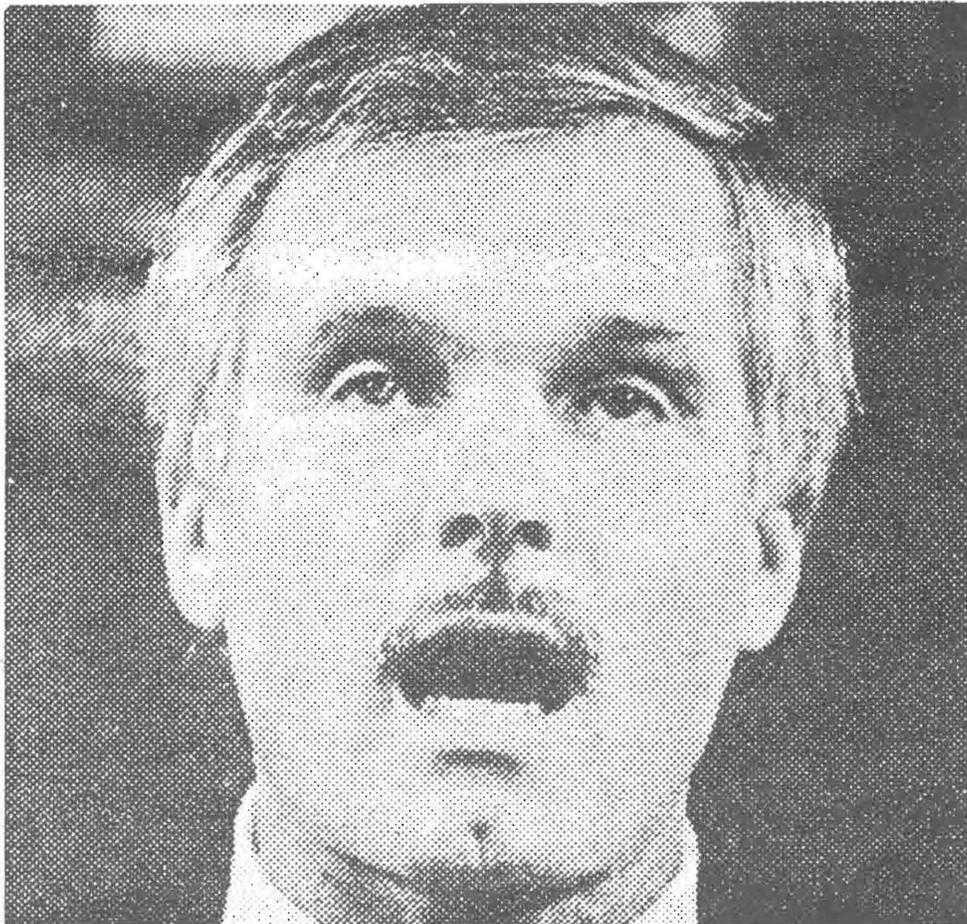


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Instauration®

VOL. 23, NO. 2

JANUARY 1998



Majority Renegade of the Year

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.

If someone approaches you in a friendly manner and seems to want to be your friend, search him first for a hidden tape recorder. He may be a sociologist.

785

Any proponent of ethnostatism must first acknowledge that North American Nordics will have to give up a lot of geography if secessionist movements are ever to be successful. Statesmanship, not self-destructive feudingmongering, should be the way to win hearts and minds.

Billy Boy

Irving's book on the Nuremberg Trials is quite good, but the best part is the amusing inability of the learned judges to agree in their behind-the-scenes-debates what, if anything, the Germans were guilty of. Historians have purported to find in Nuremberg the unanimity of opinion which arose only afterwards in the pretty academic word pictures of what actually transpired.

472

It doesn't surprise me that judges these days are openly asserting that the law is whatever they say it is. Having sat in innumerable chambers in my insurance career, I know precisely what arrogant commissars these black-robed, black-hearted bastards really are.

247

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to minorities, black and Hispanic racist groups have rejected a multiracial category and insisted that present-day U.S. racial categories remain as is. As Acting Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, Isabelle Katz Pinzler, explains it: "A white, Asian, African American will be counted as black."

200

When I saw that disgusting magazine, *Race Traitor*, I literally felt sick. That is saying something as I have been in a majority (85%) black prison system for nine years. Give those white liberals a couple of months here and see how they like black rule!

070

Instauration is wrong in gaging the character and ethnic background of Zoo City radio gabber Don Imus. He is one of those seemingly assimilated half-Jews who shows his latent disdain for his Nordic half through his obsession with R&B and his dutiful loyalty to Israeli expansion. Imus wants to make it up to the displaced Palestinians by bringing them to the U.S.

990

Clinton on TV, his eyes moist: "I don't want any children we are trying to put into stable homes to be threatened by Iraqi terrorism. We must stop Saddam for the children." Can anyone imagine Teddy Roosevelt saying such a thing? Clinton's words define maudlin.

109

Foreign aid is welfare for foreigners who are too lazy to come to the U.S. to pick up their checks.

Lucifer's Lexicon

As an Anglophile it never bothered me that the English tended to look down on their American cousins for the vulgarity some of them display, particularly the corpulent tourist in shorts with two cameras draped over his Hawaiian shirt. Duchess Fergie has put those days in the past. She is the Mt. Everest of vulgarity none of us could even begin to approach!

865

Convictions is a 1997 Blair Brown weeper in which the mother not only forgives her son's killer, but drives him home from prison! They part with a hug. Let the healing begin. The film would

have received more critical acclaim if the mother character had been an immigrant and had adopted a Haitian child. That way the personal and national suicide of the white race could have been encapsulated in one motion picture.

911

It seems to me Southern wailing over the Civil War is much like the wailing of the Jews over the Holocaust. It's a religion and an eternal lament. There is a difference, though. The South really did get screwed. The Jews' suffering is largely imaginary or of their own making. Still, they should get over it.

742

On TV I constantly see mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and friends lamenting the loss of their loved ones—in the Oklahoma City bombing, the TWA Flight 800 crash, the shooting down of young students by a 14-year-old in Kentucky. Without exception they all pray to God to heal their pain. Did it ever occur to any of them to wonder where God was when these tragedies took place?

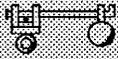
327

I was killing some time in a club where I had a conversation with a dancer who was rather candid about her ethnic preferences in lovers. Seems she had had four Jewish boyfriends and was talking about moving to Israel to rub elbows with more of them. I figured she was looking for the proverbial "good provider," but it turns out that wasn't the case.

CONTENTS

Majority Renegade of the Year. . .	4
Headin' for Armageddon.	5
Two Immigrant Groups.	6
<i>The Magic Flute</i> Out of Tune. . . .	7
Indians and Quebec Separatists. .	8
Doug Collins' Moral Victory.	9
Promises of the Promise Keepers. .	10
Di Was a Creature of her Time. . .	12
Bread and Circuses.	13
Postcards Recall Exciting Times. .	14
Anthropophagy.	15
"Peace Process" Charade.	15
Backtalk.	16
Primate Watch.	18
Talking Numbers.	19
Satcom Sam.	20
Notes from the Sceptred Isle. . . .	22
Inklings.	24
Cultural Catacombs.	26
Elsewhere.	27

The Safety Valve



She claimed Jewish men were not just rich, but good lovers. When I pressed her for details, she said that though they were not well endowed, they really appreciated a woman's body—as if Gentile men don't? What about all those statues and paintings of nudes from the past 2,000 years or so of Western culture, I countered? She went on to say that Jews generally dump their girlfriends after six months. So little time, so many shikas!

