Sam was to the early days of the state of Israel.

Left unanswered in this brief essay is whether or not our current problems will be resolved—or deferred as they were in the Age of Metternich. In 1848 revolutions broke out across Europe. On March 14, after Salomon Rothschild loaned him 1,000 ducats and gave him a letter of credit, Metternich resigned and fled to England. The Austrian emperor, Ferdinand I, abdicated in favor of his nephew, Franz Joseph. In France, King Louis Philippe was deposed in favor of a republic. Uprisings occurred in Sicily, Milan, Naples, Berlin, Warsaw, Prague and Budapest. In Rome, Pope Pius IX was forced to flee the city. The Age of Metternich ended as surprisingly as the Age of Gorbachev.

Metternich had an easy time in exile, thanks to Jewish friends in high places. The British branch of the Rothschilds helped him live in his usual high falutin style. Disraeli became a close friend. It is also worth noting that a latter-day Jewish "statesman," Henry ("Peace is at hand") Kissinger, was sufficiently enamored of Metternich to write a book, *A World Restored*, about him. Hans's description of Metternich as "Prime Minister of Europe" is a fairly accurate characterization of his true status at the apogee of his career.

Both conservatives and liberals (applying modern-day definitions of these terms) have found something to like about Metternich. Historical interest in him picked up in the years following WWI when the League of Nations, which seemed to espouse many of Metternich's international ideals, was launched. Some American historians during the 1950s and 60s admired Metternich's anti-leftist proclivities. In the words of historian Alan Sked, they

"envisaged him as some sort of 19th-century John Foster Dulles stemming the tide of red revolution." Obviously, the movers and shakers behind NATO and the UN were kindred spirits. George Bush and his New World Order might have been at home in Metternich's Vienna. The continental mind-set of the "One Europe" gang in the Age of Metternich would be similar to that of the "One Race/One World" crowd today. Another apt parallel is "Our Crowd's" use of the term "demagogues" (*Demagogen* in German) to stigmatize the brave souls who spoke up for nationalism and liberty. Though hard for a contemporary reader to believe, the word wasn't specially minted by contemporary journalists to demean David Duke, Jean-Marie Le Pen, Pat Buchanan or Jörg Haider.

Metternich shaped and was shaped by world events, even when they happened a world away. Born in 1773, the year of the Boston Tea Party, he went into exile in 1848, the year *The Communist Manifesto* was published. The ideas and ideals, disparate as they are, that gave rise to these seminal events were too "far out" for a mossback like Metternich to deal with. Suppression was his only response, which is hardly the hallmark of effective government.

Lest we get too smug about Prince Metternich, we must note that his exile was not of long duration. Three years after fleeing Austria, he was back in Vienna. At the age of 77, he was too old to resume his former position. In the remaining nine years of his life, he must have found some satisfaction in the failure of the 1848 revolutions

that ousted him. He must have felt a bit like the old Communist leaders who were toppled in the late 1980s and are now creeping back into power because their vanquishers haven't delivered.

From a populist standpoint Metternich was a disaster. Like today's global politicians, he was more interested in maintaining the balance of power, the status quo, than in enhancing his people's well-being. Still, as George Kennan notes, "The Austro-Hungarian Empire still looks better as a solution to the tangled problems of that part of the world than anything that has succeeded it." Whether or not Metternich prevented a continent-wide conflagration such as WWI or exacerbated international tensions which culminated in that conflict is a continuing debate among historians.

Though he was a committed internationalist, he envisaged Austria as the centerpiece of his coalition, much as today's internationalists like to employ America's status as "the world's only superpower" as a bludgeon, if need be, in world affairs.

Metternich's patronage of the House of Rothschild is worth remembering in these days of staggering national debts, the IMF and the unchecked flow of capital across borders. Though the state of Israel did not materialize till 100 years after Metternich's fall from power, in his time, as in ours, the establishment party line is: if it's good for the Jews, it must be good for us.

JUDSON HAMMOND

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## Have We Hit Bottom?

I have almost despaired of the American people ever putting the brakes on their current slide into utter depravity. Apparently nothing is too nasty, perverse or sickening to shake them out of their zombiehood. Every new outrage brings nothing but mumbled befuddlement from an increasingly idiotized population.

What are your tastes? Bullwhips up the rectum? A Federal grant can be arranged. Queers on prime time? So common it's passé. Child molesters made into Boy Scout leaders by order of the Federal courts? By all means. Lesbian bull dykes awarded custody of young children, over the helpless protests of their fathers? Faggot priests diddling altar boys? Television evangelists ripping off old folks living on dog food? Fat, ugly, unfunny Jewesses like Rosanne "telling all" about their abhorrent and disgusting sex lives to people who don't want to listen? Beauteous models on magazine covers pawed by black athletes with their tongues hanging out of

their mouths? The Disney company turned into a voracious, Jewish-controlled greed machine?

Calvin Klein, the noted fashion designer, did something I thought nobody could do. He finally churned America's gut. By God, I hope it stays churned. With the delicate taste and refinement for which his "ethnic group" is justly famed, he made a series of TV and billboard ads using young people as models. Some well under 18 are filmed in a procession of poses that define the word obscene.

Interestingly there is no actual nudity, or precious little. The context and poses tell it all. As one Supreme Court justice put it, you know pornography when you see it. Calvin Klein's stuff is porn—filthy, wretched kiddie porn, the kind people should be jailed for possessing, much less producing.

The real shocker about the ads is that they were filmed using the same cheap techniques common to hard-core movies.

Anybody who has ever attended a rowdy bachelor party knows the style. There is no mistaking what the producer of the ad was thinking when he was grinding out this swill. The American people weren't fooled either. One take of a budding catamite prancing around a ladder could have been lifted straight out of any Triple XXX adult film.

Calvin said he was "taken aback" by the public reaction to the dirty photos. He should thank his lucky stars that an Instaurationist government is not in power in Washington. He and his pervert buddies would have been "taken aback" of the nearest barn and—after due process, of course—sent across the Great Divide.

The ads were quickly quashed. Money talks and Klein stood to lose big bucks. Is this the start of something new, a return to some standard, no matter how de-based? Don't bet on it.

N.B.F.

