

δύστανε, μείρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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**ALBERTO
VARGAS,
NON-NORDIC
CONNOISSEUR
OF NORDIC
BEAUTY**

The Safety Valve

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

Reading a whole batch of Instaurations en bloc and cover to cover during the past several weeks has brought home once again what a miracle the journal really is. Each issue is a cornucopia of information and insights, all of it written in prose that is sparkling, compelling and, most important, spiritually sustaining. If ever our race emerges from the dark age through which we are now passing, nothing will deserve more credit for our renaissance than Instauration and the stout souls behind it. 522

What's the worst thing about being an Instaurationist? The knowledge that most of your friends consider you odd for expressing thoughts that, in the wrong hands, could hurt you. These friends don't understand that a body that doesn't react is a corpse. 111

Here are my first reactions to reading about the Mermelstein settlement. Many conservatives fail to see the ultimate damage such a settlement brings. The Institute for Historical Review might as well close up shop. It should have fought to the bitter end. That's the name of the game. Most importantly, the Holocaust story is now part of history. How can we convince anyone of this hoax when we are faced with the surrender to Mermelstein? Maybe Mel knew what he was doing. You only defeat his type when you convince him that you are in the battle for keeps. Then he starts to worry. Kids call this game "chicken." Guess the IHR never played it. 606

I read that actresses are saying they will refuse to kiss actors suspected of being gay. Now that the ladies are "on their case," the gays don't stand a chance. Crazy, huh? 912

Enjoyed immensely Cholly's article on the late E.B. White (July 1985). Some serious intellectual work going on here. Sad to think what a tiny percentage of Americans have even a clue to the idea Cholly is discussing. 721

What a perfectly accurate description of the mestizo in "Mexico on the Brink" (July 1985). The author must be a native of my part of the country. 777

The concise, even-handed piece on Mencken in your July issue reminded me of the experience I just had while visiting the Mencken House in Baltimore. It has been refurbished and open to the public since last year. Volunteer guides take visitors through the dwelling, where they may gaze upon the chair where Clarence Darrow sat being catechized by Mencken before the Scopes trial, and even leaf through the rare and fascinating books in the great man's upstairs library.

On the day I visited -- wouldn't you know it? -- the guide was a young Jewess with an ideological axe to grind. Not only did she pass on to us some erroneous facts in her nonstop commentary on Menckena, but she felt called upon to say things like "Oh, sure, Mencken was an anti-Semite" and "He was wrong about Aryans, who are essentially Middle Eastern Mediterranean and Semitic in origin." When I politely objected, she moved on to other subjects. 205

Thank you for the articles, "Back to the Land" and "A Word to the Unwise" (June 1985). Here is a good example of leadership, providing wisdom and advice for people who are in desperate need of such. You said that violence for "outs" is only politically expedient when the "ins" rule by violence. I wish you had added, "or when an economic crash occurs in which law and order are breaking down or have broken down." This leads to the questioning of your statement that the U.S. will exist in the late 21st century. In my opinion, the country will have an economic collapse which will be declared a National Emergency. Civil war or race war will break out and martial law will be established. This will mark the end of the country as we have known it. 902

Why are books that deal with certain aspects of history seized from the mails? Why was The Hoax of the Twentieth Century burned? Who authorized the burning? In each case, why was the defense for Ernst Zündel and Jim Keegstra not allowed to question the men and women who were chosen for the jury? Why did the governments of Ontario and Alberta prosecute Zündel and Keegstra? Was the government in each case the offended party? Why isn't the identifiable group that claims to be offended taking these two accused to court and paying for their own court expenses? Isn't it true that Zündel, Keegstra, their attorney and researcher have been subjected to humiliating treatment both inside and outside the halls of justice? Furthermore, have not these people's lives been threatened? Are not the charges that Zündel "published false news" and Keegstra "incited racial hatred" in violation of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which guarantees free expression and to which Canada is a signatory? Does not Canada's Charter of Rights also guarantee free expression? Canadian subscriber

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□ When the IHR challenged Mermelstein to prove that "a single Jew was gassed to death during the Holocaust," it should have known that it would not be very difficult to drum up a few Jews who would testify they had seen gasings "with their own eyes." That alone would have been acceptable proof to a U.S. court, particularly in these pro-Semitic times. If one needs to challenge the Holocaust, let somebody prove: (1) the German government during WWII had an official extermination policy for Jews, and (2) six million Jews were deliberately put to death.

917

□ Many of us are impatient to be involved in some sort of political action. I agree with Instauration that nothing much can be done until some national disaster, such as an economic collapse, occurs. But it is also true that we must be prepared. As far down as we are, it could be a purely defensive organization. By defensive actions we could possibly raise consciousness among our own people (the underdog syndrome) and thus call some attention to the terrible plight facing some Majority members. Why don't we learn a lesson from history's best survivors, the Jews? I am thinking of a Majority anti-defamation league with a core of lawyers who defend or sue when Majority members get unjustly treated or maligned. Cases should be carefully and meticulously selected. The individual, contrary to the obsession of our present legal system, should be of secondary importance. No cases that smack of "bigotry" or blatant racism should be undertaken. The wisest and safest legal action would be the defense of a Majority member who was slandered as a white person.