752

□ At a local park this past summer I witnessed a Negro male with a T-shirt which read, "Only Real Men Are Black," in bold, huge letters. The same day, I saw a Negress wearing a T-shirt which read, "100% Black and Proud Of It." I wonder if I and my wife would be allowed in the park if we wore similar attire, except substituting "White" for "Black."

711

□ The National Hockey League, overwhelmingly white, had a nasty racial incident recently. One of the few black players, Mike Grier of the Edmonton Oilers, was assailed by the "N" word uttered by Chris Simon of the Washington Capitals. For this indiscretion the League, which has a Jewish commissioner, suspended Simon for three games and ordered him to volunteer his time to aid an inner-city youth hockey team in D.C. In addition, Simon flew to Toronto where the Oilers were playing and apologized in person. The Capitals' owner, Chosenite Abe Pollin, insisted that Simon apologize to the people of Washington and the team's fans. The irony of all this is that Simon is not a white man but an Ojibwa Indian!

224

□ Channel surfing, I came to realize that every flick I came across either was made by a Jew, was about a Jew or featured Jews in Gentile roles. Whenever I hit something with a Holocaust survivor showing her tattoo, I walk.

300

□ Clinton's beliefs are truly opposite to those of most Americans. Now and then they slip out. For example the time a White House aide refused to speak to General McCaffrey, Joycelyn Elders suggesting masturbation be taught in school, out-reach to gays, and now Sara Lister. The Marines are indeed extremely dangerous to Clinton's model of society. One Clintonian condemned the military

for its macho attitude which he described as, "testosterone poisoning," inconsistent with the White House Draft Dodger's commitment to radically change Americans' attitudes about gender.

119

□ Are racism and anti-Semitism bad? Not at all! They're quite in fashion! It just depends on the target. Friends of mine who go out of their way to praise Hispanics, blacks and Jews think nothing of viciously slandering Arabs.

977

□ Race Traitor and Z magazines are only the two most extreme proponents of the liberal thesis that the key to the race problem is how fast whites can phase themselves out in favor of browns and blacks. The way Clinton beams when he predicts his kind will soon be a minority make me think he is in on the scheme.

477

□ It's interesting that the Justice Dept.'s chief trustbuster in charge of busting Microsoft is Joel Klein. There's more than economics at work here.

111

□ Any person with a normal degree of compassion would like handicapped people to achieve whatever goals they are capable of reaching. However we are being asked to accept that it is all the same whether someone is a deaf person confined to a wheelchair or a hearing person able to move freely about. A woman who goes from 120 to 320 lbs. is no less attractive to our equalitarians. We do not yet have blind surgeons, but they may come sooner than we think. The Handicapped Olympics was held right after the traditional Olympics.

655

□ Heard anything critical recently about former Marxists? Hey, these things happen. Good people go a little wrong! Heard anything about forgiveness for someone who used to be a racist or fascist? No redemption, no forgiveness, no understanding for those sins! You spied for Stalin? So what's the big deal? You said Hitler loved his dog? My friend, you can't even run for dog-catcher!

822

□ Free speech does not mean occasional TV appearances by barely literate ex-members of the Ku Klux Klan. It means

nationally televised debates, impartially moderated, between highly qualified, highly credentialed representatives of the rightwing and spokesmen for the liberal-minority establishment. Both sides should present evidence of their own choosing, uninterrupted, with an equal amount of time available to each.

752

□ California political activist Ward Connerly, Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, economist Thomas Sowell, talk show host Larry Elder! I'd like to know what prominent white makes as much sense on race as these black leaders do.

511

□ Blacks and Hispanics can't compete academically with whites and Asians." Such a politically incorrect statement threatens your job. "If college admissions are done on purely objective criteria, very few blacks and Hispanics will be admitted, so they should be judged on a different basis than whites and Asians." This politically correct statement is given scriptural authority.

110

□ The dismay of supposedly neutral TV anchors was evident as liberal Washington state voted down sugar-coated gun control and gay rights initiatives. "The voters didn't understand." "Better luck next time." "Try it through the legislature." When by an overwhelming margin the "voters speak" in this "democracy" our rulers don't say, "case closed." They immediately start to think of ways to circumvent the people's will.

255

□ Political history shows us that only so long as the political and military power of a heterogeneous nation remains in the hands of a single element does it endure. As this power gradually slips away because of the deterioration of the dominant race and becomes diffused throughout the nation political dissension and territorial disintegration begins.

087

Every year we take this occasion to thank our many loyal subscribers who continue to help us out with "sweeteners," clippings, articles and letters.

Ted Turner, Classic Model of a Majority Renegade

Born into an upper middle-class Southern family—his father, who committed suicide, was a billboard millionaire—Ted first broke into the news as an America's Cup-winning yachtsman. We next hear about him as a pioneer in "all news" TV. He seems to have pushed the right button. Against all odds CNN soon became a fourth network, one based in Atlanta, far away from the baleful influence of Zoo City.

So far so good. A conservative Southern yachtsman, a handsome, prototypical Nordic, takes on the TV establishment and not only manages to survive but gives the big boys a run for their money.

But Turner didn't know when to stop. He bought the rights for the cinematic treasure chest of old MGM films. He tried unsuccessfully to take over CBS, all the while boasting that he would never sign on to any deal from which he would not emerge as boss.

By the 1980s Ted was a world-class magnate on the way to becoming another Rupert Murdoch. Jet-setting back and forth from Atlanta, New York and Los Angeles, he bought a clutch of mansions and huge spreads of Western ranchland (768,000 acres in all, about three-quarters the size of Rhode Island). He reached the pinnacle of the American power pyramid when Larry King deigned to interview him.

But then it all started to fall apart. The Southern conservative spent so much time with the "beautiful people" of Bel Air that he could not avoid meeting Jane Fonda, she



Hanoi Jane stirring up the peaceniks at an anti-Vietnam War rally

of the uplifted breasts and reconstructed face. When Hanoi Jane stood on a tank in North Vietnam praising Uncle Ho and urging the gooks to press the fight against the sorely pressed G.I.s this was race treason par excellence. Ted

kissed it off as ancient history. The erstwhile all-American boy up and married this air-headed Hollywood retread whose husbands had run the gamut from a French cineast and boulevardier to the ineffable ex-Weatherman, Tom Hayden. Jane now claims she has put all this behind her, though she has kept her 300-square-foot clothes closet and its contents.

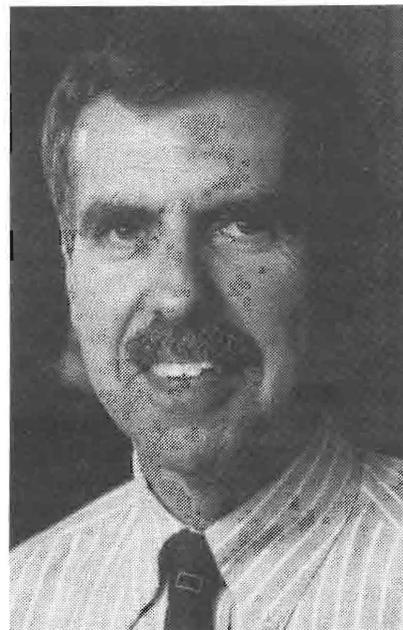
Ted's *Gone With the Wind* wedding to Jane on his 8,100-acre Florida plantation was the last gasp of his Southernness. The clergyman who did the honors was black, as was

Ted's best man. Marrying a squalid movie star who preferred the occupants of the Kremlin to the occupants of the White House was enough in itself to qualify Ted for Majority Renegade. But there is more.