As the old order changeth,

## The Majority Has an Opening

**F**rom the distance of a long procession of years, the turning points in the history of a nation are clear. Historical events that may have attracted only momentary attention at the time they occurred are, with the passing of years, starkly chiseled into national consciousness and collective memory. The Boston Tea Party, John Brown's Raid and the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. were all significant events and recognized as such when they happened. Nobody at the time imagined, however, what harbingers of war and destruction they would be.

The Boston Tea Party was an act of defiance against the Crown that exploded into outright rebellion in a few short years. John Brown's Raid was a clear sign that there would be no peaceful solution to the slavery issue.

The assassination of Rev. King was the first event in a chain that will inevitably lead to lowering the curtain on the U.S. as we once knew it. The war between the American Majority and the minorities has already started. At present it resembles one of those 17th-century wars that started in the far-off Caribbean with plundering raids by privateers and pinprick skirmishes by tiny bands of colonial soldiers. The violence smoldered on for years before the point of combustion was reached across the Atlantic and the great empires of Europe clashed on home ground.

Let us speak the truth. The current slow-motion guerrilla war in America today is a race war. Every black criminal who walks into the night looking for a white victim is committing an act of war—war at its most primitive and savage.

That blacks are also victims of black criminals is totally irrelevant. Whites rob and rape and murder other whites as well. This does not change the racial facts of life in America

in the 1990s. Every white American murdered in a filling station hold-up, every white woman raped, every white man attacked by blacks in a prison cell, is a casualty of war.

On one side of this conflict are white men and women, Majority Americans. On the other side, all others. It is true large numbers of minorityites who, for one reason or another, will throw in their lot with us. Some are opportunists. Others instinctively know that life in a minority-dominated America would be a nightmare. These "allies" of ours are not, strictly speaking, Majority Americans, but are racially white or close to white and choose to identify with Majority Americans rather than with the minorities. A few blacks, Orientals and others who despise their own kind, perhaps with good reason, would rather live as second-class citizens in a white America than as first-class citizens in a minority-ruled America. For the most part, however, the Majority is composed of those white Americans of European stock who oppose the lib-min coalition's plans to destroy the country through immigration, forced integration, affirmative action, multiculturalism and other forms of destruction aimed at the American middle class.

The enemy is a noisome stew of minorities and liberals, with the Jews playing the role of the Wizard of Oz ("Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain!"). Of the minorities, blacks are currently the most numerous, the most united, the most militant, the most violent, the most hate-filled and, in their own special way, the most destructive. The so-called Hispanics do not, in fact, constitute a united bloc. While all have

the potential to commit horrible damage to Majority America and most bear a large chip on their shoulders, the true danger comes from late-arriving, lower-class Mexicans



John Brown on his way to the scaffold

and Central Americans. Deracinated Puerto Ricans, by now well into the fourth generation of New York slum dwellers, are also to be found in the Hispanic Fifth Column. Poor Cubans, such as those most recently erupted by or fleeing from Don Fidel, are no better and some of them can be far worse.

Asians are in some ways the most dangerous of all the minorities currently flooding into our country. Hard-working, relatively intelligent, deceptively quiet and law abiding, they are adept at pulling the wool over American eyes. Asians represent the "good minority," a euphemism that disarms many potential white opponents. "Gosh, how can I oppose more immigration when all these Chinese are such good workers and so honest?" Inarguably there is much to admire in Asia and Asians, but they are from a different world that is not our world. Allowed to breed their way to dominance, they will overwhelm us.

The role of the Jews in all this mess is well known to us and should be well known to all. There is no greater evidence of the terminal stupidity of mankind than that these hucksters have tripped from one generation to the next, sowing disorder and strife, and expecting to be thanked for it!

The assassination of Rev. King ended in one instant a process that had progressed, in fits and starts, since the 1830s, when the Abolitionist crusade began. The Abolitionists, forgetting that the primary loyalty of any man must be to his own flesh and blood, placed the mark of Cain on their own brows. White Americans killed white Americans in the most terrible of our wars. After Appomattox those same Abolitionists, now Radical Republicans, attempted to "reconstruct" the South and put the Negro on an equal plane with the white.

Some of us like to believe the period from 1876 to 1954 was some Panglossian era, when the Majority held sway, the minorities kept their heads down and our country prospered. While there is some truth to this, it is not the whole story. The Abolitionists and Radical Republicans, reincarnated as "liberals," lurked in the political shadows, their minds overbrimming with a fanatical hatred for their own kind. And always, always, the Chosen were there to goad them on.

The rise of Franklin D. Roosevelt gave Old Believers, Trucklers, Gracchites, Renegades and Proditors their big opportunity, though it was not until after WWII that they were secure enough to begin the final assault on the last bastion of true Majority power—the South. The battle was long and ugly. Tens of millions of Americans, many living in Northern areas with few or any Negroes, cheered on the civil rights agitators. They pitied the poor blacks and cursed those terrible Southerners who just wouldn't forget that the war—the Civil War—was over.

The object of the cabal that organized and directed the civil rights movement was to divide the American Majority and, taking advantage of its weakness, seize wealth and power for themselves. The Jews very shrewdly calculated the weak spot in the formerly tough armor of Majority

contempt for and suspicion of aliens, traits inherited from the Majority's mainly Nordic ancestors.

The weak spot of the American Majority is a sickly strain of maudlin feminine debility and a hand-wringing, fussy preoccupation with real or imagined folks in need. The Abolitionists used this as a formidable weapon in their efforts to forge a broad coalition to destroy the Slave Power. Images of shackled slaves being flogged, frightened runaways in the swamps, slave mothers separated from their children or, for the salaciously inclined, nubile Negroes at the mercy of fiendish, lip-licking Southern planters, were overpowering. When told such tales, kindly Majority hearts ran red with pity and indignation.

Jews arriving in the latter half of the 19th century couldn't believe their luck at landing in the midst of a rich country full of goyim who apparently knew next to nothing about the Chosen and were sitting there ready and waiting to be manipulated and led around by the nose like cattle. With the willing help of numberless white fools, Jews promoted the idea of "integrating" America's black and white populations. While miscegenation was usually dismissed as a white racist bugaboo, the brains at the center of the conspiracy were dedicated to the establishment of a mulatto America. Jews, sure their own 5,000-year history of racial exclusiveness would protect them from what they were preparing for Majority America, set to work with a will. By the turn of the century they were already exerting a powerful influence on the intellectual life of the country.