745

□ Few would dispute the irrefutable fact that the U.S. was founded and made great by Northern European Christians. Yet today the genetic descendants of these creators find themselves politically and culturally enslaved to the age-old foe of their faith -- the descendants of the very people who murdered its founder. Adding insult to injury, they also find themselves morally blackmailed into denying that the murderers were culpable. Therefore, were Jesus to return today and threaten the Jews' status quo -- this time in America and the West -- can any rational person doubt for a moment that they would kill Him again? The only question remaining is, would these same so-called Christians who profess His divinity so devotedly, again excuse His murder, this time on the grounds of anti-Semitism?

782

□ Since the U.S. is being flooded with the lowest elements of mud people from the Third World, perhaps some white South Africans ought to be given the chance to become instant Americans. It is well known, or it should be, that there are many mail-order firms that offer Asian and Latin brides to American men for a fee. Is anyone out there in Instaurationland interested in organizing a mail-order club that would match up single white South Africans with single American Majority members?

031

□ Are Instaurationists by definition rebels since they want to change the status quo? If so, then they really have no right to complain when they encounter hostility. Che Guevara knew, for instance, that his enemies didn't play by the rules. Strangely enough, we might have more in common with Che than we think. We are fighting the same crowd.

306

□ I am in a university sociology class composed of 5 blacks, 6 Vietnamese and 29 whites. The professor took a poll: "How many of you believe that we should mix races to form just one race?" One black abstained by saying the earth would be better off without any people. I voted consistent with the preservation of all peoples. The remaining 38 voted to mix. The lone black was complimented for his wise and thoughtful assessment of man's shortcomings. I was chastised for "being some kind of a Nazi."

056

□ I've sat back and listened to all the wailing about the IHR's "betrayal" in the Mermelstein affair -- it should have fought to the death, never given up, left no stone unturned to defeat Mermelstein and his outrageous lawsuit, etc. Well, I would bet that probably not one of you wailers has ever come remotely close to a lawsuit, a courtroom, a judge or anything connected with our "justice" system, which has nothing to do with justice and everything to do with who you are, who you know and prevailing "public opinion." Let me assure you, it bears no resemblance to Perry Mason. The Brotherhood fights dirty. The only mistake the IHR made was to offer the \$50,000 reward in the first place. If it had understood how our society and courts work against (not for) us, it would never have tendered the reward and thus given one of the Chosen a chance to try and put it out of business (the real purpose of the lawsuit). If Mr. Mermelstein was "financially strapped after five years," what do you think the IHR was? Mr. Mermelstein had the entire Jewish community at his disposal, plus all kinds of Jewish organizations which could (and did) proffer money, help and encouragement. The IHR was holding on to its bootstraps trying to fight not only them, but the establishment as well. From the very beginning there was never a chance of winning the case. What the IHR should have done, if it was indeed a "betrayal," was simply settle the suit immediately the week after it was filed and slink off. It chose not to take this route, and it used much of its resources (human and financial) for five long years fighting the good fight. What would you have them do -- just write a check for the balance in their bank account and go out of business? Whatever you may think of the IHR, at least it exists and, as long as it exists, it can accomplish something for our side. Out of existence it helps our cause not one whit. And tell me, all you blubberers, would you have spent five years of your lives and your resources doing the same thing? But you're all too eager to cry "betrayal -- foul" when someone else has been risking his health and his pocketbook. Well, next time anyone out there cares to take on Mr. Chosen, in his bailiwick, playing with his cards and his dice and his rules, let me know.

327

□ Wow! Absolutely first-rate stuff from Cholly in June and July issues. To be honest with you, I was growing a bit tired of his satires, even though they always had their share of provocative points. What a wonderful and welcome change of pace he provided us. The June essay did a masterful job of analyzing one of the key aspects of Majority dispossession, the terrible failure of our elite. With the obsessive preoccupation of the Majority middle class with economic security, the sputtering torch of racialism has been left solely in the hands of the lower middle class. As a result, the liberal-minority coalition has had a field day for half a century.

121

□ As more and more comes out about AIDS and its victims, there seems to be a prevalence of minority types, whether they be researchers, victims (except those traced to blood transfusions and drug injections) or those demanding more federal and state money. The Dallas Morning News (July 1) had an article on AIDS by medical writer Rita Rubin. Of the 5,000 AIDS deaths, most came about from diseases such as Kaposi's sarcoma and a lung disease, which triumph over the weakened immune systems. Rubin writes, "Usually, Kaposi's sarcoma is seen only in older men of Mediterranean or Eastern European Jewish descent . . ." On Face the Nation (July 28), Representative Waxman (D-CA) said the cost in insurance and to the government would be an estimated \$1.25 billion for the present 9,000 AIDS victims. On the same program it was revealed that Rock Hudson made a movie two years ago in Israel.

752

□ We regularly hear that Zionists and Zionist-pandering commentators (e.g., George Will) denounce the PLO for having created a "state-within-a-state" in Lebanon -- a disruptive and dangerous one at that. Implicit in this argument is the unstated assumption that Israel "did Lebanon a favor" by invading and attacking the PLO (at the cost of nearly 20,000 lives). There are two intriguing aspects to this argument, which are curiously overlooked. First of all, just why were the Palestinians in Lebanon in the first place? Better not think too hard about that one. Secondly, who are the ultimate "state-within-a-staters" to criticize such a relatively pale reflection of this practice? After all, Majority members were just recently able to witness during the Bitburg fiasco that "state-within-a-state" raise its snarling head in America.

908

□ Scientific American (May 1985) reports that break-dancers are prone to injuries and strains that damage, block or sever the seminal vesicles. Cheer up!

