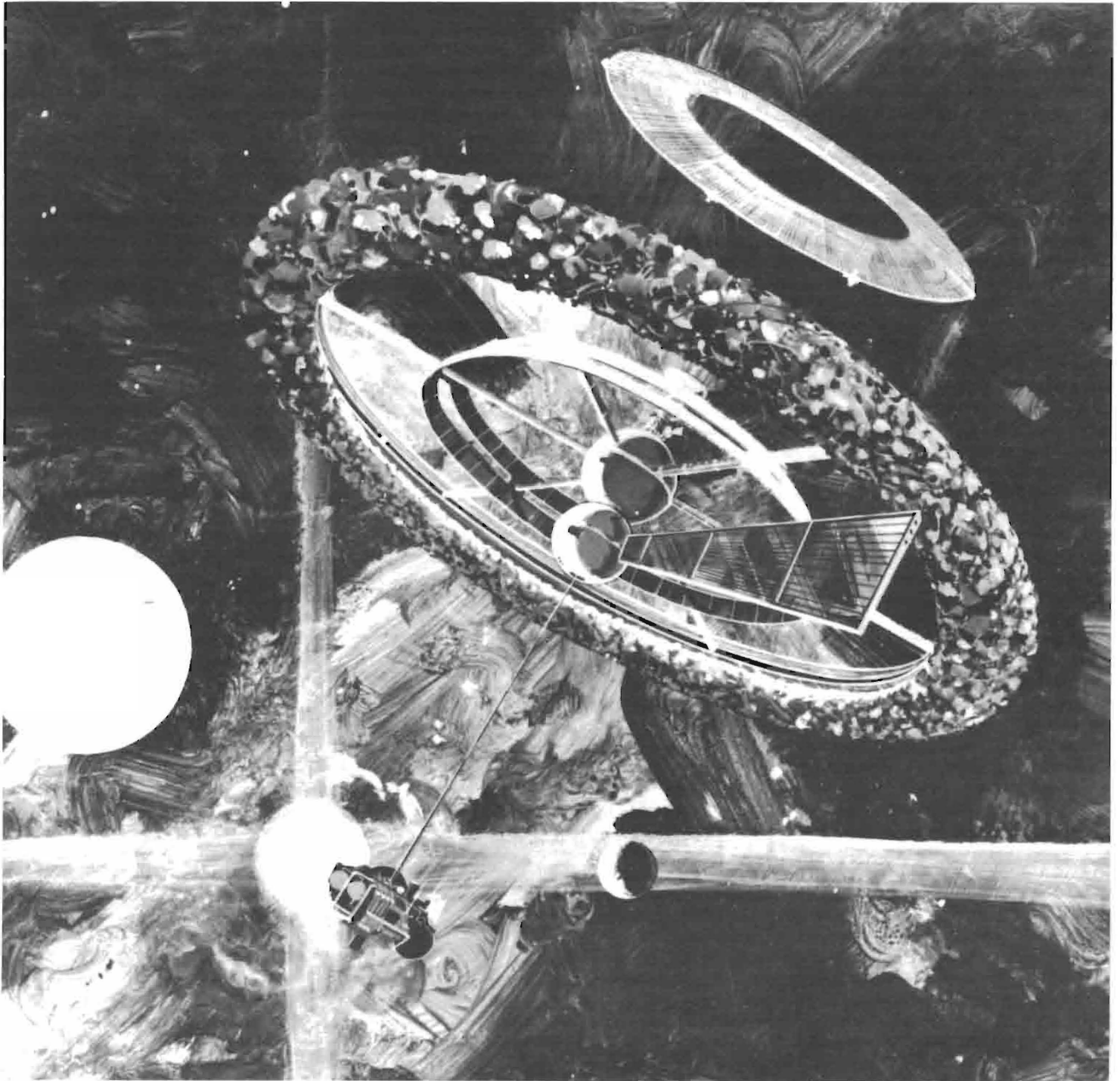


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 5 NO. 8

JULY 1980



THE ROAD TO INFINITY



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

□ Even in the most glowingly favorable accounts, Hitler comes across as a thoroughly unlikeable odd duck. He was not a thinker, his ideology was picked up haphazard, and despite his undeniable talents as an orator and leader, he led his country straight into disaster. I'd like to like him, I'd like to believe National Socialist Germany was paradise on earth, but I can't and it wasn't. For all its protestations to serving a noble cause, the Third Reich was a top-down dictatorship pure and simple, not greatly dissimilar to many such extant today. *Das Dritte Reich ist gewesen*. We can perhaps learn from it, study it objectively as an experiment in racial politics, but we have to take into account its mistakes, blunders and failures. I understand why some people are attracted to it -- it worked once and has a powerful romantic mystique even yet (perhaps growing more romantic by the year). But it isn't a model that should be followed slavishly.

604

□ "Racial Revolution and the Middle Class" (March 1980) was analytically superb -- right on the money. Middle-class Majority members, whether conservative or liberal, possess the least amount of race feeling. Often they provide the cutting edge for the partially completed minority takeover of America. Where are the racially conscious elements of the upper classes who potentially can drag the Majority up from perdition?

601

□ My deceased brother-in-law worked as a geologist for twenty-five years in French Equatorial Africa for the Union Minière. He told me about African cannibalism, which he witnessed on numerous occasions. The blacks, however, killed only their enemies, who were subsequently cooked and devoured. Permit me to add that cannibalism was once rampant in the Soviet Union. A famine was deliberately created by the Bolsheviks in the Ukraine, formerly called "the granary of Europe," as Ukrainian soil (the black earth) is the most fertile on the face of the globe. Seven million people perished at that time. A good friend, who was head of the criminal police in Kiev, arrested a man who used human flesh in his sausage factory. No parents in Kiev permitted their children to be outdoors after dark because of roving cannibals. The Ukraine was by no means the only region in the Soviet Union where such things occurred. My wife's deceased stepfather, onetime head of the health department for the Northern Caucasus, had photographs of mutilated bodies of cannibal victims. Only the choicest human cuts were eaten.

087

□ Your author on Aztec cannibalism should read the reprint of Bernardo Sahagún's (eyewitness) *History of Ancient Mexico: the Religion and Ceremonies of the Aztec Indians*, first published in 1932 by Fiske University and reprinted in 1977 by Rio Grande Press, P.O. Box 33, Glorietta, NM 87535. For other first-hand information about the subject, the same publisher also has a reprint of *Hernando Cortes, His Five Letters of Relation to the Emperor Charles V of Spain* (first published in 1908).

803

□ When we read about Negroes in the army demanding the right to grow beards and when we hear about special electric shavers designed for blacks, we might keep the following facts in mind. The full-blooded Congoid has no beard. Raymond Dart defines the Negro race as "virtually hairless, save for the tightly-curved woolly mop protecting the oval head." Isherwood says, "Where facial hair makes its appearance in any quantity this indicates a non-Negro antecedent." We have seen innumerable pictures of black males in Africa and noted that they were almost all beardless. Negroes who have beards are hybrids. Some tribes in Africa have a considerable Hamitic admixture, and members of the Hamitic race, according to Dart, "have scanty facial hair, except for a chin tuft, but their heads are covered with wavy, black locks." A heavier beard would indicate a Semitic or European admixture.

618

□ Cholly has a lot of talent and he does have the ability to persuade people, but he seems too short of patience. There are still millions of Nordics in this country (or people who admire Nordics) who have never heard of your publications and are not aware of your movement. Penetration will be very slow and we are not ready to take much action until the philosophical underpinnings have been created, formulated and published. Surely, Cholly must realize all this, so why does he show disappointment and spread dissatisfaction in his column? Take a leaf out of the book of the Christian missionaries or from any missionaries: patience and endless repetition will lead to success. Miracles only happen after an awful lot of hard work and preparation of the ground has been done.

941

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□ The editor of *Instauration* seems no different than the liberals I know in rejecting facts which do not fit their atheistic world view. Traditionally science has opposed religion but I believe that as science matures it will lead us back to God.

900

□ Now that *Instauration* is in its fifth year of publication isn't it time that we go beyond just writing stirring articles? Can we now assume that the nucleus has been formed and that mitosis must be the next stage of progression towards our liberation? A race that sits and writes may be doomed, but a race that organizes formally or semi-formally with specific goals is clearly on the path towards the reassertion of its rights. Damn it, let's step forward and show the minorities we are alive and that the line has been drawn!

600

□ "White is Glorious" (April 1980) has the potential for striking a spark of discovery for the would-be Christian Adventurers, who have been floundering on the barren shoals of today's apostate and degenerate Christendom.

973

□ Greedy businessmen created the "melting pot" to keep wages low. Radicals utilized it much later. The same is true of our Negro problem. Harvard is a bigger Communist menace than Moscow or Peking. Those regimes at least have the practical responsibility of governing large empires and are tempered thereby. Harvard is even more irresponsible than a government agency, since it is only a baby-sitter for adolescent males.

602

□ I disagree with the thesis that blacks can coexist as independent communities within our national borders: that would be the worst of all attempted solutions. It simply would not work. The separation must be to another land mass -- Africa being the most logical candidate -- and it must be total and irrevocable. Not a single black nor half-black must remain. Not one.

231

□ The Constitution has been a dead issue since 1861 (at least). Give up on that one. Our real problem is that the superrich ruling class has decided to try to keep its position by corrupting the Left instead of joining the Right. As for the Soviet Union, it is purely imperialistic. Communism and Russian nationalism and everything else will be sacrificed to preserve the Tsars' Empire. Lenin was a Slavic Constantine.

802

□ In the past several years I have been compelled by my perception of events to move about as far to the right as possible -- socially, economically and certainly politically. My ancestry and my education allow me, with some latitude, to consider myself a "redneck intellectual." Whence came that bright and beautiful gene, that marvelous gift of evolution which has come to rest in me after centuries of generational transmission through indifferent bodies? I possessed it, without awareness, when I was young enough to make use of it. Now that I have become aware of this unused treasure, it is too late to do anything about it. Just as America's founders had leadership (or the capacity for leadership) bred into them, today's whites have had it bred out of them. Where in the West is there a white leader who shows even the minimal signs of instinctive -- or if you will -- genetic leadership? The capability for greatness has been lost in a veritable quagmire of biological mediocrity. I feel deeply about this matter, although for me it is now mostly academic. Soon, I shall shuffle off this mortal coil -- my existence having served no purpose greater than merely *being*. Had I passed my genetic endowment on to some future entity, the inherent qualities of my ancestry might have served some useful or greater purpose. Some white after me might have made some splendid use of the genes I host. They are, I am sorry to say, useless to me now.

875

□ Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* leaves very little room for doubt. His enormous accumulation of evidence makes a very convincing case, which is favored by the directness of his style.

420

□ The great majority of Americans who announce dedication to a cause -- particularly to a cause as serious as ours -- haven't thought it through. What they give is partial dedication, or dedication on their terms, until it conflicts with something really serious. They pose a social problem for a truly dedicated person, who feels it necessary to give them every chance, and equally necessary not to be surprised when they drop off or wake up to what they really mean.

111

□ You must stop spreading hatred and the evil lie that the Jews were not exterminated in Hitler's hell. This is the work of Satan. If you do not repent to our Lord Jesus Christ who was a Jew and the Son of God the fate of your soul is in jeopardy.

Nonsubscriber

□ As to why schools are as they are, I would say that the causes are multiple: TV certainly, pornographic magazines everywhere, general lawlessness, universal lack of respect, example of parents, example of teachers. It's a case of the blind leading the blind. The teachers fail to correct the pupils (which implies tacit approval), the administrators fail to set standards and insist that the teachers enforce them, the parents fail to investigate. All the pupils have the same stereotyped look -- the girls especially -- a combination of vulgarity and vacuity. I could never love an American woman; if you take a good look at today's high-school product, you will understand why.

953

□ Dr. Tripodi is telling us nothing new when he expostulates about gutless Nordics. If his point is that Nordics have declined in vigor since earlier centuries, few would argue with him. His unfavorable comparison of the Nordic and the Italian race, however, can only raise a gale of laughter. When Wavell's forces of approximately 25,000 attacked Italian forces about ten times their number in East Africa in 1940-41 the performance of the latter suggested that, had there been a 1941 Olympics, Italy would have won a lot of medals in the running events. When the Anglo-Americans landed on the Italian peninsula in 1943, the Italians themselves just laid down their arms and capitulated there and then, leaving the Germans to offer the sole barrier to the allied advance up the Italian boot. It was not very different from Caporetto in 1917, where Italian forces crumbled shamefully against smaller Austrian and German armies and had to be stiffened by the dispatch of British units from the Western Front. If Dr. Tripodi asks why Nordics today will not resort to real violence to defend their rights, I would reply that it is probably because the sort of violence he envisages would be outside the law -- and the Nordic has a natural tendency to respect the law which marks him in contrast to Southern Europeans, particularly Sicilians.

German subscriber

□ I generally find Southern accents rather attractive. I can think of only two young women whose thick, syrupy Southern drones are positively revolting. One girl belongs to a family of blunt-featured Tartars, the other to a family of short, squat Levantines. Both are very upper-middle class and spent their girlhoods in the almost exclusive company of biological Southern belles. The accents took -- but what a difference!

766

□ If Ronald Reagan is not elected president this, his third time at bat, I am taking it that there's no way to cure cancer of the brain. If there is a god on our side, He sure is under sedation!

308

□ Why waste your limited pages constantly telling us that we are under overwhelming attack? Every one of your readers sees the shells falling everywhere he looks. All of us associate with the walking wounded and the morally dead. We are at war, and you are our war propagandist. Writers who use your pages for despair contradict our racial morality. At the Alamo and Thermopylae our best gave their lives because Texas and the Greek cities had each frittered away precious time in squabbling. In these two battles, only two in a history full of such examples, our best gave their lives to provide time and inspiration for their people to survive. None of the heroic handful at the Alamo needed to be reminded that if Texas were destroyed, it would be the Texans' own fault. They did not need to have their noses rubbed in the slime by letters from those who decided to give up and run away. And no one at the Alamo needed to be reminded that there were a lot of Mexicans out there.

220

□ Re the article on the Aztecs (March 1980), Prescott writes that the victims were placed supine on the convex altar stone where they were held by four priests. Almost with one movement the obsidian blade swept under the left portion of the rib cage and made an opening of perhaps 8 to 10 inches. Into this gash one priest thrust his whole hand and grabbed the beating heart, yanking it from the body with only a minimum of difficulty. The body was then taken to the edge of the pyramid and thrown down the very narrow, very steep steps. Thus consecrated by the ritual sacrifice, the meat and blood were holy (as in Christianity, perhaps?) and therefore edible. The entire ceremony, from the time the victim arrived at the summit platform until his remains were thrown down the pyramid, was often less than a minute.

875

□ WASPs cannot seem to trust one another. That is why they make so much of law. Minorities know all about law -- and how to evade it. But more often than not they trust their fellow ethnics. Never trust an Anglo. He might be an FBI entrapper or ADL spy. Sad, but true.

665

□ After Hong Kong, almost any place in the world is backward! Hong Kong is the only real free market in the world, not only in respect of financial affairs, but also in labor affairs. There are no restrictions as to working hours. There are no restrictions as to what can and cannot, should and should not be done. The only restriction is your wallet! People in Hong Kong realize that there are 24 hours in a day, not 8 hours, as their European counterparts. It's the only place I know of where nothing is impossible.

Hong Kong Subscriber

□ Our enemies pack a verbal wallop against us with emotion-charged epithets like "racist" and "bigot" which put us on the defensive about our moral character. We need brickbats of our own to throw back. Seeing how masochism and guilt are the most outstanding features of the liberal personality, I propose the term, "guiltist."

068

□ As far as the racial question goes, I consider that a simple "anti" is always negative. A global categorization of all blacks as "inferior" and all Jews as "hoaxers" is counterproductive because it provokes a reaction of the race as a whole. It unifies the enemy.

Argentinian subscriber

□ I am presently reading *Geschichte Der Deutschen* by Helmut Diwald (Ullstein Verlag), a monumental work mentioned in *Instauration* (Dec. 1979). I fail to understand why the press "shrieked for censorship." Was it for the following on page 165: "Responsibilities [for World War II] have not been fully clarified because the victorious powers seized all documents, some of which were destroyed. Free access to these documents, however, is imperative for the full clarification of all these questions." Yet, on page 164, Diwald writes, "Hitler's will leaves little doubt as to concentration camp victims."

071

□ The April issue came in yesterday and kept me cussin' till well past my bedtime. Not at any error that it contained, which I did not see, but the truth. I cannot for the life of the scant part that is left to me comprehend how this nation can fail to realize that the black race is certainly the doom of white America. A Negro columnist in our local newspaper wrote that a Negro had invented the stoplight. He told the truth by accident.

305

□ The reason *Instauration* gets more flack from the conservatives than the liberals is biological. The conservatives regard it as a competitor for the same piece of ideological territory. It's the same reason the Protestants and Catholics in Ireland hate each other far more than they hate atheists and Jews. Come to think of it, one of the reasons Jews have often been left alone is because they've stayed away from religious squabbles.

200

□ The Little Rock School District is struggling to bring white students back into the schools, which are now 65% black. The superintendent admits that the racial balance would only be 50-50, even if all white children were withdrawn from private (mostly parochial) schools. Whites here barely replicate, while blacks proliferate.

722

□ I can't help but think when I read Matthew how little things have changed in 2,000 years. The Sanhedrin is still with us, murderers are being set free, and we are being crucified. Only Pilate and his empire are no more.

087

□ An alliance between the Majority and the Jews? Would that I had the power to start negotiations! I don't care much for the current behavior of either the bulk of my fellow Majorityites or the Jews. If both wake up to the idea that there are too many colored minorities in this country, that's fine.

900

□ While driving in a rental car in Miami, we asked a policeman for directions to Route 1. After telling us, he warned us to raise our windows and lock the doors as we would be driving through a dangerous area. This happened at 2:20 pm on a bright and sunny afternoon.

389

□ Country music is getting more sensual every minute. According to Paul Harvey, they say they are just giving us what we demand. I didn't know that's what I wanted.

032

□ Soon it will be possible to create genetically selective diseases and plagues. This power would obviously exceed that of the H-bomb.

190

□ Gloria rode the New York City subway, Sunday. Sic transit Gloria mundi!

070

□ It wouldn't hurt to laugh a little now and then (though the gods know we have little to be happy about). Along with a predilection to alcoholism, we of Northern European stock tend to dark reflection and depression, perhaps more so than any other people. Eric Hoffer noted in the dock workers' hiring halls the saddened faces, the slumped shoulders, the disillusioned eyes, didn't belong to the "oppressed Negroes." They were usually cracking jokes and in high spirits.

606

□ This letter is to inform you that I just got married to a wonderful young lady who also subscribes to *Instauration*. As I will soon be selling my house and moving in with her, please don't waste any stamps asking me to renew my subscription.

881

□ Suggestion to Majority members who "don't know what can be done": Spend a little beer money on a couple of copies of *The Dispossessed Majority*. Pass them on discreetly to a few friends. You may lose one or two. But no more than if you drank too much beer. Yes, I've already followed my own advice and shaken an apathetic Euro-American mind or two into a state of at least semi-consciousness.

856

□ As I see it, America is a colossal Jones-town. All you can do is cop out -- or drink your Kool-Aid.

223

□ If I may be permitted to add a few details to "The Zionization of American Foreign Policy" (*Instauration*, March 1980), consider that eleven of Carter's ambassadorial appointments were Jews and two were blacks. Wolfe to Austria; William Schwartz to the Bahamas (nice to see they still have a sense of humor); Garthoff to Bulgaria; Weissman to Costa Rica; Lerner to Norway. "Spashul" ambassadors to Panama and the Mideast were Linowitz-Strauss-Linowitz. Of course, it was Young and McHenry to the UN. One exception is the case of Bruce Laingen, our now-hostage envoy to Iran. He previously was Ambassador to Malta when it turned communist and then went to Afghanistan when it turned communist. If your airline tastes funny lately, consider the chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board -- from Strauss to Kahn. When Strauss took over the job of "inflation fighter" (before we really had inflation), Kahn stepped down to replace Strauss again as our new "inflation fighter," so the latter could deal with the Arabs. Cohen replaced Kahn as the present chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

077

□ To 095 (*Instauration*, April 1980) who wrote that women make excellent conservatives: True when they are grocery shopping, but the theory falls apart when they get to the beauty parlor. To 160 who advises us to always look ahead and never look back: Those of us who have been backstabbed do not have complete faith in your suggestion. To 619 who wrote that he was an intellectual and despises himself: You certainly ought to.

320

□ Our apartment rent has risen from \$175 per month when we first came to San Francisco to \$750 per month now. Today, it is unwise to venture upon the streets at any time, day or night.

941

□ The utterly priceless squib (Feb. 1980) on the two great royal frauds, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, was a stunning piece, especially the reference to the Baltimore tramp and the spineless king.

519

□ In regard to the new Israeli shekel, it might be useful to keep on the lookout for the exact details of who owes whom and how much both the day before and the day after a nation's conversion of its currency.

021

□ The Majority leader we all look for might well come out of the Mormon community -- a possibility that might never have occurred to you. Leaving to one side their weird theology, the Mormons have a lot going for them. They're hard-working, studious, dedicated, clean-living, close-knit. They emphasize the primacy of the family unit. They breed vigorously. And they have a tremendous missionary drive.

874

□ *Instauration* has among its readers some technomaniacs.

478

□ I graduated from the Ritter and Domschule zu Reval (founded in 1319 by Swedes) and then attended Dorpat University. I will never forget our professor of history, Dr. Taube, who stated to the students that "the greatest of all differences is that between culture and civilization."

