

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχει

Instauration®

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Erstwhile Emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa

Anthropophagy

in the

Central

African

Republic

(see p. 13)

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.

Re Goldhagen's book—yes, the Germans were Hitler's willing executioners, but only in the same sense and in the same spirit that Jews were Stalin's willing executioners.

200

Bills in Congress are usually named for their sponsors. Why the "Brady Bill?" Did they think a Schumer or Metzenbaum Bill might hit too close to home?

174

One Majority character trait precludes organized action. That is the "isolated individual syndrome," which causes most white Americans to view themselves and others as isolated, atomized grains of sand. They can't imagine working together for a common goal. They don't see tribes, races or groups—only individuals. When they do belong to something, they try to get personal advantage over other members in one way or another. Women neglect or even abandon their children because they interfere with the endless "partying" they believe life should be. Many don't care if civilization collapses because "I'll be dead and gone by that time." Many don't care if we are ruled by an alien minority. "If they can get here, more power to them."

740

The real reason nothing changes is one we dare not speak about. Most Americans are mindless idiots. In a society where politicians are judged by whether

they are "nice" or "mean" or smile a lot, the instant message is simply over everyone's head. If I could afford it, I'd move to Europe. This is a worldwide struggle. I and my family might have a better chance of survival in more politically astute surroundings.

402

Amid all the discussion of the Holocaust, why doesn't anybody mention Erhard Milch, Göring's half-Jewish chief of staff? Or the fact that Freud's family was allowed to leave Vienna? Or the fact that the Vienna Rothschilds were allowed to go to Switzerland? *Warum denn?*

204

Welfare for illegal aliens, increased immigration, multilingualism, gay marriage, abolition of capital punishment and bailouts for Bosnia, Haiti and Israel! Setting aside the question of right or wrong, shouldn't the American people decide these matters? Is it defensible that judges or "opinion makers" make these vital decisions?

302

Now and then on the back page of the newspaper a little article will appear about Israeli economic spying on the U.S. Woe betide the business whose secrets are stolen by the Jewish state! Who would care about their complaint?

915

Perhaps it's just fall and the strains of the *September Song* are growing louder. Whatever the reason, I find myself growing less interested in what becomes of my species in general and my race in particular. It takes a humongous ego on the part of man to consider what happens to this biological accident resting on an incredibly insignificant speck of mud and rock to be of the slightest importance. So because of overpopulation and dysgenics we cease to exist. So what?

323

It's said that Saudi Arabia may soon go the way of the Shah's Iran. In both cases the leaders were weakened by their ties to Israel's great benefactor, the U.S. Too bad our foreign policy cannot serve *our* interests!

775

Of course we mustn't call it a conspiracy, but it does seem a bit strange that

Jewish sociologists and their liberal friends still maintain that America's strength lies in its genetic/cultural diversity. If diversity is so beneficial, why is it strictly outlawed in Israel? One would think that these intellectuals who are so enthusiastically promoting diversity in this country could see what it has done to Bosnia, South Africa, Ireland, the U.S. and many other countries.

208

A thesis must not be rejected a priori because it is biased. The bias may be justified by the facts, but it must be measured against the facts. More than one book must always be consulted. No book contains all the facts. Arguments must be addressed before they can be confirmed or refuted. That which is not read by an open mind can never be evaluated. Anyone can be wrong, but a mind which will not admit the possibility of error will never learn.

264

The self-made gallows is the most difficult to wriggle out of.

111

It was nice to see white guys in the U.S. Open playing tennis in the traditional white shirts, the exception being that pigeon-toed, earring-flaunting Agassi.

781

Why should hardline Zionists, in Palestine or anywhere else, have so little regard for the rights of other people? Be-

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cause for them there are no other people! The Talmud tells them so. By classifying all the rest of us as subhuman, it maintains that Jews are the only people in the world. The Talmud is regarded with such reverence that they say God himself must stand up to read it.

Canadian subscriber

□ Bought a nice little retirement place out in the country near San Diego? Better get a pooper-scooper to clean up after passing illegals. Want to wave Old Glory on a downtown L.A. Street? You'll probably wind up in the emergency room. Where is the army? Too busy in Haiti, Bosnia, Sinai and Kurdistan to waste time on the likes of you!

920

□ I am sick and tired of hearing the line that "immigrants enrich Canada." Just try to imagine some Jamaican kicking dust in Kingston suddenly hitting himself on the forehead and saying, "I think I have to go to Canada and enrich those poor souls!"

Canadian Subscriber

□ It's common to see a photo of some wretched black toddler with the caption: "What will the West do?" The text then explains why we are morally obligated to bail out Rwanda, Somalia, Haiti, Burundi, Liberia—you name it. The inference is that we whites stand idly by because we are evil.

050

□ "Washington Post Deplores Deporting Illegal Alien Criminals" ran the screaming headline in Spanish in the Mexican newspaper, *El Financiero*. Our world truly has gone utterly topsy-turvy!

910

□ The lower orders are now numerically superior to the *Übermenschen* by a huge and growing factor. The total collapse of "democracy" is but a matter of time.

224

□ To me Instauration is every bit the physical and mental tonic it purports to be. It goes without saying that I look forward to receiving the latest issue. But I also place great value on my back issues, which I frequently reread for inspiration

It's That Time Again!

Don't forget to send in your nominations for Majority Renegade or Renegadess of the Year!

and edification. For our long-distance move earlier this summer, I did not entrust my Instauration collection to the moving company. The magazines came with us in the car, which ranked them right up there with my firearms and my wife's jewelry!

532

□ There is a difference in my and Instauration's approach to race and that is my concern here. I am of course a racist, but I am a pious racist. Instauration and David Duke are fervent racists, but I wish to argue that fervor is unbecoming a gentleman.

708

□ Dole is just too damn dumb to be president. How in the world can he possibly think he has a chance of a snowball in Hades against the consummate politician, Bill Clinton? Every other day Clinton is on the tube with more goodies to give away—all costing very little and meaning even less. The Romeo of the Ozarks is so crafty it's positively scary!

823

□ Given the extent to which America's foreign policy is now controlled by people whose first loyalty is "to the Tribe," can the U.S. any longer be considered an independent country? Its future will be decided in Jerusalem! And in that future, most Americans will be in much the same position as the Palestinians—an underclass in their own country. Welcome to the New World Order!

Canadian subscriber

□ The Jew is anxious to prove that he is clever. The only way to beat him in a debate is to hold him to a very specific point and not let him run all over the court to score a goal while you are off guard. I am going to study videos of two Jews from the O.J. defense team, Shapiro and Dirtyvich, the Harvard professor who spells his name differently. These are, I think, good laboratory specimens. Dirtyvich, frequently on talk shows, is a locomotive with a full head of steam.

080

□ Lazar Kaganovich died peacefully in a non-Communist Moscow. Marcus Wolf has just moved to Israel. Ever notice how certain mass murderers of the 20th century have managed to escape being put on trial? In the case of Wolf, he had the chutzpah to tell those he persecuted that his crimes weren't crimes at all. But the Germans weren't having any of it. The old Stasi chief finally shut his mouth and

moved to the one place where his accomplishments are still appreciated.

113

□ Have you seen this T-shirt? A huge, muscular Negro is depicted beside a wimpy white. The caption reads: "Any questions???"

118

□ Who still believes that Mexicans won't take over our Southern states? In this small Texas town, New Braunfels, founded by Germans, I heard on the radio about the death of one Mexican woman. I didn't hear how many children she had, but she left 47 grandchildren and 51 great-grandchildren!

781

□ Lately I've been reading a lot about gay marriage and other gay rights. The gist is that it is at least as good to be homosexual as heterosexual. If homos can marry, why should anyone object to polygamy, incest or pedophilia? Supporters of the queer lifestyle believe that school children should be taught about it and homos should come to class to discuss their views. There are already textbooks for use even by young children, such as *Heather Has Two Mommies* or *Billy's Daddy Belongs to Gay Pride*. There should also be homosexual clubs in school and counseling for children who may wonder which lifestyle suits them best. Then, too, there should be punishment for children insensitive to homos, just as would be the case were they insensitive about race or religion. My question: How do you feel about your children or grandchildren being educated in this environment?

704

Larger Type, Please!

Instauration appreciates all the neatly typed articles, comments and news reports sent in by subscribers. Makes scanning a breeze. However, don't be too niggling with the type size. Too small a type plays havoc with our scanner and forces us do a lot of extra correcting. The best deal for us is to receive your writing on diskettes in Microsoft Word, Word Perfect or some other popular word processing program. We can either put them directly on our Mac or translate them from PC versions.