811

MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

Nominations for Majority Renegade of the Year are now being accepted. If your nominee is not well known, it would be helpful if you could include some newspaper clippings or other biographical info.

The Safety Valve

□ A confirmed sighting! A Stone Age Australoid male with his mate, an attractive red-haired Nordic female, shopping for baby food at the Price Chopper grocery store, Bailey's Crossroads, Alexandria (VA)! His skin was like old shoe leather. The heavy beetle-brow. The fleshy, wrap-around nose. The massive, protruding jaws. The yellow, vacant eyes. The dim, proto-mammalian brain behind them. What a specimen! What a lesson in paleoethnology! What revelations! The comedy and the tragedy of it! Her God has answered her prayers with a practical joke. Love conquers all -- race, creed, culture, language, caste, national borders, penicillin, long division, the wheel, amber waves of grain, beauty, grace, intellect -- and, more important, good taste. The metamorphosis. Man into beast in two generations! The symbolism! From the stars to the cave in a quarter-century, from astronaut to troglodyte in an evolutionary eyeblink!

America, you are finished! Just leave me a spear and a bag of meat. Then pull the plug.

223

□ All praise to the Safety Valve. It activates us to think, even stirs some of us to write. I hope Instauration subscribers will not take up the totally wrong thinking of Zip 205 (July 1985). There would be no white race today if all white women had such attitudes.

902



□ Ernst Zündel of Toronto, Canada, faces imprisonment and/or deportation for his courageous questioning of the Holocaust. Jim Keegstra of Alberta, Canada, has been fined \$5,000 for a similar thought crime. And we all know of the incredible travail of Professor Robert Faurisson of France. But now, the Big Daddy of them all, the Institute for Historical Review of Torrance (CA) has fled the battlefield in disarray.

Mel Mermelstein, who sued the IHR for breach of contract and mental suffering, after it had denied him the \$50,000 then being offered for proof of the existence of any gas chambers during WWII, had submitted as "evidence" the following declaration dated Dec. 18, 1980: "After my liberation, I returned to my home town only to discover that I was the sole survivor of my entire family. After a thorough search, as well as numerous inquiries of friends and neighbors who were initially with my mother and two sisters at Birkenau, I was given detailed accounts of their fate at Birkenau by eyewitnesses at the camp who observed the selection of gassing at Birkenau."

This may constitute evidentiary proof in a Soviet show trial, but in the U.S. it is considered "hearsay" (gossip). Now compare the above declaration with Mr. Mermelstein's deposition five years later, given on Jan. 8, 1985: "I saw with these two eyes how those men, women and little children were lured and driven into the gas chambers at Auschwitz-Birkenau and the exact time, the date, everything. I saw my own mother and two sisters as well."

Nonetheless, \$90,000 has been awarded to Mermelstein and a letter of apology has been written to him and "all other survivors of Auschwitz" as part of an out-of-court settlement. Understandably, Mermelstein immediately crowed to the media, "This is definitely a total, unconditional surrender . . . a victory for all civilized people."

When I contacted the IHR about this, I was assured that the settlement had "saved" the group; that when the matter is explained to everyone, everyone will understand. I was also told the IHR only acknowledged that judicial notice had been taken of the Holocaust. Omitted was the fact that an apology was to be tendered. When I asked about Mermelstein's desire to settle out of court, I was told that Mermelstein was being wrung out, emotionally and financially, having pursued the matter for almost five years, during which time he had to take out a loan on his house to meet the ongoing costs. If the man was on his knees, what does the IHR do? It picks him up, dusts him off and apologizes for offending him and all other survivors!

I am confident that I reflect not only the deep sadness and despair, but the sense of betrayal of those who supported the IHR so long and faithfully, not only through letters to its editors and extensive financial support, but as companions in this battle "to bring history into accord with the facts." I, for one, have terminated all association with the IHR and have demanded remittance of my subscription to the Journal.

926

□ The real racial nightmare will begin in this country when the various Unassimilables start interbreeding. Have you ever seen a black-Korean hybrid? They look like something from another planet. The creation of such a polyglot mix totally lacking in biocultural identity spells an even swifter and more certain doom for America than does the presence of large groups of racially intact Unassimilables, such as is now the case.

023

□ High-quality people cannot survive and reproduce their kind in a low-quality environment, though low-quality people certainly can proliferate in a high-quality environment (which won't remain high much longer, however). That is the key to the present human predicament in a nutshell. As Darwin, Huxley and their colleagues constantly insisted, "survival of the fittest" says nothing about quality, in any real sense of the word. Trashy plant and animal species are increasingly proliferating in our junkier urban areas at the expense of pleasant, attractive species, and there is no reason why human breeds should be exempt from the pattern. Unless there is a "Quality Revolution" in the West sometime in the next 50 years, our civilization will inevitably be reduced to a noisy, polluted, biologically impoverished wasteland filled with vicious, mongrelized humans. Why can't more of the ecology-conscious folks at the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club grasp that race is a key element in the ecosphere?