870

□ Today I got four (count 'em -- four) subscription offers to *The Nation*. Here's what I do to get sweet revenge. I always take the business reply envelope enclosed in such things and mail it back empty. It costs them 17¢ and I get great satisfaction.

302

□ We should all read *Why Civilizations Self-Destruct* by Elmer Pendell. I call this an important book. The point is that if dumb people have too many dumb babies and, if something is not done about it soon, we will be in for trouble.

300

□ I'm growing old by days, but my years are killing me!

303

□ Americanism is not a kind of ethnicity, but an alternative to race and culture. It does to men what agricultural scientists have done to chickens, cows, beans and corn. The plants and animals are optimized as producers, becoming grotesque and unhealthy in the process. People are optimized to become consumers, also becoming grotesque and unhealthy in the process.

208

□ Not a bad review, "The Ives Papers" (*Instauration*, Feb. 1980), though the publication smells neo-Nazi.

Nonsubscriber

□ *Instauration* is taking the right tack. Popular elections are far less important than getting our voice heard in academe. Without qualms I can discuss *Instauration* with educated people and reasonably expect (and usually receive) an educated response. You can't say the same about other right-wing journals. If we wish to influence the future, we must first capture the academies. It is here our future attitudes are molded, and there is little point in bewailing the outcome of these attitudes if we have not made an attempt to play an active part in making them. I hold high hopes for *Instauration*. In ten to twenty years I think we will begin to see the social consequences of what we are now teaching.

New Zealand subscriber

□ I hear around Washington that the European Community is planning to announce its own Middle East policy, which will include recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization and a demand that the PLO be included in the "autonomy" talks now being stalled by Israel. This will naturally infuriate Carter, who sees the whole Middle East as his personal fiefdom -- as if the Lord has chosen him to make peace between the "Chosen People" and the Arabs on whom they practice genocide. Toward the vilification of the Europeans, one of the networks recently showed a 40-year-old picture of Hitler and Petain shaking hands and noted that, according to a recent poll, only 8% of Frenchmen still believe Petain was a traitor.

222

53 hostages in Iran, hundreds of thousands in Miami

CAPITULATING TO BLACK VIOLENCE

Never in the long and dismal record of the all-too-human instinct of preferring lying to truth-telling has there been such an obscene mangling of the news! Black mobs in Miami shoot, maim and even torture whites . . . loot and burn white-owned stores . . . wage a guerrilla miniwar with police and the National Guardsmen.

And what follows?

The unholy alliance of media, government and academia dares to tell us that the bloody events were an excusable Negro protest against high unemployment, police brutality and double standards of justice. The Negroes, we are informed in so many words, have a "right" to rampage -- and if more money, more political favors and more leniency from the courts are not forthcoming, there will be more of the same in Detroit, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other American megalopolitan jungles.

Lingering, sympathetic, teary studies of blacks mourning their dead were televised. But no pictures of whites burying their dead. Several "compassionate" interviews with Negroes were followed by uninterrupted stump speeches from black public figures and social scientists overbrimming with anti-white racism. But no interviews with, no speeches by, no comments from outraged whites. The Anglo-Saxon system of justice, instead of being upheld, was demeaned and denigrated, along with the jury which, after due deliberation, had found white policemen innocent of killing a Negro trying to escape a police dragnet -- a motorcycle addict with a criminal record who was sold to the television audience as an "insurance executive." Even worse, it was revealed during the trial that the charge against one of the policemen had been "stiffened" from manslaughter to second-degree murder after a black organization put on the political heat at a courthouse meeting.

Perhaps the worst piece of news desecration was the lumping together of the black and white dead. Whites were killed because they were unlucky enough to have been in or near the ghetto when the blacks uprose. Blacks were killed by police or National Guardsmen for looting, violating the curfew or sniping.

Whites were killed because they were whites, blacks for committing murder, arson and other serious crimes and for a bloody assault on the public order. Yet the media actually made the dead blacks martyrs and the dead whites a cold statistic.

In any present-day society, except in the West, the Miami riot (it was called a man-made disaster, never a "black-made"



Blacks taunt National Guardsman in Miami

disaster, to distinguish it from the Mount St. Helens eruption) would have been put down with overwhelming military force and the participants taught a lesson they would not soon forget. In any Western society -- until the 20th century -- troops would have gone in, shot every looter on sight, rounded up and strung up the ringleaders (there are always ringleaders, Mr. Cronkite), conducted a house-to-house search to recover the loot, and executed on the spot anyone possessing one stolen article. The press would have been on the side of order, not on the side of disorder. The head of state, the governor and

local officials would have put the blame where it belonged, not on the victims. Blacks would have paid for their crime in blood, in long prison terms and in fines, and they, not whites, would have had to rebuild the destroyed buildings and stores and compensate the owners.

One of the more disgusting moments of the disgusting lost weekend was the appearance in Miami of Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti. Forgetting all about the savagery, he practically promised that the Justice Department would bring a civil action against the freed policemen. To curry favor with blacks he was willing to junk the American criminal justice system by restoring the barbaric practice of double jeopardy. Here again, as with the Supreme Court in various busing cases and in *Weber*, the highest officials in a government of laws are openly abrogating the law.

If the riots proved anything, it was that affirmative action is now taking over American justice. Negro mobs are superseding the Supreme Court as the highest court of appeal. If blacks are not satisfied with the way criminal trials turn out, all they need do is take to the streets and kill and loot until they are satisfied. This is a clear message to judges and juries to treat black criminals with extreme leniency in the future and treat accused white policemen with extreme harshness, even to the extent of remanding them to another trial if they should be found not guilty. Considering the cowardice of our judges and prosecutors, from now on blacks can be assured of "special handling" -- the same special handling they are now receiving under the quota system in business, government and education.

In accordance with the now well-established sociological law, "The more Negroes get, the more Negroes riot," the nation is bound to have ever gorier burnouts and shootouts as blacks are nudged up the economic ladder they can never

climb on their own. There were no Negro riots in Miami in the days of Jim Crow. Only in the glorious era of integration.

What will happen when the Army, which is now one-third black, is called out to put down one of the massive, big-city bloodbaths in store for us? How many soldiers, if ordered to shoot, will refuse? How many soldiers will join the rioters? How many hundreds, thousands and hundreds of thousands of whites will have to die before the black problem is finally met head on?

It is not a social problem. It is not a political problem. It is a biological problem. Negroes simply cannot hack it in Western society. There are only two solutions -- either the United States becomes negrified or the United States shakes off its Negroes, not by stratifying them in slavery or in a serf class of tenant farmers as in the past -- that way is only an undefusable time bomb -- but shake them off entirely into the old homeland in Africa or into a new and totally separate homeland in the New World. The Jimmy Carters, the Ronald Reagans, the *New York Times* editorial pundits, the ADL and the Uncle Toms of the NAACP know nothing about Negroes and never will. They cannot handle them any better than the great "expert" on Negroes, the Reverend Jim Jones.

Only Negroes or whip-cracking whites can handle Negroes -- and we are tired of whip-cracking whites. They're the ones who bought them there and brought them here and injected them into our healthy bloodstream, to the possible ruination of both races. Slavery, emancipation, desegregation and affirmative action are just milestones on the road to the graveyard of Western culture.

Apparently only Negroes themselves can drive this point home -- by fire, by gunfire, by murder and, eventually, if we recall what happened in Haiti, by massacre.

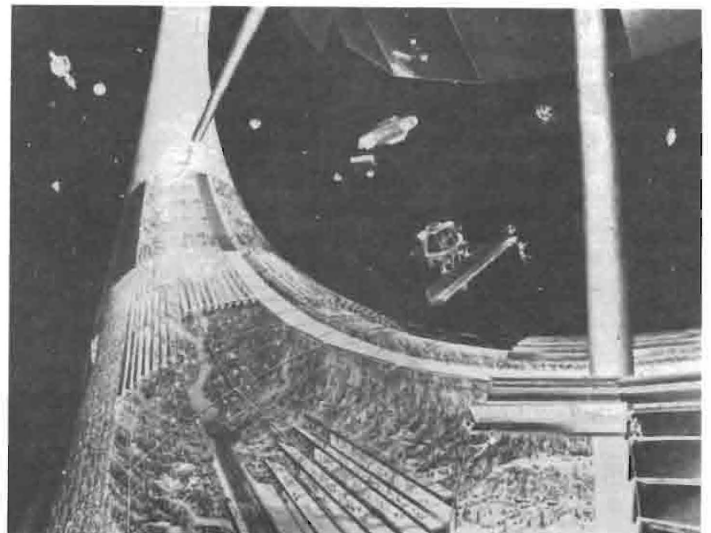
The race factor in space flight

THE ROAD TO INFINITY

*In Stahl gehüllt
vom Strahl umwittert
die Schar, die Reich um Reich zerbrach
sie treten auf,
die Erde schüttert
sie schreiten fort, es donnert nach!*
Goethe -- Faust

In July 1969, the U.S. landed two men on the moon -- perhaps the supreme achievement of human history. Yet its actual significance has been almost universally misunderstood, both then and now. Liberal-minority pundits have continued to denounce the entire space program with howls strangely reminiscent of the antispace enthusiast in H.G. Wells's *Things to Come* (1936): "We shall hate you more if you succeed than if you fail."

The *New York Times* commemorated the moon landing with an entire page of commentary solicited from various opinion molders. Some, like Henry Ford II, praised the venture



Space colony

in qualified terms, then quickly added: "We can master the problems of our cities just as we have mastered the challenge of space."

Medgar Evers, the Deep South black, was more to the point: "The billions of dollars being spent on this moon exploration program means that it will be even longer before America begins to keep her promises to the poor."

The American Majority was reaching out for the stars, but American Negroes, descendants of a people that could never even figure out how to make a wheel, wanted to clip its wings. If there is no other argument for the separation of races, this one is enough.

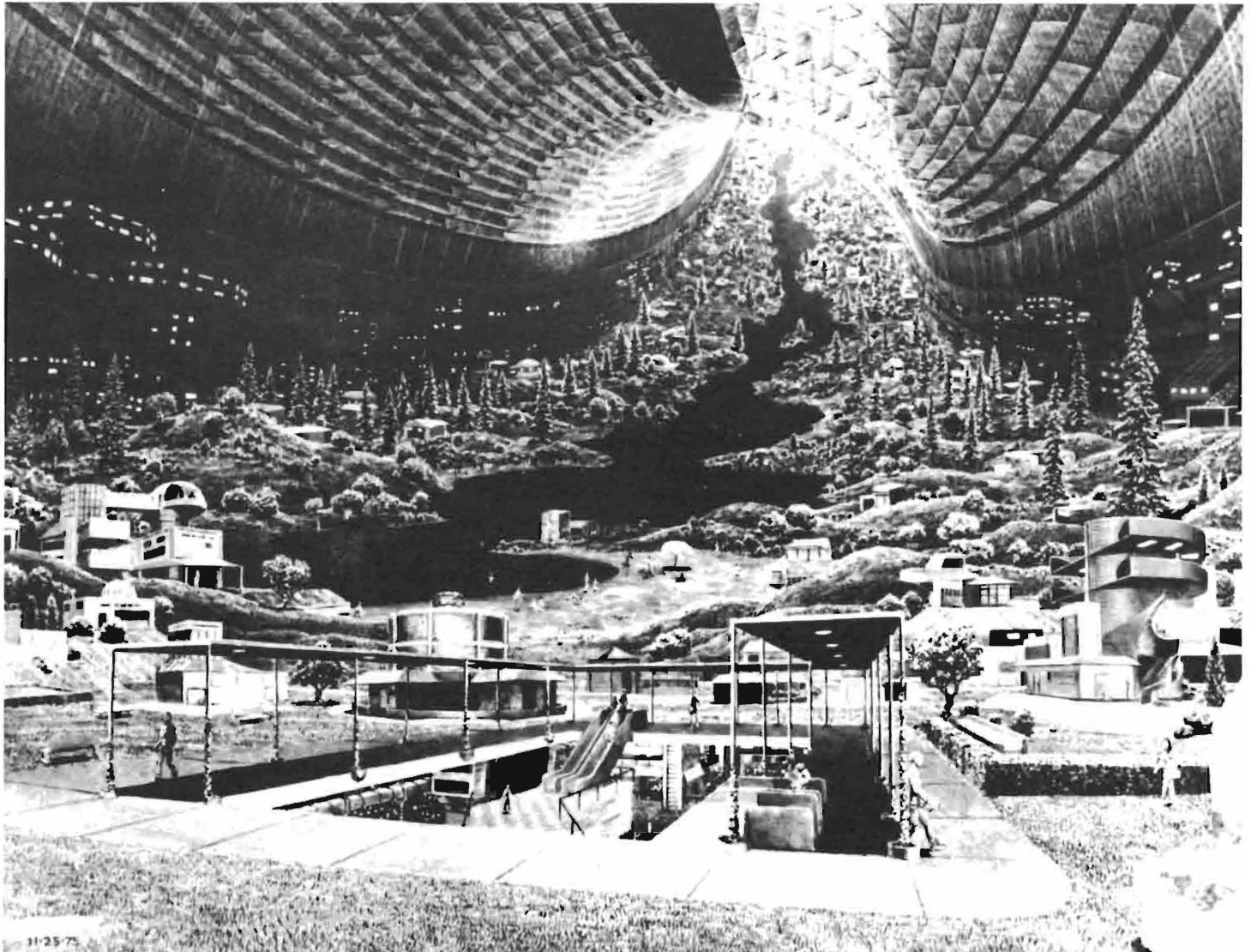
Northern Europeans seem almost genetically programmed for exploration and development. In historical times, Nordic tribes exploded from dark Teutonic forests, overran most of Europe, and in less than 2,000 years literally conquered the world. Other races may wander blindly when the hunting or the berries give out where they have settled, but only Northern European man has an incurable intellectual itch not only to see but *understand* what lies over the next hill.

The idea of spaceflight has been lurking around the edges of

Western thought for centuries, ever since it occurred to philosophers that the lights in the sky could be worlds like this one. Two developments concretized it: one was the closing of the last frontiers on earth, which could only numb the spirit of the one race that needs frontiers for psychic health; the other was the invention of the technology that made leaving earth possible.

It was early recognized that rockets were the only possible means of getting into space, barring an unexpected breakthrough like the gravity-screening "Cavorite" in Wells's *First Men in the Moon* (1901). The giant cannon so plausibly described by Jules Verne in *De la Terre à la Lune* (1865) had some serious drawbacks. If the shell was powerful enough to be fired at escape velocity, the astronauts inside would have been smashed to smithereens. The rocket, on the other hand, had a much better chance of success. The pioneering work was done by a Russian (Konstantin Tsiolkovsky), a German (Hermann Oberth) and a Majority American (Robert Goddard). "Earth," Tsiolkovsky once said, "is the cradle of mankind, but one does not stay in a cradle forever."

Little attention was paid to amateur rocket hobbyists until



Interior of space colony

1932, when the German Army took an interest in rockets because they were not expressly forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles. On the basis of a demonstration by several members of the *Verein für Raumschiffahrt* (Society for Space Travel), a group of rocketry enthusiasts, the *Waffenprüfamt* (Army Weapons Office, Test Section) hired one of the hobbyists, a doctoral candidate named Wernher von Braun. That led eventually to Peenemünde and the V-2. Suddenly the world took rockets very seriously. Unfortunately for the Third Reich, Hitler did not. Der Führer did not believe the V-2 could cross the English Channel, and so did not support the rocket program as much as he might have, or at least not until it was too late to change the course of the war.

Towards the end of World War II, von Braun was arrested by the Gestapo, partly because he had been overheard making comments that indicated he was more interested in sending rockets to the moon than to London: "Oh yes, we shall get to the moon -- but of course I don't dare tell Hitler yet." His incarceration was brief and he was quickly released once his superiors made it clear that he was indispensable to the war effort. When Germany collapsed, von Braun and most of his colleagues arranged to surrender to the Americans. The torch passed out of northern Europe.

Although the U.S. had secured the top German minds in rocket science, it proceeded to keep them on ice for the next several years. The Russians succeeded not only in capturing most of the smaller fry but also vast amounts of hardware, including the enormous underground V-2 plant at Nordhausen. They lost no time exploiting their booty. The successful orbiting of Sputnik in 1957 should have surprised no one, but the shock did serve to jar Americans out of their apathy.

On May 25, 1961, less than three weeks after the U.S. had launched its first man into space on a suborbital flight that lasted only a few minutes, Kennedy announced: "I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to earth." Kennedy's real motive may have been less idealistic. He needed something to salvage his reputation after the Bay of Pigs disaster. Nevertheless, it was a popular decision, and Congress enthusiastically appropriated the necessary billions. The country was prosperous; Viet Nam was no more than a distant rumble; and the liberals and minorities had been bought off with the porkbarrel social programs of the new Frontier.

On the right, opinion was split. The pro side of the issue was masterfully summed up by Willis Carto in his introduction to the 1962 edition of Francis Parker Yockey's *Imperium*:

No longer is the drive toward infinity and largeness held back by earthly boundaries. Now, in fact, we have infinity at our elbow Barring calamity caused by universal physical or biological destruction, we are now headed for the stars, and there is no power in heaven or earth to stop us. Coming days will see the present drive for Space magnified a thousandfold -- a millionfold. All limits to the possibility of expansion have disappeared. Geographical expansion on Earth is senseless -- and worse than senseless -- it is suicide. The Frontier has come back -- a Frontier that can never be dissipated.

The con side was heard from sesquipedalian conservative oracle William F. Buckley, whose column for June 1, 1963, was entitled: "The Moon and Bust?" Buckley was doubtful about the Apollo program because it seemed to have no immediate economic or military value. Even if the Russians did beat us to the moon, he said, "can't we say, with composure at that crowded session of the United Nations: Very well, you have reached the moon, but meanwhile, here in America we have been trying, however clumsily, to spread freedom and justice." How long did Buckley expect his Sunday School pieties to have any meaning in America once the Soviet Union gained the upper hand in space?

However, as the 1960s wore on the space race became rather one-sided as the Russians seemed to sag. Substantial information is slight, but what has trickled out of the USSR indicates that its initial successes in space were due largely to a guiding genius named Sergei Korolyov, a Ukrainian engineer and a former inmate of Stalin's Gulag. Korolyov was another dreamer in the best tradition of Tsiolkovsky. When he and his team launched the first Sputnik, he told his colleagues: "Tonight the dreams of the best sons of mankind have come true. The road to space is open!" Standing athwart the road to space, however, was the pudgy figure of Nikita Khrushchev, who was primarily interested in space missions for their stunt value. After Korolyov died in 1967, the U.S. pulled way ahead, only to find a new rival -- Zambia!

According to a news report dated November 3, 1964, (and mentioned in British astronomer Patrick Moore's book, *Can You Speak Venusian?* London, 1972), "America and Russia may lose the race to the moon" to Zambia. This somewhat startling claim was attributed to Edward Mukaka Nkoloso, "Director-General of the Zambia National Academy of Space Research." Nkoloso, who claimed to have ten Zambian astronauts and a seventeen-year-old African girl poised for the countdown, was quoted as follows:

I'll have my first Zambian astronaut on the moon by 1965. My spacemen are ready, but we're having a few difficulties . . . we are using my own firing system, derived from the catapult

To really get going we need about seven hundred million pounds. It sounds [like] a lot of money, but imagine the prestige value it would earn for Zambia! But I've had trouble with my space-men and space-women. They won't concentrate on space-flight; there's too much love-making when they should be studying the Moon. Matha Mwamba, the seventeen-year-old girl who has been chosen to be the first coloured woman on Mars, has also to feed her ten cats, who will be her companions on the long space flight I'm getting them acclimatized to space-travel by placing them in my space capsule every day. It's a 40-gallon oil drum in which they sit, and I then roll them down a hill. This gives them the feeling of rushing through space. I also make them swing from the end of a long rope. When they reach the highest point, I cut the rope. This produces the feeling of free fall.

Before the 1960s, serious speculation about space travel usually assumed a manned station would be constructed in orbit before the first moon flight took place. The lunar landing was not to be the sole purpose of the move into space, but

rather one of a series of naturally progressive steps, the most important being the first one: building the space station and establishing a *permanent* presence in space. As space scientist Dr. Jerry Pournelle has noted, "Once you are in orbit, you are halfway to anywhere." The major part of the fuel is consumed while getting off the ground and into orbit, where the energy requirement for going on to the moon or beyond is relatively low. The moonship itself could be constructed in orbit. It would never land, merely functioning as a shuttle to transfer landing craft from earth orbit to lunar orbit and back again. Colonies would be established on the moon and supplied from earth until they were self-sufficient. Back in earth orbit, more space stations would be built to contain factories, hotels, hospitals and military installations. The guiding principle would be that each successive step would be firmly based on the preceding one. Man would be in space to stay and economic exploitation would follow close on the heels of research and exploration.

But the Kennedy program bypassed all of the necessary first steps in its rush to get a man on the moon as quickly as possible.

For any kind of economic development of space, an inexpensive and reusable system for launching crews and cargo into earth orbit is urgently needed. Awesomely expensive rockets used once and then thrown away ("self-destruct totem poles" in Pournelle's phrase) are not cost-effective. That is why the Dyna-Soar project was on the drawing boards in the late 1950's. But Dyna-Soar was scuttled and was not to be revived until the 1970's as the Space Shuttle. No permanent manned space stations were built in orbit. No permanent manned base was established on the moon.