Deep Politics

Understanding the U.S. government's policy in the Middle East is a difficult task. Historical and geopolitical complexities aside, much of the difficulty stems from the failure of our leaders and our commentators to communicate what is going on over there, let alone explain it.

Sure, there are those endless talking television faces—first among them Secretary of State Warren Christopher, his ageless woodsprite's wizened visage mouthing endlessly the incantatory words, "the peace process, the peace process." By these gnomic recitations, however, Christopher and his policy gnomes stake out no subterranean treasure; they mean only to denote all that has happened and is happening in the troubled realms of Araby since the U.S. taxpayers began financing the costly separate peace between Egypt and Israel in 1979.

As if a weatherman, storm wind blowing in his face, as a hurricane beats up the coast, could only bleat, "The weather! The weather!"

It is the omnipresence of that sort of analysis that makes a January essay in the N.Y. Times such a stimulating read. Writing in the house daily of what Harvard historian Ernest May has called the "foreign policy public" (his diplomatic way of saying that only a small minority of the population has an interest in America's external affairs, not to mention the knowledge to understand them), Lind and Heilbrunn put a rare reportorial spin on America's recent role in Bosnia, its current policy in the Persian Gulf and the thrust of its entire strategy in the Near and Middle East. By their reading—or what these two New Republic editors care to convey of it—of America's recent public adventures and private arrangements from Bosnia to the Persian Gulf, the U.S. has embarked once more on the course of empire.

According to these eggheads, the first American empire, acquired in the aftermath of the Spanish-American War, expired after 1945. The second, the Cold War quilt of allies and protectorates, was superseded by the collapse of Soviet communism. Now is the time, Lind and Heilbrunn enjoin us—their article presumes to prescribe as it describes—to leave our European friends to their own devices and back away from the inviting allures and looming menaces of East Asia. For a brave new destiny beckons from the Levant, we are informed: "The regions once ruled by the Ottoman Turks show signs of becoming the heart of a Third American Empire."

Enlivened by the heralding of this heartwarming news, the authors, now dancing like Hasidim in holy transport, now whirling like dervishes, clasp Turkey and Bosnia, the Saudis, Kuwaitis and Gulf sheikdoms, in joyous embrace.

America's priciest foreign paramour, generally caressed in the pages of the Times and the New Republic with blandishments worthy of the "Song of Solomon," here merits coyer regard: "The increasing importance that the United States attaches to the region can also be detected in our new degree of intimacy with Israel." With rather more frankness (and doubtless an eye to the rising electoral strength of the radical "Islamists"), Heilbrunn and Lind acknowledge that the Third Empire will dispense all the cantankerous cant about spreading "self-determination" and "democracy."

In line with today's canons of accepted commentary on American foreign policy, Lind and Heilbrunn refrain from naming any benefit that the grand new imperium might bring to the people who have to pay for it.

While we of the American Nation might fume, froth and fret over the authors' neglect of the Majority's weal and their less than forthright acknowledgement of the Zionist lobby's overarching influence over U.S. policy, nonetheless we owe them thanks for their small measure of candor. (Did we really expect Lind and Heilbrunn to state the obvious, that the Israeli entanglement has rendered the conduct of our Mideast diplomacy as effective as an alligator's essaying a Rachmaninoff concerto on a grand piano?)

It remains only to weigh the implications. As the authors state forthrightly, the empire they welcome means that the stated American policy of ensuring no "outside" domination of the Gulf oil is to be transformed into American domination of that vital resource—a domination, Lind and Heilbrunn clearly imply, aimed not so much at the fly-specked sheikdoms and transitory tyrants of the area, but at our erstwhile allies in East Asia and the white heartland of Europe.

The authors' proclamation of the Third American Empire coincides with and effectively acknowledges the widening of our circle of enemies to encompass the larger Islamic world, a reservoir of ill will encompassing potentially a billion enemies from the South Seas to the Atlas Mountains and, thanks to our misguided immigration policies, to our very doorstep.

If Lind and Heilbrunn are correct, then the U.S.—including the uncomprehending majority of the American Majority—has at length acquired a foreign policy to match the domestic policy the imposition of which it has suffered—*nolens volens*—over the past several decades: in theory, contemptuous of the white race and its European heritage; in practice, actively hostile.

What if our policymakers are wrong and have decreed no secret empire and intend no oily blackmail of the

world's productive peoples?

Little in the policy equation changes. There will be more talk of "democracy," of course, but this will mean an allegiance to Hollywood's exports and a willingness to "consume" high-tech products from Silicon Valley and its analogues in Israel, rather than a "formalistic adherence" to the "one man, one vote" slogan that has hardly proved its validity in sub-Saharan Africa.

Our "bipartisan" leadership, emboldened by our mercenary armed forces, will continue forays against the motley, but ever widening array, of our and Zion's enemies. "Democracy" will be misused to "destabilize" Uncle Sam's friends and clients among the sheiks and emirs, thereby sowing further disruption and spurring the evacuation of new streams of refugees from America's quondam

clients. A few dispirited flotsam, joined by their fellows pouring into America by other paths, will doubtless despise the Great Satan, connive at new acts of domestic terror, which will prove conveniently traceable to our Mid-east enemy of the month, and incense the citizenry at large, consequently enabling a new cycle.

An endless loop, a closed circle, an Eternal Present, the 1984 of Orwell, the "perpetual war for perpetual peace" foreseen by Charles Beard, in which, however, the American Majority, historyless as fellahin, slouches uncomprehendingly not toward Bethlehem or Gomorrah, but toward its appointment in Samarra, its own racial "end of history."

Yes, we do have a foreign policy. It so happens, however, it's not ours.

MORIARTY

Non-Debates About Non-Issues

In the old days before truth in politics became totally outmoded, a debate consisted of two rivals for public office standing up, facing each other and having at it. Debates these days, such as the travesties that occurred in Hartford and San Diego between Billy the Cad and the Funeral Director, consist of two totally unprincipled professional pols answering soft questions tossed at them by a liberal interlocutor or carefully selected third parties. Boring sleep-inducing spectacles, to say the least, especially since the answers from the two human VCRs were restricted largely to numbing numbers—growth rates, tax raises or cuts, budget deficits, Medicare and Social Security shortfalls, and other financial abracadabra—and were repeated two, three and four times. Hardly a word about open-door immigration which is the greatest threat to Majority survival. Not a syllable about the racial murders that are thinning Majority ranks at the rate of some 1,500 a year. A few non sequiturs from Clinton in support of the affirmative action programs which have cost tens or hundreds of thousands of hard-working Majority members their jobs, their promotions and their family's economic security and peace of mind.

That the best this once great country can do is throw up two creatures like Dole and Clinton to vie for the presidency is disheartening, if not dismaying. There's only one thing to be said for Dole, whose campaign was a monumental exercise in stupidity and futility. If he had won the presidency, he would not have appointed, as Clinton did, a Jew to be head of the CIA, Jews to run the Treasury, Commerce and Labor Depts., a Jew to reign over the nation's banking system, a Jewess as UN Ambassador and two Jews to push minority causes in the Supreme Court.

Old George Wallace to the contrary, who was shot

and permanently paralyzed for his dissent from mainstream politics, there is more than a dime's worth of difference between the candidates. Call it a quarter's worth. The difference is that the minority side of the American racial conflict gets another boost from the reelection of Clinton, the Nordic sellout. If Dole, the barely Nordic pushover, had moved into the White House, the Majority side would have received a slight push, especially in the battlefield of racial preferences. Now, with Clinton victorious, the attack on antiwhite discrimination will once again be blunted, though we must all take some heart from what is happening in California. The anti-immigration proposition passed but was sabotaged by a Jewish lady judge. Will the same fate await the anti-affirmative action initiative? (Since the above words were written before November 5, the writer was forced to base his electoral assumptions on the numbers provided by the obnoxious polls.)

The one positive note to the non-debates and the election is that their downright emptiness and negativism will help speed *Der Tag*, the day when the Majority is finally forced to put up or shut up, the day the U.S. begins to recapture its lost nationhood or becomes once and for all a New World version of blackest Africa.

If the latter occurs—and it seems the likelier outcome—it's better for the country to go down all at once than to sink slowly into the sump of total deracination. Then at least the remnants of human evolution's most advanced genes, before they rot away, may somehow reassemble and reconnect and once more start the often interrupted march to the higher than man. This, of course, is only a long-shot prayer. But it's all we've got. Otherwise the death of the United States will be profitless—no lessons learned, no mistakes rectified, no reincarnation.