It is a little-known fact that even before WWI, D.W. Griffith, who made the classic film, *The Birth of a Nation*, had to move heaven and earth—as well as the Supreme Court and the President—to force showings of the movie in the major cities. There were riots in Boston, legal injunctions and protests from every liberal in the land. Rabbi Stephen Wise, one of the most sinister figures in American history, was a prime mover behind these efforts. So much for the Majority paradise in the good old days!

The disempowerment of the Majority was well-advanced by the end of WWII. Majority will collapsed entirely after the war, except in the South, where local turncoats, Jews and transplanted Northerners began a sophisticated and concerted campaign to wipe out the last remnants of Majority domination. It did not take long.

By the time Rev. King made his famous "dream speech," the war was over. With the exception of a few insignificant and isolated acts of violence by the Ku Klux Klan and other white supremacist groups, it had been like shooting ducks in a barrel with white Southern segregationists playing the role of ducks. Liberals, Jews and blacks who laughed, joked and guzzled beer as they picked off their hapless opponents one by one had a right to smirk and sneer. The proud boasts of "Never!" made by Southern governors were all hot air. Not one Dixiecrat pol had the guts to lead the people of his state in an armed defense of their way of life.

The campaign against the white South can be com-

pared to one of those British colonial forays where His Majesty's troops went out and mowed down the natives by the tens of thousands, with only a risible handful of them getting so much as a scratch. Blowhard pantywaists from Ivy League colleges could go South for a summer of thrills, glowing with self-righteousness and fearing no retaliation except perhaps being overcharged for breakfast at a country diner. Journalists, "civil rights activists" and budding politicians based whole careers on imaginary struggles with the Ku Kluxers. They would troop back to Ohio or Massachusetts and regale their gullible fellow liberals of evil, hot Southern nights, haunted by hooded specters. It was all pure baloney.

From time to time a Klavern or two would stop talking and informing on each other long enough to put together a few sticks of dynamite (with helpful hints from the FBI in some cases) and blow up some utterly meaningless target. The most spectacular acts of violence committed by so-called white supremacists during this period have *agent provocateur* written all over them. Even the few genuinely terrorist acts, such as the killing of two Jewish civil rights activists and a Negro near Philadelphia (MS) were really just random incidents. In no way can they be considered evidence of any organized campaign of white resistance.

When St. Martin marched his flock to the nation's capital, it was all over. The Jewish-black alliance lost no time rubbing its hands over the rich prizes to be won by extending the civil rights movement to the whole country. When King was shot, that new campaign had already started. The Jews, the leading campaigners, were so full of themselves and thought themselves so clever that they didn't even notice the first cracks appearing beneath their feet. Smug and confident from their "final victory" over Majority America, they settled down to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

In the dark, steaming ghettos of America's cities, however, other men had radically different thoughts. These urban blacks looked with furious contempt on their "leaders," who, they charged, sold them out to the Jews, played the white man's game and kept their noses to the Jewish grindstone. For the time being, these inner-city Negroes were powerless. The prestige of the black leaders of the civil rights movement was enormous and they were flush with cash, both federal and private. Everybody loves a winner. But the solitary, lonely men in the ghettos continued to talk, to preach and to hype their call to arms.

As the 70s ground into the 80s and blacks realized that the civil rights movement was a fraud and "integration" a shabby plot to snare them into placing their political power at the service of Jews and white liberals, a revolt began.

The so-called black leadership of America was found to be nothing more than a gang of thieving, whoring, amoral incompetents, lusting after white women and U.S. Treasury checks. As integration of America's schools and the growth of the welfare machine exacted their deadly toll, intelligent blacks suddenly came to understand what was really going on.

The infamous black-Jewish alliance began to fray,

slowly at first, then with increasing speed. The first few blacks to speak out were shouted down by the Toms, who felt their fat and cozy lifestyle threatened. With the hot, fetid breath of their "brothers" scorching the backs of their necks, the "leaders" got the message. At first Jews tried to brazen it out, pretending that only a few "kooks" (How they love that word!) supported the Black Muslims and other black nationalists. But by the mid-1980s the truth could no longer be concealed.

Having always been ranged on the liberal side, Jews now had to negotiate the difficult passage to the other camp, that of "conservative America." Since traditional American conservatism had been in many ways defined by a largely unspoken anti-Semitism, this was no easy feat. But the Jews had no choice. Their ship was sinking under them, so they did what rats always do.

During the Reagan years the neoconservative movement, which consisted of Jewish ex-liberals with a sprinkling of twits like William Bennett and Jack Kemp, had virtually seized control of the "conservative" wing of American politics. The mission was two-fold: Keep conservatives and Majority Americans focused on secondary issues that would not harm core Jewish interests and prevent by any means necessary the development of a nativist, nationalist, populist, radical conservative movement which would, by definition, have no time for outsiders.

The dike held, more or less, through the Bush years, though by the end of his presidency it was springing leaks—huge, unpluggable leaks—in many places. The whole damn kit and kaboodle was swept away in 1994. A wave of anger and disgust, inchoate as it was, smashed the old system into a million pieces.

Since President Clinton took office, the conservative movement and its on-and-off-again bedfellow, the Republican Party, have been turned upside down. What has fallen out and dropped into the gutter are the neoconservatives.

Not that we have finally arrived in the land of political milk and honey. Far from it. But there can be no question that we are in the middle of a period of fundamental change in American political life. The odds favor us, if we play them right.

The Jewish "integration plot" is dead as a doornail and everybody knows it. We are moving towards an era of separatism. When the pie is divided, there will be no slice for the Jews. The Chosen are already being elbowed out of the Republican Party and they don't like it one bit, but they have nowhere else to go. They can't go to the Democrats, now more than ever a black-dominated clique. Louis Farrakhan stands grinning and honing his machete.

The Majority has an historic opportunity within its grasp. We Majority members must move to seize it. America will be a Majority America or it will be nothing. Later we can dicker and haggle over the details of the payoff to the blacks to get them out of our hair. For now, let's keep our eye on the main chance.

N.B. FORREST

# Pecuniary Warmongering

**A**ny rational man has to view U.S. intervention in Bosnia with a mixture of fascination, horror and disbelief. Has Clinton lost his mind? Is he so utterly lacking in backbone that he can't stand up to his party's rabid globalist crowd? Or is it something worse? Is he himself committed to this idiotic venture?