Still, there were positive results from Apollo. The several missions collected a great deal of valuable scientific data and performed useful experiments. So much concentrated research and development led to an enormous technological spinoff into other areas. Even more important was the feeling of triumphant accomplishment. German and American Majority scientists, engineers, and technicians had worked together to achieve something beyond anything ever done before. Mentalities limited to daycare centers and welfare checks could only fret and fume. The moon landings demonstrated all too clearly that the Northern Europeans were cut out for a destiny far greater than that of other humans.

Anthony Jacobs' article, "NASA," in *Instauration* (July 1978) is a revealing study of how the immediate liberal-minority reaction to the moon landing was first a frantic attempt to denigrate it as a waste. Then, when it couldn't be effectively downgraded, equal credit was accorded to every featherless biped on Earth. Not far behind were demands that minorities be represented on future flights.

Why the moon flights were crewed exclusively by American Majority males was given the hypocritical and fraudulent explanation accorded to all racial matters. Astronaut Michael Collins claimed in his autobiography *Carrying the Fire* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1974) that the absence of blacks was sheer happenstance: "NASA should have had them, our group would have welcomed them, and I don't know why none [applied to be astronauts]. Perhaps there simply weren't any

who had the flying/educational backgrounds required, or perhaps they were more interested in other careers."

Today NASA has bowed to pervasive minority racism. The announced Space Shuttle crews are a human zoo of minority groups in just the right percentages of each.

It is true the billions of dollars spent on Apollo could have been spent on the "cities" as the liberals and minorities wanted, but there would have been no moon landing, no spinoff technology, no glorious achievement to remind us of who we are and what we can be. Just more blacks.

After several Apollo flights, interest in space flagged. NASA proposals for regular moon flights, a lunar base, and a manned expedition to Mars in the 1980s were turned down. NASA became a holding operation, concentrating on unmanned missions such as the Viking landing on Mars and the flybys of Jupiter and Saturn. Engineers and scientists were laid off in the aerospace industry by the droves. Even Wernher von Braun retired from NASA in 1972. In the book, *The Rocket Team* (Crowell, 1979), Dr. Charles Sheldon, former White House staff member on the National Aeronautics and Space Council, is quoted as saying, "There was always a lingering resentment at the Washington end toward von Braun and his team. There were always rumors that von Braun would someday be head of NASA. But there is a great sensitivity in Washington about racial and ethnic interests . . . Von Braun would never be given a political position." Although Sheldon did not elaborate, it is not hard to guess whose racial antennae would have quivered in horror over a man who had built rockets for Hitler.

Nevertheless, manned space activity is not yet dead. Work on the Shuttle continues, despite funding cuts and concerted Congressional opposition (one senator called it a "ferryboat to nowhere").

Skylab experiments demonstrated that space is an ideal workplace for many industrial processes, offering as it does a perfect vacuum and complete weightlessness. It is claimed that production of vaccines in orbit alone would pay back the Shuttle's development costs. Even without the Shuttle, modern society has come to depend so much on weather, communications, and military satellites that a minimum of space activity will inevitably continue. Another incentive for space research is the growing cold war between American and Soviet spy satellites.

The greatest spur to spaceflight, however, may come from the very nature of produce-and-consume society itself. As resources and energy grow scarce or less accessible, the alternatives look increasingly grim. The advanced nations cannot maintain their consumption levels forever or even for very long. The Third World has no hope of ever coming up to present-day American standards of living. Earth is simply too small and too limited. The only hope for produce-and-consume (or any technologically based culture) is to expand its range and tap new resources. The only place left is space, and the figures for asteroid mining and solar power satellites look enticing. Sooner or later, we will have to extend our economic reach into space or even Minneapolis will look like Calcutta.

Unfortunately, space development offers no quick and easy solution to the problem of overpopulation. Earth is the only planet in the solar system where masses of people can live

without technically sophisticated and expensive life-support systems. Due to the immense distances involved, other solar systems will be out of reach for a long time. Colonies may be established on the moon, city-sized and free-floating colonies may be constructed at stable points of the moon's orbit. Mars and Venus may be made habitable by massive planetary engineering projects. But at present rates of population increase even they would not be enough to accommodate the earth's population explosion over the long term. Besides, the technologically able people are not the ones who are proliferating, and they are the only ones who could establish and maintain complex artificial habitats. Life based on mud huts and rice paddies leaves plenty of margin for error. A space colony filled with the *canaille* of Bombay or the population surplus of an American inner city would end up as a vast orbiting tomb. Elevators in public housing frequently break down because ghetto youths use them for urinals (rotting the insulation of the wiring and causing short circuits). What would these vandals do to the delicate life-support systems of a fragile space colony?

Some of the most important battles for space will have to be fought and won here on earth. As Willis Carto wrote:

Our venture to infinity will be very shortlived if we come home to a rapidly degenerating human species; to nights that crawl with the prowlings of depraved, raceless savages, with only barred doors keeping the jungle out of the laboratory and the boudoir until day breaks . . . to impossible taxes to support degenerative "welfare" schemes that are deliberately designed to proliferate the unfit and inferior at the expense of the productive and creative

More to the point, a song briefly popular in the mid-1960s, "Eve of Destruction," mentioned a space mission that had lasted four days, then concluded cynically, "But when you get back, it's the same old place." That says it all. If it's the same old place, Northern European spacemen may not want to come back. Since the earth has always been an albatross around their necks, they may want to stay out there -- *out there* in the freedom of infinity where they can finally be themselves.

Out of the sound and fury came money

HOW THE ADL BROUGHT THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA TO HEEL

As long as we have had institutions of higher learning, college fraternities have been warring with each other to win pledges to their particular Greek letter societies. This friendly rivalry got out of hand at the beginning of the 1978 fall semester when two prestigious fraternities at the University of Florida in Gainesville had their welcoming signs stolen in the dark of night.

Kappa Alpha and Sigma Phi Epsilon blamed the neighboring Jewish fraternity, Tau Epsilon Phi, which had been openly antagonistic because its two rivals had pledged a number of Jewish students.

In retaliation to the theft charge, which could not be proven, the two "Christian" fraternities staged a demonstration on TEP's front lawn, pelting the building with baggies of water, fire-crackers, eggs and empty cola cans. There was no damage to the property and no one was hurt.

When some TEP members attempted to make a mountain of prejudice out of a molehill of rivalry, TEP president Kevin Emas depreciated the incident, saying almost apologetically, "Nothing really happened because the crowd broke up in less than fifteen minutes, a few minutes before campus police arrived in response to a phone call from one of our fraternity brothers."

On the following day, however, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and its satellite, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, injected themselves into the fray with wild and ugly charges of "anti-Semitism" and "pro-Nazism," touching off a bitter smear campaign that grew like Topsy.

The ADL was issuing press releases almost every hour on the hour, while the Conference of Christians and Jews sent mailgrams to the university president, the chancellor, the commis-

sioner of education, the Board of Regents, and other officials and important people throughout the state.

There were bombastic charges, vile denunciations, dire threats and ominous ultimatums, among the latter a demand that the charters of the two "Christian" fraternities be revoked and that their members be expelled from the university.

College campuses and Jewish communities throughout the state were kept in an uproar, while the ADL saw to it that its charges of "anti-Semitic bigotry" made the headlines, not only in Florida, but in newspapers throughout the country. Even Walter Cronkite felt called upon to raise his national TV voice in protest.

Then came the official verdict. The Judicial Committee of the Interfraternity Council, after a careful investigation, a seven-hour hearing and two hours of deliberation, rejected the charges of "anti-Semitism" as "unfounded."

The ADL's response was typical. It was a "whitewash." There must be another, "wider investigation." It was then announced that the ADL's Southern Civil Rights director was being sent from Atlanta to conduct "an independent investigation" under the auspices of the ADL itself.

When Charles Wittenstein, an arrogant Atlanta attorney, arrived at the university to begin his probe, he first held a press conference at which he bitterly denounced the Judicial Committee's verdict. "We have a very different perception of what transpired here last week," he said. "There was an anti-Semitic episode!" His remarks were clearly intended to intimidate Dr. Marston, the university president.

And Dr. Marston was intimidated. Later at a joint press conference with Wittenstein he admitted that anti-Semitism was involved in the fraternity dispute.

Wittenstein responded warmly and praised Dr. Marston, saying that the ADL national directors, Southern ADL director Teitelbaum and himself were gratified at Marston's attitude, and that they were confident that he and other university officials would "proceed in good faith."

Wittenstein then declared he was "now convinced that there isn't widespread anti-Semitism on campus. It's a limited problem and doesn't affect more than a handful of students."

That was quite a switch. Here was a top-ranking ADL inquisitor, who was angry and outraged just a few hours before, now purring like a kitty cat and practically admitting that the ADL's charges of "rampant anti-Semitism" was just so much fiddle. What had happened was that the ADL had achieved its goal. Dr. Marston had surrendered without a fight.

Wittenstein told Dr. Marston that the time to go after religious bigotry was before it got started. After Dr. Marston had weakly agreed, Wittenstein pressed his advantage and suggested the ADL would be glad to help by making its facilities and "expertise" available to provide the kind of educational program that was needed, an offer that Dr. Marston quickly accepted.

An editorial in the influential *Jewish Floridian* proposed the program that Dr. Marston bought from Mr. Wittenstein. It said in part:

Now that the simian hooligans involved have gotten off scot-free it strikes us that what they lack is a knowledge of history -- the history of the Holocaust which reeks with the odor of blood and murder.

What the University of Florida might better have done was to rub the noses of these simians in that history -- that blood and that murder -- by requiring them as a precondition of their continued existence on the campus that they take courses in the Holocaust and be held academically accountable for a demonstration of what they have learned.

This was the blueprint of a campuswide educational program on prejudicial behavior, including discussions on prejudice by student leaders, armed with ADL literature, the beefing-up of university curricula to engage the "problem of anti-Semitism," a teach-in on the Holocaust, and a question and answer period on prejudice over the university's radio station. All of this took place under ADL supervision.

No sooner had the ADL discovered an anti-Semitic issue in the fraternity dispute than it dispatched its long-time Christian "associate," Methodist theologian Dr. Franklin Littell, to Miami to conduct a three-day seminar on "Christian anti-Semitism" and its latest symbol of Christian guilt, the Holocaust.

Two days before the meeting between President Marston and Wittenstein, the ADL released a widely published pronouncement attributed to Littell, the chairman of the Religious Department of Temple University:

Cultural and theological anti-Semitism which has permeated Christianity for centuries is exemplified by the Holocaust and perhaps even by the recent fraternity fracas at the University of Florida.

The incident at the University of Florida, involving name

calling and egg throwing by members of Kappa Alpha and Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternities against Tau Epsilon Phi, a Jewish fraternity, seems to point up the problem.

When you have over the centuries caricatures and word forms and expressions which are anti-Semitic, then when you get an issue you get knee-jerk anti-Semitism.

When anti-Semitism is not deliberately planned and then comes to the surface and breaks through in any kind of situation, it is an indication of a very deep and abiding problem in society as a whole.

Just before coming to Miami, Dr. Littell, at the instigation of the ADL, had chaired the *First International Conference on Teaching the Lessons of the Holocaust*. In the publicity preceding the conference, Littell was described as "the leading Christian theologian seeking to convince Christians that Christendom bears a major responsibility for the Nazi slaughter of European Jews."

Strangely, all the sound and fury about what had happened at the University of Florida crescendoed just before the opening of the ADL's fund-raising drive to collect \$10 million for its annual budget. Before the campaign ended, it received a timely and obviously prearranged push from Jimmy Carter, who announced the appointment of a 34-member President's Commission on the Holocaust with headquarters in the White House.

Having Problems Receiving *Instauration*?

With only the rarest exceptions, *Instauration* is mailed in the last five days of each month. For example, the June issue was delivered to the post office on May 28. The July *Instauration* you now have in your hand went out before the end of June. Consequently, if you are missing any issues or are getting slow delivery, the fault is not ours. We have reason to believe that delayed delivery of the April issue to West Coast subscribers was due to the postal service being clogged with massive IRS and Census mailings.

If you can afford it, the best way to assure prompt delivery is to have *Instauration* sent by first-class mail. This only adds \$5.50 to the annual subscription cost. Present U.S. subscribers can change their subscription to first-class mail delivery simply by prorating the remainder of their subscription (the expiration date appears on the mailing label). If you have five months to go, for example, you can pay five times the single-issue 45¢ mailing charge or \$2.25 (we'll sacrifice a few pennies in the process) to have the remainder of your issues sent first class. Then, when you renew, you can add \$5.50 to the \$12 annual subscription cost. Actually, the stamps needed to send a 28-page issue first-class mail amount to 54¢ -- 67¢ for a 32-page issue. But we subtract 8.4¢ (the third-class bulk rate charge) and swallow the extra mailing fee for the fatter issues. These prices will change, of course, when the Post Office boosts its rate again come next January.

First-class mail delivery means that all U.S. subscribers will receive *Instauration* around the first of the month. Since third-class mail sometimes takes 3-4 weeks to reach the West Coast, trans-Mississippi subscribers are urged to pay the extra postage.

SPENGLER



RECONSIDERED

FAMILY BACKGROUND. His was an almost commonplace German middle-class family. Yet Spengler blames his parents for what he regards as his own unhappy disposition. This "pessimism" pervades the whole corpus of Spenglerian philosophy. Not so much for the superficial reader of Spengler but for one who reads and re-reads his work, and looks for the personal background and motives, this malaise can eventually cause a philosophical depression that is almost debilitating. Spengler gives us little hope. And hope is necessary not merely for the success of a political movement but for life itself.

An artistic flair showed up in some individual members of his family but in general they were mostly middle-class public servants. His ancestry can be traced to both Northern and Southern Germans, to Protestants as well as Catholics. One additional thread of his family line is worth mentioning. His great-grandmother on his maternal side was a baptized Jewess, making Spengler one-eighth Jewish.

Is there any suggestion of a Jewish mentality in Spengler's philosophy? A brief note might be in order. What is Jewish in Spengler is, paradoxically, his excessive German nationalism. Unlike other great writers such as Dostoyevsky or Goethe his nationalism is explicit and strident throughout his whole work. Jews often dwell on certain regional traits, and are even apt to lapse into extreme elitism, without really being elite or regional themselves. Yet on the subject of race as such, which is the ultimate source of national and class traits and from which the Jews in a certain sense are always excluded, Spengler remains suspiciously silent.

SPENGLERIAN THEORY. Opposed to the notion that a single world culture is possible, Spengler regarded cultures as essen-

tially separate and distinct. One culture cannot be fused or blended with another without disrupting the inner unity of each and therefore causing the extinction of both.

But if a culture has the cohesion and unity of an organism, it also obeys the other biological laws of life cycles. Each culture has a birth, maturation and death. Western civilization in Spengler's view was one such culture. It has long since reached maturity, its creative force is gone, and it is on its way to extinction.

Cultures, according to Spengler, are fulfilled specifically as cities. As Rome was the essence and fulfillment of Italy, New York will soon be all that is left of America. The living, flowering countryside of a region, the population of robust farmers and noblemen, collects itself into the stone monuments of the city, where, suffocating on its own productions, it is finally extinguished. What remains as the city dies is the human refuse that has been left behind in the countryside.

SPENGLERIAN IDEOLOGY. Spengler is a determinist and fatalist. Determinism says that human actions are directed by forces beyond a person's volition or will, that that volition itself is simply a manifestation of impersonal forces. More specifically, Western man both individually and as a group is set on a course from which there is no escape. His deteriorating capabilities still permit him to create technology and buildings. After that there will be no creativity whatsoever.

Determinism in social and psychological science becomes fatalism when translated into terms of a personal world view. It is a view that discourages effort of any kind. What is effort? *Effort is always an attempt to change direction, to overcome natural obstacles and points of resistance, even to overcome*

natural laws so far as they stand in our way. Determinism and fatalism are possible only for a person detached from himself. They are not the philosophies by which people actually live. In this respect Spenglerianism is one-sided and false.

PHILOSOPHY OF RACE. Spengler says culture creates race, not vice versa. The physical human form is only one of many productions of culture. Men hold up before themselves an ideal of physical beauty and then breed themselves toward that ideal. In Spengler's view it was precisely the Greek artists who conceived the physical beauty of the ancient Greeks and strove to make this conception an accomplished fact.

By contrast the modern racist view holds that while men create around themselves an artificial world, the particular human type is purely and simply a phenomenon of nature, coming about as a result of entirely external and uncontrollable physical forces. The race both in its physical and mental qualities is an established fact which men can do little to alter.

Admittedly, Spengler brings fresh dimension to the controversy of race. The modern racist view is too simple. The superiority of a human being consists precisely in taking charge of his destiny, even if that destiny is biological. By the same token it must be clear why members of a gifted race can, in the name of some conception arrived at through culture, undermine and destroy their biological superiority through racial mixture or simply degeneracy. Theoretically, if a human being has the power to commit suicide, he can also affect the destiny of his racial type. But again this free will is not absolute

but must come from somewhere. It could only come from nature. The very fact that man can rise above nature must assume that he is at some level grounded in nature.

THE SOLDIER AS HERO. Spengler upholds the characteristically Nordic death wish in that he praises warrior virtues, which would lead us to a heroic end in the battlefield if his prophecies and morose hopes were fulfilled. Indeed, Spengler is pursuing a line of thought begun by racist thinkers such as Madison Grant, whose grim description of the heroic and "superior" values made many of us wish perhaps we were not Nordic.

The description of suicidal and fratricidal Nordics in many cases does fit the facts. This is not to say that we should espouse these values in order to survive. For Spengler the wish for mere survival is a symptom of weakness and degeneracy. Nevertheless, there is a finality about death that causes even the bravest man to think twice about it. The future still offers Nordic man more than mass suicide or mass sacrifice on the battlefield. The future still holds a hope of victory.

What are the real motivations of our present-day warriors, as opposed to those of Nietzsche's and Spengler's supermen? It is a wish for drugs, sex (often interracial sex) and rock music -- not for death. Yet for many of us, civilian and military, there remains a heroism of everyday practicality. It is not in a cruel or small spirit that we must face the race problem, but from the standpoint of what is practical for our own survival. We should go about solving this problem as we do any other.

A British Instaurationist reports on the divisions that have been besetting the world's most dynamic white-oriented organisation

TROUBLE IN THE NATIONAL FRONT

Britain's National Front, till recently the focus of so much hope and admiration on the part of white activists around the world, has for the last year been floundering in a series of internal crises and squabbles.

The troubles began soon after the May 1979 General Election, in which the Front fielded candidates in 301 of Britain's 636 parliamentary constituencies. This was quite a staggering achievement for so young a movement fighting on political soil not traditionally favourable to the growth of new parties and with all the massed might of the media and other powerful interest groups arrayed against it. But the results were disappointing. Over the whole country the NF averaged no more than 1.5% of the vote and in no area more than 7.6%.

As is inevitable when achievement in politics falls short of expectation, these results were followed by post-mortems in which an NF faction sought to lay the blame on the party's leadership. Consequently, the party divided into two wings: the supporters of John Tyndall, who had been party Chairman for most of the seven years from 1972 to 1979; and the followers of Andrew Fountaine, a Norfolk landowner, who since 1976 had been Tyndall's Deputy.

Tyndall's supporters maintained that the party's poor election returns were due, not to any fundamental deficiencies in its leadership or organisation, but to political factors entirely outside its control: in particular the grossly biased anti-NF media campaign and the new "hardline" rightist image projected by the Conservative Party under Mrs. Thatcher's leadership, which attracted many electors who otherwise would have voted for the Front. The Tyndall camp claimed the party had in fact won a considerable victory in fielding over 300 candidates and that this should be measured in the balance against the disappointing size of the vote.

The Fountaine faction, on the other hand, claimed that the party could have obtained a much bigger vote had its leadership projected a better "image." In this connection they laid great stress on Tyndall's past record as a member of a small "Nazi" organisation in the 1960s and the tendency of the press and broadcasting networks constantly to harp on this factor. If another leader were put in Tyndall's place who could not be "tarred" in the same way, the party, they claimed, would do better at the polls.

This argument is rather difficult to sustain. First, there was

scarcely any mention by the media of Tyndall's "Nazi" record during the campaign. The press manifested its bias against the party principally by ignoring NF activities and meetings and, when such activities and meetings were reported, the emphasis was on the almost always violent clashes provoked by the Front's opponents. Second, Tyndall himself obtained the highest vote of any NF candidate among the 301 standing in the election -- a fact which hardly accords with the theory that he lost the party votes. Third, there was no evidence that any other radical rightist party taking part in the election, standing on similar policies to those of the Front but without the "Nazi" smears, did any better. On the contrary, two small groups that could be said to fall into this category obtained much poorer results than the NF.

The Fountaine faction made their bid to overthrow Tyndall and his supporters in the party's internal elections that took place last September. Fountaine himself stood against Tyndall for the post of Chairman and his main lieutenant, Paul Kavanagh, ran for Deputy Chairman against a Tyndall supporter, Andrew Brons. Despite an energetic campaign to publicise their case -- which included a leaflet sent to every member of the party with the aid of stolen membership lists -- the Fountaine faction was decisively defeated, Fountaine himself obtaining 38% of the votes against Tyndall's 62% and Kavanagh being beaten by Brons by a similar margin.

In the meantime a clash had occurred between the two factions over a matter of party discipline. While Tyndall was away on a speaking tour of the United States in early summer, Fountaine, in his capacity of senior party officer present and also that of NF disciplinary officer, suspended one of the party's leading officials, Martin Webster, on a charge arising out of an incident during one of the party's major public activities. Tyndall, when he returned, was confronted with the choice of whether to support Fountaine on this action or to defend Webster. In the outcome, he declared against the suspension until such time as the National Directorate had had the opportunity to consider the alleged offence and decide whether to take disciplinary action. (When that time came Tyndall in fact voted in favour of disciplinary action but was overruled by the majority of the Directorate.) Upon the lifting of Webster's suspension, Fountaine went into open rebellion against Tyndall, which resulted eventually in Fountaine himself being put on disciplinary charges and expelled from the party.