The Fate of Brooklyn-Born Lord Haw Haw

The 1946 hanging of William Joyce is a good example of the depths to which WWII victors sank in order to punish those who sided with Germany. Although not a British citizen, Joyce was convicted of high treason for his pro-Nazi radio broadcasts.

Evidence presented at Joyce's trial showed that his father, Michael, was born in 1869 in Ireland and emigrated to the U.S. in 1888. On October 25, 1894, he became a naturalized American citizen. William's mother, Gertrude Emily Brooks, who was born in England, moved to the U.S. and married Michael at the All Saints Church in New York City on May 2, 1905. When Mrs. Joyce visited England in 1917, she was required to register as an alien in the land of her birth.

William Joyce was born April 24, 1906, at 1377 Herkimen St., Brooklyn, New York. In accordance with U.S. law he automatically became an American citizen.

In 1909 the Joyce family moved to Ireland, residing initially at County Mayor, later at Galway. In 1921 the Joyces moved to London. William, having passed the necessary exams, took up the study of science at Battersea Polytechnic in 1922. The following year he switched to English literature and history at Birkbeck College, graduating in 1927.

From 1923 to 1925, Joyce was a member of the British Fascists, an organization whose activities were largely directed against communism. During a street encounter between the Browns and the Reds, Joyce was slashed in the face with a razor, which left him scarred for life.

In 1928 Joyce signed up for a one-year postgraduate program in philology. From 1929 to 1930 he was a spokesman for the Conservative Party. In 1931-33 he studied psychology at King's College in London. He then joined Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. In December 1934, he was charged along with Mosley and others with riotous assembly at Worthing. The defendants were all acquitted.

In 1937, Joyce formed his own group, the National Socialist League. In September of that year he wrote *National Socialism Now* and authored many articles and pamphlets on the same theme. He disbanded the organization shortly before he moved to Germany in 1939. While a member of the League he was twice charged with assault. Both times the charges were dismissed.

Several years earlier, on July 4, 1933, Joyce had applied for a British passport, falsely claiming he was a British subject, "born at Rutledge Terrace, Galway, Ireland." He received his passport, which was renewed several times, the last time on August 24, 1939. Britain and France declared war on Germany ten days later.

On August 27, 1939, seven days before the official

outbreak of war, Joyce and his second wife, Margaret Caines White, moved to Germany. Between September 18, 1939, and April 30, 1945, he regularly broadcast in English for the German Broadcasting Service from stations located in Hamburg and Bremen. In 1940 he wrote and published in German *Twilight Over Europe*. Some 100,000 copies in German and English editions were sold on the continent.

In September 1940, Joyce was granted German nationality. On April 12, 1941, he was issued a German military passport and appointed chief English commentator on German Radio a year later. On September 1, 1944, the *Kriegsverdienstkreuz* First Class (a civilian award) was conferred on him by Adolf Hitler.

"This is Jairmancy calling" was the way Joyce would begin his broadcasts. There were few in Britain with access to a radio who did not tune in occasionally, if not regularly, during the war to Joyce's programs, which were directed primarily at Brits dissatisfied with conditions at home.



Joyce's voice has been described by a British detractor as "irritating," "a hybrid between a Yankee twang and an Irish brogue." When he began broadcasting from Germany, British authorities were concerned about the effects on public morale. They were pleased when a journalist, Jonah Barrington of the *London Daily Express*, christened Joyce, "Lord Haw Haw." The name stuck.

On May 28, 1945, Joyce encountered two British officers near Flensburg on the Danish frontier. One officer shot at Joyce, wounding him in the leg. Taken captive, he was brought to England on June 16. Two days later he was charged with high treason.

On September 17, Joyce was arraigned and entered a

“not guilty” plea. He was charged with three specific acts. The first count alleged that, as being a person owing allegiance to the King, he had adhered to the King’s enemies by broadcasting anti-British propaganda between September 18, 1939, and May 29, 1945. The second count alleged that, as being a person owing allegiance to the King, he adhered to the King’s enemies by purporting to become a naturalized German. During the trial these two counts were amended by substituting “being a British subject owing allegiance” for “being a person owing allegiance,” thereby indicating the prosecution would make a point of his British nationality. The evidence of Joyce’s American nationality was “really overwhelming,” presiding Justice Tucker noted. He directed the jury to return a “not guilty” verdict on the two charges.

The third count alleged that Joyce, being a person owing allegiance to the King, adhered to the King’s enemies elsewhere than within the realm by broadcasting between September 18, 1939, and July 2, 1940. The latter date marked the expiration of Joyce’s British passport. Because he had a British passport, even though it was not used to illegally enter or leave Germany, he had committed high treason by favorably comparing Germany to Britain.

Under the British treason act, testimony of at least two witnesses was required, either both to the same overt act or one witness to one overt act and a second witness to another overt act. During the trial only one witness connected Joyce directly with the broadcasts. There was no testimony that the broadcasts in any way harmed Britain.

Justice Tucker ruled as a matter of law that Joyce owed an allegiance to the British Crown because of the issuance of the passport, a legal determination never previously taken in British law. The judge left to the jury’s decision the question of whether Joyce had “adhered” to the King’s enemies without any instruction as to the meaning of the term.

On September 19, Joyce was convicted on this count and immediately sentenced to death. On September 27, Joyce appealed his conviction to the Court of Criminal Appeals, which dismissed it without opinion on November 7. An appeal was then taken to the House of Lords, which also dismissed it without opinion on December 18.

On January 3, 1946, William Joyce was hanged at Wandsworth Prison. A crowd of 300 persons, including some children, gathered outside the prison. According to newspaper accounts, police had to control the unruly mob.

EDWARD KERLING

We Must Separate

It is clear to any thinking person that the primary object of the Majority movement in this country must be to encourage the emerging racial polarization and the emergence of a strong Majority movement. This is not to say that we feel good about the violence and conflict which will be the inevitable byproduct of the realignment of the country along racial lines. On the contrary, we greatly regret the necessity for it. But necessity it is, and we must steel ourselves to do what must be done. We are not fighting so much for ourselves as for generations unborn. We will have to bear the burdens, the sacrifices, and the guilt so that our grandchildren can once more live in a world they can call their own.

The Communists advanced a similar justification for the crimes they committed and some will say that we are doing exactly the same thing. Our reply to that is simple. What the Communists did in the name of their

dream was a crime because their dream was false and based on a wicked and utterly unscientific theory of humanity. Our dream is not false and it is solidly grounded in scientific fact, something that is becoming more apparent with every passing day, much to the discomfort of the multiracial, multicultural, integrationist crowd.

The fact of the matter is that race is the determining factor in human development and society, not economics. Anybody with common sense and a basic grasp of genetics and evolution can easily understand that. Man is a social animal and uncounted generations were selected for the traits that are most important for human survival. Loyalty to one’s own tribe ranks very high on that list. The family, the clan, the tribe, the nation and, finally, the race, are our destiny. Some races developed differently than others for very understandable reasons. Some are able to build and

live in a socially and technologically advanced world. Some are not, and their unneeded presence has a tremendously destructive effect on their more advanced hosts. Our race, the white race, is clearly the race most adapted to the modern world and to creating and sustaining a livable, advanced civilization. Some branches of the white race are better suited to some tasks than others. Each has different gifts. It seems fairly obvious that Northern Europeans have a number of unique gifts which, if they are shared to a certain extent by most whites, appear in concentrated form in only a few.

Other races, most important among them the Negro race, just do not have the mental or emotional equipment to live side by side with whites. Every experiment to disprove this has been a dreadful failure. What this means for the United States is clear:

We Must Separate.

N.B.F.



A Third Worlder's Letter Home

Dear Gobind, Budram, Ravinder, Sajeed, Rajwar, Sudesh, Jasbir, Jaspal, Halvinder, Karnail, Gukkal, Darshan, Balwinder (27 more names follow).

Life in America exceeds all expectations. I'm sure you'll agree with me after you arrive.

Nobody uses manure to cook food. They cook on special metal plates. Turn a switch and there's a clean blue flame. No smoke! No smell!

Though there's plenty of food, I don't know where they grow it. They have special places where they sell food called supermarkets. No one tends them. You take what you want and go to the front and pay. I know you don't believe me and think I'm crazy. But it's true! We often take things, but it's not stealing. I would call it "sharing."