604

□ Zip 205 was rather interesting in July. Her description of Majority males as deracinated wimps was generally accurate. I would therefore suggest a trip to southern California, and an appointment with Robert Graham's Sperm Bank. She could then do exactly what widowed Nordic mothers have been doing since time began. She could raise a quality child alone. In fact, a male child imbued with her values might give us Majority activists what we've all been waiting for (the "downward suck of unnatural selection" serving only to strengthen the resolve of such a person). But alas, it will never happen. For when we read of being "brought up amid high standards of culture and achievement," it's a sure bet that this equates with high social status. When she laments an inability to guarantee her offspring "anywhere near the same richness," we know she's reluctant to descend a class or two, even if reproduction depends on it. And then her comment about the good men being broke, "too broke to provide adequately for children," must be seen against the background of Third World types producing clouds of offspring on almost no money at all. Surely she could sacrifice some of what she has for the sake of having one or two children herself. But she won't. To bear a child under less than ideal circumstances would be to compromise her standing in the world she was raised in. So she declines to reproduce because her interests were never racial, but revolved around her sex and its demand that social status be enhanced, or at least maintained, at any price.

113

To Zip 302 (childless male Instaurationist). Are you a neophyte racist? Have you not yet acquired the necessary attitude of heroic resignation? In the early stages of racialism, the impulse toward lofty ideals is particularly strong. Later on, this impulse characteristically weakens, as all the threads that bind the racist to society begin slowly to unravel. Eventually the racist comes to a crossroads that will decide his whole character. With luck, his youthful idealism evolves into a cheerful, proud, middle-aged imperturbability.

To become a true racist means to reach a state of spiritual equilibrium, Stoicism in heart and mind, defiant composure in the direst straits. An inveterate racist comforts himself with the thought, "Things could be worse," and always expects things to become worse. And gives no further thought to the future. No, one must not look to unborn generations for hope of racial Instauration. It's much too late for that. Instead, one must acquire a stable, indifferent frame of mind. One must first discover Truth (a long and arduous journey), and then place oneself beyond frustration, anger, reproachfulness, hope, despair, until one sees only . . . the humor! That is the racist's road to maturity and contentment in the Modern Age.

Like it or not, Zip 205's (July) calculations represent the prevalent attitude among Washington's childless young sophists. Simply put, they're spoiled. Spoiled to a degree that would be utterly incomprehensible to their pioneer ancestors. Yet this should be cause for neither sadness nor anger. Rather, one must recall the maxim: Things could be worse -- and things shall get worse. And you, my son, shall rejoice in the face of tragedy! For the most spiritual human beings, assuming they are the most courageous, also experience by far the most painful tragedies. But it is precisely for this reason that they honor life, because it brings against them its most formidable weapons (Nietzsche).

Yes, we are all victims of the Modern Age. But let's not bitch about it. Complaining is never of any use; it stems from weakness. Let us instead be the first to summon the rest to the path of bravery and good cheer. Like Beowulf, we'll spit in the Monster's eye and greet our destiny with a smile on our lips. Amor fati!

Nug . . . 223

I personally find it useful to send photocopies of interesting items in Instauration, with or without a covering note. For instance, I sent the article on the Olympics (June 1985) to various sporting bodies without a covering note. The fact that one page included an item on the trend back to nature and away from nurture behind the Iron Curtain was a happy coincidence. Interest in the Olympic tables of results would no doubt induce the recipient to read the other article and perhaps be influenced by it. I also sent a copy of the Olympics article to the East German Embassy with a covering note, pointing out how well East Germany had done in the competition. I received an effusive letter of thanks together with some of their sports magazines. I wonder what they made of the nature-nurture article on the same page, especially as several of the people quoted in it were East Germans.

British subscriber

The new boys at England's National Front (June issue) must face up to the role of the monarchy. Its very reason for being is to counter the regionalism they desire. Who knows the republican sentiment in that green and pleasant land? What is your position on this, Mr. Nick Griffin?

450

Amos Oz, the Israeli writer, recently remarked that there is no word for "fiction" in Hebrew. This may be a key to why Jews write such hallucinatory history. If fact, delusion, illusion, imagination, speculation, fairy tales and outright invention all have the same value, it is no wonder they can come up with something like that Crazy Old Book, which has screwed up the world for several thousand years. No wonder they can dream up such apparitions as their precious Six Million. Even Reitlinger, the author along with Hilberg, of their two main Holocaust scriptures, cautioned against taking verbatim East European Jewry's fanciful and imaginative looseness with numbers and statistics. Maybe most everything else they pretend is fact should be examined in the same light. Just because they have no word for fiction does not mean they can't produce it under other guises and without ever alluding to the likelihood they are fabricating the entire flapdoodle.

809

Most of the agit-prop about South Africa comes from people who have never set foot in the country. Pure emotion. What is never answered is why, if conditions there are so deplorable, do thousands of job-seeking black Africans migrate to the RSA each year?

910

As I predicted at the moment of her arraignment, Sydney Biddle Barrows, the so-called Mayflower Madam, was destined to become a celebrity. Zoo City gossipmongers have recently reported seeing her in all the right places, saying all the right things, to all the right people. Clairvoyance is not needed to predict what comes next. A major house will soon publish her biography (ghostwritten, of course). Swifty Lazar will become her literary agent. She'll appear on TV talk shows and make the book a best seller. Millions of couch potatoes will be impressed with her appearance, and so conclude that this procuress of Nordic prostitutes was really a proper lady after all. This will result in Penthouse or Playboy offering her a monthly column. She will write on "Manners and Etiquette." But why go on? The lesson for Majority females is already crystal clear. Betray your race in the profoundest way possible, and the minority-oriented media will make you famous, rich and respectable again.