Another thread in this widening division was the conflict that occurred over the question of the control of NF Properties, Ltd., a company that had been set up by the party's Directorate with a view to acquiring premises to serve as offices and recreational facilities. Paul Kavanagh, whom there is much reason to believe is the principal brains and driving force behind the Fountaine faction, had been the man originally entrusted to run this operation because of his business expertise and experience. After a time, however, it came to the notice of the party's Directorate that Kavanagh had plans to take the whole enterprise out of the party's control and operate it as an independent concern. Kavanagh had in fact set up and registered the company in a manner which, contrary to origi-

nal concept, gave the party no legal control over it whatsoever. Right now an expensive court action is pending in which the party's Directorate seeks to re-establish its rights. In the meantime Kavanagh's control over the operations of the company, and the large building it purchased in London -- originally for the party's use -- is clearly being used as a lever in the internal war that has developed within the Front.

Along with and following the expulsion of Fountaine from the party, his main collaborators have also been expelled for a series of offences against the NF Constitution. Now officially outside the party, they have set up an independent organisation which they call the "Constitutional Movement" of the National Front. This breakaway group has persuaded a few members and branches to go with it, but the vast majority has rejected it.

Throughout this series of convulsions, a major aggravating factor has been the controversy surrounding Martin Webster, one of the most talented -- yet at the same time most potentially disruptive -- personalities within the National Front. Next to Tyndall, Webster is the Front's best-known public figure. Indeed his extrovert personality and flair for self-publicisation have made him, at least in some quarters, as well known as Tyndall himself.

Webster displays a quite extraordinary capacity to make enemies within the party and has over the years aroused a whole host of party members against him. This is not only due to an extremely abrasive manner but also to a reputation he has acquired for being a homosexual -- a quite impossible state of affairs in a party such as the National Front, in which the overwhelming consensus of party feeling is one of hostility to any form of sexual deviation.

For some considerable time Tyndall has been on the receiving end of urgent representations from membership to take action to remove Webster from his offices. Tyndall's position in this regard, however, has been very much less simple than has been imagined by those who have lobbied him. In the first place, the scandalous talk surrounding Webster was for a long time not supported by any concrete proof of his alleged activities. In the second place, Tyndall was not empowered to act unilaterally in such matters but had to obtain agreement from the Directorate, in which body -- unlike the party as a whole -- Webster enjoys considerable support.

During the internal struggles of the party last year the anti-Tyndall faction exploited for all it was worth the discontent among party members brought about by the Webster controversy. They deliberately sought to label Tyndall with the reputation of being Webster's champion and protector.

Tyndall's position was invidious. As he confided to this reporter, he had for some time known that Webster was becoming a liability to the Front and had to go. But he had neither the power to fire him himself nor, till recently at least, sufficient evidence to persuade the Directorate that he should be fired. In addition to this, Tyndall, already under attack from one party faction, knew that if he moved against Webster (with the certainty that a large part of the Directorate would oppose him) he would be fighting a war on two fronts -- never an enviable situation either in military or political affairs.

Had Tyndall been able to retain the initiative and wage the struggle on the battleground of his own choosing and according to his own timetable, he would have first dealt with the Fountaine/Kavanagh faction and then, with the party fully behind him, would have tried to settle the Webster issue. Events outside his control, however, brought the latter issue to a premature head.

In October a report was delivered to Tyndall concerning an alleged homosexual approach made by Webster to a young male member in the Birmingham area. Deciding that action could no longer be delayed, Tyndall immediately brought the matter to the attention of the Directorate and demanded that Webster be dismissed. The Directorate refused.

There followed three months in which Tyndall carefully pondered the crisis. During that time the West Midlands National Front, formerly one of the party's strongest areas of support and the area in which the young man solicited by Webster lived, largely defected from the party. As the news of the affair spread, the threat of other large defections loomed.

In January, Tyndall confronted the Directorate with an ultimatum. Either the party would give him increased executive powers so he could dismiss Webster and cope effectively with similar situations that might arise in the future, or he would resign at the end of the month. Since the Directorate failed to meet his terms, Tyndall made good his promise.

What Tyndall feared would happen now has. The party is split three ways, with Fountaine and Kavanagh and their supporters on the one hand, Webster and his supporters on the Directorate, and Tyndall and his supporters in the party. There is evidence that the latter are considerable in their strength but they do not have power where at the moment it counts most -- on the Directorate.

Having withdrawn almost entirely from party affairs, Tyndall now is concentrating on his journal *Spearhead* and presumably planning his next moves. Andrew Brons, previously a Tyndall supporter, has split with him over the Webster issue and has assumed the post of party Chairman. Richard Verrall, another onetime Tyndall supporter, has also split with him over Webster and is Deputy Chairman. There is little doubt in the minds of informed party observers, however, that Webster himself -- a far stronger personality than Brons or Verrall -- is now playing the dominant role in the party.

Hindsight demonstrates a certain anomaly in the constitutional position which, in the first place, hampered Tyndall's powers of action and finally led to his resignation. The National Front is in essence a revolt against the entire liberal system of values that permeates the Western World. Yet in its internal structure the NF is even more liberally and democratically constituted than the establishment parties it is fighting. In consequence, the NF leader is almost powerless to lead except by the force of his personality and by his ability to persuade.

For some years Tyndall and Webster have been the most forceful personalities and the most powerful persuaders in the National Front. This offered no problem as long as they were of one accord, but making for great complications where they clashed. Of the two, Tyndall has by far the greater authority and rapport with the party members as a whole and can

usually win the day in any public debate. On the party's Directorate, where the position has been less clear-cut, Webster has occasionally been able to get the better of his rival. Tyndall's particular personality is not ideally suited to the subtleties and compromises that are involved in Directorate politics and in the manipulative procedures required to operate successfully within the framework of democratic institutions. He has never liked the system of collective authority that has prevailed in the party since 1971, preferring one in which strong executive powers are vested in an individual leader, balanced by the constitutional right of party members to dismiss their chairman whenever he loses their confidence. Tyndall told me he has worked within the existing system for several years to conserve party harmony. Now, however, he says he has come to the point where he is no longer prepared to take responsibility for leading the party unless the rules are changed. His arguments on the subject carry considerable weight because so much of the factional squabbles that have regularly torn the party apart from the beginning of the 1970s have been rooted in the system of collective leadership, which positively encourages internal power struggles and which fails to establish clear lines of authority. It is difficult to see the Front emerge from its present difficulties and move forward again until this anomaly is rectified.

The Editor Comments

Once America was a wilderness. Then our people gave it form and substance and for a brief time it proved to be history's most successful political experiment. Now it is becoming a wilderness again.

Where does that leave the founding population? Since we have both won and lost our country, it is only natural that we direct some of our fading hopes and aspirations toward the land that is the principal source of Majority genes and Majority culture.

We have viewed Britain's National Front as a symbol of what might be done to prevent the death of our own land. The National Front represents a party, a group around which to organize, a bare hope of resistance -- something that makes Americans both grateful and jealous because we have nothing similar. No wonder we have tended to idolize and overrate the National Front. Clutching at straws is a time-honored way of battling utter hopelessness.

Ever since the last British general election the National Front has come upon hard times. After Maggie Thatcher stole much of the group's thunder by talking about preserving British culture from the threat of too much immigration, the Tories got many of the votes that rightfully belonged to the NF.

Defeat in politics is the father of division. When the votes diminish, the snakes crawl out from under the rocks and the leadership of any party is hauled out on the carpet. This is the ordeal that faced John Tyndall after the NF did poorly in last year's general election. But instead of rationalizing, pleading and whining to keep his job, he had the temerity to ask for more power in the future, not less. He said he could hardly be blamed for decisions made by the all-powerful NF Directo-

rate, and not by him.

When his request was refused, he resigned, though he still retained his membership in the Front and is still one of the group's directors. At present he has taken back the editorship of Spearhead which, although considered an NF organ, has always been Tyndall's personal property.

Toynbee in his Study of History asserted that almost all great men go through what he described as a stage of Withdrawal and Return. They start out in a blaze of glory, and then when the flames die down, as they must, they retire from the world, commune with their souls and think things out before they come back, or are called back, to resume their interrupted march to greatness.

Some say Tyndall is now going through this process and is preparing himself for the moment the call comes for him to return and again take over the leadership of his party. Some

say he was, and is, a divisive force together with his very intelligent, but very "gay" associate, Martin Webster, and that the Front would be better served with more "respectable" men at the helm. One such is Andrew Brons, a family man with a spotless past and currently a university lecturer. Brons is the Front's new chairman.

Whatever happens, whether the Front regroups and goes forward or sinks into oblivion, along with Britain itself, American Majority members will always look upon it as a great white hope in a era of black despair. If it has been nothing else, it has demonstrated that some Old World Northern Europeans were not cowed into abject submission and apathy, as we New World Northern Europeans have been.

If we Americans have been reduced to such a low state that we can no longer act but only hope, then at least we must be eternally indebted to the source of such hope.

ELECTION YEAR WITCH-HUNT

Is American justice fair? Ask those Americans of Central and Eastern European origin who have recently experienced the "show trials" that go under the name of deportation hearings. Although citizens, they are suddenly visited by federal marshals and charged with filing false information on their entry papers or naturalization applications twenty, thirty and more years ago. But this, of course, is not their real offense. The word has been put out from Jewish organizations that they are war criminals.

The craven media fall into line and raise the specter of the Holocaust and evoke presumptions of guilt which presiding judges cannot easily ignore. Part and parcel of the proceedings are acts of violence and death threats against the defendants, together with a total disruption of their private lives.

So far only one person has been deported. She is Mrs. Hermine Ryan, an Austrian who married an American after the war. On unproven charges that she tortured Jews in concentration camps, she was stripped of her citizenship, put in handcuffs and leg irons, and extradited to West Germany in 1973, where she was held for a year without bail in a maximum security prison. Later she was freed on bond as her trial, which included several other "war criminals," slowly got underway. In the summer of 1979 she was again jailed because Jewish groups claimed that she was preparing to run away. Last November she broke down in court and screamed, "I can't take it any more. Help me. Help me." As her trial lumbers on -- one of the longest and most expensive in history -- she continues to rot in prison, suffering from heart and circulatory diseases.

Another "war criminal," Frank Walus, was stripped of his citizenship (the first step toward deportation) by Judge Julius Hoffman, a dedicated Zionist who presided over the notorious "Chicago 7" trial. The court proceedings were just as much of a mockery as in Hoffman's earlier bid for judicial fame. There were so many errors an appeals court was forced to reverse



Judge Julius Hoffman

Hoffman's ruling and Walus, at least temporarily, has his citizenship back. Jewish witnesses claimed Walus had been a Gestapo officer who murdered Jews in Poland. Non-Jewish defense witnesses claimed he was a forced laborer who spent most of the war years on a farm. Hoffman, not unexpectedly, believed the Jewish side of the story.

Feodor Fedorenko, a Ukrainian, had been put in the dock earlier. In his Florida trial he had to contend with chanting Jewish demonstrators calling for his death. The non-Jewish judge found for Fedorenko partly because he decided the Israeli witnesses had been coached. Later an appeals court reversed the judge, but the Supreme Court has agreed to review the case.

Karlis Detlavs, born in Latvia and another victim of the Justice Department's vendetta, has at least temporarily escaped the clutches of the law. After hearing obviously fictional charges that Detlavs had beaten and helped execute Jews in 1941 and 1943, Judge Emil Bobek threw out the case because the government's rehearsed Jewish accusers could not properly identify the accused.

The Department of Justice is also trying to cancel the citizenship of Bohdan Kozij, a motel owner in Miami, for "war crimes" committed more than forty years ago. Witnesses from Israel, flown in at American taxpayers' expense, testified that Kozij, a member of a Ukrainian nationalist organization, allegedly collaborated with the Germans.

Vilis Hazners, a 74-year-old Latvian American accused of heinous crimes by eight flown-in Israelis, won his case when Judge Anthony DeGaeto ruled in his favor. DeGaeto questioned the credibility of the Israeli witnesses and criticized the behavior of the government prosecutor, who will, of course, appeal.

One of the slandered men has actually fought back. Tschirim Soobzokov, chief purchasing agent for Passaic County, New Jersey, has filed a million-dollar libel suit against Howard Blum, author of *Wanted: the Search for Nazi War Criminals in America*. Blum's codefendants are Quadrangle Books, Fawcett Books, the *New York Times* and CBS. Anthony DeVito, a

professional Nazi hunter, was jailed for contempt when he refused to reveal who put up the money for his trip to the Soviet Union to gather evidence against Soobzokov and other alleged Nazi collaborators.

Although Congress has appropriated \$2.3 million to track down 200 alleged war criminals in the U.S., eleven prosecutors and seven investigators have recently been added to the staff of the forty-seven lawyers hired for the project. As already mentioned, only one person, Mrs. Ryan, has been deported and after several years of a grueling trial, she has still not been convicted of anything. Nevertheless, the Justice Department, under the not-so-gentle prodding of Jewish politicians and their fellow travelers, is driven to continue its witch hunt. It is not that justice is being served; it is that the President and Congress want to cozy up more than ever to Jewish racism in an election year.

Note: A variety of "war crimes" trial involving a native American (by native we mean not a redskinned nomad, but a descendant of a white-skinned settler) recently took place in Alabama. It concerned the bombing of a black church in Birmingham twenty-one years ago during the civil rights uproar in the Deep South. Not a single soul was hurt in the blast, but a district attorney, more than two decades later, suddenly claimed the culprit was J.B. Stoner, the very outspoken head of the very outspoken National States Rights party of Marietta, Georgia. When Stoner, after a long and unsuccessful extradition fight that went to the Supreme Court, appeared before a Birmingham judge in January, his bail was reduced from \$100,000 to \$50,000. At that point the man who always sports a confederate bow tie stated: "I came here to find out why Alabama went into ancient history . . . I'm the victim of a conspiracy."

Stoner swore he wasn't even in Alabama at the time of the bombing, but a jury of eleven weak white women and one black man found him guilty after a very short period of deliberation. Stoner is currently appealing a ten-year jail sentence.

Not So Fast, Mr. Grossman

It was all very noble and bill-of-rightish -- Lawrence Grossman, the head of PBS, appearing on CBS, wrapping himself in the First Amendment and bravely proclaiming the show must go on. He was referring to the "Death of a Princess," a docudrama of illicit love between a high-born Arab girl and a low-born Arab guitarist and full of smears and sneers at plutocratic sheiks. While the "Holocaust" was an epic of hate against Germans, "Roots" against whites, and "Masada" against Romans, the "Death of a Princess" was designed to promote hatred against the Saudis, though it occasionally portrayed radical Arabs as human beings. The Royal Family of Saudi Arabia protested. But even King Khalid, who controls a large

share of the world's energy resources and is the oil-hungry United States's biggest foreign oil supplier, could not get his way. The show did go on, though a few educational stations reneged at the last moment.

But a lot of other films, TV shows, books and what not did not go on. We note the following acts of censorship to show how sickly the First Amendment really is and how certain domestic racial lobbies swing much more clout than all the oil and all the gold of Araby.

The May airing of "Beulah Land," a magnolia-perfumed, six-hour miniseries of Southern plantation life was postponed by NBC after the NAACP had called it

offensive and degrading to blacks. It was basically a story about whites, but that made not the slightest difference.

CBS delayed the showing of "Playing for Time," yet one more Holocaust soap opera, at the demand of Jewish organizations who complained that Vanessa Redgrave, an aficionada of the PLO, had been given a starring role. An association of television producers, writers and directors that had attacked the postponement of "Beulah Land" was conspicuously silent about the scratching of "Playing for Time."

The producers of *Fort Apache*, described as a "cops-and-thugs movie," have been sued for libel on the grounds

that the film is antiblack and anti-Hispanic, even though professional liberal Paul Newman is one of the stars. It is quite all right for Newman, as he did in a press conference, to sound off against "lousy white cops" (two Irish cops throw a young Puerto Rican off an apartment house roof), but all black and Hispanic characters must be spotless and faultless in a movie about the no man's land of the South Bronx.

Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was dropped from a tenth-grade English course in the Midland (Michigan) High School in deference to the demands of two local Jews.

The movie *Boardwalk* received the kiss of death from critics because it dared to show elderly whites in Coney Island being victimized by youth gangs of mixed racial background.

The 1980 Oberammergau Passion Play, although parts were rewritten at the direction of Jewish bowdlerizers, is still considered "structurally anti-Semitic" by Rabbi Tannenbaum after a line-by-line analysis.

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich recalled its biography of Katharine Graham, *Katharine the Great*, although 25,000 copies had already been sold.

The General Cinema chain "unbooked" the homosexual epic *Cruising* from its thirty-three theaters. Gay groups

up and down the land have been protesting loudly about the film, but swear they never threatened the producers or distributors with violence.

The three commercial TV networks refused to accept Mobil commercials refuting stories of excessive oil profits aired in news programs. The commercials explained that the TV networks enjoyed a higher profit percentage than Mobil.

Bob Grant, a radio talk show impresario who was fired for his straight talk about blacks, now presides over a morning program on WMCA, New York. He is not allowed to take phone calls.

Although he promised to rewrite the script of a forthcoming Charlie Chan film "to everyone's satisfaction," producer Jerry Sherlock had to stop filming in San Francisco's Chinatown because Chinese charged that every line of his dialog was "chop suey English." Sherlock failed to appease his critics by announcing that his son was "half-Japanese."

Frank Zappa is a lyricist celebrated for his biting comments on family, religion, Catholic girls, romance and even the Beatles. But now he has bitten too hard. A song in his recent album, "Sheik Yerbouti," includes these forbidden words, "I want a nasty little Jewish Princess, a horny little Jewish Princess with long, phony nails, and a hairdo that rinses." Immediately, the ADL struck hard. But instead of a craven

apology, the usual outcome of such cases, Zappa actually fired back, "The only thing inaccurate in that song is that I left out the part about them waxing their legs, and I couldn't get that in because it wouldn't rhyme." He even went on to characterize the ADL as a "PR firm whose sole purpose it is to manufacture a completely homogenized, totally fraudulent image of the average Jew and hold up this impeccable image to the rest of the world"

Coca-Cola called off a beauty contest promotion whose winner would have the closest approximation to Debby Boone's mouth, Kristy McNichol's nose, Susan Anton's eyes, Pam Dawber's hair and the facial configuration of Melissa Sue Anderson. Since all these features spell Nordic loud and clear, the contest was called "racist" by a reverend father named Christian Reuter, the principal of an all-black Catholic school in Chicago.

Sioux elders are trying to stop the production of a TV documentary based on the book *Hanta Yo*, a bestseller considered to be the Indian version of *Roots*. Written by a white female Indian buff, Ruth Beebe Hill, the work does stray into controversial territory from time to time -- as when it touches on the Indians' proclivity for homosexuality, oral sex in marriage ceremonies, torturing and sodomizing war prisoners, eating dogs, and a few other behavioral defects.

The eminent Sicilian social scientist continues to toll the bell for Nordics

Dr. Tripodi's Death Watch (II)

You're finished blondie! The number of illegal aliens apprehended in the United States rose from 212,000 in 1968 to 1,058,000 in 1978, while the number of the unapprehended climbed out of sight In 1977 Washington's public schools were 97% nonwhite. A few of the other major cities with high nonwhite enrollments: Newark 89%, Atlanta 85%, San Antonio 83%, New Orleans 81%, Oakland 80%, Richmond 76%, Detroit 74%, Baltimore 73%, Chicago 72%, San Francisco 72% Among all Americans, 15% are 9 years old and younger while 11% are aged 65 and older. Among Mexican-Americans, the corresponding figures are 26% and 4%; among mainland Puerto Ricans 25% and 2% In 1971 not a single state required bilingual teaching, and 22 forbade it by law. By 1977, 11 states demanded it. The new idea of compulsory "biculturalism" is costing monocularists hundreds of millions of dollars In 27 of the 30 American cities with the largest black populations, the black-to-white ratio increased sharply in the 1960-70 time

frame. Detroit went from 29% to 44% black, St. Louis from 29% to 41%, etc. Greatly extended city boundaries made Nashville, Jacksonville and Indianapolis the exceptions to the rule. The trend decelerated a little in the 1970s, largely because of the influx of Hispanics and the movement of blacks to the suburbs.

Bye-bye blue eyes! Mexico City's 1977 population of 12 to 14 million is expected to become 30 million by the mid-1980s Excluding Mexico, Central America had a population of 8.9 million in 1950. By 2000 it will be 39 million. Over 30,000 Hondurans now live in New Orleans alone. Entire Central American villages have been known to relocate to the United States In 1977 Mexican-Americans became the largest racial group in the metropolitan Los Angeles school system, at 35.3%. "Whites," a catch-all category that includes Arabs, Iranians, some Filipinos and allegedly even a few British, were second at 35.2% One 1977 estimate put the nonwhite population of California at a conservative 38%, about

quadruple the percentage at the end of World War II At least 100,000 of the "Vietnamese" refugees recently admitted to the United States are ethnic Chinese. Yet mainland China has insisted it will happily accept all such "refugees" without limit or condition The number of refugees worldwide grew from 8 million in 1964 to 17 million about ten years later Every month, examiners in the District of Columbia receive about 400 applications from local citizens trying to obtain residency status for their new alien spouses. At least half of these look suspiciously like cases of marriage fraud, yet prosecutions and convictions are rare. If the current rate of nearly 5,000 applications per year is extrapolated over a normal life span, then up to several hundred thousand persons in the country's capital would presumably be marrying aliens.