They even have special food for dogs and cats! Probably a hundred different kinds. It doesn't go bad even after a year. They also have cookies for dogs! Animals are doused with special powder to kill fleas. We bought some to use on our clothes. You no doubt think I've lost my mind. But wait till you get here! You'll see.

People live in houses with several levels, some very high, more than ten—almost 25 downtown! We have a place in one of these houses, on the fifth floor. I know you're thinking nobody wants to live on the upper floors because of the long walk! But there is a machine that lifts you right to your floor. Just push a button and off it goes, and it never misses! At first we rode in those machines just for fun, until the building supervisor told us not to.

We live with a family and pay them, and they pay the landlord. One other family also lives there, plus a few others who come to sleep once in a while. The building supervisor tried to check on the number of people, but we didn't let him in. He said, "It looks like 12 people live here." We said there were only three guests who couldn't go home the previous night because the subway had closed. We just cannot get used to the wasteful ways of the white man. You can live two dozen in the place where just three or four of them live and it will still be better than home. Each place in the tall buildings is called an apartment and has a special room with no wall to the street, so that you could come out and look down. It's called a balcony—very convenient when you sweep. You just sweep the dirt onto the balcony and off the edge.

The white man does not like us. As soon as we move into a building, they move out. I hope they all move out so there will be more places for our people. In any case, we are here not because of their mercy, but by invitation of their government.

They voted for that government, which is not run by some self-appointed strongman, but by elected representa-

tives. Now the whites have to accept the laws of their legitimate government. Though they do not like us, they never say anything. Many times white people see us eating in supermarkets. They make a face showing how much they disapprove. You try to eat at our market at home, the merchants will kill you! They would grab a stick and smash you over the head. You know that. Here you can do anything you want.

All schoolchildren are driven to and from school in buses. Very convenient, but somehow those who live in my neighborhood are being driven far away. Those from far away are being driven here! Such a waste.

So far I have not seen a single outhouse. They have special rooms for that, right where people live! It's not a hole, but a white thing, which looks like a big cup. It has a pipe that is apparently connected to some big hole below. At first we thought you had to climb up and use the tank above the cup. But the landlord explained there was a different method. They flush those things with water. My heart used to bleed every time I had to do it, but I am getting used to it. At first we were flushing only once a day, but the landlord told us we had to do it every time we used it. I don't know if I will ever get used to it! I don't even know where they get this water. At first I thought they collect it from rain, but the water flows in pipes right in your apartment. No communal wells! You can also have hot water by turning a special knob. The cold is on one side and the hot is on the other. I have not memorized it yet. I always have to feel it first.

When they do inoculations in their schools they use a new syringe every time. I asked them why not just use one syringe for four or five children, but they said they only use one syringe per child.

When our seven children have lunch, right there, in school, they give them milk or juice in individual paper packets—brightly colored, with pictures and words. And those packets do not leak! They are probably made of a waxed paper. Again it looks like waste. Why not just have a lady with a ladle and let her dispense the milk out of a small barrel as the children come one after another? Everybody throws these beautiful packets out. I bring them home. They are so pretty! Soon I will send you a whole box so that you can sell them and come over here faster.

Things like cheese and cookies are also packaged. Even if it's just one ounce, it is still individually packaged. I just cannot believe how wasteful it all is!

Everybody here owns a special big white machine that makes cold. Those have a special name but since you would not be able to remember it. I will not be wasting time writing it.

It could be very hot in the room, yet inside that machine it is freezing cold. But you have to keep in mind that its door has to be closed at all times or the cold will go out. I cannot imagine how it is possible to make cold! I thought you can only make heat, just burn something, but here they also know how to make cold.

The white thing is very convenient in which to keep perishables—meat, milk, fish. But we still go to buy meat every day. I just cannot understand why anyone would want to stock up with meat several days ahead. I would rather be going to those magnificent supermarkets five times a day. You can eat all you want, even though, of course, we are making sure that nobody sees us. We put out lookouts all around. This white man is very trusting. Good for him! But in our hearts we laugh at his naiveté!

Nobody here eats fruits from wild trees in the parks. When we see someone around those trees, it is likely to be people like us. Considering how easy it is to eat in supermarkets, I am sure they do it just for fun.

Back to those magnificent cooling machines. When we cook a big casserole, we always put it inside that machine and the dinner gets cool faster. Only somehow there is plenty of steam and water dripping from everywhere as we take that casserole out.

I heard some people even use such machines to keep their homes cool in hot weather. They are so rich they buy two, one for food, and the other one for keeping the whole place cool.

I still cannot get used to the fact that food is no problem here. You would not believe it, but many people even use special foods or drinks to stimulate appetite. They call them appetizers. There are special medicines that help slow down the digestive process. Some who are afraid to gain weight make themselves throw up after they eat. Many people eat special foods that are supposed to make them slim. Those foods even have a special name—“diets.”

Women here shave their legs and armpits! There are special shavers for that! They even have women in the army and navy, but I don't know if they shave.

Women here do special surgery to remove fat deposits from their bodies. They also depend on surgery to change their faces and make themselves more attractive. The operations cost fortunes. In our country you would have to know a Prime Minister personally to afford them.

Parents here give their children cars for graduation! The same kind our ministers drive! Here even the old people drive!

Parents here do not live with their grown-up children. Grandparents also live separately.

Police here call you “Sir,” even if they catch you doing something illegal.

They even have zoos and amusement parks. You can also rent an animal! Yes, I could not believe it myself till I looked in what they call the “Yellow Pages” in a telephone book. The telephone is a gadget that allows you to talk with others even over a very long distance. Though

the medical treatment here costs money, they will do it for free if you cannot pay. Half the women from the country to the South, which is called Mexico, give birth in the U.S. Not only do they not pay, their children become citizens. After that they receive money from the U.S. government till the end of their lives. For not doing any work, mind you!

Yes, I know you do not believe me. You probably think I am insane, but wait till you get here!

In Canada, the country to the north, you do not have to pay anything for medical care!

Most ridiculous, whites even have toilet paper and soap in public toilets! We were laughing our heads off when we first saw it. Each of us took a roll home. But the soap is liquid, so we bring jars and pump in as much as we want.

We also take the light bulbs from the hallway when ours burn out and replace them with the burned out ones. The bulbs are not expensive, but it is still better to take them for free than to pay for them.

They even have animal hospitals! Yes, I know what you think! I think about this myself. This is the very thing that baffles me about the white man! Seemingly such a high level of intelligence, an ability to create the most magnificent machines, but often he does things so stupid that a child in our village would not do them! Isn't it clear to whites that it is cheaper to get a new cat than to treat the one you have? It really makes me feel as if I am watching something falling not down but up!

On the other hand, the animals that are of pure breed, “with papers,” cost plenty of money. Three dogs of a pure breed may well cost more than a one-way plane ticket home. I really don't understand that. I would rather take a puppy from a pound and use the money for something more important.

Here people even do surgery to a dog! Yes, they often perform an operation to straighten out a dog's joint! For the cost of one such operation you could buy three new dogs with papers! And you can even have a dentist for a dog! Police dogs here have regular dental appointments. They even have cemeteries for dogs and cats!

In libraries here you can not only get books, but also records, audio tapes and also special tapes that have images on them. Yes, whites even know how to do this!

When people go on vacations to an ocean resort many do not swim in the ocean but in special pools. The white man is totally incomprehensible! Why pay a fortune to fly to ocean resorts to swim in a pool?

The liquor stores here have up to 100 different brands of liquors and wines. Yet I seldom see a drunk man. Only those who have no homes.

Every house has special devices that water their grass. They often turn them on even when rain is predicted!

I really feel I am in a lunatic asylum. So many things just do not connect according to my logic. But let us hope the white man will forever remain so trusting and naive!

The Nation-State Concept

In his monthly Mythbusters newsletter (P.O. Box 3639, Gaithersburg, MD 20885-3639), Foster Morrison develops the notion of the nation-state as a launching pad for examining the impact that minorities have on our culture. He shows how the nation-state idea encapsulates the common language, history, culture and race, the prime elements of our social order. Taking a cue from Morrison, I have found that the nation-state concept has a special value when used in conversations with conventional thinkers. It avoids triggering what might be called the liberal response meter built into everyone exposed to modern education, which Morrison rightly dismisses as little more than base propaganda. This response meter measures the degree of racial intolerance in a speaker's words and has the desired effect of frustrating any and all serious discussion of Big Issues by labeling the offending party a "bigot." ("He's a bigot!" That's it. No further need for continuing the discussion.) By cloaking the issue in the umbrella concept of the nation-state, however, the conversation often proceeds without endless searching questions and endless qualifying answers.