The man who promised he would always be the boss of all he surveyed sold Turner Broadcasting System, parent of CNN, to the all-Jewish Time Warner conglomerate. He got a carload of stock, but as second in command, as Vice Chairman, he now has to report to Time Warner Chairman, Gerald Levin, who is most definitely not an all-American boy. But there is more.

Possibly inspired by skipping his lithium for a few days, the all-important pill that keeps his penduluming manic-depressive condition from getting too manic, Ted grandiosely announced he was going to give \$1 billion in \$100-million-a-year installments to the United Nations. Not to the poor and needy of his own country, not to the revival of America's petrified arts, but to the bloated bureaucracy of the United Nations. Most of the money will probably end up in the itchy palms of corrupt black African strongmen.

Reviewing the past and present doings of Ted Turner, one is hard put not to nominate him Majority Renegade of 1997. As a matter of fact he is well qualified to be Majority Renegade of the Century.



Gerald Levin, Ted's boss

Headin' for Armageddon



How many Americans, how many Majority Americans will have to die and how many more billions of dollars will have to be thrown away before the U.S. vamooses from the Middle East? Six years after Iraq was flattened in the Gulf War, the starvation sanctions are still in place—all part of what seems to be a U.S. policy of perpetual war for intermittent peace.

Just a few weeks ago the U.S. was on the brink of a revived war against Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi strongman. The media's successful diabolization of Saddam into another Hitler is a sure sign that more not less brutality is in the cards. To lure a reluctant people into war it helps to personalize the enemy by making its leader the epitome of all evil, the devil incarnate.

The Great Satan, who has no army or air force to speak of, no military power of any consequence, is being charged with threatening the security of the planet with vast amounts of chemical and biological weapons—at the very time Secretary of Defense William Cohen informs us that 25 other nations are engaged in exactly the same diabolical pursuits. If there ever was a scenario of a steamroller crushing a gnat, it is America's present confrontation with Iraq.

Iraq has the second largest petroleum reserves in the Middle East. It lives and prospers on its oil revenues. Today it is only allowed to sell enough oil to feed some of its hungry people and buy a few medical supplies. These are not the draconian results of measures imposed on Iraq for losing a war yesterday. The Gulf War ended six years ago. The sanctions are simply proof that in these times enduring hatred blots out any attempt to seek pardon and forgiveness. People are still being arrested for alleged Holocaust crimes 50 years after the fact.

The crown of martyrdom that the U.S. and Israel have placed on the head of Saddam has been making him a hero to an increasing number of Arabs and Muslims, something that would never have happened if American troops had gone home and stayed home after blasting his country for attacking Kuwait. Every new restraint that America inflicts on the Iraqis raises anti-American feeling in the Middle East another notch.

The U.S., as a result of domestic politics, has been slowly turning into an American protector, first of Israel and second of the Middle East, two missions that of necessity work at cross purposes. Iraq and Iran, countries that used to be enemies, are now being driven into each other's arms by U.S. policy. When Israelis bombed an Iraqi nuclear facility back in 1980, the U.S. did nothing. A strange protector! When Israel refused to comply with U.N. resolution after U.N. resolution, the U.S. did less

than nothing. (Yet the U.S. has branded Saddam a war criminal for not complying with the U.N. resolution to allow snoopers who have been "inspecting" his country for six years to continue to do so with no time limit in sight.) In the meantime the U.S. continues to call itself an "honest broker" in the farcical "peace process," although the American "supervisors" are Chosenites from top to almost bottom.

Would the U.S. have been embroiled in this present mess if it weren't for Israel? As a long-time booster of the Zionist rape of Palestine, the U.S. automatically became the enemy of the Arab and Muslim masses, particularly those Palestinians forced out of their lands and homes at the point of Zionist bayonets. U.S. taxpayers have paid more than \$100 billion to Israel since the formation of the artificial, anachronistic state that confiscated or blew up the property of people who had lived there for untold generations.

The American hegemony in the Middle East was strengthened by the collapse of the Soviet Union, an on-and-off backer of the Palestinian cause. Since then the slow emergence of a nationalist Russia and a more independently minded France have chipped away at this hegemony, as was made quite evident in their recent refusal to countenance a renewed U.S. military crusade against Iraq. While Congress and the media resounded with war whoops generated by such leading U.S. warmongers as Secretary of Defense William Cohen and National Security Adviser Samuel Berger, neither of whom reports any military service in his *Who's Who* entry. Like their boss, Clinton, were they also draft dodgers?

The latest media and White House ploy was to claim that all Saddam's weapons of mass destruction were being hidden in his 43 palaces, a ridiculously inflated number which the American public was supposed to lap up without objection. Nothing was accomplished by all the hullabaloo, except to make the U.S. and its stooge, Britain, even more detested by Islamic radicals determined to get rid of the corrupt desert sheikdoms which still hang on to U.S. coattails. Sooner or later these traitors to their own people will be forced to run for their lives to the gambling casinos of the French Riviera and the bordellos and strip joints of London.

What does Instauration's crystal ball have to reveal about the Middle East imbroglio? More of the same. More Israeli atrocities against the Palestinians, more U.S. largesse heaped on the Israelis, more delays in the establishment of a Palestinian state, more attempts to further cripple Saddam, more weakening of the tenuous friendship between the U.S. and Russia.

Clinton didn't emerge from the latest Middle East standoff smelling like a rose. Israel and its columnist flunkies wanted him to turn the gigantic U.S. war machine loose. When he didn't—at least so far—the media fell on him like a ton of bricks. Since “what Israel wants Israel generally gets,” it's politically suicidal for any American president these days to defy this truism.

There is a faint possibility that Clinton, as a lame duck, may decide to ignore the polls and pols and try to go down in history as something a little more elevated and respectable than an Israeli puppet. It's possible but not probable that he may try to spend his last two years in office shedding his image as a cheap arm-twisting, totally immoral politician and become at least a shadow of a statesman.

One thing the crystal ball can safely predict: Arabs, Muslims and eventually hundreds of millions of Asians are not going to permit an anti-Asian, U.S.-protected beachhead on a thin sliver of land on the western coast of the Mediterranean to exist forever. They may not chase off the Israelis today, but as Orientals have the habit of doing they will bide their time. When the long-simmering hatred

erupts into a full-fledged intercontinental war a lot of people are going to be nuked.

Nations can always find an excuse for war. The nettlesome nation of Israel hanging on to a small piece of the west Asian coastline provides a continuous provocation. To Asians, the Zionist state is not only a revival of Western colonialism; it is also the last gasp of Western imperialism. In such a war Israel, despite its bulging nuclear arsenal, will be at a great geographic disadvantage. Only a couple of H-bombs could wipe out the entire Zionist state.

Where will this inevitable conflict leave the U.S.? As Israel's yes-man, it leaves it exposed to entanglement in a nuclear war against its own interests. Unless the Majority can get a grip on power once again and stop the bellicose pro-war propaganda, the U.S. is in for frightful losses. The way things look now the chances are very slim that it can avoid being plugged into a horrendous Islamic war of liberation secretly backed by Russia and China.

What can be done with a bribed Congress and a President whose most important qualification for high office is an A-plus in kosher kowtowing?

Two Immigrant Groups—One Ignored, One Misnamed

One generally unremarked peculiarity of the frenetic lobbying to flood what's left of America with aliens is the low or false profile the immigration lobby assigns to many of the newcomers. We're allowed a whiff of curry here, a bright splash of saffron there, a fitful blare of mariachis, elsewhere a roll of steel drums. Despite this lean cultural diet, the Lazarus lobby condemns the American Majority for its global ignorance, for its unworldly disdain for the cultures of the teeming migrants swamping our shores!