You brought it on yourselves! In 1973 nonwhite Americans accounted for only 13% of formally adopted babies, but for 60% of all out-of-wedlock births. A quarter-

million black babies and children languish in institutions while naive liberals enthusiastically order up all of the tiny exotics they can find in Venezuela, Korea, Sri Lanka and other faraway places In the aftermath of the arrest of eight Nazi saboteurs in World War II, a Gallup Poll found our alarmed citizenry in favor, by 72% to 22%, of a national system of identification cards. Today, following several years of news stories featuring estimates that 5 to 11 million illegal aliens of other races are running around in the country, a similar Gallup Poll found a

slight majority, 50% to 45%, opposed to such a system As a result of the child-bearing rates which prevailed in the late 1970s, each American woman could be expected to bear just under 1.8 children during her fertile years. This was down from 3.6 births per woman at 1960 rates, 2.9 in 1965 and 2.4 in 1970. Among white women, the current figure is closer to 1.6. Compare this to the replacement or "Zero Population Growth" level of 2.2 children per woman. Geneticists have estimated that a human population, if it is simply to maintain its level

of genetic fitness, must produce an average of 2.7 children per woman. Since at least 20% of these will be defective, state intervention would assume the duties which modern medicine prevents nature from fulfilling. When racial out-marriages are also considered, it becomes highly doubtful if white American women are producing even *one-half* the number of children required to keep the group at a steady level in terms of both numbers and quality. Compounded over three generations, this becomes an 87½% reduction.

Can We Believe Our Ears?

Statement of Senator Orrin G. Hatch Before the Republican National Committee Platform Committee (May 9, 1980)

. . . The moment has arrived for the Republican Party to reach out into Middle America, to union members, former Democrats and independent voters -- the sort of people I used to know during my years as a construction worker. These are the people who do the work that keeps America going. And they know that they are being betrayed by the elite of bureaucrats and their hangers-on -- the so-called "new class" by and for whom this country is now largely run.

There is no clearer example of this than the whole phenomenon of so-called "affirmative action." Because there is so much confusion and fear surrounding this topic, much of it deliberately spread by the people running and profiting from affirmative action programs, I want to emphasize that affirmative action does not mean remedial education, head start programs and the like. And it has nothing to do with equality of opportunity, although the federal agency mainly concerned with it masquerades under that name. Affirmative action means the imposition of quotas, sexual and racial, through government coercion, upon increasingly wider areas of American life.

Affirmative action is a direct attack upon Middle America. It is discrimination against white male junior executives and blue collar workers by sex and race [T]he direct cost of affirmative action is probably running at the moment at between 5 and 7½ billion dollars a year. The indirect cost is the depression of the gross national product by some multiple of that figure. It is devastating evidence of the extent to which union leaders have abandoned the interests of their members that the AFL-CIO submitted a brief against those trying to get the courts to over-



Hatch of Utah

throw affirmative action in the *Weber* case last year.

Affirmative action is also a betrayal of the civil rights movement. The whole purpose of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was to suppress discrimination. Affirmative action institutionalizes it. Affirmative action is so plainly contrary to the letter and the spirit of the 1964 Act and to our 14th Amendment that Justice Rehnquist has rightly described efforts to reconcile them as "Orwellian." Yet the Supreme Court is under enormous pressure to enact affirmative action by rewriting the law. It is both legitimate and imperative to reaffirm publicly that in 1964 the Congress meant what it said, and that there can be no retreat from the constitutional principle of equal protection.

I recognize as we all must, that in raising this issue we run the risk of some unscrupulous attack. There will be those who will claim that the party that abolished slavery is

abandoning its heritage, whereas in fact we are fulfilling it. This may seem a disconcerting prospect. But my answer is that the American people are not fools. They can and do distinguish between helping the disadvantaged and trying to repair one injustice by committing another.

As evidence, I draw your attention to . . . a special poll on the subject commissioned by the Heritage Foundation. This poll showed that Americans, including nonwhite Americans, overwhelmingly disapproved of preferential treatment for minorities [O]pposition to affirmative action has got nothing to do with race, but was actually an assertion of traditional American values and individualism, equal opportunity and achievement through ability. The people have a firmer grasp on these values than does their government. It is a simple question of courage whether the Republican party will be their champion in this regard

[T]rying to help minorities through affirmative action is the direct equivalent of trying to help the unemployed by billeting them in the houses of those who have jobs There is accumulating evidence that affirmative action leads to discrimination and disillusion against the protected class, demoralization and cynicism among their co-workers, and evasion and hypocrisy on the part of employers, to whom it is just another tax or cost of doing business

Affirmative action is ineffective, illegal and immoral. The Republican party must make it clear that it will act to end affirmative action when it controls the Executive Branch, and that it will if necessary legislate to reassert the supremacy of the ideal of equal protection.

Dead and Gone

In 1622 fifty-eight white settlers, all from England, were massacred by Indians about ten miles north of Jamestown, which had been founded by Captain John Smith fifteen years earlier. It was what the old records called a "fatal Friday morning." One of the dead was Richard Kean, a tall lieutenant, whose remains, recently discovered by a Colonial Williamsburg Foundation dig, revealed that he had been scalped and his skull smashed with a heavy object. Nearby, the bones of forty-seven white victims of an epidemic of bubonic plague were unearthed.

John Kean and his fellow Englishmen, many of whom were working off their seven years of indentured labor, made the U.S. possible -- so possible and so taken for granted that they have now been forgotten utterly! No memorials for them! No docudramas about them! The memorializing nowadays is for non-Americans who died of typhus on foreign soil and for alleged victims of atrocities whose bodies have never been found -- non-Americans who never lifted a finger for America.

Insanity Fair

A communication from a German American:

The year, 1945. The place, the jailhouse in Washington, D.C. Why I was there cannot easily be explained in just a few sentences. Along with many others I had been indicted in the notorious World War II sedition trial. History buffs should study this American travesty of justice. The prosecutor, John Rogge, was later wined and dined in Moscow for a job well done. As for me, I spent more than six years in prison, lost all my material possessions, and my U.S. citizenship to boot.

My "crime" was that I had written an article in 1940 for *The Free American*, a weekly tabloid published by the German-American Bund. In it I warned that, if America entered the war in Europe, the inevitable result would be the strengthening and expansion of Soviet Russia. The article was read by Rogge to the jury.

In 1945, after the Germans had surrendered and I was still in jail (even though the sedition trial was called off after the death of the judge), one of the guards wondered how I felt about the "victorious crusade." "Don't you think," he asked, "we will have a chance to make peace forever, now that that s.o.b. Hitler is dead?" Though I knew he was an FBI informer, I replied, "If the United States really wants to enjoy peace for a

while, it should immediately feed and rearm the battle-ried German soldiers, join them as comrades in arms, and go out and defeat the Bolshevik Russians while there is still time."

We know today that even Churchill in a rare moment after the war admitted that he had killed the wrong pig, though he was never smart enough to realize he had also killed his own British Empire. But the guard knew nothing of this. "Listen," he said to me, "I always had my suspicion about you. You don't belong in this jailhouse. You should be in an institution for crazy people. Don't you know by now that Russia is our most valuable ally and that the Russian Army is mainly responsible for our great victory in Europe?"

In the fall of 1945 the same guard helped escort Ezra Pound, the American poet, from our Washington jailhouse to a nearby madhouse. Ezra was pronounced insane. I was taken to Ellis Island for deportation. We were both locked up a sizeable portion of our lives. The guard with his insane views never spent a night inside a cell, padded or otherwise.

Wagner in Blackface

Die Walküre, the first Wagnerian opera ever performed in Oklahoma, dazzled Tulsans last spring. The part of Wotan was sung by Simon Estes, a baritone who "happens to be black." Fricka was sung by Barbara Conrad, another black happenstance, who later painted her face white and joined the chorus of the Valkyries. Apparently it is permissible for a Negress to impersonate the wife of Wotan, the greatest of the Norse gods, as long as he too is impersonated by a black. But since the Valkyries were white (did the casting director have some racist tendencies after all?), Ms. Conrad was told to lighten her pigmentation. We can be thankful that Siegmund, who has one of opera's longest and most impassioned love duets with Brünnhilde, was played by German tenor Manfred Jung -- and equally thankful that Brünnhilde was sung by Roberta Knie, who "happens to be white." Next time a nonwhite tenor will probably be cast as Siegmund so Majority audiences can get that extra miscegenated thrill.

Imagine, gentle dispossessed reader, what would happen to any musical director who allowed a white to sing *Ole Man River* in any contemporary production of *Showboat*.

Cultural history spins in interesting cycles. One hundred years ago whites in blackface were all the rage in minstrel shows. Today such shows are banned, and blacks without

bothering to whiten their faces star in some of the West's greatest operatic and dramatic roles. Now they play us, but we can't play them! Any further doubts as to who is sitting where on the racial totem pole?

The Future of Country

There are now more than 2,300 radio stations playing country music part or full time. Million-dollar movies are based on the lives of famous country singers. High-rated TV shows broadcast the lavish ceremonies accompanying annual awards to country music stars, bands and songs.

But is this really country?

Ernest Tubb, one of the Nashville oldtimers, says no. He allows that what's happening is "progressive country," which is not country at all. "An artist singing with a 30-piece orchestra with a violin section just isn't country music," he asserts. "Now the violins are all right if they're played like a fiddle. A fiddle section is something else."

Right now, says Tubb, the record companies are diluting country with dashes of rock 'n' roll and jazz. But this will go away. Art is long and kitsch is short.

Quota Mechanics

That lack of qualified maintenance personnel botched the Persian "Magic Carpet" mission to rescue the hostages was denied by Jimmy the Tooth. A denial from such a source, of course, is tantamount to admitting the charge is true. Apparently, even for a crucial mission the military can't scare up enough good maintenance men to keep six out of eight helicopters flying.

The real villain of the piece is affirmative action. This is not mere rhetoric. All industry, especially the defense industry, is being increasingly sabotaged by quotas. As every corporation chief executive knows, you don't get your federal contracts unless you pad your research and production staffs with minorities. You must have your black physicist, your female engineer and your Hispanic engineer. In the past such people have been hired merely for show and were kept safely away from decision making.

But as the quotas grow, the isolation process is breaking down. Minorityites are beginning to throw their weight around and now have an input into the finished product, or at least into the quality control of the finished product. The upshot is that equipment breaks down much more frequently today than in the past.

With the white flight from the military, who is going to take on the added maintenance load? Blacks who flunked arithmetic

in grade school? To make matters worse, most of the white brain drain is from big industry, the defense industry, where the federal grip on employment practices is tightest. No white scientist worth his salt wants to have an unqualified minority scientist sharing his office and his drawing board and getting credit for part of his work. He'd rather slave for a bicycle manufacturer or throw up his career entirely and go into real estate.

Affirmative action also extends to subcontractors. This means that more and more components of advanced military hardware must be furnished by minority groups. Affirmative action guidelines, as defined by one large corporation under the hot racist gun of the minority-run Equal Opportunity Employment Commission, call for subcontracts to be given to "small business concerns owned and controlled by socially and economically disadvantaged individuals."

We wonder how many vital parts of the helicopters abandoned in the Iranian desert were made by the "socially and economically disadvantaged." Is it going overboard to speculate that the eight Americans who died in the mission might be alive if good brains rather than quota-ized brains had been allowed to build and service the whirlybirds?

On-Camera Rape

It was to be a smashing weekend party -- and it turned out to be very smashing, as well as mashing, for Melonie Haller, a 23-year-old blonde TV actress. The host was Roy Radin, a Jewish theatrical producer who made a fortune out of putting on fund-raising variety shows for police associations. The setting was Radin's 72-room, dolce far niente mansion in the Long Island beach resort of Southampton, where there are almost as many dollars as grains of sand. When the party got underway, Miss Haller says she was taken to a room, beaten and raped by two men and two women while a camera rolled in the background. Next morning she was found "black and blue, bloody, semi-conscious and incoherent on a Long Island railroad train."

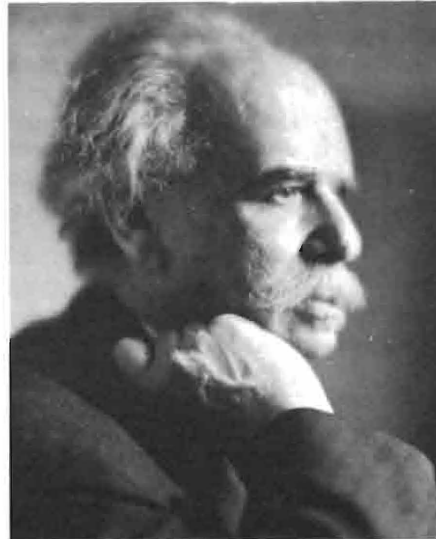
This is only the latest of several similar incidents involving blonde actresses or models who were beaten and raped on camera, presumably in the hope that the film record of their degradation would keep them from telling the police. In this special division of the pornography industry, by the way, there are no affirmative action quotas. The stars of such "shows" are invariably Nordics. But just in case anyone's sympathy for Melonie should "runneth over," it is only fair to report that two years ago she filed rape charges against a "California businessman."

Her lawyer, Sybil Shainwald, explained the charges were dropped because Melonie was about to start a TV series.

Shylock may have been thinking, perhaps gloatingly, of Melonie and her second time around when he asked his famous question, "What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?"

Of St. Franz and Germs

In a recent TV hagiography of Franz Boas, one of his many female disciples, Gene Weltfish, was called upon to add her two cents' worth of praise for the Great One. Ms. Weltfish was in the news back in the days of the Korean War when she echoed the Party line by charging the American army with engaging in germ warfare against the North Koreans. Undoubtedly, that bit of slander qualified her as an anthropological character witness for Boas in the eyes of Lawrence Grossman, head of the Public Broadcasting Service.



Franz Boas

In point of fact, the germ warfare charge was first raised by a Stalinist kangaroo court in Khabarovsk, Siberia (Dec. 25-30, 1949) against twelve Japanese "war criminals." The details of this rigged trial were collected in a 535-page book ignored by the media and entitled *Materials on the Trial of Former Servicemen of the Japanese Army Charged with Manufacturing and Employing Bacteriological Weapons* (Moscow, Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1950). Curiously, though the defendants had allegedly killed a vast number of Russians, Chinese and Manchurians, they were not liquidated, but given heavy prison sentences "in a labor correction camp." Later, several high-ranking Soviet doctors signed a statement that Japanese bacteriological warfare in World War II

had caused "the extensive spread of devastating epidemics and the death of masses of people."

The "crimes" of the Japanese perpetrators of "germ warfare," as defined by the Soviet inquisition, may have inspired Holocaust propaganda in the West. Just change the race of the victims and the criminals and the means of extermination and you have the Six Million Myth.

White Arab

One of the most arresting figures of World War I was T.E. Lawrence, the young British officer who helped bring off the Arab revolt of 1917-18. A volatile combination of introvert scholar and flamboyant adventurer, Lawrence served as a military and political advisor to the Arabs in their successful guerrilla war against the Turks and was a principal architect of Arab nationalism. His contributions, while substantial, were probably not as great as claimed by American journalist Lowell Thomas, promoter of the grandiose "Lawrence of Arabia" legend.

As a champion of the Arab cause and a sedulous student of Islamic ways, Lawrence found that his intense involvement took a heavy psychic toll. "Pray God," he wrote in his war history, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926):

that men reading the story will not, for love of the glamour of strangeness, go out to prostitute themselves and their talents in serving another race.

A man who gives himself to a possession of aliens leads a Yahoo life, having bartered his soul to a brute-master In my case, the effort for these years to live in the dress of Arabs, and to imitate their mental foundation, quitted me of my English self, and let me look at the West and its conventions with new eyes: they destroyed it all for me. At the same time I could not sincerely take off the Arab skin: it was an affectation only. Easily was a man made an infidel, but hardly might he be converted to another faith. I had dropped one form and not taken on the other . . . with the resultant feeling of intense loneliness in life, and a contempt, not for other men, but for all they do. Such detachment came at times to a man exhausted by prolonged physical effort and isolation. His body plodded along mechanically, while his reasonable mind left him, and from without looked down critically on him, wondering what futile slumber did and why. Sometimes these selves would converse in the void; and then madness was very near, as I believe it would be near the man who could see things through the veils at once of two customs, two educations, two environments.

Was Chaplin One?

Libby Olar writes a column called "Off the Record" for Chicago's *Jewish Sentinel*. Among the schmaltzy racist chitter-chatter the reader occasionally stumbles across nuggets of misinformation which when weighed and assayed paradoxically contain some karats of truth. Memorializing the passing of Richard Rodgers, Libby agrees that the melodies of the composer of twenty-eight "famous" Broadway musicals are "truly the heritage of the world." She added, "with a feeling of remorse," that Rodgers never wrote "one Jewish song." A more gifted music critic might reply that he never wrote anything *but* Jewish songs.

Libby also had some gossip about Charlie Chaplin, whom the wilder Semites and anti-Semites often claim was Jewish. "Charlie Chaplin," Libby writes, "once said he was a Jew when he wanted to play Jesus in a film, but it wasn't true. His half-brother Sydney was half-Jewish. Chaplin once told someone, 'I'm not Jewish. Haven't a drop of Jewish blood, but I've never protested when they said I was Jewish because I'd be proud of it if I were.'"

As if it had little faith in its columnist, the *Jewish Sentinel* also ran an article in a later issue saying that Chaplin did have some Jewish chromosomes. Theodore Huff, who wrote a 1972 biography of Chaplin, was cited as alleging that Chaplin "came from an Anglicized French-Jewish family." The author admitted, however, that Chaplin was described as a Protestant when he was sent to an English orphanage at the age of seven and that an Anglican man of the cloth, Rev. Richard Thomas, conducted his funeral services.

The fact is that Chaplin in his autobiography spells out his ancestry rather completely. He never once mentioned any Jewish connection.

De Mortuis, etc.

We only half agree with the ancient saw which says that evil should not be spoken of the dead. We see nothing wrong in speaking evil of evil men, dead or alive. But we draw the line at wives speaking evil of dead husbands. And we are particularly repelled by wives who poormouth dead spouses who were Majority heroes.

In a recent "Sixty Minutes" broadcast on CBS, the widow Lindbergh seemed to go out of her way to lambaste the late Charles Lindbergh, as her Canadian-born Jewish interlocutor, Morley Safer, snidely egged her on. Against a photographic backdrop of Klan marches and Nazi galas, the small, dark

Morgan partner's daughter accused the tall, blond, Midwestern Congressman's son of anti-Semitism and lesser crimes (there is none greater) for charging that Jews helped to push the U.S. into World War II. The charge was not examined for its accuracy (it was, of course, totally accurate), but condemned for laying a basis for anti-Semitism. And Mrs. Lindbergh was not content to let it rest there. She asserted that, if there was a choice between war and anti-Semitism, she would choose war. She then went on to chide her husband for being a "stubborn Swede" and for not having read the works of Hitler, Goebbels and other Nazis thoroughly enough to understand their diabolical purposes. She made no objections when Safer quoted FDR's classic canard -- that he "was sure Lindbergh was a Nazi."

Altogether it was a shabby performance. A wife attacking her husband in front of tens of millions of people for opposing a war that killed tens of millions of people. The most violent racism on earth -- Jewish racism -- given the nod by the woman who pretends not to be a racist. Not a word about a whole generation of Palestinians who have been degraded and dispossessed. Not a whisper about the many Palestinian victims of Jewish racism, who have been killed, tortured or forced to spend their lives in refugee camps, which are never called concentration camps.

Selective morality is the most vicious form of immorality. Communism has exerted such a sinister influence on the human soul that sons have denounced fathers in show trials. The liberal-minority coalition is equally sinister in its ability to persuade wives to denounce husbands on TV shows.

Honkies Lose a Few More

When that black newspaper in Chicago declared that Beethoven was a Negro (*Instauration*, Aug. 1979) we knew it would not stop there. It didn't. In March at the Black Arts Festival at the Air Force Academy in Boulder, Colorado, Dr. Asa Hilliard III, dean of the School of Education at San Francisco State University, solemnly told the assembled cadets that not only was Beethoven an "Afro-European," but he could prove the same lineage for Mozart and Haydn, as well as for five U.S. presidents, whose names, except for Harding, he was unwilling to divulge.

Hilliard also revealed that the early as well as the later Egyptian pharaohs were black. The Negro features of the statues of the Old Kingdom rulers, he explained, were

knocked off and replaced with straight noses and lips.

After the lecture, which was duly reported by the Boulder newspaper, Dr. Hilliard returned to San Francisco State, where he will no doubt continue his interesting historical research. Perhaps when he discovers that George Washington, Robert E. Lee and Neil Armstrong were Negroes he will be given a Pulitzer Prize.

If anyone still takes American higher education seriously, let him reflect on Dr. Hilliard, a pillar of academia and a leading university official. And let it also be remembered that as far as can be ascertained, not a single academic voice has been raised against Dr. Hilliard's perverse blackening of Western cultural history.

Dr. Hilliard is a much better example than declining SAT scores of the black contribution to American education.

Whose Finger on What Button?

A right-wing maniac who manages to get his finger on the button that will kick off a nuclear war has long been a hackneyed villain of television and moviedom. A few samples that come to mind are "Dr. Strangelove," "Fail Safe," "Seven Days in May," "The Bedford Incident" and all too many episodes of "The Twilight Zone." But "Boris," a crack Soviet Washingtonologist recently interviewed by reporter Craig Whitney, a crack *Times* Kremlinologist, is worried about another kind of button.