A recent discussion of this type held with a truly radical liberal acquaintance on the matter of race went round and round on how minorityism has hurt this nation. My liberal friend argued that the statistically numerical limit of a minority (49%) may be the point for blowing the whistle on the current pace of immigration. I responded by noting that minorities of only a fraction of that percentage have had an enormous impact on the nation-state's identity. I suggested that the problem with America is that its people don't properly appreciate the nation-state idea. If and when they do, the damage done by Third World immigration will become apparent. My friend responded by asking what could be done with the tens of millions of immigrants already here? I replied that once the danger becomes apparent, the dilemma of what to do would be quickly resolved. Just get them out of the country.

In thinking about who is primarily responsible for the enormous swamping of dark-skinned foreigners on our shores over the last decades, one immediately comes to the familiar list of names affixed to the implementing legislation: Hubert Humphrey and Lyndon Johnson, to name the two most important pols. The people who benefited the most were Wall Streeters and those whose holdings in industry and agriculture appreciate from the stagnation of labor wage scales caused by the inundation of so many foreigners. Years ago, Eastern and Southern Europeans were brought to these shores by the boatloads by the same monied interests of Wall Street for exactly the same purpose of driving down the labor wage scales in the great

epoch of industrialization. In the hundred years prior to WWI, 34 million immigrants arrived, most of them from Central and Southern European states where industrialization hadn't yet flourished. Their impact on home-grown labor was so devastating it destroyed the entire nascent craft union movement, forcing millions in a westward search for new opportunities.

Open immigration was bitterly fought by American labor in those days—as it turned out, unsuccessfully. The revival of the Ku Klux Klan in the early 1920s took on a tone of racism and anti-Catholicism, but its central focus was to end immigration entirely. American labor wanted to participate more equitably in the division of economic spoils. Post-WWI America was enjoying low labor costs, declining prices and huge capital profits, returns sometimes exceeding 30% per year. Fortunes were made for the lucky few while labor's exploitation became nearly complete. (What isn't generally recalled is how so many of the immigrant peasants actually went back to Europe disgusted with the labor conditions that blasted the American dream.)

Much the same sequence of events is taking place in America today. Organized labor, weakened by the endless supply of non-unionized workers from abroad, suffers declining wage rates. The collusion of both political parties in the matter of trade treaties which allow importation of goods produced abroad at slave wages is disastrous. We are urged to ignore the problems of labor because our blue-collar brothers don't deserve better. They are stupid, unclever and lazy. We would do better by supporting the interests of capital.

Sadly, such simplistic propaganda flatters too many simple minds. As in the 1920s, such conditions cannot go on forever. Ultimately, there will be a reckoning when aggregate supply finally exceeds aggregate demand. In the booming 20s, that day of reckoning arrived on October 24, 1929, when the boom went boom. The entire list of 1,700 stocks fell in value an aggregate of 80% as the nation was thrown into the greatest economic depression ever known. Twenty million unemployed, 50% unemployment common in the larger cities. Hundreds of thousands of families were living in culverts, cardboard boxes and shantytowns where no police dared to stray. The word *pelagra* became part of the West Virginia vocabulary.

Could such times return? With a million or so Mexicans walking across our border every year, with more and more white men and women losing their jobs, with the trade imbalance getting worse than ever, the times very well could. Pat Buchanan may be the only national politician who dares say what the rest of us think. But Pat

doesn't come to the table with clean hands, having spent an entire political lifetime in the cockpit of Establishmentarian affairs working for the very interests which benefit the most by open Third World immigration and by trade laws which fail to protect American goods. On the Democratic side Billy Boy has little interest in the welfare of labor as a whole, but quite a bit of interest in homosexual labor and black labor, which have the requisite sizzle.

As for labor organizers and bosses, their intellectual arteries are clogged with political cholesterol embodied in a hundred Irish and Jewish apparatchik families in control of the AFL-CIO International. In these groups, it's strictly status quo, patronage, payoff and a watermelon slice of pro forma liberal doctrine, the latter thanks to the well-known

Jewish penchant for race-mixing, which precludes any discussion of white labor being hurt by brown immigrants.

Jewish leaders insist, it should be recalled, that the AFL-CIO buy millions of dollars of worthless Israel bonds annually. The Irish mafia in the AFL-CIO International doesn't care about such arcane matters as labor economics or political philosophy. But Morrison's idea of the nation-state notion is so beguilingly simple that even an Irish pol, comfortably burping his way back to the office in the back seat of his Cadillac after another expense-account session at the Four Seasons, might toss the idea, and what 110 million Mexicans mean to the idea, over in his sweaty noggin at least once or twice.

IVAN HILD

Will Negroes ever face up to reality?

Observations on Self-Deception

It has happened to me. I am sure it has happened to you. You are with a group of people, perhaps at work or at a party. All are ostensibly educated, mature people. One or more of the persons present is a Negro. The level of the conversation, if not brilliant, is at least serious. Out of nowhere, one of the Negroes throws out something that hits everybody else in the stomach like a sandbag.

It could be anything. Something obscene. Something unutterably stupid. Something that indicates that the speaker is living on another planet. The reaction of the Majority listeners is by now routine. First, there is a slight blanching of the face, a nervous sound at the back of the throat, averted eyes. The boldest among them, including closet Instaurationists, will merely ignore the comment, as if it never happened, and grip their drinks more tightly. The sentimentalists are more worried about hurting somebody's feelings and will nod at the speaker, a curious, concerned look in their eyes. "Uh-huh, um, of course, quite, well, yes!"

The liberals in the group will respond to the comment as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened. "You know, I had no idea it was a black man who began the study of organic chemistry!" "Of course, everybody knows that Thomas Edison was really a black from Haiti." "Yes, I think we can all agree that the death penalty should be imposed on anybody who lacks zeal for mandatory affirmative action." "No, I don't think white women would object to being sold at auction to members of the Crips and Bloods." "Actually, African folk medicine is probably much more effective than those out-dated Western con-

cepts. If I have a brain tumor I am going to treat it with ragweed extract and the dust of ground goat glands."

The single most damaging element of our society is a complete lack of honesty and the moral courage to tell the simple truth when race or ethnicity is involved. Most Americans by now are so anesthetized by the constant drumbeat of Jewish and minority-inspired bushwa that they scarcely know what is true and what is not. It would never enter their heads to insist that the truth be spoken and that the lie and the ridiculous be challenged.

Take the kind of incident which I have described above. Had a Majority member made an outlandish statement, he would be banished from decent company or simply thought mad. Yet we allow Negroes to spout any kind of bizarre rubbish without batting an eyelash—in exactly the same way we ignore Negro incompetence at the workplace, as if it will just go away if we pretend it doesn't exist. An observer from Mars would conclude that we are all crazy.

I once had the opportunity to speak to a Chinese gentleman who had been one of the unfortunate victims of Mao's Cultural Revolution. This man, an educated, sensitive and decent person from an upper-class Chinese family had been dragged off by the Red Guards, presumably because he held a high government post and had foreign books in his library. He spent three years on a turnip farm, the better to understand the masses.

Work began at four in the morning. Breakfast was a bowl of gruel and cold water followed by more work until nightfall, when some noodles and withered vegetables

might be served. All day, without ceasing, they sang. And sang. And sang. They sang about Mao, about communism, about "class enemies." My Chinese friend said that he almost lost his mind.

I asked him if the Red Guards who organized all of this understood what they were doing. "Oh, sure, they understood. They didn't buy it any more than we did. But they had to play the game. The peasants were horrified. They helped us because they knew we would die if we had to do all the heavy labor ourselves. And, of course, you can imagine what we thought of all this."

His description of his experience was interesting. "It was like being a sane person locked in an insane asylum. Nobody was really crazy, not the guards nor the patients, but everybody had to pretend to be crazy." The American Majority has been pretending to be crazy since at least 1954. The Negroes, on the other hand, really are crazy—or so lacking in what we see as normal intelligence that they might as well be.

I have often wondered if these Negroes are playing games or if they really are so completely deficient in gray matter. I have reluctantly concluded that the great majority have the minds of six-year-old children. I know for a fact that a certain small percentage of them, usually mulattos, are well aware of the mental condition of their "brothers." It is these mulattos who most fiercely insist on whites treating all Negroes as their absolute intellectual and social equals. They know only too well that if the Majority ever recovers its ability to call a spade a spade, they will be herded back into the corral with the others. I can think of no worse fate than to be a relatively intelligent, aware, introspective black man and to be trapped forever in a world of Negroes. Unless, of course, you are a white man trapped in a world of Negroes.