Leaving aside minor shootouts, air raids, evacuations and the like, this country has launched three military actions since 1990. Each one has ended in farce, tragedy or frustration.

The Haitian invasion could easily serve as the basis for the plot of *The Comedians, Part II*. Only Graham Greene could have grasped the grubby, tawdry essence of this slapstick reversion to gunboat diplomacy. Democracy in Haiti! For God's sake! Instead of being thankful that Haitians aren't eating each other and the foreign tourists lying around the pool at Club Med, we have actually sent in the Marines—once more—to try to turn Port-au-Prince into something resembling Oslo. At least the first time, in 1915, we were more realistic. All we wanted the Haitians to do was collect their customs' duties so they could meet a fraction of their obligations to foreign bondholders



Port-au-Prince street scene

(though anyone foolish enough to buy Haitian government bonds deserved their woeful rate of return).

Somalia was a bunghole of a country when we went there to "build a nation." A beggarly expanse of dirt, rocks and filth, chock-full of some of the nastiest, laziest people on earth, U.S. troops managed the rather remarkable feat of leaving the country in worse shape than they found it—after a few well-stuffed body bags had been sent home to mostly Majority families.

Who can forget the Mother of all Conflicts, the Gulf

War? In military terms it was a turkey shoot, with casualty figures resembling those of the Battle of Omdurman, with the Iraqis playing the part of the Fuzzy Wuzzies. The sickening spew of deceitful journalistic hogwash sprayed all over us for months by Injun Dan & Co. was bad enough. We also had to listen to the High Brass. The crapometer spun so fast the dials melted. The result? Saddam Hussein is still there. George Bush ain't. Our erstwhile allies are all trying to sneak back to bank the moolah that will start to flow as soon as Saddam can start peddling his black gold again.

As for Bosnia, gag me with a spoon. I was amused the other day when some pretty, pert young reporter (not the awful, uncombed and uncouth Christiane Amanpour) asked the leader of the Bosnian Serbs if he wasn't concerned about being arrested as a "war criminal." No, he said, I have several hundred thousand loyal armed supporters. Great answer to a stupid question. I wonder which one of the pasty-faced twerps who filed the so-called "war crimes" charges would care to face the Serbs one on one?

Which brings me to my point. The Money Power is desperate to bring the whole world under its greedy, pudgy thumb. That is the secret behind the frantic response to any outbreak of "nationalism" or "provincialism," which can best be defined as the ism of people seeking to find their own way in the world without a crowd of outsiders, aliens, do-gooders and busybodies sticking their noses where they are not wanted. If they can just stamp out the little brush fires, intimidate the bigger bullies and bluff the regional powers into taking the castrating knives to themselves, all will be hunky dory.

The preferred weapon of the Money Power is a spurious concept of international law. No such law exists; never has, never will. Existing international law has been nothing more than a series of agreements of convenience, arrived at by the big powers to make life easier for themselves and harder for everyone else. Any study of the history of British, American, French, German or, God forbid, Russian observance of international law will show that it is strictly a sop for sissies and countries too feeble or craven to defend their own interests. The international law establishment and its pantywaist twin, the United Nations, are gorged with the mincing, testosterone-challenged pansies of the world of law and diplomacy.

We in the West are supposed to be proud that we are nations of law, not men. It is a telling indication of our thinning blood that so many of us are prepared to swallow such rubbish. The Scotch-Irish, perhaps the toughest, dourdest ingredient in our national melting pot of European blood, had a ready retort for the man who reaches for a

law book instead of a sword to defend his honor. He was told that in such a case it was beneath the dignity of a real man to look to the law for redress. If he was foolish enough to offend a man's honor, he would not be able to hide behind the black robe of a judge or the prattling of an attorney when the time came to pay the piper. The man who seeks to defend his honor with pen and parchment is wasting his time. The path of the scribbler leads not to Valhalla.

The world of the Money Power is the very antithesis of the upright, stern and honorable world, where a man lived by his word and was willing to die to prevent a stain on his character. In this new world, everything has a price and everything can be negotiated. Hagglng and dickering are considered fine arts, heavy with gravity and solemnity. The palsied, trembling, arthritic hand of the clerk replaces the strong right arm of the warrior. Any attempt to stand

for something, anything, is viewed as criminally "macho."

The Money Power seeks to bind the world and all its inhabitants in a straitjacket of pettifoggers and dubious laws enacted by no legitimate authority and never voted on by any independent people.

The plan is bound to collapse of its own weight. All over the world people are getting wise to this con game. China has told the "world's only superpower," to butt out. Russia is waiting to do the same, as are India, Iran and Brazil, to name just a few. I have little natural sympathy for any of these nations, but I can't help but admire them a tad when they stand up to the tidal wave of pious baloney being thrown at them by Money and its chief puppet, the U.S. government.

Let us pray for the day when we settle scores with the financial globalists gnawing at our most sacred institutions.

N.B. FORREST

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## Some People Never Get the Word

Every so often as we go about our daily lives we run into people who seem to have lost the common thread of life, folks who appear to be marching not so much to a different drummer, but to some weird orchestra unseen and unheard by the vast majority of humankind, people who to all appearances are living on another planet. Let's say, Pluto.

Governor Parris N. Glendening of Maryland is such a person. To the casual observer the bland, uninspiring, uninteresting and dreadfully PC chief executive of one of our more important and characterless states, Glendening is really a very different kind of man. Somewhere in the contours of the modest dollop of gray matter which rests (hopefully) between his ears there shakes and shimmies, a wild-eyed mambo king furiously beating the bongo drums of racial diversity, a whirling dervish of liberal Democratic politics, a crazed Bohemian dancing to an affirmative action polka. All in all, Glendening is a pasty-faced idiot and a sleazy pol utterly devoid of loyalty to anything except a stuffed ballot box. But there is more. He is one of the very few white politicians in the country who hasn't gotten the word on affirmative action and so-called "diversity." Currently he is engaged in a bizarre campaign to

expand affirmative action in Maryland, just as most other governors are measuring it for a casket.

Glendening clearly does not plan on a long political career. When the boys with industrial quantities of ammo stacked in their garages daydream about settling scores, they usually don't think much about blacks or even Jews. The first step in an insurgency is to impose discipline in your own ranks. The easiest way to do it is to mete out justice to some of the more egregious traitors. Parris Glendening call your office.