"Who is it," Boris asked, "who pushes the button in the United States and sets off those waves of anti-Soviet propaganda? Things go nicely between us and then all of a sudden your newspapers are full of stories about dissidents. Who tells you do to this?"

Whitney argues that this question shows how little the Kremlin's American experts know about our "free society." No one, Whitney claims, "pushes the button. Our news depends on events."

Another example of Soviet ignorance of America, according to Whitney, was the remark of Leningrad party chief and possible Brezhnev heir, Grigory V. Romanov (another Romanov at the helm of Russia?), who asked why, when the Carter administration favored SALT II it did not "discipline" Democratic opponents of the treaty by cutting off their money when it came time for reelection. Said Whitney, that's just not the way the system works.

We wonder how Craig Whitney would explain to Comrade Romanov the shadowy mechanics of a political system that "disciplined" ex-Senator Fulbright and former Representative John Rarick in their reelection campaigns.

Speaking of buttons, on February 27 last, \$2.7 million worth of cobalt (about thirty tons) was stolen from a Newark, New Jersey, warehouse. Students of nuclear physics may recall that Cobalt-60 lets off just about the most lethal gamma rays of any radioactive substance. How is Cobalt-60 made? Well, one way is to encase a fission device in a cobalt container, send it up, say about a mile, detonate it and you will have exploded the dirtiest bomb imaginable. Carried far and wide by winds, the deadly debris could cut a swath of destruction across a considerable segment of the northern hemisphere. The cobalt bomb is so bad that it has often been called the doomsday bomb.

It might be just the thing that a small country would want to blackmail other countries, including nuclear superpowers, into acceding to aggressive designs on its neighbors.

Any guesses as to who stole the cobalt?

Reward for Failing

Cyrus Vance didn't resign when Andrew Young, with Jimmy the Tooth's blessing, was turning American foreign policy into a minstrel show. He didn't resign when New York Mayor Koch accused him of being a member of an anti-Israeli "gang of five." He didn't resign when Carter made him take the blame for flummoxing the U.N. Security Council vote condemning Israel. (Strange that Britain, France, Norway and Portugal, among other Council members, did not have to reverse their votes!)

No, Cyrus Vance only resigned after the expedition to free the kidnapped Americans snafued. That might have been the one time he should have remained at his post and stuck by his discombobulated boss. As the ship sinks, the crew must rally round the captain -- and all that.

The cabinet member who should have resigned was Harold Brown, the chief architect of the tragic decline of our armed forces and the man who bears as much responsibility as anyone for the shameful failure of the hostage rescue mission. But since his race protects him from being fired, the Defense Secretary has little to fear. The same may be said of Alfred Kahn, the inflation fighter, Sol Linowitz, chief Mideast negotiator, and other high and mighty Carter appointees whose ethnicity allows them to keep their jobs and even be promoted, not for succeeding, but for failing.

As for American foreign policy after Vance -- Brzezinski, a Pole who hasn't lost his accent, and Muskie, a Pole who has, are not likely to make beautiful music together. Zbiggy is under constant pressure to treat Israel with kid gloves, having already been accused of anti-Semitism. Muskie, with his temper tantrums and his bent for lachrymosity, is a long way from the controlled, serene,

self-assured master diplomat who just might be able to hold his own with Machiavellis like Brezhnev and Gromyko.

Khrushchev once promised to bury us. All the Russians need do is relax. Carter and company are doing the job for them.

Douglas's Jonestown

He spent his life handing down rulings against his own people, so it was no surprise that the late Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas "disinherited" his country in his will. He specified that his large spread in Nova Scotia be turned into a scholarly retreat where eggheads from all over the world could gather and continue to snipe at the ideas and institutions on which he capitalized so profitably and which he hated so profoundly. Preference in Douglas's Jonestown will be given to intellectuals from Iran, Vietnam, the Soviet Union, China and Mongolia. Quite a crew! Not even one single deviation from the Party line!

A Gulagist in life, Douglas was a Gulagist in death. Unfortunately, he was not the last of the worst. Gangs of Douglasses are still at large, still busy trying to return us to the Dark Ages, still tearing up our culture by the roots, still occupying some of the highest offices in the land despite their perverse renunciation of us and all our works.



Douglas in his dotage

F.D.R. Snubbed Jesse Owens

Black athlete Jesse Owens, the cause célèbre of the 1936 Hitler Olympiad, died recently. Buried deep in his obituary was some news that Americans had not been told at the time. It wasn't Hitler who snubbed him; it was Roosevelt, who didn't even bother to send him a telegram of congratulations for winning four gold medals.

The media in those days almost split a gut trying to get across the message that Owens' running prowess blasted Nazi theories of a master race. But for some reason reporters did not carry the argument further by dragging in the cheetah, which can outrun Aryans -- and non-Aryans.

As for Carter's Olympic boycott, it is winning a few and losing a few. Richard Viguerie's *Conservative Digest* has been waging a campaign to boycott the nations who are planning to attend the sports festival in Moscow. Among them, as of this writing, are such loyal allies as France, which has definitely decided to attend. Viguerie even advocated the boycotting of Israel while it had not yet made up its mind, listing the Zionist products and services to shun -- Elite candies, Carmel wines, Jaffa oranges and El Al Airlines. If Viguerie pushes this too hard, he may trigger a boycott of the boycotter.

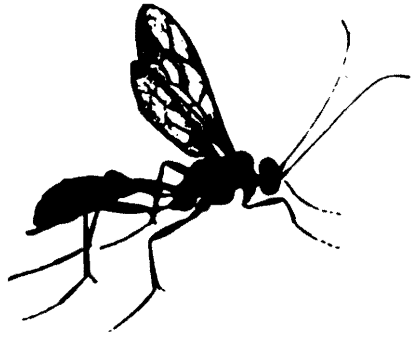
Immigration Footnotes

We don't need an army to stop the invasion of the illegals. All we need, asserts the Border Patrol Association, is 5,500 agents. We have 2,101 now and the rest could be phased in during a two year period. This would add an extra \$122 million to the Immigration and Naturalization Service budget -- money, for a change, that would be well spent.

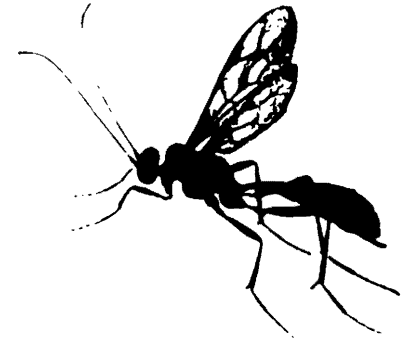
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The NAACP is worried sick about the Hispanic Peril -- all those news stories that say blacks will no longer be the #1 minority a few years hence. To a nervous NAACP query, Vincent Barabba, Census Bureau chief, recently penned a soothing reply:

The Black population is now estimated at about 25 million and is growing at about 1.3 percent annually. The Spanish-origin population is estimated at about 12.1 million and is growing at a roughly estimated rate of 2.2 percent per year. Assuming that this growth rate continues, it would be unreasonable to expect the Spanish-origin population to exceed that of the Black population any time in the near future.



Cholly Bilderberger



. . . **Key West:** Harriman Baker, the noted diplomat, author and bon vivant, has been kind enough to share his thoughts on Cuban migration. Although in his late seventies, Harriman is as acute as ever, and always seems to be at the very vortex of important events. He has been staying at Los Incas, a simple but charming cottage near the harbor.

"It belongs to some important local fag," Harriman explained. "He was only too happy to donate it to the State Department for the duration and they let me in. I suppose you're aware that Key West is a tremendous queer center. Tennessee Williams is the unofficial mayor, I believe. Perhaps even the official one. There is also a strong hippie contingent. They all wander down to look at the sunset each evening, and chant mantras, or whatever. Under them, if that's the way to put it, are the rednecks — or conchs, as they call them down here. Diminished in numbers and devoid of influence, compared to years ago, but still around. Then, coming and going, we have the old-weepie tourists and fishermen. Billed caps, turkey necks, very vacant in the eye, can't quite believe it when they see the queers kissing in public and the hippies urinating on each other. Turn to Mother with wide eyes and tentative leers. But, as with modern art and Jewish masters, they figure that's the price they pay for their share of the pie, and are not disposed to argue. And, finally, the Cubans. The thousands of Cubans. The thousands of niggery Cubans swarming ashore, the noise of that awful language, the arrogance of the indigenous Cubans — the ones who have been here ten years or more! — the hundreds of boats, the millions of gallons of gas and oil, the TV cameras, the sweat, the stench, the . . . yes, the horror of it. It makes the horror in *Heart of Darkness* — Kurtz's famous horror — look naive. That was nineteenth-century horror and imaginative. This is twentieth and factual. Final.

"If this Key West isn't the visual end of our world, what more could one want? It was already pretty far gone, with the queers and the hippies and the old weepies (nothing more pathetic than America on holiday), but the Cubans are Providence's final, most sardonic joke. If one believes — and I do — that the American end has to be epidemic insanity, this certainly measures up. The Cuban insanity down in the harbor is the maypole around which the other insanities revolve. Without this Cuban delirium, the rest of the madnesses — the rednecks and queers and hippies and old weepies — didn't look quite as mad as they really are. But now the Cuban insanity has speed-

ed them up, has thrown them into quite ghastly relief — now they're over the line, too.

"No nuance of symbolism is lost. This is America's southernmost town, the physical end of the United States. Is it an accident that it's happening here? To say that is so obvious it's almost in bad taste.

"Down at the harbor, it's a scene from Hell — I mean formal Hell, the Hell of Dante and Milton, the certified Inferno. The thousands of Cubans milling about, old hands and new arrivals, the never-ending jackhammer of that hideous language, all so busy saying nothing, screaming, crying, taking over. In the immediate vicinity all the officials and military personnel, uniformed and in plain clothes, milling about, playing with deliberate inefficiency at keeping order. For TV purposes they come up with an occasional criminal, but all these apes look criminal, so where would it end if they were serious?

"All the workadaddy types — to use Tom Wolfe's adjective — have that castrated look, that forebearing, gentle Jesus, everlastingly patient, March-of-Dimes, love-your-neighbor, PTA, ambulance corps, Little League, resigned-remnant-of-frontier-helpfulness look. All for these screaming, howling apes. Standing there in the sun in their crisp uniforms, tanned, polite, benign, hyper-charitable, super-Christian, turning the other cheek with a vengeance, loving every minute of their obsequiousness.

"Then, looking on in the middle distance, the rednecks and queers and hippies and old weepies. All of them standing there stunned out of their usual poses. Even their fixed cortexes can start to grasp the message: these howling apes mean business; they're a threat. They're determined to take over, and they're probably going to, and when they do there won't be any more rednecks and queers and hippies and old weepies. Of course, these thousands can only take over literally in Miami and south Florida. Now. But behind them are millions more from all over Latin America, and they all want in. And they're going to get in, because the gentle Jesuses want them in and will let them in. And the charade will be over for all rednecks and queers and hippies and old weepies. Their roles are played out and they're all headed for the slaughterhouse. The look on their faces as they get the message is really memorable. Each group thought it was so different from the others, but now they all look the same to each other. Well, they were always the same, all equally meaningless, and now they know it. Who cares what happens to them?

“Behind them, in concentric circles of diminishing understanding, depending on proximity, is the same awareness. By the time it arrives at, let us say, a cattle ranch in Montana, it is minimal. But that gradually diminishing force of ever-expanding concentric circles is not as important as the fact that the process of dissolution, so long awaited — dare I say, so fervently wished for — has received a tremendous impetus. It isn’t the number of Cubans, it’s the way it’s happening. This is so novel, it’s the first time so-called refugees have stormed ashore so sure and arrogant in their assumption of the right to invade. Even in Montana, the cold, antlike invading conqueror aspect of this assault has to be seen as entirely novel, as something which has never happened before, but which will happen again. And again. And again. A line has been crossed.

“Not least, dissolution has been given an official center — south Florida. Miami, the capital of the area, is well on its way to becoming a completely conquered city. From here, it will fan out. The fun has really started.

“It has to be seen as comedy. Imagine, for instance, the distress of all the Jews in south Florida. They were grinding it up to suit themselves, just as they do everywhere else, and suddenly the damned Cubans take over. What will be the repercussions in New York? In Israel? The blacks are already making ominous noises about more Haitians. Like the Jews, they don’t want to lose parasitical space to the Cubans. Finally, the whites, still a tremendously bulky number of jowled capons on both coasts of Florida, can’t help but see the end result. Entrenched in their houses, expensive and inexpensive, surrounded by their toys, they still can’t avoid the message. Going, going, gone. And the little voice nagging, ‘What are you going to do about it?’ And the petulant little answer, all in secret, of course, ‘Nothing.’ And then the empty little scrotums tightening in fearful anticipation. I honestly believe they want what’s coming. They’re so masochistic they have to want the ultimate thrill in that line — being beaten and kicked about by their barbarian conquerors. They can’t wait. Look at Hodding Carter, the State Department’s spokesman on nightly television, for a prime example. Superbly pursed little anus of a mouth barely moving, all the notorious Freudian signs. He can’t wait.

“When a country slips into the final downward chute, it seems to lose the ability to look at its predicament objectively in direct ratio to the seriousness of the predicament. If that is true, then the predicament must be very serious indeed, because all objectivity has fled. At the very time when everyone should say, ‘No More Cubans!’, everyone says just the opposite. Especially in Florida, where so many newspaper editorials and features keep asking for more. They want the entire population of Cuba, and say we’d be a better country for it. Plus all of Haiti. In degree, this passion for more dark people extends to New York and beyond. The death wish is triumphant.

“As nearly as I can figure out, the WASPs — odious and inaccurate acronym, but now, alas, too much a part of the language to avoid — have the death wish and not much of anything else. When things go bad, those at the top go worst of all. My cousin, Emily, for instance, says blandly, ‘All of us

Americans were immigrants once. She sees no difference between white Northern Europeans and Cuban mulattoes, or between then and now. Or between those who arrive to join those already there, and those who arrive to take over. The Cubans, you know, have no intention of learning English. They are the first incoming group who say, ‘You Anglos had better learn Spanish.’ Or whatever they speak. Not even the Jews dared to go that far. Anyhow, Emily sees no differences. On the surface, that is. But she gives herself away with a very roguish twinkle in her eye. It’s the person who has given up, who takes positive pleasure in seeing everything go to hell. I see that twinkle in all WASP eyes now.

“Of course, I don’t mind seeing it all go to hell, too. But I include Emily and the rest of my fellow WASPs, whereas they think they’re going to be saved in some way. They think that even if they live on afterwards and are humiliated, they still win, because they’re masochists. They want the humiliation, I don’t. They’re masochists, I’m not. They’re pious, at least on the surface, I’m not. They have the twinkle, but it’s perverted, it’s not based on genuine amusement. I may be a mad old fool, but I think I am genuinely amused. My twinkle is real, not roguish. Wasn’t it Yeats who said something about praying that he’d die a foolish passionate man? Rather than a cool, bland one, I mean. Certainly one can’t treat this situation as tragedy. It seems to me as funny as anything in Mark Twain. Or Henry Fielding. All these puffed-up Americans, indentured bond servants let loose above their station, are going to get it. Their preposterous pretentiousness is finally over. They’re going to be eaten right up by cannibal jigaboos and spicks, and they’re going to like it, fantastic as that seems. They’ve fattened themselves up and they’re in the market for hungry cannibals. They can’t wait. If I was going to be sorry for any segment, I’d be sorry for the old WASPs, but they’re only comic as well. A bit too stringy to barbecue properly, but they’re perfectly willing — anxious, actually — to prepare the feast, to cater it, so to speak, and act as waiters . . . ‘Here’s a tender piece, sir.’ All in Spanish, or Haitian, or whatever, the college language background and travel abroad paying off at last.

“Incidentally, everyone quotes Eliot on not with a bang but a whimper, but aren’t there even more appropriate quotes in *Prufrock*? ‘. . . an easy tool, deferential, glad to be of use, politic, cautious, and meticulous; full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse . . . Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?’ That’s my WASP.

“Anyhow, if all this isn’t funny, what is? What could be? Add the fiasco in Iran, and our little sharecropper President slobbering about the return of the bodies — quite a juxtaposition, the maudlin goings-on at Arlington, and the wild scenes in Key West — although just opposite sides of the same coin, I suppose — and it becomes even funnier. As a bonus, I like to think of Fidel telling the Russians, ‘You want to do the Americans in, keep sending them spicks. I speak from experience.’ And the Russians then inquiring what ‘spicks’ are, and solemnly entering the definition in all notebooks. Come, come, who can say with a straight face that that isn’t the essence of comedy?

“No, nothing can stop it now — certainly not the right wing.

They're really no different from any of the others, but just as caponized, just as anxious to get on the grill. It is conceivable that the Jews might take over completely, and try to keep America running to save themselves and Israel. They're the only group with anything left to live for, and strong enough to make a run at control. That would certainly be interesting, but like Hitler's reign, of short span. Nothing can really stop the decline when the will-to-live is gone. The white inertia would finally defeat even the Jews.

"Nothing can really stop the decline once the will-to-live is gone. That's the Key West message. It has been the message of everything American for years, but now in Key West the message is deafening. No one can avoid hearing it, but that doesn't mean they haven't. Or that it has not been heard loud and clear everywhere else in the world. And even if it stops tomorrow — one way would be if the local Cubans decided they didn't want the undesirables coming in, their decision, not ours — it wouldn't change anything, just postpone matters.

"Key West! Memorable. Enough to pale all else. Let us go, then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky — nowhere more so than in Key West — and see this etherized patient. And do you know, so mute have we become that this,

which would have served as the basis for endless literature in the past, will not attract one smidgen of art. There will be — there already have been — millions of words written about it, but if you read them all, you will not find anything of real event. And that's the strangest part, the maddest part.

"But enough of this talk. Now I shall go for another look at nightmare. And not without appetite, because this nightmare is revealed truth. Better to be here, at the core of horror, at the center of revealed truth, than at a remove. At least for a time."

... **Philadelphia:** Emily Baker Brock, Harriman's cousin, was willing to comment on his credibility. Elegant and silver-haired, she sat erect in her drawing room, her voice clear and strong. "He's a sweet old thing, but simply batty on the racial issue. He's very secretive, but we're sure he's in and out of mental hospitals. I've discussed his problems with psychiatrists, and they assure me he's not violent, so we feel the kindest thing is to be quite polite, to avoid argument, and to let the old dear totter right to the grave with his illusions. Isn't it odd — and so sad — that in such a wonderful world, so full of promise and hope, so many people spoil it for themselves — and for others, too — by looking for meanness and darkness and pessimism?"

Campaign Noises

The nomination process of this very uninspiring 1980 presidential campaign has now come to an end. The Republicans have chosen Tweedledum, the Democrats Tweedledumber. The media have chosen John Anderson. (The American Society of Newspaper Editors voted 109 for Anderson, 55 for Kennedy, 47 for Carter, 33 for Bush, 31 for Ford, 24 for Baker, and 20 for Reagan.) Anderson is now being sold as the most politically courageous candidate in years. Apparently this is his reward for shedding his conservative principles. But even William F. Buckley won't buy that. "If John Anderson," writes Billy the Kid, "were tomorrow to come out for recognizing the PLO, the day after tomorrow he would disappear from the national scene -- as surely as Father Berrigan dropped from sight when he discovered the claims of the Palestinians."

The most unprincipled of all the unprincipled candidates (all deserve the adjective), John Anderson sucks up to minorities by boasting he is a first-generation American (his parents were born in Sweden) and by showing off his Greek wife, Keke, who called Phil Crane a fascist. To rub noses with the fundamentalists the Harvard lawyer swears he knelt in a tent at the age of nine and gave his soul to Christ. Then, out of the other side of his mouth, he apologizes to a conference of 130 Jewish magnates for thrice introducing a constitutional amendment acknowledging "the blessing of God

and Jesus Christ our Lord" on America. But he said he had always been right about Israel and had voted for every Zionist bill that had come before the House. He cavalierly turned his back on the "spirit of Camp David" by promising that as President he would recognize Jerusalem, an Arab city only thirteen years ago, as the capital of Jewry.

Who backs John Anderson? Well, there is Stewart Mott, America's richest creep, Norman Lear, the sitcom king, Stanley Sheinbaum, the big Los Angeles Democratic fundraiser, and The First Tuesday Association for Lesbian/Gay Rights of Atlanta, Georgia. Now that Jerry Brown has dropped out of the race, Anderson, if he goes through with his third party plans, will almost surely get a large slice of the deviant vote. Will Anderson be the Henry Wallace of the 1980s? It's possible. He is as passionately fond of headlines and as nuttily ambitious.

* * *

Battening down the hatches for the big day in November, Reagan has named "eleven known Jews," as the *Chicago Jewish Sentinel* interestingly described them, to his staff of 68 foreign policy and defense advisors. Many are strongly pro-Israel; only a few are lukewarm Zionists or "neutrals." Carter retaliated by sending three Cadillac limousines to pick up a group of bearded, hatted, Hasidic rabbis, a few of whom relieved their

somber upper garb with short pants and white socks. After a twenty-two minute "meeting of minds," the rabbis emerged and one of them, Hertz Frankel, intoned, "The President is a very religious man who speaks often of G-d."

* * *

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, one of the several senators from Israel, was scheduled to speak at the commencement exercises at the University of Pennsylvania. But black students remembered he had been "insensitive" to their race during the Nixon administration. So Pat benignly withdrew. The Andrew Young affair is still malignant. (Young, incidentally, recently told an Alabama audience that Russia had invaded Afghanistan because of the "hawkish attitude" of the U.S. Senate.)