I have a son who is six. He is a bright, cheerful little guy, somewhat reserved and withdrawn, but already showing signs of a leaning towards math. The other day he told me, matter of factly, that he had had a conversation with Batman and Robin. You expect this kind of thing in a child, not in a hulking Negro squeezed into an expensive Italian suit.

The most amazing aspect of all this is that the great majority of Negroes, the cretinous Negroes, go through life blissfully unaware of the truth. They actually believe the slop that has been ladled out to them by the affirmative action crowd. We have 30 million Negroes running around who are, for the most part, utterly unfit to participate as members of an advanced industrial society. Yet all but a small fraction are convinced that they are gifted, bright, talented people, a boon to America. No wonder they are all walking around in a rage. In their entire lives not one soul has ever sat them down and explained to them the world as it really is.

I have read in various journals that Negroes have a much higher self-image than their abilities or performance would seem to justify, a self-image superior to that of the typical Majority member. I have pondered this and won-

der if it has some evolutionary significance. I have decided that it does. The average Majority member has the brains to conduct an honest self-assessment. The average Negro does not. Living in a world where show is more important than substance, the Negro is obsessed with being something that he isn't. Majority members have not had that luxury.

If you live in a tropical land, where food is easily obtained and the weather is mild, you can fool yourself into believing a great many things, especially if you aren't too smart to begin with. If, on the other hand, you live in Norway and fool yourself into thinking that you will be able to go out and pick apples in the middle of January, you will not be around for many winters. We call it a reality check. The blacks in our country haven't had one for years.

I vividly remember an incident that occurred some years ago. After getting out of the military and going to graduate school, I found myself temporarily "between positions." Being an industrious sort and having nothing better to do, I indulged my love of cooking by working for a short time as a cook in a nice restaurant. One of the kitchen helpers was an 18-year-old Negro. He was a sassy, arrogant young buck, but I got along with him.

One day we got to talking about our backgrounds. I explained that I was a former military officer, a graduate of a respected university, and that I had been hired by a well-known company, but was marking time until the day came for me to report to work. I mentioned that I had done quite a bit of foreign traveling. I wasn't bragging or making anything up. I was just reciting facts.

The reaction of this young Negro was astonishing. A look of indignation and anger rolled across his face. He curled his ample lips, crossed his arms, to deliver a dissertation of the love the French and Europeans in general had for Negroes! My mouth must have dropped open, because he became even more angry and started to spew forth the wildest nonsense I had ever heard in my life. What really struck me was the obvious fact that this ghetto crawler had no doubt had these daft thoughts rattling around in his head for years. The point of his ravings, as far as I could decipher them, was that the Negro was king everywhere in the world but in the U.S., that the "crackers" had devised a vast conspiracy to conceal this from most American Negroes and that upon his arrival in Paris he would be greeted with rose petals and, not least, willing Parisian belles.

I learned many things listening to him, the most important being why Southerners before the Civil War were so determined to keep Abolitionist propaganda from reaching their slaves. The Negro apparently has a limitless capacity to believe anything he is told and to invent things that to the normal mind are just fantastic. I was appalled as I stood and listened to this character. Here was a young man about to enter on the most productive years of his life and he hadn't the slightest idea of what he might expect. How could he? He had been spoon-fed pap and pabulum all his life.

By allowing Jews and hand-wringing, limp-wristed white pantywaists to suppress open, honest and tough discussion of topics such as the true condition of the Negro, we have created a problem that threatens to overwhelm our society. If the parameters of a debate are established on shifting, treacherous sand, rather than on the granite rock of reality, you are wasting your time talking. How can we face the Negro and tell him, no, you are never go-

ing to occupy any considerable percentage of the highest positions in this land because you do not pack the cerebral gear to merit such positions. How can we tell Negroes, when they have been told over and over again, that the opposite is true and that only racism has held them back?

Truth really is the raw material of all human happiness and progress. We have abandoned it. God help us all.
N.B. FORREST

They Don't Make 'em Like Jean-Bedel Bokassa Anymore

How many readers remember Emperor Bokassa I of the Central African Empire? I sure do. Having seized power in the dirt-poor former French colony on January 1, 1966, Bokassa decided in 1977 that the title President de la République was not sufficiently exalted.

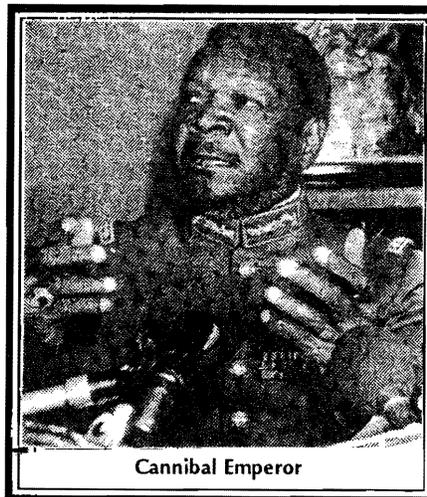
With Gallic shrugs and faces rigid with the frozen dignity of the French bureaucrat, the shameless Frenchmen looked on as Bokassa, a soldier in France's army for 23 years, decorated himself with a \$5-million-dollar crown made in Paris. His predecessor and cousin, David Dacko, foolishly began to flirt with the Chinese Reds, just when enormous uranium deposits had been discovered in the Central African Republic. When the French gave the word, Bokassa ousted Dacko from office and country, to be quickly followed by 50 Chinese "technicians" who had arrived to exploit the uranium.

Twenty thousand pearls were used to embellish Bokassa's new throne. More than 400 pounds of rose petals were flown in from France for fair damsels (thin on the ground in the CAR, one would think) to strew in his path. Airliners full of food and party favors followed the rose petals and pearl-encrusted throne. It was a great party, while it lasted. The French who ran this African slum smiled and chuckled at the antics of their puppet. It was not long before their complacency was rudely shattered.

The pattern is familiar among African and Haitian strongmen. Idi Amin of Uganda, Papa Doc Duvalier of Haiti and Francisco Macia Nguema of Equatorial Guinea are but three of the more striking examples of this uniquely Negro style of leadership. Bokassa had every right to take his place in this black menagerie. Like the others, he eventually chewed his way out of the cage and went bonkers.

Did the Emperor ever go bonkers! It would be tiresome to list the bizarre

events of his rule. They were legion. The elegant French gentlemen, supposed to be in control, looked on, first with distaste, then alarm and, finally, horror, as the country went crazy, with the chief nut sitting on his throne. Even the French have to draw the line somewhere. They drew it when Bokassa started to gobble down schoolchildren.



Cannibal Emperor

In an effort to squeeze yet more money out of the tiny, harassed middle class, Bokassa rigged a school uniform scam, whereby he would profit from selling school clothes to the already hard-pressed parents of children in the capital of Bangui. This was too much and riots broke out, led by the schoolkids. Bokassa's response was a form of brutality that bordered on dementia. Dozens of schoolchildren were murdered by government thugs. Bokassa himself feasted on human body parts removed from the corpses of the dead demonstrators.

While Bokassa was on a goodwill trip to Libya, the French moved in 700 paratroopers and restored David Dacko to power. By now many French diplomats sincerely regretted having thrown him out

in the first place.

In the years since Bokassa was deposed, Afrocentrists have tried to deny the stories of cannibalism. Sorry. I have it from an excellent source that the reports were all too true. Amazed and sickened French paratroopers discovered fresh cuts of human meat in Bokassa's residence. The Africa boosters were understandably reluctant to acknowledge this latest evidence of Negroid gastronomic peculiarities.

There were other revelations. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing had been a close friend of Bokassa's. Every year he made a trip to Bangui, where he was treated to big game hunts. But the randy and avaricious Frenchman was after more than lions and elephants. Bokassa would give him bags of diamonds as "gifts." In return the ungrateful Frenchman cuckolded the Emperor or at least that's what Bokassa claimed. The woman was the Emperor's wife, Catherine. Taking payoffs from an African dictator is low enough, but sleeping with his wife? Sacre bleu!