A fool teetering on the edge of a volcano, Glendening has method to his madness. There is a simple explanation for his apparently insane policies. The spillover from Washington has led to the creation of large blocs of black voters in certain Maryland counties bordering the District of Columbia. Glendening figures that if he can lock up the black vote he will be able to count on the support of the daffy white liberals who grow like a fungus in the Washington suburbs, as well as a goodly number of pinhead yokels from the rural districts who vote Democratic because their granddaddies did. I hold no brief for most Republicans and certainly not for the party as a whole. There is no excuse, however, for any Majority mem-

ber to vote for the Democrats.

The Gov is making a terrible mistake. It is true that a simple look at the demographic charts may provide support for his immoral and cynical calculations. That is not the whole story, though. This country is in the early stages of a titanic struggle that will dwarf every other political event in our history, including the Civil War. At stake is the future of our nation as a white Western social order. If we win, we must take the necessary steps to ensure our future. If we fail, America will dissolve into a welter of vicious, warring mini-states, a hideous racial stew that will make the Balkans look like Disneyland.

The Parris Glendenings of this country cannot even conceive of what is coming. Most of our own people have no idea how violent and pitiless this fight is likely to be. There will be no soft landing.

One thing is certain. The day will come when the hunt will start for the parties responsible for the mess we are in. Parris Glendening is an insignificant man and will not even be near the top of the list. He will be on it, though, and his incredibly reckless acts this late in the game will mark him as one of the hard-core renegades who must be singled out for condign punishment.

N.B.F.

# Good-Bye to CNN

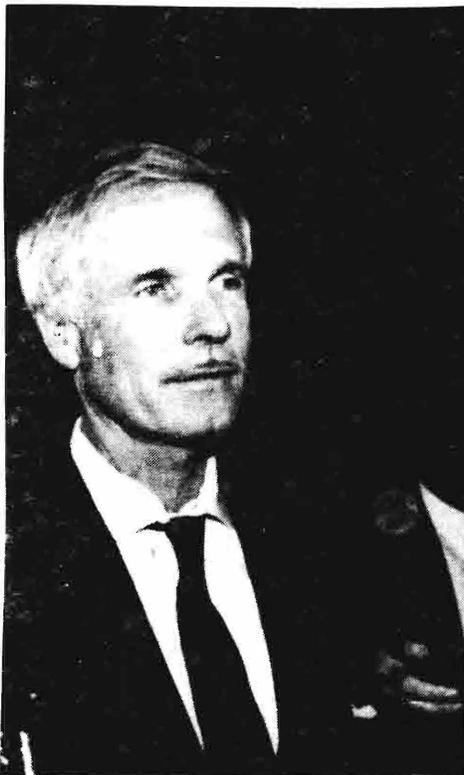
**A**s most of our readers know, Turner Broadcasting System, which has now been gobbled up by Time Warner, was more or less controlled by its founder, Ted Turner, variously known as The Mouth of the South and Captain Outrageous, a mogul of the old school, a corporate buccaneer and a character straight out of a B-movie. While there are aspects of Ted Turner which would give pause to an Instaurionist, compared to almost any other major business figure in America in the 1990s he was a positive force. To begin with, he controlled the only major news operation in the country that was not firmly in Chosenite hands. Turner's own view of God's favorite Tribe was always ambivalent, to say the least. He was the object of deep—and probably well-justified—suspicion by the Jewish cabal that exert such power over the major TV networks, the major news magazines and the so-called newspapers of record, the Washington Post and, more importantly, the N.Y. Times. That list, of course, just touches the surface. Turner was also one of the very few business magnates who seem to have some purpose in life other than raking in shekels and piling them higher and higher.

CNN, the news operation that is the core of TBS, is by no means a flawless operation. Some of its international correspondents so openly grind political axes that it is almost embarrassing to watch them perform (i.e., Christiane Amanpour, the half-Iranian pitchwoman for the Bosnian Muslims, and Ronnie Loveler, an old-style lefty married to a Sandinista, are two examples). Neither is CNN the most cerebral organization on earth. Coverage can be shallow and on a slow night geared to blood, gore and two-headed calves.

This said, CNN is miles ahead of any of the major network news bureaus. ABC, NBC and CBS are the most obvious overt arms of ZOG—and the most dangerous to a citizenry that has had its brain vacuumed for years to remove any trace of original thought. The pathetic hacks dragged out year after year from these kosher journalistic dumpsters are dyed-in-the-wool liberal pinheads. What honest man or woman can stare at Sam Donaldson, Peter Jennings, Barbara Walters, Dan Rather or any of the other

news readers and interviewers and do anything but gag?

By the time Turner invented CNN, the news-slanting by these talking eggheads had gotten so bad that even ghetto crackheads were doing double-takes when the evening news came on.



Ted Turner has finally fallen into Zionist clutches

CNN was run unlike any of the network news shows. First, the people reading the news were just that, news-readers. They were told to eliminate irritating body language, raised eyebrows and uncalled-for editorial comments. Just read it. Let viewers themselves decide whether or not we should bomb the stuffings out of the Bosnian Serbs. Second, CNN made room for uncut, uncensored news footage from other countries, even icky places like Iraq and Libya. Third, the network made a genuine effort to present both sides of a story, even one involving, say, the KKK or the Aryan Nations. Of course, these reporters were never allowed to get out of hand, but the entire tone was strikingly different from that heard on network news.

As an added bonus, Turner made sure that most of the ladies hired as newsreaders were attractive and classy

and without that case-hardened look so common to female journalists almost anywhere else, most of whom have an expression suggesting that they discovered a severe run in their panty hose minutes before air time. The guys tend to be clean-cut and normal, as opposed to freaks like Donaldson and Rather.

As you might expect, the success of a company like CNN was viewed with gasping horror and panic by the Chosenites assigned to control the flow of lies to the Great Unwashed. In letting Turner get loose they had really dropped the ball. When Ted made noises like he wanted to buy a major network, alarm bells went off everywhere. The Chosen are not fools. If they lose their media monopoly, they are finished. They are well aware that the spread of the Information Revolution has punched a thousand points of light in their closed shop news system.

Planning began almost immediately to nail Turner or, barring that, wrap him so tightly in a financial straitjacket that it would cost him his freedom of action. The first option having fizzled, the Chosen went to work on the second. As I write, it seems that they have won, unless Ted

has an ace up his sleeve we don't know about. He has been appointed second in command of the Time Warner conglomerate, but this is probably nothing but eye-wash.