For all the decades-long din about how we are “a nation of immigrants,” despite the much vaunted glories of “diversity” and “multiculturalism,” the keepers of the Ellis Island flame seem unaccountably reluctant to trot out some of the groups that are most diligent in moving here. One would almost think they secretly subscribed to the *bon mot* of Emma Lazarus, their poet laureate, who gloried in the “wretched refuse.”

Consider two of the biggest cohorts of immigrants to New York City and the U.S. in recent decades. Although the streets of Zoo City are currently swarming with hundreds of thousands of each group, neither one has attracted much notice, particularly outside the increasingly purulent Apple. And while it must be said that a national ignorance of things foreign plays its role here, neither group has been what can be called a success in America, if success based on honesty and industry be the criterion.

Dominicans

Let's meet the first contingent of our colorful, new immigrating neighbors. Their homeland is now New York City's leading source of legal immigrants, and America's second largest pool of Spanish-speaking immigrants. Largely Negro in ancestry, they nonetheless sneer at their duskier Caribbean neighbors. Our newly minted Americans' land of origin is currently in the midst of an economic slump—one that's lasted for several decades and shows no sign of ending. Truth to tell, their fatherland relies heavily on “remittance money” sent home from New York (much of it, sad to say, procured by welfare fraud and the sale of illegal drugs).

There seems to be no stopping this migrant flood from the Dominican Republic. Fraud is all-pervasive, as America's man (the consul general) in their capital, Santo Domingo, recently told the N.Y. Times. Even so, thanks to the blind farsightedness of the likes of Lyndon Johnson, Ted Kennedy and the fathers of the 1988 “amnesty,” much of its populace is entitled to move here, sooner or later. Indeed, the republic's northern coast has become in recent years a major staging point for entry to the U.S. for illegals from all over the world. What makes it all the worse is that the police and judges have been bought by the major drug cartels. In any case the law of the land forbids extraditing citizens—such as the large number of murderers, drug dealers and other felons who have fled

there for asylum from New York prosecution teams.

The Dominicans' chief haunt in America, in northern Manhattan, has ranked at or near the top in violent crime over the past decade (against some pretty stiff competition). They are disproportionately dependent on welfare—which explains why New York politicians have eagerly sought their vote and taken their part against the police several times in the past decade.

Americans who follow pro baseball will know them for the many stars they have provided the big leagues, above all, the many shortstops. (Recently some players were detected selling American visas on the sly.)

While the young and prolific Dominicans are breeding so rapidly that New York's public schools are crowded to bursting, our second group of immigrants, tends more towards the geriatric.

"Russians"

Their section of the city, Brighton Beach, now teems with ancient neo-Americans of pasty mien and lumpy physique. Their kith and kin have been coming to America's shores in flight from every sort of persecution, imagined and sometimes even real. The current contingent of newly proclaimed Americans seemingly languished under their old country's system for decades, but only in the past decade did their presence in their hostland, if not their homeland, become endangered enough to warrant Congress granting them blanket refugee status, so they could move to the very head of the immigrant queue.

Many a friend or relative of these immigrants has made his or her way, in the past decade or so, to a Middle Eastern land for which all of them, including those who have since enriched America by their presence, were once thought to pine.

Perhaps the leaders of Israel thought that the older and less able of the immigrants might have strained their coun-

try's fragile economy. No doubt that last year an embarrassingly large number of older arrivals felt constrained to demonstrate before our Capitol in Washington, demanding more handouts. Many of them, according to newspaper reports, proudly displayed medals allegedly won while soldiering in the Red Army.

We're talking now about the "Russians," or so the all-Jewish group is described by the media. The few genuine Russians in our midst should sue for libel. One might think that given a great recent influx (certainly in the hundreds of thousands) of "Russians" into America, they'd be played up at every opportunity. After all, they have no less a peacock's instinct for display, when the circumstances seem propitious.

In Israel (the only place where these immigrants may be referred to somewhat correctly as Russians), the "Russians" have acquired, as the N.Y. Times recently revealed indiscreetly, a stereotype that brands them gangsters and prostitutes. Hardened by oppression in the old country, they laugh at our criminal justice system and smile, when need be, at jails and prisons.

God forbid (but the Midases of the media already have!) that these yeggs—any more than young Markhasev, the thug arrested for murdering Cosby's son—be tarred with the name that brings them their special privileges.

The immigration lobby, itself an apparatus of the elites that wield power in today's America, knows that when whites banded together to stop Chinese immigration more than a hundred years ago, they were able to paint a detailed and unflattering picture of the Asian invaders to the rest of America. Far better for the immigrationists and their alien interlopers that Majority members today draw back in embarrassed ignorance, move away in silent acquiescence, not rock the boat, the boat that is full, the boat that is the sinking Ship of State.

MORIARTY

The Magic Flute Out of Tune

When I bought Ingmar Bergman's video version of Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*, I looked forward to a momentary escape from American Pop culture and Third World intrusions and to a refreshing contact with Western values. I would look upon the name of Mozart on the screen as a promise of cultural redemption.

What could be more Western than Mozart? There would be German music (for Austria is German) sung in Swedish, and the singers would be models of Nordic standards of perfection. There would be nothing of Hollywood here, nothing of New York. It would be a bright light shining through a cultural blight. I couldn't wait to hear and see Papageno again.

As the overture began, the camera fo-

cused not upon members of the orchestra (the conventional scenario), but upon a member of the audience, a young girl of perhaps nine or ten, the image of a comely Nordic child. As the overture continued, the camera began to capture other faces in the audience. Two or three arresting portraits of venerable listeners appeared, a device that was a masterly piece of genius on the part of the filmmakers, as it revealed the impassive yet deeply involved expressions on the Swedish faces, young and old.

But as the overture unfolded, the faces appeared not so much Swedish as yellow, black and brown. The physiognomies now seemed to have come from hither Asia, far Asia, black Africa, Tiju-

na, East India and a New Mexico Indian reservation. Was it the director's intention to proclaim "the universal language of music?"

Since the idea of a "universal language" is a fabrication to begin with, the attempt to expand it was clumsy and counterproductive. No, the motivation of Bergman must have been to promote the darling liberal gospel that Sweden and the Nordic world must be diversified at any cost, even if that cost is the continued existence of a Nordic gene pool.

Bergman has done a lot of good work in his time. He himself is no liberal. In injecting globalism into his film he probably wanted to please his American film distributors.

984

Indian Corruption and Quebec Separatism

When a provincial court judge compared Alberta's Stoney Reserve to a banana republic, he was understating the case. Like almost all of Canada's Indian reservations, it's a squalid slum rife with political and financial corruption. The chief and his clan rule through intimidation and violence. Alcoholism, drug addiction, crime, disease, suicide and despair run rampant. Despite all this, Stoney Reserve is—or at least should be—loaded with cash.

In 1996, a typical year, the Reserve received \$19 million in federal grants, \$15 million in natural gas royalties, plus additional income from a few tribe-owned businesses and the province of Alberta. During 1994 and 1995, in return for Stoney's clear-cutting their "sacred" land, logging companies paid the tribe a sweetener of \$50 million. Not bad for a community of 3,300.

Needless to say, the Stoney's are totally incapable of accounting for their money. The same syndrome is found in scores of reservations across Canada. As Indians are granted vast tracts of land, colossal cash payouts, innumerable special rights and an increasing degree of sovereignty, their inability to manage their finances becomes ever more obvious. The solution, according to Canada's Nomenclatura, is to "empower" natives with more money, more land and more rights.