* * *

One of the biggest living frauds in the present-day U.S. is Nathan Landow, a Mafia fellow traveler who makes his money out of milking million-dollar federal government construction projects. Although he has been under investigation for years, he is presently finance director of the Maryland Carter-Mondale campaign. His daughter, Harolyn, who works in the White House as an aide to Ham Jordan, has recently been seen in the company of Chip, Carter's recently divorced son. Call in the family.

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

In any study of the *Spectator*, which shares several contributors with the *Private Eye*, including the *Eye's* editor, Richard Ingrams, the obvious contributor to begin with is that much-loved, much-hated gadfly, Auberon Waugh. A member of the upper-middle class, he sneers at our enemies in an extremely effective way -- to judge by the outrage with which his remarks are greeted. At the moment, he is being sued for libel by what he calls "the sensitive Jewish editor of the *News of the World*, Mr. Bernard Shrimmsley." Just consider the enormity of this. First, he dares to refer to the editor's minority status; second, he mocks him by calling him "sensitive," a word which Jews love to have applied to them seriously. *The News of the World*, a Sunday scandal sheet, is about the least sensitive newspaper on open sale, and specializes in titillating gossip. Waugh goes on to refer to "Slimy's" shortcomings as an editor and to his "great mass audience of elderly secret masturbators." (By this he means of course the demoralized English Majority.) Nor is this by any means the first time that Waugh has disparaged Jews. He has described "Sir" James Goldsmith as a "a great white slug," and spoken of his "repulsively ugly face." Some time ago, he came out with this: "Whenever I am fortunate enough to meet a Jew, I wonder whether I ought to try to convert him." (Waugh is an RC, like his famous father.) And the Board of Deputies of British Jews will not have been amused by the following piece of *chutzpah* (Waugh is referring to a debate at Oxford): "I took my stand on the principled point that the National Union of Students had decided to deny a platform to racists and fascists, and I could not possibly speak on any platform from which racists and fascists were excluded." He then goes on to suggest that such exclusion shows "an awareness among the Left that their slogans and ugly, brutish noises of hatred are not susceptible to rational discussion."

The following passage of Waugh's might have been written by a member of the Race Relations Board, except that the word "doggies" has been substituted for "coloured immigrants": "I have observed a hatred of doggies growing up in this country, especially among town-dwellers, which has unmistakable echoes of Weimar Doggies are being used as scapegoats for the collapse of our society, brought about by the loss of Empire." Again, he writes: "I find myself waffling compassionately about the problems of homosexuality among dogs while secretly, if the truth be known, I feel they ought to be whipped." This is perceptive, because the nasty, fat little mongrels which foul the pavements of big cities have the same function as surrogate children for childless old ladies as im-

migrants have for childless younger ones. When Waugh strikes a mock-heroic pose and says that now is the time "to stand up and be counted," he is undermining the whole Scarlet Pimpernel mythology of support for poor, persecuted minorities. On another occasion, he writes, "Give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, and we shall send them straight back where they came from."



Waugh has plenty of other targets, too. Here he is describing a speech by Bill Sirs, the steel union leader: "He spoke in the authentic voice of the new ruling class . . . and no doubt his words sent a shiver of delight through the bottoms of those conservatives who relish the smack of firm government." His attitude towards Parliament is summed up in his reference to Guy Fawkes as "Saint and Martyr." ("Come back, Guy Fawkes, all is forgiven.") Nor does he restrict himself to politicians. Here is what he said about the former Archbishop of Canterbury: "Coggan belongs to a generation of half-wits. He is old and ugly and all his churches are falling down." Waugh also speaks contemptuously of the Roman Church "adjusting to the idea of itself as an extension of the Social Services or Race Relations Board." His treatment of previous popes has been justly severe. John XXIII he represented as a liberal nitwit and Paul VI as a pernicious masonic conspirator. He dubbed John Paul I Pope Ringo I, after another well-known character in show business, and described him as "a sad little burp in the eternal reverie of the Holy Ghost." Nor does the present incumbent escape a small share of censure, "Even the Pope has weakened to announce that he has been told that sex, in addition to its procreative function, can be pleasurable -- though heaven knows where he learned this information."

When it comes to the Left, Waugh is more than capable of going back to first principles: "Marxism relies upon the simple economic proposition that if the 'surplus value' or profit from any manufacturing or trading enterprise is handed back, in one form or another, to the workers, rather than taken away from them by the bourgeois or capitalist classes, the workers will be better off. One could explain, with the help of graphs, diagrams and plastic bricks why this is not the case, but so long as working models are available there is no need." Like C.N. Parkinson, he illustrates his points with telling examples. Here is his comment on the flood of Chinese refugees trying to get into Hong Kong. "For some inexplicable reason, it would appear that living standards in Canton province are not quite as high as they are in the British colony, even after thirty years of socialism!" Or take

this: "The lesson of East Germany can be obscured by pointing to the Russian hegemony and suggesting that the Russians are not true socialists in the way that you and I, Daphne and Fiona undoubtedly are." Even more telling is this comment: "The lesson of Russia is that total aggression always works. The lesson of Iran would appear to be that the Shah erred on the lenient side." Khomeini admirers will have been offended by Waugh's likening him to Charles Manson. Occasionally, one is able to give Waugh back some constructive comment. He was pleased with my remark that Jim Jones had come to realize that, innate differences being what they are, the only true equality was in death.

This brings me on to Waugh's reprehensible attitude towards the working class. He builds on a premise which is difficult to fault: "We are now witnessing the breakdown of Order which follows the breakdown of Degree." Then comes his onslaught against the "workers" (always in quotation marks), to whom he refers as "a luxury we can no longer afford." Britain's abysmally low productivity in the Western world makes a poor basis for denial of his thesis. But he is not content with making a point; he goes on to say that "it is only their particular mixture of stupidity, ignorance and bloody-mindedness which makes them unemployable Their hatred embraces everyone else who is richer, cleverer, happier or more successful than they are." He describes "the bitter, brooding resentment of the nation's Calibans -- its ward supervisors, its dwarves, ugly women, young men with squints and crooked mouths, victims of broken homes or comprehensive education with impassive faces and staring eyes, its hunchbacks, sexual incompetents, militant 'feminists,' baby-bashers, trade unionists, teachers, lesbians, drunks, freaks, idlers, social workers, *New Statesman* journalists, and Islington housewives who make up to the other side in the class war." Their resentment is described as "Caliban's rage at seeing his own reflection in the mirror." Sometimes, his touch is rather lighter, as when he speaks of the nationalised steel works in Wales, "The Welsh, in particular, are plainly happier, and show greater aptitude for singing than making steel." British Steel, he says, "resembles Act II, scene I of *Trovatore*, rather than a modern manufacturing industry." And he even ridicules the old-age pensioners, whom he regards as the sacred cows of the new Britain: "They moan gently to each other about their feet, varicose veins, operations for gynecological disorders, and those of their friends and relations If I arrive before the Post Office opens, there is a little group of them, waiting like junkies outside the all-night chemist for a fix." Nor is he reverent about the young: "The new generation of undergraduates is exceptionally wet and boring."

Waugh's ability to use the rapier as well as the bludgeon is nowhere so well exemplified as when he deals with the middle classes. Here is his description of a dinner in Hampstead -- the rich North London suburb which sends a Jewish conservative M.P. to Westminster: "From the subject of mugging . . . we moved on to discuss whether or not Negroes have difficulty in swimming . . . and we all agreed that it was as much as human conscience could bear if, in addition to their distinguishing pigmentation, these people had difficulty in keeping

afloat." Later on, a lady liberal has her say: "I think," she said, and we all looked guilty, or thoughtful, or deeply interested in our plates, "that everyone should be paid the same wage. That is what I have always believed." Waugh adds, "Perhaps one ought to take such people by the hand and demonstrate the simple fact that if everybody is paid the same, nobody does any work: so a gigantic apparatus of coercion and repression becomes necessary to make them work; the coercers then proceed to grab a greater share of the cake for themselves and their families, but nobody does more work than he has to and everybody is poor, miserable and repressed." It is also the middle-middle class, the class without traditions, that he girds at, "the under-educated, over-rewarded 'managerials' who are jumping up everywhere nowadays."

Waugh does not confine himself to writing. His appearances on TV have made him the man the many love to hate. As he says: "There is a whole segment of the population which has nothing better to do than write rude, self-pitying letters of great length and stupefying boredom to people it has seen on television. Generally, I throw them away unread, having no particular desire to know what ordinary people are thinking"

When we turn to Waugh's collaborators, the picture is less clear-cut. However, Richard Ingrams, editor of the *Eye*, does a good job as TV critic for the *Spectator*, "There is something about television that renders it instantly forgettable." He refers to Jewish playwrights as "over-rated," and he got into trouble when he remarked that none of the characters in "Jesus of Nazareth" looked like Jews. This remark elicited an irate letter from Haym Pinner, Secretary of the Jewish Board of Deputies, protesting against the notion of Jewish stereotypes.

Alan Watkins, who also writes for the *Spectator*, describes Ingrams's *Private Eye* as "anti-Semitic almost by definition It is against the modern age." This is borne out by the large number of shysters whose activities are revealed in the *Eye*, as well as by Ingrams's reference to "what the modern world is like, i.e. pretty frightful." True, Ingrams feels constrained to cover himself by writing reverently about Sefton Delmer (the loathsome minorityite in charge of black propaganda on the BBC during the war). But he is also capable of this telling quotation from A.J.P. Taylor on William Joyce: "In the name of treason, or public opinion, we executed a man who owed us no allegiance for saying things he never said. And we were able to do it because Joyce had always wanted to be an English patriot." On another occasion, he dares to refer to a black singer as "singing Schumann horribly flat." I also like his references to Teddy Kennedy's "vulgarity of spirit."

Patrick Marnham, another *Eye* contributor, writes effectively on Palestinian subjects. He points out that the London *Times* obituary of Yahu-Mor omits to mention that he ordered the murder of Lord Moyne, the British minister in Cairo in 1944, and refers to Begin's attacks on "buildings" without mentioning the 91 people massacred at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. He also reminds us how the Stern Gang cooperated with the Nazis through emissaries in Beirut, how they murdered Bernadotte and Colonel Sérot, the French UN observer, and how they massacred 254 Arab villagers at Deir Yassin.

Israeli stamps of 1978, he says, commemorate the members of Jewish terrorist gangs.

The record of the *Spectator* on Palestine is really not bad. Of course, there is always Patrick Cosgrave, the Irish *shabez goy*, ready to lick the spittle of the Israelis. But there is also Edward Mortimer, who wrote a (guarded) article on "The Murderers in Israel's Army." Anthony Nutting is allowed to publish a piece about Eden's illusions regarding Israel, and Zan Smiley has also done some good in setting the record straight, thirty years after the events described. "The Israeli Army did in fact massacre scores of Arab civilians during the course of 1948 . . . smashing the skulls of women and children against walls." (Children, yes; women, no. Study of the Holocaust literature has given me a quick eye for lack of verisimilitude. It takes a strong man to bash a woman's head against a wall and smash it. The fact is, they shot the women.) When it no longer makes any difference, we may expect to hear about later Israeli massacres (e.g. at Kafr Kassem). Alexander Chancellor, the *Spectator's* editor, has dared to disparage Kenneth Rose, "the man of letters" (Waugh's description) who posthumously assailed the reputation of Sir Cyril Burt. There is even much-needed publicity for the tiny band of anti-Zionist Jews, like N. Silkin, who in a letter deplores the dispossession of the Arabs. Now why do Chancellor and his friends publish criticism of the Jews? I will tell you; they think of themselves as gentlemen, and it hurts when people like me suggest that they dare not criticise the Jews.

Patrick Marnham has two other subjects: the poisons used in modern farming and scandals in Africa. It is amusing to be told by Marnham that the title of President Mobutu of Zaire is *kuku ngbendu wa za banga* -- the cock who leaves no hen alone.

Rawlinson Carter contributed an article on Francisco Macias, ex-President of Equatorial Guinea, his cannibalism and his methods of execution by relating the following little story: "On one occasion, Macias was particularly impressed during a physical examination by the doctor's intelligence and knowledge, so the doctor was killed and his brain devoured."

Yet another of Ingram's friends is Christopher Booker, who is best known for his onslaught on the fantasies of the Swinging Sixties, and especially on the hideous tower blocks, which were set up after the much more human terrace housing had been razed by agreement with corrupt city councils. As the property speculators involved were almost all Jews (Clore, Seifert, Joe Levy, etc.), his writing was objectively anti-Semitic, and he has been at some pains to dispel this image. He wrote a cringing review of a book whitewashing Peter Rachman, the Jewish slum landlord, and makes ritual, kowtowing references to "Hitler's extermination camps." But he will never be forgiven for referring to "the Zionist fanatics who are determined to cover the West Bank with their horrible little concrete settlements."

Booker the philosopher is less effective than Booker the social critic. Not that he is wrong as far as he goes. He has all the pseuds within his sights, from showbiz "personalities" to women's libbers, and he has done us a service in re-emphasizing the validity of the Greek experience (monarchy-oligarchy-

democracy-tyranny). What is more, he has a gift for the telling phrase, such as "burning the midnight oil over the sparkling prose of Karl Marx," or "millions of cuddly teddy-bear souvenirs made by slave-labour in the prison camps" (for the Moscow Olympics) or "mother's boys hovering on the edge of a whine" (Philby, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt). He also wrote an excellent review of R. Huntford's book on Scott and Amundsen, which confirms what Shackleton told my father. Amundsen was the true leader, preparing every detail of his expeditions, and using swift skis and healthy huskies, while Scott effected to despise such aids, and had his party manhandling the sledges all the way to and from the pole, afflicted by scurvy for lack of fresh food. In Amundsen's account, he emerges as the master of his fate, while Scott was a self-glorifying, if brave, martinet.

Another of Ingrams's collaborators, in the *Spectator* and the *Eye*, is Taki Theodoracopoulos, called by Ingrams Taki Unskrupoulos. He writes bitingly about people "who are well known for being well known," and sends in copy from all their principal haunts. As he says, "Gstaad is not a bad point of vantage from which to observe the collapse of the West." The grandson of a Prime Minister of Greece, he prides himself on being an Ionian, and therefore descended from folk who were never Neareasternised under the Ottomans. Most prominent members of the jet set come in for criticism. Take Woody Allen: "He has made losers winners by expertly manipulating us to like the man who never gets the girl. So now you have a situation in which to be strong is out, to be good is almost criminal, and to be a patriot is worse than child molesting. No wonder a lot of old-type movie stars like George Sanders preferred to commit suicide." Nor does Taki stop there, but goes on to attack "the power wielded by the greedy, crude, illiterate men who choose programmes for the television networks." His special target is "William Paley's 1,000 million pound conglomerate . . . which has contributed uniquely to the turning of Americans into robot-like humanoids." On another occasion, he says, "The infighting among the ladies over his (Paley's) soon-to-be octogenarian body has debased romantic love to the level of one of his CBS programmes."

Taki also gets it right when he comments on Anthony Blunt's invitation to lunch at the London *Times* offices: "I do not want an invitation to lunch. I am not a homosexual. I have never worked for the Russians, and anyway I hear that *The Times's* food is uneatable." Contrast this with the *Spectator* article by the Janus-visaged Trevor-Roper, "Blunt Censured, Nothing Gained." In fact, Taki gets away with a great deal which Englishmen (always excluding Waugh) could never say in "respectable" publications. Consider this little gem. Taki is writing about the film *Casablanca*, "when Paul Henreid gets up in Rick's joint and asks the orchestra to drown out the Horst Wessel cantata being harmonised by some Nazi officers. In reality, I do not think many Frenchmen could out-sing Germans singing the Horst Wessel, except from the safety of Hollywood."

Taki's motivation comes from his memories of 1944, "when the Greeks were as usual at each other's throats and the Communists were murdering everybody." This makes him

sympathise with patriots sold down the river in the U.S. as well, and he feels utter contempt for "the Jane Fondas, Shirley Maclaines, the Berrigans, the Ellsbergs." Here he is at Lake Placid: "I have not heard the 'Star-Spangled Banner' sung *con brio* since Harvard professors and chic writers began telling Americans that patriotism was practised only by people whose IQ was below that of Buchenwald guards. And something else too; the American flag was actually waved, not burnt." But when all is said and done, Taki's chief virtue lies in his ability to skewer the trendies. A gem is his description of Bob Guccione, responsible for *Caligula*, "one of the world's most disgusting films." There he is "with an open black shirt and a large gold chain around his plebeian neck. His clothes were what one would expect a pornographer to wear -- slick, shiny and incredibly vulgar."

The *Spectator* contributor who most faithfully reflects the confusion in the English intellectual mind is Geoffrey Wheatcroft. He certainly knows about *The Dispossessed Majority* (as well he might; at least three of his fellow contributors have read it), but he claims that we are all members of minorities. So we are, in a sense, but there is a deep divide between, say, pigeon-fanciers and mountaineers, who identify with the Majority, and ethnic groups who don't. Wheatcroft knows the score all right, as when he lists the subjects dangerous for a journalist to handle: "fluoridation, Jews n' Arabs, and the authorship of Shakespeare's Sonnets." I think we can disregard the first and third of these. No one's career has suffered from writing about them. Come to that, no one has suffered for attacking the Arabs. The double standard is nowhere more evident than when another *Spectator* contributor, Richard West, says that "London has now been prostituted and pur-

chased by just those Arabs who only 100 years ago ransacked the Congo for slaves and ivory." This takes one's breath away. What Arab has been ennobled for his part in "prostituting and purchasing" London?

Wheatcroft has also done some sterling work by attacking the Anti-Nazi League and by defending the National Front's freedom of speech. I am also grateful to him for his comment on Malcolm Muggeridge's *Writer in Moscow* as "one of the best books ever written about Soviet Russia (though curiously flawed by a slight but unmistakable strain of anti-Semitism. Is that the reason why it has not been reissued since the war?)" Full marks, Geoffrey.

I do not wish to give the impression that all is well with the *Spectator*. Any study of the press is apt to resemble rag-picking. I have merely laid stress on the better writers -- those who are content with mere ritual genuflections in the direction of the Hollow Caust. Most of the other contributors are pseuds, traitors and time-servers: Paul Johnson, the newly converted "conservative" referring reverently to "the rabbinical tradition of the New York intelligentsia"; the trendy charlatan Alastair Forbes, "a rose-red cissy half as old as time," plus all the other running dogs. Jews themselves are well represented: Leo Abse, who denigrates the New Zealanders and promotes the Maoris as a substitute for U.S. Negroes; David Levy maligning Peter Lougheed, Prime Minister of Alberta, as "Canada's blue-eyed Arab"; Sam White, the "Australian," defaming France's Nouvelle Droite and denigrating Robert Hersant for daring to publish anti-Holocaust material. But none of these can sell the *Spectator*. The only writers who can do that are those who sail close to the wind.

Notes from the Auld Sod

Recent British governments have seemed determined to destroy both the white race and English culture. If Irishmen had control of all Ireland, we would not have to worry about a nonwhite beachhead on the island. Since I am in favor of states rights in the U.S., I am for as much self-government as possible for the six counties. But I am not in favor of giving them the right to import nonwhites.

We Irish are a lot like the Arabs, though the British stole our land long before the Jews chased out the Palestinians. Like the Arabs, we do not always agree among ourselves. Did you know that during World War II the SS had an Irish outfit? A great many were IRA members. Not all the Irishmen joined the British or stayed neutral.

There is still trouble to this day between the Marxists and the non-Marxists who wish to free Ireland. That's what worries me right now. To get the English out (meaning the English troops) those who would free Ireland are turning to some of the worst sort of liberals and cowards in England. War makes good friends as well as bad enemies and the

swill that those liberals and levelers are pumping into our lads' heads will certainly give us a lot of grief after Ireland has been united.

I wish the decent whites in England would stand with us today because tomorrow they may want a haven where they can escape the hordes of nonwhites their own government is too cowardly to send home. I promise you the whites of England would find the whites of Ireland -- even the Catholic ones -- far more to their liking than the mud people they are importing.

As for the Catholics and Protestants, I think what Ireland really needs is a good shot of atheism. Religion is simply the paint that covers a many-roomed political house built on a foundation of nationalism. If Instaurationists should ever enter my house, they would find me in the George Washington Room reading Ezra Pound.

Now for some personal history. During one of my father's dreadful drinking bouts, the poor fellow went out of his mind and married an Englishwoman. He promptly di-

vorced her when he sobered up, but I was produced as a result of his indiscretion nine months later. Needless to say, no good Irish father would like to have a mongrel like myself about, and to make matters worse I acquired a great fondness for a rather slangy English poet named Kipling. However, simply because I'm half-English does not mean that I would not like to play Jack th' Ripper on every goddamned British trooper in Ireland.

Perhaps the wisest thing to do is to put my feelings in verse.

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe after dark or in the day
You will hear a bomb go off in dear old
Belfast
And know that there is still an IRA.

You can hear our brothers firing shots in
Derry,
The British call it murder but they lie
And they beat and curse our Irish lads in
H-Block
But Erin's sons will hold out till they die

No, the British dogs won't have their way
in Ireland,
The time will come when Ireland will be
free
And there'll be no English troops in Irish
Ireland
As Irishmen work out their destiny.

By the way, many outsiders confuse the Sinn Fein "Eire Nua" program with communism, which it is not. It has to do with national survival. Under Eire Nua commerce, mines, railroads, electric power, in fact, everything the people as a whole depend on will be owned by the people as a whole. Otherwise, private property will not be hindered. Today a big percentage of the farmland in Ireland is owned by outsiders who have never set foot on the Emerald Isle.