The groundwork for the gelding (oh what irony is in that word!) of CNN has been laid for quite some time. A couple of years ago an article appeared in the New Republic, the house organ of the queer/Jewish/liberal/neocon gang. It was written by a second-string, unknown Israelite hack, but what it said could have been dictated by ZOG's most exalted oracle.

The article was daring and risky, for it revealed much too much about the thought patterns of our media masters. Simply put, the great sin of CNN was not its Gentile origin and its outlandish location. (In Atlanta of all places! Why, you can't get a decent bagel there, much less find a competent psychoanalyst!) The great sin was that CNN allowed newsmakers to speak for themselves and say their say without previous editing. Ah, there was the rub!

The New York-based networks have a set policy against allowing "controversial" (read: ZOG unapproved) personalities to speak on the news without prior editing. While CNN edits, like any news organization, it generally allows aberrant figures to speak their minds, be they David Duke or Michael Jackson. In the Big Three this is a definite no-no.

To let foreigners tell their side of the story, without the obligatory Zionist rewrite, is really hot territory. CNN's coverage of the Palestinian Intifada was a major factor in forcing Israel to the peace table with the PLO. You'd better believe that this "mistake" will not be forgotten.

The dolt who wrote the New Republic article stated that the news media had the "right" and "responsibility" to clear what went out on the airwaves of anything that might, for want of a better description, cause people to question the standard ZOG line.

Any doubts I had about the ZOG plans for CNN were cleared up by Mark Landler in the N.Y. Times business section (Sept. 18, 1995), who wrote a smirking, transparent gloat piece which should be read by all, especially CNN staffers. It outlines the future of their workplace in ghastly detail, for those who know how to read between the lines.

Entitled, "CNN Newsroom Gets a Visit From a Suitor," a more appropriate title for Landler's article might be, "CNN Gets the Once Over From Its Future Rapist." The "rapist" Landler referred to was Gerald M. Levin, CEO of Time Warner, who went to Atlanta to slobber over the choice morsel that would soon be his to do with as he wished. As Porter Bibb, a "media industry banker" at Ladenburg, Thalmann and Company put it: "When you add the editorial clout of Time and Fortune to the worldwide distribution of CNN, you've got a substantial powerhouse."

Landler's questions in the article are amusingly revealing: "[W]ill Time bring some editorial sophistication to CNN's rip-and-read style?" In other words, how long will it take Time to muzzle CNN and ensure that its "product"

is 100% kosher? How about until next Tuesday.

We can surely take comfort in knowing that Tom Johnson, the president of CNN, recently met with Time's editor-in-chief, Norman Pearlstine, and his Jewish *aides-de-camp*, Walter Isaacson and Paul Sagan, to "discuss potential synergies." You can bet there was plenty of give-and-take in that session. The Jews taking and Johnson left in his boxers.

A coy paragraph reads, "At this point in the talks. . . Turner would continue to run CNN and the network would remain in Atlanta." Landler added, "Mr. Turner and Mr. Levin may decide to merge the news operations [of CNN and Time Warner]. At a minimum, the news bureaus of CNN and Time, Inc. would share office space." Translation: "Listen up all you goyim at CNN. Forget about Daddy Turner. We're shutting down this cow-town operation and moving it to the Rotten Apple. Don't plan on making the big move if you don't toe the line." All of which means, CNN as we know it, is finito.

There is more from Landler's pen: "But if Time, Inc. has been slow to break into television journalism, its magazines have mastered the craft of analytical and investigative journalism. Some media experts say that CNN could use that expertise." Translation: CNN is going to "grow up."

Needless to say the personnel at CNN will have to be "upgraded." Take Mr. Pearlstine. With a face that would scare the hell out of a fire insurance salesman, Pearlstine is no doubt just the man to tighten things up around CNN. After all, "Lou Dobbs and Ed Turner are running that shop themselves," as Porter Bibb put it. Two goyim controlling a major television news operation! Not on your life.

The meat of the message comes in the last four paragraphs of the article: "Indeed, some CNN executives said that they were worried that Time, Inc. would end up dominating the network." After all, "Mr. Pearlstine has close ties to Mr. Levin" Worried? I hope the CNN executives have their desks cleaned out. They will be lucky to be handing out towels and swatting flies in the Time Warner executive washroom six months from now.

"Yet some media experts said CNN could use an injection of new editorial blood, even if its center of gravity shifts to New York." There you have it, folks.

Mr. Reese Schonfeld, who was the first president of CNN (and who is now probably savoring the end of Turner's goyish rule), says, "To the extent that the focus shifts from Atlanta to New York, that's for the good. You wouldn't publish the International Herald Tribune in Lyons; you'd publish it in Paris." End of story.

It's a sad, sad tale. Turner has essentially sold out, but I will not cast the first stone. Who knows what financial decisions were behind this? I am sure, however, dingbat wife Jane was no help at all. My guess is that Turner is tired and just decided to cash in his chips.

The good news is: Jews are missing the boat and are too frantic, neurotic and out of touch to realize it. The genie is out of the bottle and buying CNN will not put it back.

CNN broke forever the hammerlock of the networks on the news. The American people no longer care what *Time*, NBC, CBS, ABC or the Washington Post say. When it comes to the truth, the N.Y. Times is a positive liability. The computer explosion and the growth of cable, as well as talk radio and a host of other media outlets, renders outfits like Time Warner if not obsolete, at least obsolescent. Time Warner may make money, but money is not the real key to this deal.

As for the center of gravity shifting to New York, I am sorry to have to inform Mr. Levin that New York has been losing its "center of gravity" status for years. If CNN goes there, it will be trading a strong presence in an up-and-coming region of the country for a cold, dead and decaying has-been area. Those CNN newsreaders will just love dog doo-doo six inches deep on the sidewalks, Puerto Ri-

cans stealing their tires and winos spitting on their windshields, to say nothing of \$5,000-per-month rents and bosses who look and act like Bolshevik commissars. New York, New York!

This latest power grab is itself evidence of the decrepit state of ZOGism. Twenty years ago a man like Turner would have been squashed before he ever got on the air. Now the Jews had to buy him off with heavy coin. It reminds me of the Late Roman Empire and its effete, perfumed patricians. Their bloodlines diluted by generations of bad breeding, they smiled and trembled as they handed over tribute to the barbarian chiefs, all the while trying to hide they have beshat themselves from fright.