311

It was a joy to read "Back to the Land" (June 1985), not so joyful to read Zip 205's letter (July '85). Should Instauration act as a clearing-house for Majority males and females getting together to return to our rural heritage, you'll have my support and participation. I admit, however, that most of the women I meet nowadays have no desire for farm life, regardless of its many benefits. I keep looking, though. I need only find one to fulfill my dreams!

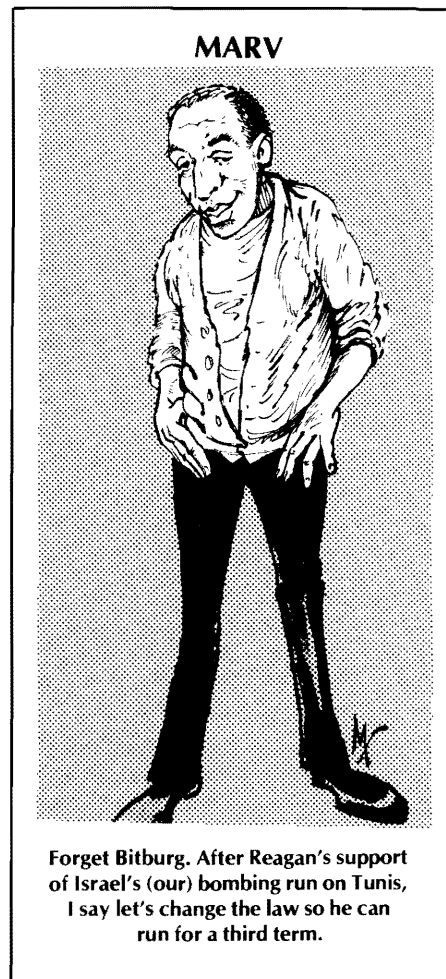
287

There's no particular reason why Instaurationists should unite on issues unrelated to the present racial crisis. But maybe our network of activists will make a special exception in the case of Halley's Comet. Tens of millions of young people living in our metro areas do not even know what a beautiful starry sky looks like (not 20 stars, or 200, but the thousands of bright and dim points which should be visible). There will probably be a nationwide campaign this winter to turn out all but a few emergency lights in some of our larger cities for at least one night so that people may view the comet. The urbanites will probably be so dazzled by the sight of a real starry sky that many will demand a repeat performance once a year. The approach of Halley's Comet may be our last chance to start such a worthy tradition. True, there will be some minority looting and hell-raising during the blackout, but that will simply focus added attention on the race problem. As one whose favorite word is "starlight," for reasons never fully discerned, I implore beauty-minded Instaurationists to pressure their city and town governments to turn out the lights at least for Halley's Comet!

202

What good would it do the South to separate from the U.S.? South Africans are independent of the U.S. What good has it done them?

300



ALBERTO VARGAS, CONNOISSEUR OF NORDIC BEAUTY

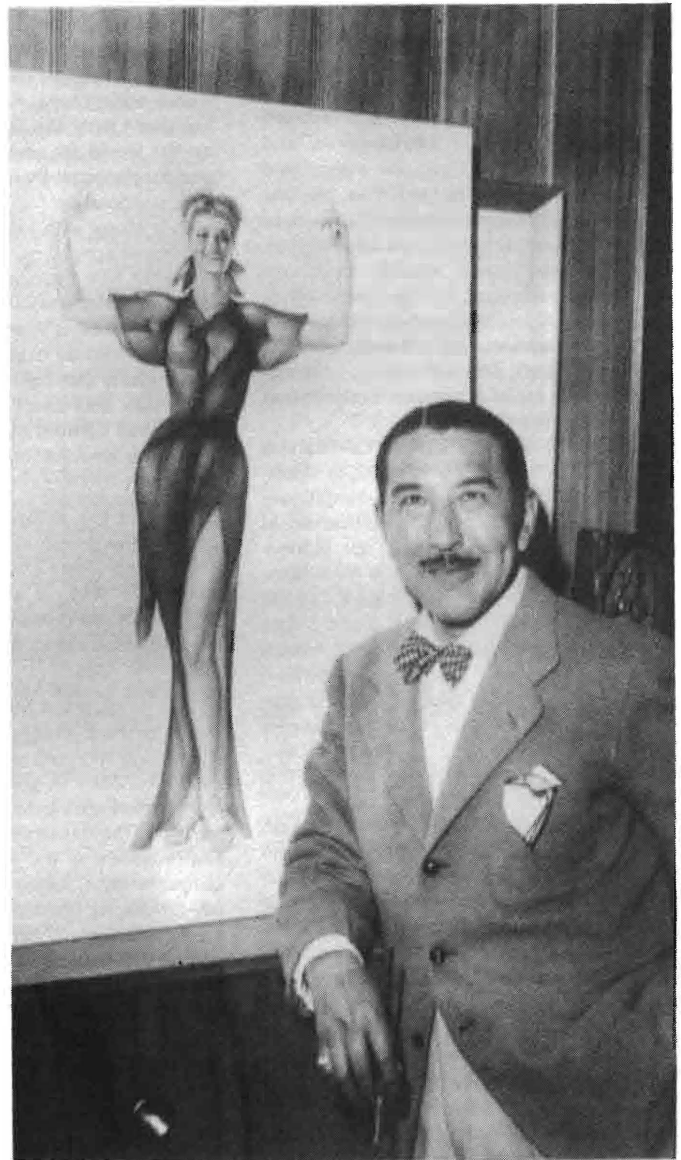
In his 1906 book *Studies in the Psychology of Sex: Sexual Selection in Man*, Havelock Ellis described how European standards of feminine beauty were accepted in most parts of the world, especially among individuals of recognized taste. He cited, for example, the findings of the German scientist of beauty, C.H. Stratz:

Where in Japan [Stratz] found that among . . . Japanese beauties . . . his dragoman, a Japanese of low birth, selected as the most beautiful those which displayed markedly the Japanese type with narrow-slitted eyes and broad nose. When he sought the opinion of a Japanese photographer, who called himself an artist and had some claim to be so considered, the latter selected as most beautiful three Japanese girls who in Europe also would have been considered pretty.