Ambivalent Leader

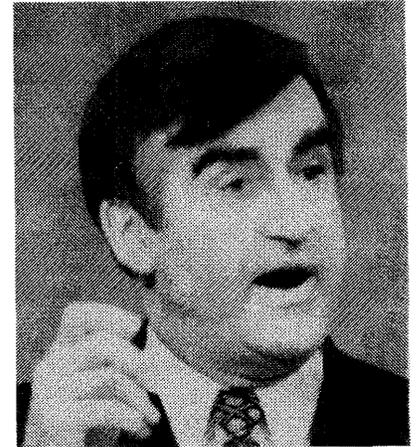
Quebec's position in Canada is nothing if not ambiguous. The province is the "victim" that dominates Canada, the would-be sovereign state that wants to retain its economic dependence on Canada. In Lucien Bouchard, Quebec premier and leader of the separatist Parti Quebecois, the French-speaking province may have found someone who personifies its ambiguity.

Bouchard enjoys an almost messianic status among many separatists despite his questionable background. At one point he abandoned the cause to join Brian Mulroney's federalist government, in which the on-the-make Quebecer wallowed in the power and privilege of a senior cabinet minister and ambassador to France. Only when it became clear that Mulroney and his cronies faced certain defeat at the polls did Bouchard once again become a born-again separatist.

A recently published book, *The Antagonist: Lucien Bouchard and the Politics of Delusion*, by Lawrence Martin, suggests that Bouchard suffers from a psychiatric condition known as aesthetic character disorder. This would explain his apparent ability to devote himself fervently to a cause, then suddenly abandon it for a new, contradictory position without even acknowledging the change. Martin's book hints that the Quebec messiah could once

again desert the separatist cause.

Part of the author's argument is based on a psychiatric profile that echoes the Hitler study compiled during WWII by psychiatrist Walter C. Langer. Working for the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, Langer set out to explore the "unconscious and irrational forces" of a figure who is "very much alive and busily engaged in making history." Shortly after the 1995 Quebec referendum, an English Canadian Liberal M.P. was so alarmed by Bouchard's un-Canadian passion and immense popularity among Quebecers that he commissioned a psychiatrist, Dr. Vivian Rakoff, to analyze Bouchard.



On-and-off separatist Lucien Bouchard

This Rakoff did by reviewing Bouchard's speeches, press clippings, autobiography, career and family background, but didn't or couldn't interview Bouchard himself. Like many an ideologically motivated shrink before him, Rakoff characterizes dissent as psychiatrically suspect. Bouchard's separatism, the mind doctor claims, is

a romantic, tormenting and ultimately reactionary dream. . . . a fantasized past in which cultures would be separate and complete, where one could preserve pure lineage, where strangers would not intrude, where the claims of others need not be taken into account.

Rakoff's bias notwithstanding, he does hit a very vital nerve when he compares Bouchard to "an actor who dedicates himself to a particular role, but leaves it behind when the curtain falls." After his report was published, Rakoff again described Bouchard's psychiatric state as belonging to "someone who can give great passion to a relationship or cause, and yet next week move on to something else."

Bouchard's popularity among separatists being what it is, it would seem that another change of direction would deal a severe blow to their cause. Even if he does lead Quebec into sovereignty, one can only speculate to what extent the new entity would resemble an ethnostate. While in the realm of speculation, it's tempting to suggest that Bouchard's psyche mirrors the ambivalence often apparent in the aspirations of Quebecers.

WAYNE NORTHMORE



Doug Collins' Moral Victory



After three and a half years, a few hundred thousand dollars in defence bills and possibly a few million dollars in the taxpayer-funded prosecution tab, a verdict of sorts has finally been delivered in the Doug Collins case. But it's an exercise of equivocation. In a formal ruling the British Columbia Human Rights Commission found Collins' writing to be "nasty," "smug," "insulting," "grossly inaccurate," "offensive," "harmful" and "anti-Semitic." But not quite illegal, despite a law which some commentators maintain exists just to silence Collins.

Collins' great sin was to criticize the film, *Schindler's List*. In a 1994 newspaper column in Vancouver's suburban North Shore News, he condemned the flick as one of a long line of Hollywood products propagating Semitic, anti-Majority themes. Later that year, the Canadian Jewish Congress, beyond a doubt Canada's most powerful special interest group, formally complained that the movie review constituted hate literature.

The CJC based its complaint on Bill 33, a 1993 amendment to B.C.'s provincial human rights legislation. Detractors dubbed it the "Kill Collins Bill." Even by the loose standards of Canada's other provincial and federal human rights acts, Bill 33 makes it especially easy to convict someone of a vaguely worded offence using highly questionable evidence. The police, prosecutors, judge and jury are all human rights functionaries—that is to say, anti-Majority activists, who are a parody of politically correct careerists. The head honcho of the Human Rights Commission is a half-Chinese lesbian. Her choice to oversee the Collins tribunal was a nervous young Asian woman appointed on the basis of her academic treatises arguing that whites are not entitled to legal equality with nonwhites.

British Columbia law allows for unlimited fines. The Commission's decisions cannot be appealed, save to the federal Supreme Court on the (as yet untried) argument that the bill is unconstitutional. One other detail of note is that the legislation specifically rules out truth as a defence. So far Collins is the only person to be charged under the act.

Given the force of Bill 33 and the undeniable power of the CJC, his fate seemed certain. At times, the CJC actually has legislation written to order, Bill 33, being a prime example. The CJC consistently acts against the Canadian Majority, usually with great efficacy. And it finds easy allies. The organization frequently pops up as a powerful supporter of anti-Majority campaigns launched by such disparate groups as Sikhs, Japanese Canadians, native Indians and homosexuals. It's not surprising that Collins became a CJC target.

A tough Limey who fought Nazis in WWII, repeatedly escaped from their POW camps and later served with the occupying forces in postwar Germany, he came to Canada in 1952 and carved out a place for himself in the media, first as a print journalist and later also in TV. By the late 60s and early 70s, when mass immigration and multiculturalism became simultaneously Canada's greatest danger and the media's greatest darling, Collins' uncompromising defence of the West against liberalism's double standards was and is considered well beyond the pale. Brave as he is in that regard, it's his skepticism of the Holocaust that almost did him in.

"Fifty years after the war," Collins writes in his *Schindler's List* review, "one tires of hate literature in the form of films." The

reason for this propaganda, he suggests, has less to do with entertainment than the "billions of dollars [that] are still being paid out in compensation to Israel and 'survivors,' of whom there seem to be an endless number." His column states that the Six Million number "is nonsense but media folk go on parroting what 'everyone knows.' I used to do the same." Most public figures still do, such as those who "work for the Jewish-owned media and know how to adjust their safety belts. Others simply reflect what they have been programmed to reflect." He lists several other 20th-century atrocities, none of which gets the attention of the Big H. He then asks, "Am I suggesting that Hitler wasn't Hitler or that hundreds of thousands of Jews didn't die in the camps or elsewhere, as did many non-Jews? No. But propaganda is selective and Hollywood propaganda is the most selective of all."

In an October 1994 column he argued that Jews are the "biggest single influence" in American news and entertainment. "Does this matter?" he asked.

Well, it accounts for the Holocaust industry and for the fact that while there was a movie about a single American Jew who was murdered by terrorists on a cruise ship, you will never see one about the Israeli attack on the *U.S.S. Liberty* . . .