Get out the grindstones, boys. Soon it will be time to go a Viking!

N.B. FORREST

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## The Korean Problem

Ever since the Los Angeles riots, when Korean shopkeepers used deadly force to protect their property from black and Hispanic rioters, the neoconservative crowd has touted the Koreans as prime examples of why they want to let 100 million Asians into our country. Hard-working, smart, law-abiding, clean, devoted to education . . . you've heard the rap. Much of it, no doubt, is true. There are probably worse neighbors than Koreans. I have been to Korea and, frankly, I like the place and like the people.

But this is beside the point, which was made quite succinctly by a major brawl in a Seoul subway in May 1995. A gang of South Korean "youths," after viewing an American soldier pat the rump of a Korean woman, accused the G.I. of sexual harassment. The Korean woman's statement that the American was her husband made things even worse. The "youths" began to slap her and spit on her and her husband, who naturally started swinging. It soon degenerated into a massive punch-out. Four American servicemen, who came to the aid of the soldier in the *mêlée*, were charged in the incident. No Koreans were charged.

It is a commonplace of history that foreign soldiers stationed in faraway lands, either as allies or as occupiers, will rub locals the wrong way. One of the most sensitive areas is relations with local women. A people unwilling to protect

their women from the advances of aggressive outsiders can only be called feeble, if not despicable. (Pardon me if I just inadvertently made a comment about the American Majority.) In cases involving related ethnic groups, the situation isn't so critical.

Koreans, like most Orientals, are intensely race conscious. Do I dare say "racist?" But South Koreans should not expect us to defend their country, if they are unwilling to accept a certain amount of interracial petting. We can't send 40,000 young men abroad for two years and expect them to satisfy themselves with cold showers. The obvious solution is to bring our troops home and let the Asians sort things out for themselves. If it had not been for our imperial pretensions in Asia, we would not now have huge Asian communities in this country. But that's another story.

My point is this. All of those docile, smiling, nerdy Orientals may well be fine people and we should value them as friends and business partners. But we should not allow them to take up residence here. They do not belong here. There is no end to them. They only remain harmless and polite until they have the upper hand, at which time they start to act more like samurai warriors or Manchu princes. Their thousands of years of history are not going to be erased in America. Small groups have "assimilat-

ed," mainly because they were submerged in a tide of whites. If that tide ebbs, we may find out that these "New Americans" are not as American as we thought.

As for the brave Korean shopkeepers who held off the blacks in the Los Angeles riots, they can hardly be blamed for wanting to keep what they worked so hard for. However, the real question is, what were they doing there in the first place? It is easy to condemn the blacks for their conduct, and I do, but what if I were a Black Muslim, desperately trying to pull my people together and make something of them? How would I feel about a crowd of tight-knit aliens moving into my neighborhood, selling whiskey, beer and cheap wine, advancing credit to welfare mothers and deadbeat dads, and giving employment mainly to other Koreans?

Lately there are a few hopeful signs. Numbers of Koreans are moving back home to participate in the Korean economic boom. Fewer are trying to come to the U.S. It is a sad commentary on the state of our country that Pusan is more attractive than Peoria. We wish the returning visitors well. Our watchword should be that as friends, visitors, tourists and business partners, foreigners are welcome to pass some time among us. But fish and guests smell after three days.

N.B.F.

## J. William Fulbright—in Memoriam

The deaths in the past year of former Secretary of State Dean Rusk and former Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright presented a unique opportunity to examine the value systems of those who now dominate the establishment media. These two Southerners somehow symbolized the national debate over the Vietnam War in the 1960s. To Rusk, for America to yield to “Communist aggression” in South Vietnam was to reenact the mistake made by Neville Chamberlain at Munich in 1938. To Fulbright, intervention in Vietnam was a case of imperial overreach which could never have succeeded and which should never have been attempted.

The historical line adopted by such liberaloid publications as the N.Y. Times and the Washington Post is that Fulbright was right. U.S. intervention in Vietnam was indeed a mistake. Consequently in this regard the obits and editorials generated by the deaths of these two men were favorable towards Fulbright and equally unfavorable towards Rusk. Yet on another issue, every bit as important to the liberal establishment—perhaps much more so—the praise and the blame handed out to these two men was reversed. The Washington Post editorial which saluted Fulbright for his opposition to Vietnam (and for the scholarship program which bears his name)

sharply condemned him for his unequivocal opposition to civil rights legislation. Dean Rusk, on the other hand, for all his many shortcomings, did at least have one redeeming virtue in the collective eyes of these lofty editorial circles. The son of a Georgia postmaster was “supportive” of his daughter when she married a Negro. Such a display of acquiescence to miscegenation was apparently enough to melt, at least momentarily, the otherwise icy-cold hearts of mediacrats. To the liberal-minority coalition, Fulbright was a Good Guy for opposing the Vietnam War, but a Bad Guy for opposing racial integration, whereas Dean Rusk was a Bad Guy for supporting Vietnam, and a Good Guy for supporting racial integration.

The outpouring of venom on Fulbright for his stand on civil rights caused me to reconsider his résumé. As a conservative, anti-Communist teenager back in the Vietnam days, I remember having disliked Fulbright precisely because of his opposition to the war. I couldn't help but associate his stance with that of the rapidly growing New

Left, which I despised for its pro-Marxist sympathies and for what even then, albeit in rather inchoate fashion, I sensed as its minority blood lines. In retrospect, the opposition of a J. William Fulbright and a Noam Chomsky to the war were two entirely different political phenomena. Fulbright's criticism was ultimately founded upon his patriotism and his earnest belief that Vietnam was the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time, that the U.S. could simply not function indefinitely as the world's policeman. He was motivated by what was in many respects similar to what now motivates Pat Buchanan, who is regularly denounced by the liberal establishment for his “isolationism.”

Chomsky's criticism, on the other hand, is basically little more than a reflection of the innate Jewish hatred of Gentile society and the desire to replace it with a Trotskyite-style “permanent world revolution,” one in which Chomskyite political commissar professors would be free to race about and tell us all—at gunpoint—just how low it was now incumbent upon us to kowtow to their egalitarian fantasies and conceits.