In light of the foregoing, the career of Alberto Vargas may not have been altogether anomalous. Born on February 9, 1896, in the Peruvian mountain city of Arequipa, Joaquin Alberto Vargas y Chavez shared the features of his Inca ancestors, "with a slight nod to the Spanish conquerors," as his biographer, Reid Austin, puts it. Alberto was the eldest son of Max Vargas, a highly successful portrait and landscape photographer with studios in Arequipa and La Paz, Bolivia, whose studies of the town of Cuzco won a gold medal in Paris in 1911.

On his trip to Europe that year, Max Vargas deposited Alberto and Max Jr. in Geneva, the one for a photographic apprenticeship, the other to study banking and finance. After 15 years spent in the Peruvian highlands, with its short, squat, dark and heavy-featured inhabitants, life in the Nordic-filled, upper-class districts of Paris, Zurich and Geneva came as a thrilling revelation to young Alberto, who, like artistic young men of almost every race, intuited that feminine forms which are tall, delicate and fair *must* be "metaphysically significant," to use Richard McCulloch's phrase -- or, in blunter language, "worth hanging around." Yet it was only in 1916, when Alberto reached New York City, that the full beauty of "Las Gringas" overwhelmed him. As he first approached Broadway, he would later recall, the clock struck noon: "From every building came torrents of girls . . . I had never seen anything like it . . . Hundreds of girls with an air of self-assuredness and determination that said, 'Here I am, how do you like me?'"

These were not the young women one typically encounters on the streets of Manhattan today, but the much more "thoroughbred" goldiggers of an earlier day in Gotham's history -- the kind who later set their sights on places like California. Alberto could not stop looking. Returning to Peru was now out of the question. He must devote his life to portraying the charms of these beauties -- not in the



Vargas and his "Miss Universe" (circa 1948)

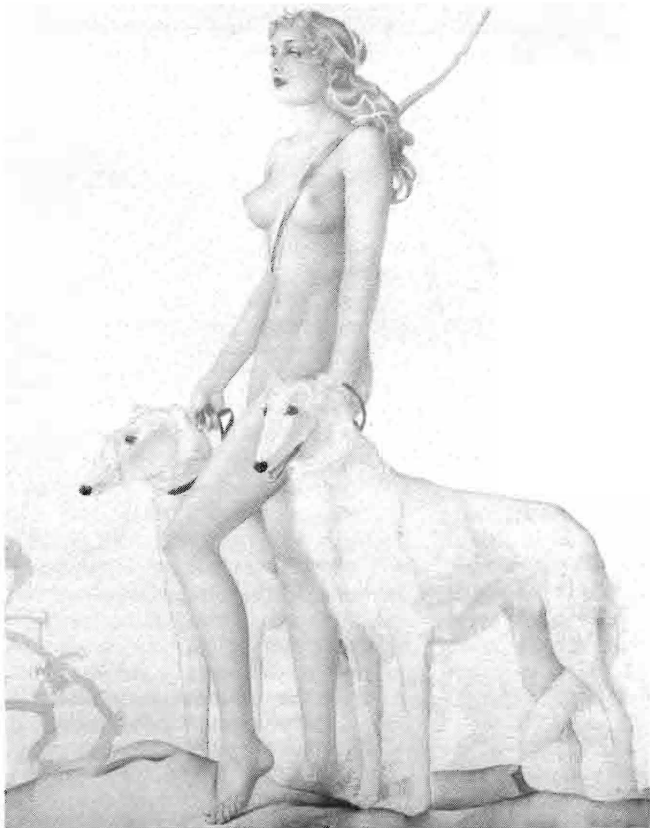
realms of "high art," to which he had never aspired, but in the flourishing field of popular illustration, where he would take his place in the affluent second tier of talent, with such famous names as Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham and Norman Rockwell.

The Alberto Vargas story is ably and succinctly told by Reid Austin in *Vargas*, published in 1978 by Harmony Books and now available in paperback. Two hundred illustrations, more than 60 in full color, bring home this Indio's astonishing Nordic fixation. On the jacket blurb, it says that "Reid Austin fell in love with the work of Vargas on a Boy Scout scrap drive in 1944." With all due respect

to the artist, it would probably be more accurate to say that the young Austin "fell in love" with his glamorous, at times almost clone-like subjects. Vargas was at the peak of his fame in 1944, when his "Varga [no 's'] girls," the center-fold illustrations of *Esquire* each month, decorated the barracks and bunkers of GIs from Anzio to Saipan. Earlier, Vargas had known fame briefly as the illustrator for the Ziegfeld Follies, and fame returned a third time in the sixties and early seventies, when his "Vargas [with an 's'] girls," now fully undraped for the first time, became a hit in the pre-gynecological days of *Playboy*.