Such words were obviously too much for Canada's most powerful special interest group. But what the CJC and ultimately the B.C. Human Rights Commission failed to take into account was Collins' extensive public support. Once the hearings finally commenced, after years of delays causing considerable expense to the North Shore News, special tactics were employed to discourage his supporters from attending. From time to time the tribunal's location was suddenly changed, often to small rooms with limited space for observers. Collins' employer, a newspaper unique among the mainstream media, received well over \$130,000 in small donations towards its more than \$200,000 defence bill. The rest of the media offered cautious support of the journalist's right to self-expression, but never hesitated to vilify Collins personally in the cheapest terms. Coverage of the tribunal was especially superficial and eventually died out, as if the media had come to a common agreement. Letters to the editor, meanwhile, especially in the News but also in the anti-Majority papers, emphasized the extent of Collins' popularity.

The Human Rights Commission's cautious decision settles nothing. The News may well challenge the validity of Bill 33 in the Supreme Court. The CJC, meanwhile, hasn't announced how it will deal with this affront to its authority.

Biased as it generally was, however, the publicity given to Collins and the minority vendetta was beneficial to the Majority cause. The CJC attacks inspired him to keep writing his column for nearly two years past his originally planned retirement date. In December 1995, he postponed his departure from the News because, he said, "to leave now would be desertion in the face of the enemy." Last September, with the tribunal finally over, Collins announced his decision to leave the paper and move on to other writing projects. Still not silenced, Collins has two books planned, a collection of his columns and a work called *Rights and Wrongs*. "I may be retiring," he says, "but I am not quitting."

W.N.

The Dismal Capital

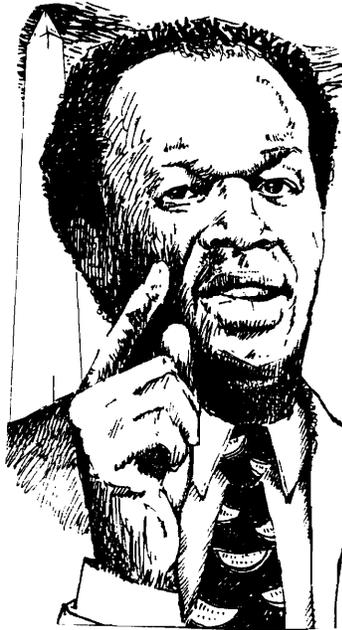
As the effort to recall D.C.'s Mayor Marion Barry collapses, the comical ineptitude of the political and economic scene in the nation's capital becomes blindingly apparent. For months, reform-minded citizens, abetted by the establishmentarian Washington Post, have been stalking Mayor Marion, the man whose impact on the city is better measured by grams of coke consumed than by any steps to procure good government. According to the revelations found in the Post's pages, the Metropolitan police department hasn't been arresting anyone for ages. Cases pending run back for years, which makes it possible to say that the soundest sleepers in the District must be the murderers and rapists.

Efforts to revitalize the police department have been met with lethargic cynicism from the cop on the beat to the over-stuffed executives who hide in police headquarters. The D.C. school system has fallen to such depths that principals who attack local newspaper reporters are considered civic heroes, while students who bring guns to school are pitied as innocent victims of "the system."

Attempts to reform the District government, a mockery of municipal efficiency, have led to seasonal firings that only turn up replacements whose performance, in some unaccountable way, is more egregious than that of the previous job holders. D.C.'s white business establishment, a motley collection of Jewish and Greek investors who made their money on flop-house real estate, parking lot scams and deals for garbage hauling cut with the mob, has limited its howls to demands for endless investigatory commissions, forums and councils whose ultimate response becomes another round of meaningless card-shuffling where one in-

competent black after another becomes a titular head of one more reform movement.

In all this, Congress itself offers the only ray of hope, local government having fallen to such depths. Its white Southern Republicans have finally imposed a Control Commission on Mayor Barry to the point where Hissonor has just about been shouldered off the political map. To assist in the reformulation of the city's



Marion Barry, chief D.C. undertaker

snarled (90% black) public school system, where per-pupil expenditures are the highest in the land and where pupil performance is among the lowest, Congress has appointed an Uncle Tom overseer, a retired black Army general, whose bumbling attempts at administration seem matched only by his inability to speak un-

derstandable English. This paragon of education leadership has not, as of this writing, electrified a student body that thinks more of its hundred-dollar sports shoes than it does of Shakespeare or Socrates.

In short, D.C. remains the mess that any half-awake Instaurationist could have predicted way back in the time when a far more liberal Congress chose to turn the District over to its dusky, howling residents. At bottom, the problem is culture. D.C. has little of it and the surrounding (mainly white) jurisdictions know it so well that respect, self-respect, and self-help are commodities as scarce as hens' teeth.

All that D.C.'s black politicians—both pro and con Mayor Marion—can think of doing is beg for more money from Congress which, in the guise of hard-nosed pragmatic conservatism, it usually provides. Though few Americans wish to openly admit as much, D.C. stands as a symbol of the nation's minority problem, far too many of them to ignore, far too unruly for self-governance, far too dangerous to the Majority in terms of their influence on public mores and morals. Now that legal inhibitions prevent Majority members from separating from them, we are forced to confront the Awful Reality of their intrinsic limitations, which, when it is all toted up, eventually become our own limitations.

As D.C.'s public schools slide downhill, so do those located in the surrounding jurisdictions. (You don't expect D.C. blacks to remain bottled up in their own political encampment forever, do you?) As D.C. crime explodes, its fragments spray elsewhere. And as the culture of the jungle dominates the inner city, it inevitably pervades the lands of the whites.

I.H.

Promises of the Promise Keepers

The Promise Keepers are an unabashedly fervent, evangelical Christian movement, whose founder, Bill McCartney, wants to "Take the nation to Jesus." As the ex-\$400,000-a-year coach of the Colorado University Buffalos, his approach to the leadership of the organization has been likened to that of an enthusiastic quarterback.

In addition to proselytizing, the Keepers' main goals are to make good husbands and good fathers of its members. McCartney himself is penitent about the dysfunction of his own family caused by his fanatic focus on football. (His daughter Krystin was twice impregnated by Colorado football players.)

The organization makes no bones

about its tilt to the right on social issues. McCartney is prominent in anti-abortion and anti-homo groups. On the subject of race he is no Louis Farrakhan, since he preaches racial unity, reminding listeners of his Negro and Samoan grandsons. Nevertheless critics continue to complain that the membership is overwhelmingly white.

The heaviest criticism of the Promise Keepers irrupts from the National Organization of Women, which points out that a key part of the group's doctrine is adherence to Apostle Paul's stricture, "Women must submit to their husbands." NOW claims if you look at the leadership of the movement you do not have to go far to find language that urges men to return women to "second-class citizenship."

McCartney responds by saying that while the husband should be the head of the family and have the last word on important issues, he should not be a bullying tyrant. Rather, he should be a loving, caring husband and father, who should be thoroughly attuned to the desires and needs of his wife and children.

A considerable part of the country's elite view the Promise Keepers as a gang of religious extremists, who want to move their message from the pulpit to the political arena. Promise Keepers official Raleigh

Washington has been quoted as saying, "There is no way this group can restrict itself when it comes to public policy. We are producing leaders in this organization. They will enter the political sphere." Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition supports McCartney and his flock. It's clear the two would make an effective political partnership.

Some American opinion molders, especially from the secular left, are expressing concern that the Promise Keepers will persuade Christian groups to set up a theocracy comparable to what the Muslims have established in some Middle Eastern countries. It's doubtful, however, there are enough devout, enthusiastic Christians interested in creating a government that would make Christian beliefs and practices the law of the land.

The future of the Promise Keepers? History tells us it is extremely difficult to maintain the fervor of a suddenly success-

ful political or religious movement. Ross Perot flashed briefly across the political skies, then flamed out. The Ku Klux Klan membership reached somewhere between 4 million and 6 million in the early 1920s, only to sink into near oblivion in the latter part of the decade. Prior to its recent rally, which drew some 600,000 people to the nation's capital, the PKs average crowds were declining (56,000, 50,000, 36,000), which resulted in trimming 100 staffers from the roster of its force of paid employees.