After the French coup, Bokassa was packed off to the Ivory Coast, another French pseudo colony on the West African coast. In 1986 he returned to Bangui to face trial for murder and was promptly convicted. Sentenced to death, he spent seven years in prison. He now lives in his last remaining mansion in Bangui, alone but, oddly enough, remembered fondly by many of his countrymen. He says he is a Christian. Maybe so. As to how he exercised his imperial power, "I would prefer not to pass judgment on my own rule." He can say this with an ironic smile because, incredibly, the people who have come after him have been even more corrupt and incompetent. This dreary parade of blackface puppets, all propped up by French troops, continues unto this day.

N.B. FORREST

Ellis Island Update

On a late July trip to Zoo City, I paid a visit to Ellis Island, which is now a museum (\$7 will get you a ferry boat ride and admission to both Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty—a rare bargain for Gotham). The crowded conditions on the boats, the long lines to gain entrance to Emma Lazarus's icon and the polyglot I heard actually gave me some idea of what a turn-of-the-century immigrant might have faced in those days.

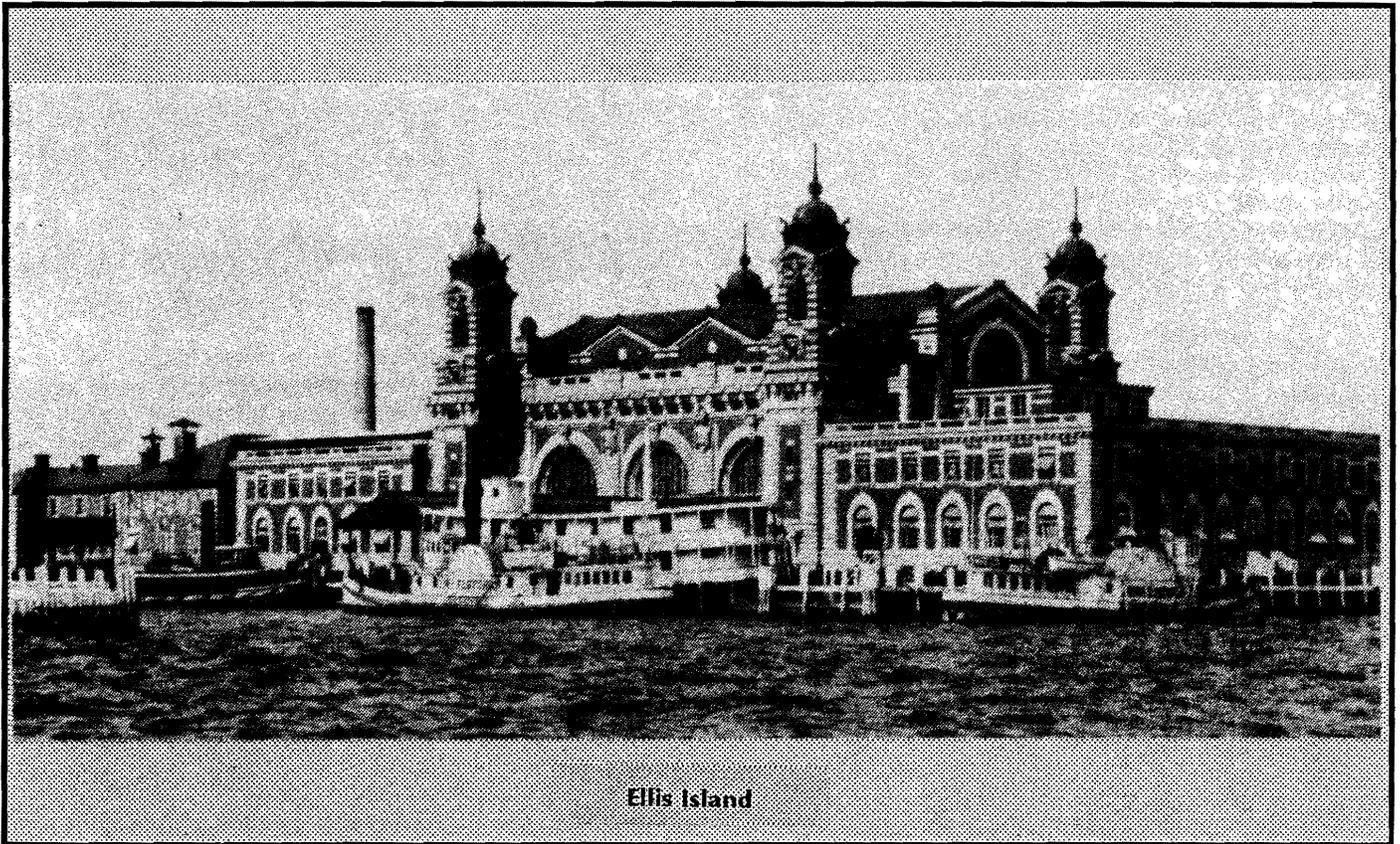
The Ellis Island museum is worthy of attention for a number of reasons. For one thing, displays clearly show how white immigration has been downsized in favor

dence or subversive political backgrounds, were sent back. I'm sure they didn't get everybody, but at least they tried. Compare this approach to today's "lower-the-drawbridge" policy for AIDS-ters, misfits and "asylum-seekers."

Most amusing was a room with displays on nativism. Many of today's arguments against immigration were being battled around a century ago—the potential for *kulturkampf*, the fear of alien influences and the lowering of domestic wages. A photo from the 1920s showed a California man on his porch with this sign, "This is a white man's street. Japs keep moving." I

we let people in, not as an afterthought. The gate was not all the way open to *all* people at *all* times. Moreover we didn't have the "give away the store" mentality that the welfare state has wrought.

Case in point: After the welfare reform bill was passed, a local television station did a sob sister story about what might happen if the safety net were removed. A visit to an old folks home revealed a pair of nonagenarian Russian Jews who suffered from Alzheimer's. Without those welfare checks, the poor old Jews, who had just arrived in America a few years ago, would be in big trouble.



of the nonwhite variety. Also, the posters and photographs indicated that the gates can be left wide open or they can be slammed shut, as happened in the mid-1920s. The obvious question, though unasked, is that if we shut the door once, why can't we do it again?

Perhaps most impressive, as I walked through the rooms where millions were processed, is the fact that they *were* processed. Those deemed unfit, either for reasons of health, criminality, improvi-

chuckled to myself, but a liberal next to me snorted, "Isn't that disgusting!" so loudly that everyone in the room heard him. No need to ask this fellow for his views on immigration!

The contemporary pro-immigration forces justify their position by calling us a "nation of immigrants." But when we compare old-fashioned immigration to new-fangled immigration, we have a real apples and oranges situation. In the old days, assimilation was considered before

This bald-faced attempt to generate sympathy didn't wash with this viewer. Certainly, I was sorely tempted to holler back to the TV, "Send 'em to Israel along with my tax dollars!" I have to wonder what kind of insane immigration policy admits the drooling and the doddering—sure to be in need of Medicare and/or welfare as soon as they touch ground in America.

J.H.

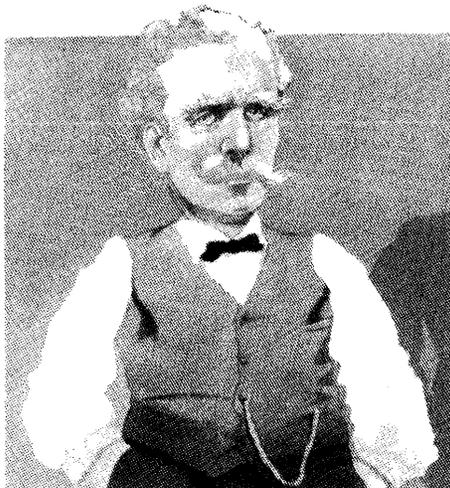
Ambrose Bierce, the Devil's Advocate

Ambrose Bierce, born in 1842 and disappeared in 1913, is noted for being America's foremost cynic because of the attack-dog columns he wrote for various newspapers, mainly in San Francisco. He was also noted for his book-length, *The Devil's Dictionary*, and for his short story, "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Stephen Crane said of the latter, "nothing better exists." H.L. Mencken, following a visit with Bierce, was appalled by the darkness of his views.

When I spotted a piece about Bierce in an old New Yorker ("Our Favorite Cynic" by Joseph Epstein, March 25, 1996), my interest in the pen-wielding pessimist was again aroused. In high school and my first year of college I read about Mencken and Bierce and wondered how and why they could have been so cynical and pessimistic. Soon thereafter I learned how and why.