Among the nearly 200 women pictured in *Vargas*, all but a handful are pure or nearly pure Nordic in race. The rest are of other white breeds, including the lovely "Peruvian Girl," drawn in 1920. The sole exception is a drawing of a young, Afro-coiffed but pixie-featured mulattress, from *Playboy* (Sept. 1971), which, Austin implies, was demanded of poor Alberto by his new employer, Hugh Hefner.

Most of Vargas's Nordics are more or less of the "aristocratic" type, and the discerning Inca's consciousness of breed -- human and non-human -- is nowhere more apparent than in a painting called "Diana," originally done about 1930, which appeared in the March 1941 issue of *Esquire* (but with the girl discreetly attired in a long green gown, painted onto her as an overlay).



Diana (circa 1930)

The racial tastes of Alberto Vargas extended to his personal life. In 1930, he married Anna Mae Clift, a slender, strawberry-blond beauty from Soddy, Tennessee. They never had children, and one would like to imagine that it was because Vargas insisted privately, "Our love must end with us. This country doesn't need a bunch of confused

young half-breeds wandering about." Knowing human nature, however, this is an almost fantastic surmise. In any case, the Vargas "kids," as they were called, were a pair of wirehaired terriers named Poocho and Jitters.



Mr. and Mrs. Vargas in their December years

Anna Mae had been a show girl and haute couture mannequin when Alberto met her in 1917. With his shyness and Victorian manners, he called her Miss Clift for six years. The 1920s were good for Vargas, and he indulged his twin passions for books and fine clothing. Generous to a fault, he often worked for free or forgot to collect fees. When the Depression brought lean years, he moved to Hollywood in 1934 to do elevations or "visuals" for movie sets. All this ended abruptly in September 1939, when Vargas joined in a union walkout and was henceforth blackballed as a "Communist." (He was, in fact, a dedicated leftist).

Nine desperate months followed, until he signed his first contract with *Esquire* (June 1940). The war years found him working like a dog -- a happy one -- for owner-publisher David Smart, often putting in 16- and 18-hour days, and greatly enriching his boss. Smart ripped him off shamelessly: the ever-trusting Vargas had neglected to read the fine print on his 1940 and 1944 contracts. The result was years of bitter, expensive and futile litigation which all but destroyed Alberto and Anna Mae. The author of this article could hardly suppress a small cheer when he learned about Smart's premature death in 1952. Eight years later, Hugh Hefner (himself a former employee of *Esquire*) performed a rare good deed when he rescued the aging Vargases from debt and despair.

The truly extraordinary thing about the book, *Vargas* -- and so many others like it -- is that it nowhere so much as hints at the racial makeup of the artist's chosen subjects. In one or two places, it is remarked that the "Varga" (1940s) and "Vargas" (1960s) girls are "so typical of the American girl." There was some truth to that in the 1940s, less in the 1960s, and still less when the book appeared in 1978.

Today, when oversized, full-color books of America's national parks or colonial homes appear, there is invariably an impassioned plea inside somewhere to "save our

priceless heritage." Those who enjoy visual treasures have a duty to see to it their descendants may likewise enjoy them. Yet this Conservation Ethic has totally broken down in the single case of human beauty. As a friend once put it, "Everyone acts today as if blondes grow on trees!" Well, if they do, the trees must surely be redwoods, because *Homo sapiens europaeus nordicus*, like the mighty *Sequoia sempervirens*, is a fast-vanishing life form.

Madison Grant founded the Save-the-Redwoods League, and this creation of his remains strong enough to purchase full-page ads in *Newsweek* (*Instauration*, Oct. 1985). Yet Grant's more important "Save-the-Nordics" work, which galvanized America in the 1920s, is widely vilified today, and nowhere more so than in publications like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, which reap millions for their owners from the continued existence of the Nordic female.

Despite his leftism, Alberto Vargas may have sensed in his latter years that something was desperately wrong in the field of racial demographics. After all, the Peruvian Nordic-lover had seen southern California's dominant population group shift from light-white to brown over the course of the four decades he resided in Hollywood. Who knows how he felt about this population shift? He was a painter, not a writer.

But his biographer, Reid Austin, himself a virile-looking blond, should have risked pointing out that Vargas had spent his life depicting what, in fact, is an "endangered species." Without making at least a token remark in that direction, Austin -- like Hefner and so many others -- resembles somewhat in attitude those nineteenth-century hunters who slaughtered vast herds of buffalo for the sole purpose of savoring their tongues.

The Aesthetic Prop Still Operates

at Full Throttle in Strange Places



(left) A popular Passover card

(right) The Irish, however, are not painted so glamorously in a Jewish St. Patrick's Day card.



Jewish memorial in Poland



In this cartoon of an eyeball-to-eyeball encounter in Lebanon, the Israeli soldier is made to look more Nordic -- and more attractive -- than the GI, although the ugly Arab stereotypes are carefully emphasized.

PROUDHON IDEATED LIKE A TRUE EUROPEAN

Zip 217 recently quoted Emerson. "In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty."

I felt this acutely the other day while glancing through the *Selected Writings of Pierre Joseph Proudhon*, the great French socialist. In a selection (on page 229 of the Doubleday edition) taken from his book, *The Theory of Property* (1863-64), Proudhon recalls an earlier work of his, *Justice in the Revolution and the Church*, where he wrote that he finally saw through Hegel's and Marx's overworked idea of "dialectic," which always championed the resolution of conflict through "synthesis." In place of synthesis, Proudhon advocated the very different concept of "balance."