England has been using a few nonwhite troops in Northern Ireland to rape and plunder where her Tommies fear to go. Much of this is kept from Americans. English imperialists control all of Ireland, not just Ulster. American news media constantly print that the IRA seeks to unite the six counties with the twenty-six of this so-called Republic. This is not so. The IRA wants the enemy kicked out of *all of Ireland* so it can build a new country on people, not religion.

The Irish people were not always so Catholic. Before Henry VIII, England was strongly Catholic. When King Hank couldn't get the Pope to okay his divorce so he could



*Integration in Ulster
Seven Students at Friends' Grammar School in Lisburn*

marry the mother of his illegitimate kid (later Liz I), he started his own church and ordered the Irish to join it. Because of their hatred for England, they became more Catholic than ever. Today England finances the Catholic

Church to keep the Irish in bondage. This is why the bishops have always been against genuine freedom for Ireland. Today, happily, many Irish are turning away from Rome.

Elsewhere



Virgin Islands. Dr. Roy Schneider, Health Commissioner of these U.S. welfare outposts, is a light-skinned Negro, his grandfather having been a German. Schneider stated last year in the course of an argument with a darker-skinned critic that it is "apparent to me that Jensen's recent article that some persons of certain hue may have intelligence much below others may be right." Expectedly, there is now a movement afoot to force Schneider to resign.

In the West Indies, as in most other parts of the world (except the U.S.), where huge masses of pure and impure blacks are concentrated, mulattoes generally consider themselves a race apart and a notch or two above their blacker brothers. If given the choice, mulattoes prefer the company of whites to that of blacks and their economic status is as superior to that of unmixed Negroes as the economic status of Jews is superior to that of other whites.

El Salvador. There is little argument, even in the New York bias sheets, that the Catholic clergy in Central America has been hyperactive in the vanguard of those who want to turn the area into a Castro-type workers' Eden. So why the shock when death comes

to the archbishop of El Salvador, who had become the megaphone, as it were, of the left-wing attack against conservative and middle-of-the-road locals? Political killings in this Tom Thumb country are now running at a rate of thousands per year. Leaders of all factions have been gunned down in cold and hot blood. The leftist big wheels with or sans white collars, who have been responsible for so much of this bloodshed, are simply getting a dose of their own medicine. When an archbishop deliberately turns his pulpit into a soapbox for class hatred, is his person so sacred that a few of the bullets he has been urging on others will not find their way to him?

The U.S. State Department and no doubt the CIA have been right in the middle of this sputtering civil war, conniving and conspiring with the acolytes of the Great Stalin and the Great Fidel. The new American ambassador, Robert E. White, an old Latin American hand and a former Peace Corps official, has fired up the fray by accusing El Salvador's few remaining producers of being responsible for the archbishop's murder. Maybe so. Maybe not so. Certainly the big growers were mad. They had just had their lands and plantations expropriated by the pinko

military. In a country with an inflation rate of plus 20%, they were paid off in nonindexed, thirty-year, 9% government bonds. The net result of the U.S. ambassador's unproven ravings will be to push El Salvador further down the road taken by the bearded Cuban clown who has already run into the ground the richest, most beautiful and once most enjoyable island in the West Indies.

We made Castro possible by turning our back on a friendly dictator, Batista. We abandoned Somoza and handed Nicaragua over to the Sandinistas and Fidelistas. We backed a Shah who was loathed by most of the world, including his own people, for his support of the hated Israelis. If this is not enough, we are now determined to turn El Salvador into a giant Gulag.

The fact is that U.S. foreign policy, which has been neurotic for the last sixty-three years, is now becoming psychotic.

Canada. David Duke, the Klansman, was arrested in Canada after leaving a radio talk show some months ago. He was taken into custody by the de facto head of the country's immigration department, Cal Best, a black, and then subjected to three trials on the charge of inciting to riot. After a successful appeal reversed a guilty verdict, a retrial ended with a sentence of six months' probation, plus expulsion (though Duke had long

since departed). If a minority figure had been the victim of this late 20th-century version of the Inquisition, the Canadian media would have raised the roof. Stokely Carmichael, the Marxist witch doctor, is welcome to come to Canada whenever he pleases. After Carmichael's visit to Montreal in 1968, blacks celebrated the occasion by burning down \$2 million worth of buildings and facilities at Sir George Williams University. In 1979 two representatives of the Zimbabwe Patriotic Front were feted at taxpayer expense at the very moment their cohorts in Rhodesia were slitting white throats, shooting down unarmed airliners and massacring survivors in the wreckage. Eldridge Cleaver, a born-again Christian with a criminal record as long as the St. Lawrence River, is another visitor who can come and go at will. Canada's door, like most other doors in the world, is open to "black firsters," not "white firsters."

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A note from a subscriber: During the regimes of Pierre Elliott Trudeau and so-called conservative Joe Clark, Canadians of British and European stock have definitely been reduced to the status of milch cows for minority groups. When I first came to Toronto in 1968 the nonwhite population of our city was approximately 1.5%. We are now looking at an official nonwhite minority percentage of 20.5%. By 1985 I estimate nonwhites will comprise 32% or more of the Toronto population. What we are witnessing in Canada is not immigration, but an alien invasion. Even so, there are a few hopeful signs. The smuggling out of the six Americans from our embassy in Tehran is absolutely the best thing our cosmopolitan government has done in many, many years. Prior to this welcome event, we were told that we must draw away from the U.S., that we must devote more time and money to countries such as Jamaica and Trinidad, not to mention other equally night-colored Commonwealth partners.

Toronto. While holding up the local branch of the Canada Trust and making off with \$148,000, West Indians pistol-whipped three white females, then forced them to disrobe and crawl around the floor. One of the robbers, a Jamaican, was an illegal immigrant who had already been deported three times. The blessings of integration and the joys of nonwhite immigration are coming to Canada with a vengeance.

England. An American-style race riot recently took place in Bristol, one of the most picturesque English cities. After a drug raid on a club in a West Indian ghetto, 2,000 blacks took to the streets, looting and burning in a manner that would have evoked

cries of "Right On" in Miami. For a while, police, also in the tried-and-true American fashion, stood quietly by as offices, shops, a bank and six police cars went up in flames. They explained they were afraid of "aggravating the situation." The media, as if following an American script verbatim, denied that the clash, in which 19 police and 9 blacks were injured, had any racial overtones. The *News World* in good media-ese called it, "an explosion of resentment by an underprivileged community." A government investigating commission expatiated in good bureaucrat-ese, "Unless we pour money into these areas, this type of thing will happen again."

Paris. Early this year Israeli agents assassinated Dr. Joseph Mubarak, a young Lebanese scholar who was the supervisor of the Arab Library there. Two years earlier Mossad gunmen waylaid and killed Mubarak's predecessor, Mahmoud Salith. Does it ever dawn on Zionists who have been screaming for four decades about Nazi book burners that the assassination of people whose business is books (scholars, librarians, authors) is an even more effective form of censorship?

Germany. An anti-Nazi horror show is drawing a great deal of attention in West Berlin. The stage of the Freie Volksbühne has been converted into a nightclub with a floor show that features all the alleged Hitlerian tortures five nights a week -- concentration camp victims hung upside down and beaten, forcible sterilization of women by injections of concrete, and much, much more. All the hate, all the pathos and bathos, all the overflowing minority racism that can be milked out of the Holocaust is poured into the paying customers. The show is in such excruciatingly bad taste that even prominent Jews have objected. It's the Auschwitz legend à la Las Vegas in the manner of an American TV game show and performed by actors dressed as clowns. The author of the material is a Jewish-Marxist degenerate named Peter Weiss, who rode out World War II safely and comfortably in Sweden.

* * *

The Jewish population of West Germany rose from 27,295 on Jan. 1, 1979, to 27,768 on Jan. 1, 1980. The rise was attributed to immigration from the Communist countries and to fifty-five conversions to Judaism. Only 900 Jews supposedly remain in East Germany. In a recent demonstration in West Berlin the Jewish Telegraphic Agency claimed Turkish workers carried signs proclaiming, "Kill the Jews."

* * *

The Social Democratic Party, the ruling political clique of West Germany, has proposed a bill that would make it a criminal offense to disseminate Nazi propaganda of the Hitler era. Up to now it has only been illegal to spread Nazi propaganda produced after the foundation of the Federal Republic. The bill also forbids the circulation of negative allegations about the Holocaust. Not included in the proposed legislation was a criminal penalty for stating that the Earth orbits the sun.

* * *

West German viewers were offered the following TV fare in March: The Entrapment, "the fate of a Jewish woman in the Third Reich" . . . The Boxer, "the tragic history of a Jewish family" . . . Hedwig Burgheim, "the Via Dolorosa of a Jewess."

Switzerland. Pastor Gerd Zikeli has condemned the solitary confinement of the 20th-century prisoner of Chillon, Rudolf Hess . . . questioned the Holocaust . . . written an article for a right-wing publication . . . refused to contribute to a pro-Communist relief organization. For all this his horrified parishoners asked Zikeli to resign. When he refused, he was fired. The elders of Zikeli's parish of Straubenzell apparently have a religious test that comprises not only a belief in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, but also in the Six Million.

Rhodesia. An *Instaurationist* reports: "I knew it!" "It was in the cards!" "It was obvious!" These are the kinds of postmortems that come from people who know everything after it has happened!

The truth is nobody, least of all Robert Mugabe himself, had the slightest inkling that he was going to be elected, let alone grab a majority of the seats in the Rhodesian Parliament. Even the Russians, who have backed him with substantial amounts of money, were surprised that his tactics worked so well.

What were these tactics?

1. One man, several votes. One Mugabe follower even boasted he had cast ten votes!
2. Children at age 11 and over voted.
3. Intimidation at the polling place. Many voters were warned, "Cock or death." A rooster is the Mugabe party symbol. Since U.N. observers did not speak the local dialect, they assumed that these words were some sort of tribal greeting.

The U.N. task force was a scared, cowardly bunch sent in for the sole purpose of "maintaining a presence." The brave and gallant troops were told that at the first sign of violence they would head back home on the first aircraft available. The last thing in

the world these incompetents wanted was to get involved in arguments or fights. As a result, they saw no evil at the voting booths.

It was surprising there were not more votes than voters. If anything proved the election was rigged, it was the size of the turnout. Nowhere in Africa has there ever been such a large outpouring of voters, least of all in a country like Rhodesia where transportation problems in some areas are insurmountable.

The whole world was in a state of euphoria after the sellout -- the euphoria that often precedes a mental breakdown. Let us not forget:

1. Mugabe is a very educated person who speaks very well.
2. The impact of his surprise win could be measured by the perked-up arrogance of black revolutionaries in Southwest and

South Africa. In Soweto a lot of people are starting to give the "thumbs-up" sign.

Comrade Mugabe has temporarily donned the mask of a moderate for some very compelling reasons:

1. He has no army to speak of, just a ragtailed band of terrorists. He must count on whites to create an army for him.
2. He hasn't the slightest notion about finances, so he must retain the whites to run the economy.
3. Without food, even guerrillas can't make it. Consequently, friendly noises have to be made to white farmers.
4. If he implements his Marxism too fast, he will jeopardize foreign aid and foreign investment.
5. Last but not least, his conduct in office will be dictated in part by his Communist allies. If he doesn't behave, a sud-

den terminal ailment might strike him, as happened to Angola's Neto.

The big danger for South Africa and for the rest of the world is to believe that Mugabe is a moderate. *He is not.* He is a ruthless Marxist con man.

It is impossible to conceive of a general election in Israel that would put Yasser Arafat in office as prime minister. The impossible happened in Rhodesia.

Note: Andrew Young, Averell Harriman and Prince Charles attended the ceremonies which inaugurated the rebarbarization of Rhodesia. There was the trace of a grin on Young's face as the Union Jack was hauled down.

Stirrings

Los Angeles. The second anti-Holocaust convention will be held in this city on August 1-3. The first, which took place last year, went over quite well and featured Arthur Butz, Robert Faurisson and other prominent revisionist historians. The sum of \$50,000 was offered to anyone who could prove there had been organized, mass gasings of Jews in so-called German death camps. So far, no takers. An advertisement reviewing the activities of the 1979 convention was submitted to *Reason*, *Libertarian Review* and *Inquiry* and was rejected by all three of these journals, which never cease boasting about their unmitigated devotion to freedom of expression.

This year's convention will again feature Robert Faurisson and will introduce to American audiences Ditleb Felderer, an up-and-coming Swedish demythologist who has probably spent more time and money investigating the Holocaust than anyone alive or dead. For reservations, write to Institute for Historical Review, P.O. Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505.

Kansas City, MO. We mentioned in a recent issue the new book by James M. Ennes, Jr., a retired naval officer who was wounded while on the bridge of the intelligence ship *U.S.S. Liberty* during the brutal and duplicitous attack by Israeli jets and torpedo boats. The book, entitled *Assault on the Liberty*, has been published by Random House (let us give the Devil his due). Now over the transom has come a similar work, *Pearl Harbor II*, by Jim Taylor, a fairly well-known Missouri reporter. Taylor's well-researched account of the attack delves into more of the historical background than Ennes does. The first chapter is a long, eye-opening study of Zionist cooperation with Nazi Germany be-

fore World War II, at the very time the rest of Jewry -- and the world -- were being ordered to boycott Hitler and all his works. Taylor also provides some fascinating details of the difficulties he had with government departments and federal agencies which are still frantically trying to cover up one of the most shameful episodes in American history. Even after the attempted destruction of the American naval vessel, the Israelis exerted such influence in Washington that they were able to censor the citation that accompanied the Congressional Medal of Honor awarded to the *Liberty's* heroic but still silent skipper, Commander W.L. McGonagle.

Both Ennes and Taylor agree that Israel tried to sink the *Liberty* because its communications gear was picking up proof that the Zionists were turning the 1973 war, a limited version of which had been "approved" by President Johnson, into a large-scale land grab.

If there was ever any doubt of the incredible hold of Zionism and Israel over American domestic and international affairs -- a situation probably unique in world history -- the attack on the *Liberty* and the attack's aftermath should dispel it. As the American Taxpayers League wrote:

Pearl Harbor II should be required reading for all U.S. taxpayers so they can learn how their money, in the hands of Israel, is used to wreak havoc, death and perhaps even the eventual destruction of mankind. This makes every American taxpayer a murderer by proxy. And these 80 senators who put Israel first and the U.S. second should have their American citizenship revoked. Then perhaps they could immigrate en masse to Israel.

Author Jim Taylor is owed a debt of grati-

tude by Majority members for being one of the few American writers with enough courage and fortitude (his life has been threatened several times) to tackle this subject. And one way to pay the debt is to order *Pearl Harbor II* from Midwest Publishing House, P.O. Box 27021, Sunny Slope Station, Kansas City, MO 64110. The cost of this handsomely printed, handsomely illustrated, 240-page hardcover book is \$12.95, plus 50¢ postage.

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Laird M. Wilcox, also of Kansas City, publishes a thorough, comprehensive and accurate directory of American rightist organizations. Recently he has drawn on this experience to produce a series of penetrating profiles of various right- and left-wing groups in the form of a bimonthly called *The Wilcox Report*.

The feature story in the first issue is a study of right-wing outfits that concentrate on pro-family, anti-pornography and anti-busing issues. Some forty organizations are listed, together with their officials, their proclaimed goals and their principal activities. The article adds up to a valuable reference work for those who want to get involved in this important lobbying effort. The second article, somewhat off the main theme, is titled, "One Hundred Secret Hiding Places In and Around the House." People who live in high crime areas (and who doesn't?) will probably be able to hang on to their more precious possessions a little longer, if they take note of this long category of places in the house where burglars are least likely to look. A third article casts a critical glance at some of the more active and nauseous left-wing organizations from Common Cause to the Communist party.

A year's subscription to *The Wilcox Report* costs \$24. It is published by Editorial Research Service, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, MO 64141.

Minnesota. The National Association for Gifted Children is holding its 1980 conference in St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 28 - Nov. 1. Since almost the entire emphasis of present-day American education is on the disadvantaged, the underachievers and the nongifted, this group offers one of the few means Majority members have of improving their children's education. (As any honest school teacher will admit, the ranks of the gifted are largely composed of the offspring of Majority parents.) Instaurationists who would like more information on this organization, which puts out an interesting quarterly, may write it at 217 Gregory Drive, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901. Congress, incidentally, enacted a law in 1978 providing \$28 million for gifted and talented children in 1979. Only \$6,280,000 was appropriated -- and a lot of this was wasted on bureaucratic paper shuffling and on such oxymoronic categories as "disadvantaged gifted," "learning disabled gifted," "hearing impaired gifted," "visual and performing arts gifted" and "American Indian gifted." Predictably, one of the first recipients of a federal grant for gifted children was Howard University.

France. Robert Faurisson, the University of Lyon professor who has been dragged into court in France for daring to question the Holocaust, has now come forth with a sizzling attack on the authenticity of the *Diary of Anne Frank*, one of the sacred books of world Jewry.

Faurisson, a specialist in literary criticism, has not only analyzed the Anne Frank tale comma by comma, but had a long interview with Otto Frank, the father, who made a fortune out of his daughter's "diary." On the basis of the internal evidence and from the confused answers elicited from Mr. Frank, Faurisson concludes, "the truth obliges me to say that the *Diary of Anne Frank* is nothing but a calculated fraud."

Faurisson's extended literary detective work, running to 55 pages and profusely illustrated, was published in a new book *Vérité Historique ou Vérité Politique?* by Serge Thion, a left-wing French reporter, who has decided that the persecution of the university professor has made a mockery of France's cherished "rights of man." Those who dispute Faurisson will not debate him. They only harass him and attempt to silence him by prolonged litigation and threats of violence. After reviewing the whole sad

story of the Faurisson affair, Thion states that only one of Faurisson's critics has provided the basis for a sensible and intelligent debate on the Holocaust. Let Faurisson state his case without fear, says Thion, and let his opponents state theirs. Then let the public -- and history -- decide who is right.

The book also contains a French translation of Faurisson's article on the Holocaust in the respected Italian magazine *Storia*, in which he articulated for the first time all the evidence he has collected over the years to prove that gas chambers for the mass extermination of Jews never existed. Also included is Faurisson's detailed examination of a gas chamber in a Maryland prison. By reviewing the complications and dangers faced by prison authorities in the gassing of one man, he demonstrates the impossibility of gassing thousands, not to say millions, on a round-the-clock basis in war-ravaged Poland.

For Instaurationists who read French, *Vérité Historique ou Vérité Politique?* (300 pages, index) may be ordered from the French distributor -- Labyrinthe, 22, rue Rambuteau 75003 Paris, France. The price was not marked on the copy received by *Instauration*.

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A Frenchman who writes under the wolfish pseudonym of Saint-Loup seems to have forgotten who won World War II. By means of novel after novel extolling the courage of the Germans and their Dutch, Belgian and French collaborators, particularly on the Russian Front, he advances the argument that in the long run it is the brave who triumph, even if they lose the battle. In *Les SS de la Toison d'Or* (The SS of the Golden Fleece) Saint-Loup recounts an incident in a small town in East Prussia, just before it was abandoned to the ravaging, rapist hordes of FDR's and Truman's dear Uncle Joe. The German girls had one last favor to ask the soldiers of the SS division. "Please," they begged, "get us pregnant." Only this would prevent them from being impregnated by the largely Mongoloid troops during the sexual rampage that always went hand in hand with the arrival of the Soviet liberators.

In many of his novels Saint-Loup leaves his readers with the impression that secret SS centers are busy plotting and conniving to take over the world. One SS headquarters is in deepest Siberia where it flourishes under the protection of a pro-Nazi member of the Russian Politburo. Another is in southern France and is partly staffed with the remnants of the Cathars, who count on Hitlerian expertise to avenge the papal crusade which

all but wiped them out seven centuries ago.

The moral seems to be *Vae Victoriibus*. It's enough to give the ADL the shivers.

* * *

Pierre Maurer, former dean of the faculty of medicine at a leading French medical school, couldn't contain himself last year during a student strike and burst out with the scorching confession:

I am a racist. Why is it so bad to be a Nazi? There is nothing shocking about it. When I say I am a racist, I mean I am for the elite, for the few.

That was just about the end of the good professor, who soon retired. A Jewish organization immediately sued him for 50,000 francs on the grounds of racial provocation. To the astonishment of the Jews a French tribunal ruled against the plaintiffs and even ordered them to pay court costs. The judges noted, however, that though no legal basis existed for the charge of provocation, there was "an apology for war crimes," which since the "Liberation" has been a criminal offense in *douce* -- and once highly tolerant -- France. It was indicated that the Jews would have made more headway if they had litigated on this tack.

Cracow, Poland. Walentyn Badylak, 76, after flaunting a placard accusing the Soviet army of massacring several thousand Polish officers at Katyn, chained himself to a fire hydrant and doused himself with four cans of gasoline. The police rushed in, but too late. Badylak beat them to the draw with a match. When they managed to put out the fire, all that was left was a carbonized body. Later, passersby silently dropped bouquets of flowers on the spot Badylak had chosen to make his final statement.

In spite of Poland's Communist puppets, who never mention it, and albeit the world press still, though with more and more misgivings, generally follows the original Stalin-esque, Churchillian and *New York Times* lie that it was the work of the Nazis, Katyn just won't go away.

All we hear about are fictitious Holocausts. The real, proven one, is still mostly taboo, even though it has been an open secret for about 40 years and though a definitive book has been written about it -- *Katyn* by Louis FitzGibbon, Noon Tide Press, 1979. There is even a memorial to the 14,500 Polish officers murdered by the Soviets in Hounslow, London.

The Polish government has turned Auschwitz into a museum, but has erected no monument to the victims of Katyn. Their ostracized remains still lie unsung in unmarked fields.