The carping mediacrats who gloried in their posthumous skewering of Fulbright for his stance on civil rights gave not a thought to his origins. Born in 1908 in Arkansas, he grew up at a time when white Southerners felt themselves under no obligation to conduct their

lives and order their beliefs in accordance with the wishes of the editorial board of the N.Y. Times. In one of his books about U.S. foreign policy, Fulbright at one point mentioned, rather tangentially, how when he toured his home state more than a few whites would express to him their on-going concern about that Eternal Weight which bears down on the white Southern soul—the Negro Problem and the threat of miscegenation. That he would even mention this and did not automatically respond to such concerns with sneers and ridicule, somehow leads me to believe that he just might have shared them himself, that all of his fancy Eastern education had not managed to still his Confederate heart.

It should not be forgotten that one of the reasons Fulbright lost his Senate seat in 1974 was the flood of Jewish money into Arkansas for his opponent, who ripped Fulbright apart for his increasingly vocal criticism of the sly, surreptitious and treasonous power of Zionism in Congress, which he was able to observe firsthand. Fulbright's



Fulbright was right when the others were wrong

deeply pro-American orientation was clearly revealed by his instinctive opposition to the dangerous and furtive activities of the potent lobby of Israel firsters and their horde of craven sycophants,

During his years as a Georgetown undergraduate in the mid 1960s, one William Jefferson Clinton was a periodic member of Senator Fulbright's staff, an experience which, unfortunately, must have further whetted his taste for political life. When Fulbright died, President Clinton spoke at his funeral. A dispassionate examination of the big picture clearly reveals that these two men shared little more than their Arkansas roots.

What can be said about the Man With No Character beyond the fact that what few principles he possesses are wrong and that virtually every fiber of his being reeks of minority pandering and Majority renegadism? J. William Fulbright, on the other hand, was a distinguished man who held keenly felt principles and convictions, a man who never sold out or abandoned the American Majority during the dark and treacherous time when public figures tended to be rewarded in direct proportion to their willingness to sell out.

May Senator Fulbright, Rest in Peace.

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## Two Unworthy Opuses

Jonathan Kozol's *Amazing Grace* purportedly offers a look at the lives of all those poor minority kiddies growing up in the squalor and violence of Zoo City's massive South Bronx slum. Kozol, who just happens to be a you-know-what, first made a name for himself with his 1967 book, *Death at an Early Age*, which chronicled his experiences as a teacher in Boston's Roxbury ghetto. Kozol's tome was little more than a morality play in which brilliant, beautiful black children were pitted against the corrupt and mean-spirited racists who ran Beantown's public schools. Because of racism, these schools received only minimal resources. Even worse, some teachers did not share Kozol's enthusiasm for all those unwashed black kids running amok in their overflowing classrooms. Horror of horrors, some teachers even confided in Kozol that they were nostalgic for the good old days when most pupils were white. Such nostalgia was of course virtually incomprehensible to a professional Negro-phile bootlicker!

Kozol has written seven books since his widely acclaimed literary debut. All of them—I confess to having read most—are variations on his initial theme of the sacred Negro and the savage honky. In his cramped worldview, wicked white America is smugly conducting a daily genocidal campaign against his precocious little ghetto darlings, who would all be geniuses if only whiteness would pony up the dough! What nobody seems to be asking Kozol—or all the others who think like him—is what has happened to the tens and even hundreds of billions of dollars that have been stuffed down inner-city ratholes by the Great Society programs of the last three decades? Wasn't that enough money to make all those 75

and 80 IQ brainstormers in all those ghetto schools blossom into future civil rights lawyers?

Significantly the only book in which Kozol took a vacation from banging away at domestic racial politics was his *Children of the Revolution*, a cloyingly sympathetic look at life in Fidel Castro's Cuba. Kozol's fondness for a Marxist sink-hole like Castroland is quite predictable. Underneath all of his ponderous, impassioned literary musings beats the heart of a pure, race-destroying, culture-destroying, world-destroying Jewish Bolshevik. There is scarcely a thin dime's worth of difference between the spirit which animates Kozol and the spirit which animated Leon Trotsky/ Bronstein—at least until the latter had his unfortunate encounter with one of Stalin's hatchetmen.

Thumbing carefully through Kozol's published work (for as long as you can stand it), the reader gradually comes to realize that all of his loudly professed love for those simply marvelous and terribly fetching little pickaninnies is really just a foil for the emotional bedrock underlying his peculiar cast of mind. What really motivates Kozol is his hatred for not just the white "power elite," but for all white America. Kozol's hateful career and his equally hateful ideology serves as a concise reminder of just why the American ship of state might never recover from the torpedo which struck it dead center as a result of the Semitic invasion, in which a people primed with an ancient and deep hatred of anyone or anything non-Jewish has gradually come to dominate us, to the point where we now have to hide behind zip codes, while they go about preaching their loathsome message from the mountaintops.

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In *Dark Sun: The Making of the Hydrogen Bomb*, by Richard Rhodes, the now defunct atom spies of the 40s and 50s—Gold, Greenglass, the Rosenbergs, et al.—were again trotted out and treated almost like mystic heroes and heroines. Rhodes has already churned out an 886-page volume on the Atomic Bomb, which includes an assortment of fairy tales about the death camps, crematoria and Zyklon B. Reviewer Bruce Fellman in the Yale Alumni Magazine extols Rhodes's descriptions of spying on the construction of A- and H-bomb, while bewailing "one of the sorriest episodes of that time: the decision in 1954 by the Atomic Energy Commission to revoke the security clearance of J. Robert Oppenheimer. . . a strong voice for disarmament."

So Oppenheimer, who helped supervise the building of the A-bomb, comes up smelling like a peacenik. Not a word, of course, by the reviewer about the FBI's early suspicions that Oppenheimer had recruited Klaus Fuchs when he must have known that Fuchs, like himself, was a Soviet sympathizer. Oppenheimer might have wondered, but didn't, why Fuchs kept traipsing off to Zoo City from Los Alamos on extended vacations. Fellman states that "although Oppenheimer lied about being approached by Communist spies. . . he was clearly no spy and no security threat." Clearly like mud. Fellman jumps on General Curtis LeMay as a bomb-wielding maniac, ready to "initiate Armageddon." Generally unknown by the public even today, Castro's Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles were nuclear tipped. So who was the one ready to begin Armageddon? The moving finger writes and having writ moves on—and points to Fidel.

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