As for me, I have no quarrel with the Promise Keepers. Indeed I agree with them in regard to most of their principles and goals. When I look at our present-day society with its drugs, soaring divorce rate, multiple spouse and child abuse, fatherless families, ineffectual schools and juvenile crime, I'm inclined to cheer the members onward and upward.

323

RECOMMENDED NEW NICKNAMES FOR MAJOR LEAGUE TEAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Detroit Tigers will be the Detroit Katz
The New York Yankees will be the New York Yankels
The Baltimore Orioles will be The Baltimore Bagel Barons
The Boston Red Sox will be the Boston Bolsheviks
The Toronto Blue Jays will be the Toronto Bloomborgs
The Tampa Bay Devil Rays will be the Tampa Bay Loan Sharks
The Cleveland Indians will be the Cleveland Israelites
The Chicago White Sox will be the Chicago Chosenites
The Kansas City Royals will be the Kansas City Kosher Kings
The Milwaukee Brewers will be the Milwaukee Distillers
The Minnesota Twins will be the Minnesota Dual Loyalists
The Texas Rangers will be the Texas Marxists
The Oakland Athletics will be the Oakland Neurotics
The Anaheim Angels will be the Anaheim Hymies
The Seattle Mariners will be the Seattle Marranos

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The New York Mets will be the New York Delis
The Philadelphia Phillies will be the Philadelphia Pharisees
The Florida Marlins will be the Florida Gefilte Fish
The Montreal Expos will be the Montreal Mountebanks
The Atlanta Braves will be the Atlanta Agitators
The Pittsburgh Pirates will be the Pittsburgh Corporate Raiders
The Chicago Cubs will be the Chicago Schlubs
The Cincinnati Reds will stay the Cincinnati Reds (If it ain't broke. . .)
The St. Louis Cardinals will be the St. Louis Card Sharps
The Houston Astros will be the Houston Astrophysicists
The San Francisco Giants will be the San Francisco Golems
The Los Angeles Dodgers will be the Los Angeles Tax Evaders
The San Diego Padres will be the San Diego Rabbis
The Colorado Rockies will be the Colorado Mockies
The Arizona Diamondbacks will be the Arizona Diamond Hoarders

Princess Di Was a Creature of Her Time

Hard Copy TV hostess Terri Murphey reported in mid-September that Princess Di died pregnant. If true, the father was either a Pakistani doctor or an Arab playboy. Other sordid facts of the relationship between Princess Di and the Al Fayed family are also emerging. These matters would be of no interest to us, except that they reflect just how thoroughgoing the white death wish has become even among the "best" of our kind.

Mohamed Al Fayed, father of wastrel Dodi, has spilled his guts to the London press. He says Diana and his son were "made for each other." Why? "Like me, she has been abused by the establishment." As for papa's alleged abuse, hogwash. The man *is* establishment, a billionaire with all the proper international and social connections. Al Fayed, whom the Royal Family called a "wog," made his billions by selling groceries, buying Harrod's department store, snatching up Royal properties and auctioning off the Royals' heirlooms. No wonder he was stiffed by the Queen, yet stands side by side with her at horse racing events. As long as 11 years ago Al Fayed set his son up with Diana at the Guard's Club in Windsor. Sonny often sipped tea with Di on the terrace at Harrod's.

No wonder Prince Charles distanced himself from this Muslim playboy. Before the bloody crash in the Paris tunnel, Charles went public with his concerns, "viewing with growing alarm the stream of disclosures about the private life of Dodi Fayed." He was said to be concerned about the lasting effect of Dodi's escapades on his ex-wife's life. Today few remember Charles's prophetic remarks.

The press reports that Dodi's father also craved a relationship with Prince William, the probable future King, if Britain doesn't turn into a republic in the meantime. He sent gifts to the British princes, inscribed "from Uncle Mohamed." He did everything he could to get next to the Royal Family, from sponsoring the Royal Windsor Horse Show to purchasing sporting estates in Scotland. His manipulations were clever enough to get him into the good graces of Diana's late father, Earl Spencer, but not enough

to get into the good graces of the Queen. Ultimately Al Fayed, caught bribing members of Parliament, was denied British citizenship.

Perhaps as an extension of his own scandalous lifestyle, Dodi bought up radio stations throughout the United Kingdom and was planning to hire the repulsive Howard Stern as a talking head. Before his death Dodi was being sued by American model Kelly Fisher, who claimed he had reneged on his promise to marry her.

Rabbi Martin Siegel, head of the Institute for Behavioral Health and Spiritual Values in Columbia (MD), was unhappy about the tabloid's coverage of the Princess's death: "Every time you go to buy a can of tuna fish, you've got to look at this stuff. . . .It's a very destructive influence on the whole culture." The Rabbi has it perfectly backwards. The public needs to know what happens to white women who give their bodies to darkish strangers in or out of marriage.

Wesley Pruden, editor of the Washington Times, dared to discuss the "impossibility" of the divorced mother of a future king ("defender of the Christian faith") marrying a Muslim. Wrote Pruden:

Maybe we've reached the time in our evolutionary "growth" that all responsibility can be cast aside, and we, like the randy presidents and other shabby pols we elect to express our national character, can do whatever feels good.

In her syndicated column on the subject of the late Princess, Hillary Clinton wrote about what Diana "meant to me and to all of us." She recalls how Di "spoke passionately about her recent trip to Angola" and about her other ministrations to Third Worlders and sundry sodomites.

Hillary ended her comments by noting that Di should be hailed for trying "to build a life of integrity on her own terms." By this definition, one person's "integrity" is another person's racial renegadism. The First Lady painted Diana as a feminist heroine. Judging by her frenzied activities to embarrass her former husband, her family, her nation and her race, she deserved the title.

JAY LOCK



Bread and Circuses—Antidotes for Boredom

The more I observe the human condition, the more I'm convinced that boredom is the single biggest pain in the lives of the billions of people who dwell on this little ball of rock and mud. Here in this country boredom and its gloomy attendants, depression and unhappiness, obsess the overwhelming majority of our citizens.

The above thoughts were brought home to me when I read of the astronomical earnings of sports figures and media stars. These people command million-dollar salaries because they have the capacity to entertain millions of our citizens who watch them in person, on TV or in the movies. The huge audiences are supposed to justify the huge recompense.