I had read in *Instauration* how Mencken, long after his death, had been outted for his "blasphemous" anti-Semitism. It stands to reason that if anyone could see through the agit-prop that the Chosenite propaganda machine cranks out so liberally a well-schooled cynic could. So I wondered if the New Yorker article would include any anti-Semitic remarks made by Bierce. The title of the article

should have dashed any hope I might have entertained. I guess I was blinded by



Bierce was cynical up to a point

my hope of finding an anti-Semitic gem.

With his own words Bierce disillusioned me. He refers to the Mormons as follows: "Excepting the Jews and the Chinese, I know no worthier large class of people than they."

After his benediction of the Jews, I was not impressed by Bierce's boastful

quote that Epstein inserted in the very next paragraph: "I keep a conscience uncorrupted by religion, a judgment undimmed by politics and patriotism, a heart untainted by friendships and sentiments unsoiled by animosities. . ."

Coming from an Abolitionist family, the 16-year-old Ambrose worked for an Indiana anti-slavery newspaper. At 18, he was the second man in his county to join the Union Army. Uncle Lucius Bierce, who bragged he had supplied swords to John Brown's murder gang in the Harpers Ferry raid, must have applauded the anti-Southernism of his nephew.

Bierce was a hard-fighting Union soldier. By war's end he had been cited many times for bravery. He later wrote a number of short stories on Civil War themes.

But the brilliant cynic who savagely satirized and exposed corrupt plutocrats, who wrote at times with great talent, came down dead wrong on the two key, causal issues of his and our day: Jews and race.

Nearly every Bierce short story contains a gruesome element. "An Imperfect Conflagration" begins, "Early one June morning in 1872, I murdered my father—an act which made a deep impression on me at the time."

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High-Powered Intervention in Argentina

The Minister of Justice of Argentina, Rodolfo Barra, who recently resigned, was forced to face a smear campaign that made the McCarthy hearings of the 50s seem like an oasis of tolerance and forgiveness. In a massive effort of multinational proportions, Jewish individuals and organizations worldwide jumped over national borders and blatantly intruded in the internal affairs of this South American country.

Jewish groups in Argentina, from the lavishly financed B'nai B'rith and the flamboyant Simon Wiesenthal Center to more obscure groups, released information to the mainstream media aimed at confirming fears that Barra had links in his teens and early twenties to nationalist groups. As evidence of his nationalistic and revisionist involvements, Jewish groups came up with an article that Barra had al-

legedly written in May of 1964, at the tender age of 15, for the nationalist publication, *Restauración*. In the article the very young Rodolfo Barra stated, "History is corrupted with lies" and "is not to be trusted."

The group to which Barra belonged was indeed a nationalist outfit, composed almost entirely of students. Its members were exclusively occupied with national issues and paid no attention to foreign affairs. Barra served a brief stint as assistant to the Dean of the University of Buenos Aires, Alberto Ottalagano, in the stormy years of 1973-74. Ottalagano's greatest sin, at least in the eyes of the international B'nai B'rith, was being a confessed fascist. Consequently, Barra, through the process of guilt by association, committed the same "sin."

It should be mentioned that Barra, a

Supreme Court Justice, abandoned that comfortable and secure post to take on the uncomfortable and insecure post of Minister of Justice. It is difficult to imagine any other reason than dedication and loyalty to country could have brought about such a move.

If the alleged activities in his youth weren't enough, last June Barra attended a pro-life conference of Spanish and Latin American jurists in Madrid, in what his critics perceived to be an act of total defiance and provocation to the political agenda of his accusers. His attendance was interpreted by many Jewish groups as a confirmation that Barra's "fascist" attitudes have not really changed. In Argentina, as well as in many other countries, liberal lobbies often make the parallel between the pro-life movement and intolerant racism.

As Jewish hysteria over Barra became ever louder, his office was accused of not pursuing a full investigation of anti-Semitic violence. Wild rumors were published about a teenage Barra who had been arrested a number of times, though not a single piece of evidence was produced to substantiate the charge. If an arrest had ever been made of Barra, the police records would have been quickly

available. The weekly *Somos* published a photograph of an adolescent giving the Roman salute, a ploy that more than hinted the saluter was Barra, although the photo showed little resemblance. Towards the end of June a petition, signed by 1,500 rabbis from five continents demanding his immediate resignation, was published in Argentina's newspapers.

In the eyes of Argentine patriots, the

Barra affair has been inspired all along by a simple desire on the part of Jewish interests to remove from high office a man who has no record of allegiance to Israel or Zionism and to replace him with someone else. At least part of that presumption was proved to be correct, when, after resigning, Barra was quickly replaced by Elias Jassan, a Jew.

911

Unshared Grief

Time (July 29, 1996) had a "Viewpoint" piece written by one Susan Cohen lamenting the loss of her only child on Pan-Am Flight 103, downed over Scotland in 1988. She linked the crash to the TWA Flight 800 disaster. Ms. Cohen writes intently and movingly about the tragic event. We can almost see her tears plopping on the keyboard of her laptop.

Ms. Cohen, however, never makes the obvious connection between the loss of her daughter—she blamed it on "mass murderers"—and the treatment meted out by her own people to folks like the Palestinians. Most Jews just can't seem to grasp the idea that for every cause there is an effect. When Jews unleash the fury of their own peculiar brand of racism, it can boomerang as the poison arrows return to riddle the sender.

In her diatribe Cohen damns the grief therapist (almost certainly a Jew) who counseled her, ambulance-chasing lawyers, the media, and the publishing world and its "grief book industry"—all the Jewish-dominated enterprises so often aimed at Gentile targets. It's a classic case of Jews getting caught in their own trap.

I'm quite sure Ms. Cohen would not like to be reminded of this, but the chances are overwhelming that prior to the loss of her daughter she too was an ardent booster of Israeli aggression. She too probably denigrated the people whose land, homes and birthright were ripped from them by a U.S.-sponsored racial invasion. So easy for Jews to shrug off the killing of children and the dynamiting of homes—"after all, they're only Arabs." So easy to brush off the innocents killed in

the Deir Yassin massacre, the attack on the *U.S.S. Liberty*, the slaughter of the Marines in Lebanon, so easy because they were all non-Jews. It's quite a different matter when Jewish children are forced to pay the price for all that hatred. It isn't supposed to happen. The scenario wasn't designed that way. To grieving Palestinian mothers, the death of Susan Cohen's daughter represented some sort of poetic justice, an atonement, if you will, for the loss of their little ones. Perhaps in the grand scheme of things, your child was of no more worth than hers, although tens of millions of brainwashed Americans would vehemently disagree.

Who, Ms. Cohen, would argue that there isn't a little justice after all? Now and then.

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Ethnostate Notes

Giraldus Cambrensis, Norman chaplain to Henry II, writing of the Welsh in 1188:

[T]hey unite themselves to their own people, refusing to intermarry with strangers, and arrogantly presuming on their own superiority of blood and family.

Their mind is wholly on the defense of their country and its freedom.

Not addicted to gluttony or drunkenness, this people show no ostentation in food or dress, and whose minds are always alert to defend their country and their property.

No one of this nation ever begs.

Gwynfor Evans, author of *Wales: Land of My Fathers* (Penry Co., 1974), who dug up the above words, goes on to make an interesting historical comparison concerning another ethnic group:

When the Czechs were part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the last century, with no more freedom than Wales has today, and the life of the nation and the language in the balance, Palacky, their national historian, wrote his five great volumes on the history of his nation up to the time it lost its liberty in 1526. It was this achievement, more than anything else, which revived the spirit of his people. He concluded his masterpiece with these defiant words: "We were here before Austria; we shall be here after her too." He spoke the truth. The Austrian Empire disappeared, but the Czech nation lives on. We [Welshmen] too can say, "We were here before Great Britain." And the spirit now rising in our land gives us the confidence to predict, "We shall be here after her too." For the day is coming when Wales and Scotland, Ireland and England will arise out of the ashes of Great Britain to associate in harmony with each other in a partnership of free and equal nations.

Such stirring words should be a source of strength and inspiration to Majority members who have seen the land of their European ancestors turned into a 20th-century Babylon, with every race in the world calling the shots except the descendants of those who founded it. We Northern Europeans were here long before there was anything called the United States of America. Now that it has become a totally artificial entity whose very existence is a threat to us and to our culture, anything which brings about the downfall of the tyrannical monolith—or its breakup—must be for the greater good of our people and should be welcomed. Surely we as a race shall be here long after the bogus political monstrosity known as the USA has joined similar tyrannies on the trash heap of history.

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