The entertainment industry exists primarily because it relieves boredom and brings temporary "happiness" to millions. The boredom is so deep and so pervasive that to escape it people will throng to the most abysmally shoddy TV shows and

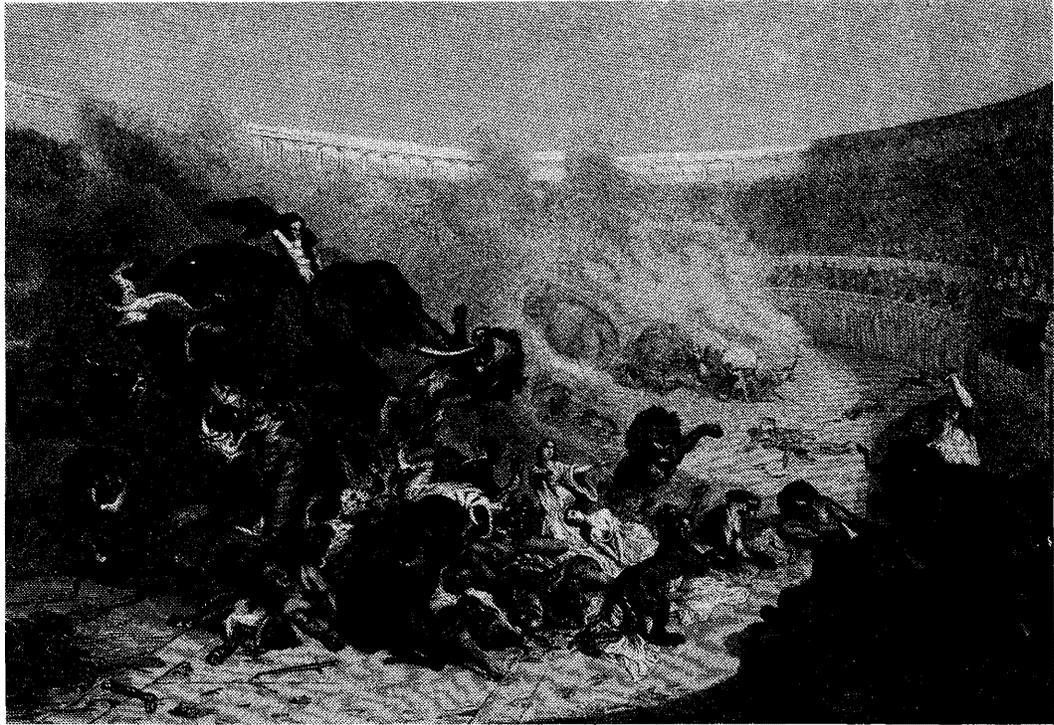
movies. The desire of citizens to break away from their humdrum lives and humdrum selves make them so desperate they will pay large sums for even momentary surcease from the crushing ennui that stifles their every breathing moment.

From early in human existence up to the recent past the demands to sustain life were so constant and so overwhelming our ancestors did not have time to be bored. The struggle for food was never-ending. My grandparents were farmers. The work they had to do to exist was ceaseless in its demands. Chores—primarily the feeding of animals—took place before sun-up and breakfast. After a hearty meal, the men went to the fields and the women began their daily toil of cleaning, preserving, cooking, washing and housecleaning. This routine went on day in, day out, virtually 365 days a year, only interrupted by a weekly shopping trip to town and Sunday dinner. Boredom

was a luxury that was flat-out unaffordable.

Only after they moved to town and the factory work week went from six 12-hour days to the present 40-hour week did boredom begin to play an important role in the lives of Americans. Now that long evenings and two-day weekends

among the early Greek philosophers and playwrights. Sophocles in his *Oedipus at Colonus* opined, "Not to be born is past all prizing, best." Another Greek sage made the depressing observation that, "From the moment of conception, we are rushing to our deaths."



Blood and gore in the Roman Colosseum

have to be filled, spectator sports and TV shows have become the fillers of choice.

The historical period most comparable to today is the era of the Roman Empire. Rome and the bigger Mediterranean towns had large populations of permanently unemployed who, when they became hungry and bored, had the potential to riot and overthrow their rulers. To calm the masses the Roman emperors passed out free grain and built huge amphitheatres for spectator sports that were often incredibly violent and bloody. Games and grain kept the populace under control. A similar situation exists in the contemporary U.S., the main difference being that the government now delivers the grain in the form of food stamps.

Some pundits and philosophers believe it is not the nature of man to be happy regardless of how hard he struggles to find relief from himself and his boredom. This tragic view of life was common

In 2,500 years life has hardly become any brighter for most folk. Father John Powell in *Happiness Is an Inside Job* writes:

One-third of all Americans wake up depressed every day. Professionals estimate that only 10% to 15% of Americans think of themselves as truly happy.

Psychologists and school scores tell us that owing to dysgenics the intelligence of the American people is declining. This could be a blessing for rulers because lower IQs enable the populace to be more easily entertained.

Some folk suppose that the hundreds of millions of dollars Americans pay their sports superstars and entertainers is money well spent. As for me, I frequently find myself hoping and wishing that *Homo sapiens* had evolved to a little higher plateau of taste and refinement.

323

It started out as a golden age

Postcards Recall Exciting Times

Browsing the public library last month, I happened upon a little tome I had never noticed before, *Postcards of Hitler's Germany*, by Roger James Bender (published by the author, San Jose, CA 1995). The book is a delight. It is a pictorial history of Germany with special emphasis on the years 1923-1937. It is also a paean of praise to whites living in an all-white ethnostate. The German people on these rare and long-forgotten bits of cardboard are pictured idyllically, doing things that Northern Europeans have always done—singing, hiking, cycling, swimming, boating, climbing, taking part in community festivals and organizing folk benefits for the needy. In sum, they are shown enjoying the pleasures of their own kind on their own turf with no interference from alien intruders.

Comparing Germany of the 30s to the present multiracial nightmare is a study in depression. I found myself longing to be back in that long-dead Deutschland where, despite the presence of an obtrusive and all-powerful government, the people were obviously lighthearted and gay, in the true meaning of that much-maligned word. Liberals will be foaming at the mouth at this assertion, yet Germany was unquestionably happier, incomparably happier than it is today. It had a direction

and a purpose, and that purpose transcended making as much money as possible. Don't give me that slop about how evil the government was, how repressive, how gangster-like. I don't care about the kind of government Germany had if it protected the German people from alien culture-bashing. As long as it protected its borders from gate-crashing Third Worlders, that's all I want to hear. Governments can be changed at will. A corrupt government will eventually expire of its own rottenness. Try recreating a rotten (i.e., miscegenated) race!

Greater Germany's population in 1938 was about 80 million. Except for a tiny, neutralized Jewish population which comprised seven-tenths of one percent, practically all of these 80 million were Nordics and Alpines. Today the population of the country isn't much larger, but a huge percentage of it consists of nonwhites and their mixed-blood offspring. All of this has taken place since 1945, a little over half a century!

In Bender's book the postcards, many in color, are marvelous evocations of an era when European nations were just that—European and white. Forget the Nazi nonsense. Try to imagine what that country could have achieved under a benevolent leader who puts his own race before conquest. One can easily imagine German colonies on the outermost planets in a few decades. Instead, because of Der Führer's cataclysmic impact upon a great people, the Vaterland today is a lickspittle satellite of a minority-dominated America. But Bender's collection of postcards shows none of that—no blacks, browns, yellows, mulattos, mestizo hybrids or Eurasians. No Semitized or Africanized culture sully these pages, no soul, rap or rock abominations, no black or Hispanic gangs, no cantina music, no chattering Tex-Mex "language," no ballots printed in Spanish, no Afro hairdos, no epicanthic folds, no ACLU, no Anti-Defamation League and, equally important, no Hollywood-Broadway poison to undermine the morals of an ancient Christian land.

Churches are shown in all their splendor, not the ugliness of outlandishly foreign mosques. Beautiful Northern European children play games that probably date back to Neolithic times. Dates, people, places and events are commemorated to draw the German people's attention to the magnificent beacon which their country has been in history, and the kaleidoscope of culture which it has emblazoned across the world's skies, enriching us all. To the confusion of professional German haters, I might add that only a relatively small percentage of the thousands of cards have a militaristic theme.

Whether her people are shown watching an air show, sailing boats, frolicking on the beach or simply going for a leisurely stroll in the beautiful forests, these cards depict Germany as it once was and should be today—strong, united, proud and completely in the possession of its creator race. The very thought of Negroes and other nonwhites and their hybrid progeny residing in Germany is a nightmare. I am not a German or even a German-American. But these pictures make me nostalgic for this lost all-white nation state, even though these scenes took place before I was even born. I guess it is the ancient call of the blood.

782