Until then I had shared Hegel's belief that the two terms of the antinomy, thesis and antithesis, were to become resolved in a superior term, *synthesis*. But I have since come to realize that just as the two poles of an electric cell do not destroy each other, so the two terms of the antinomy do not become resolved. Not only are they indestructible, but they are the very motive force of all action, life and progress. The problem is not to bring about their fusion, for this would be death, but to establish an equilibrium between them -- an unstable equilibrium, that changes as society develops. I confessed this error quite plainly in my book, *Justice*, as follows: "If my *System of Economic Contradictions* is not, as regards its method, a completely satisfactory work, it is because I had adopted Hegel's view of the antinomy. I thought that its two terms had to be resolved in a superior term, synthesis, distinct from the first two, thesis and antithesis. This was faulty logic as well as a failure to learn from experience, and I have since abandoned it. FOR THERE IS NO RESOLUTION OF THE ANTINOMY. This is the fundamental flaw in the whole of Hegel's philosophy Balance is not synthesis as Hegel understood it"

How many times had I been vaguely bothered by the still prevalent academic assumption that a synthesis -- of whatever kind -- is somehow "superior" to thesis and antithesis. The all-too-human outcome was that my annoyance remained vague and was never committed to paper.

Then, I saw my own "rejected thoughts" in plain view in Proudhon, and realized in an instant that his championing of an *unstable* "balance" or "equilibrium" in life was one and the same political/philosophical fight as Raymond B. Cattell's advocacy of a state of "controlled conflict," made in his masterwork, *Beyondism*; or, again, as Alain de Benoist's support for polytheism in *Nouvelle Ecole*.

The naive notion that synthesis is automatically superior to thesis and antithesis is but one facet of a vast destructive mindset which all of us must struggle to overcome. Of course, there's no sense in *our* being dogmatic either: sometimes synthesis *is* a major improvement. But when

one gets down to concrete examples of races, cultures and ecosystems (the last now gravely endangered by jet-hopping plant and animal species), it is clear that Hegel's and Marx's insistence on a "resolution" (to put it nicely) of preexisting natural diversity, was, as Proudhon insists, "faulty logic as well as a failure to learn from experience."



Proudhon and his children, by Gustave Courbet

Some Proudhon Thoughts

His most famous saying, "Property is theft," actually referred to unearned income. The son of a French cooper, he believed private property was essential to liberty and a necessary incentive to productive work. A "People's Bank," in his opinion, was the proper antidote to the concentration of capital in a few grasping hands. Money would be based on production, not on gold or specie. All of this drew the ire of Marx, who saw little or no difference between finance capitalism, which Proudhon attacked, and industrial capitalism, which Proudhon supported. When the Frenchman wrote *The Philosophy of Misery*, Marx bounced back with *The Misery of Philosophy*.

Proudhon felt that excessive individualism and the egoism that goes with it were becoming rampant in Western society and advocated a return to communal solidarity. But he totally rejected communism and all other wild-eyed utopian systems. If the remarks in his *Carnets* are any indication, Jews would not have been permitted to share in this solidarity. As for wages, Proudhon adhered to the medieval theory of the "just price" for one's labor, a price which it was sinful to undercut and sinful to exceed.

EUGENICS vs. CACOGENICS

The following letter dated Dec. 27, 1912, was written by Alexander Graham Bell to Charles Davenport, then head of the Eugenics Records Office, which, if it existed today, would be outlawed in many parts of the Western world and its officials jailed for "thought crimes." Bell invented the telephone in 1876. In the latter part of his 86-year lifespan, his brilliant mind focused on ways of improving the human race. Davenport (1866-1944), a prominent zoologist and the author of several books on heredity, was a founding father of the American eugenics movement, which was forced to go underground for half a century and is only now beginning to revive (see *Stirrings*, Aug. 1985).

Dear Dr. Davenport,

You have started a great work, of vast importance to the people of the United States and to the world, by the establishment of the Eugenics Record Office; and I can assure you of my hearty co-operation as one of the Board of Scientific Directors

I understand that your object in submitting a revised statement of the aims of the Eugenics Record Office is to invite suggestions before placing the statement in permanent form.

In my opinion it is much improved over the original draft presented at the meeting, and you will doubtless be able to improve it still further after hearing from the different members of the Board.

My own suggestions are embodied in the following tentative draft, which may or may not be of assistance to you -- I send them for what they are worth:

To promote researches in Eugenics that shall be of utility to the human race. Including:

The study of America's most effective blood lines; and the methods of securing the proportional preponderance and increase of the best strains.

The study of the origin and best methods of improving the strains that produce the defective and undesirable classes of the community.

The study of the methods of inheritance of particular traits.

The study of the consequence of close marriage.

> The study of miscegenation in the United States.

The study of the new blood introduced into America by immigration, and its effect in modifying and improving the people of the United States

Of course, the work of the Eugenics Record Office will depend very largely on the financial means at its disposal. I understand that both Mrs. Harriman and Mr. John D. Rockefeller are contributing generously towards its support; but it might be well, before mapping out too definite a plan of procedure, to ascertain whether there is any prospect of the Institution being placed upon a permanent foundation by endowment.

To my mind one of the first necessities of a permanent foundation will be, not merely the erection of a building, but of a *fireproof* building and library for the safe custody of eugenical records.

Then I think that the main part of the income should be devoted to the study of the inheritance of *desirable* characteristics rather than undesirable.

The appropriations approved at the first meeting of the Board related exclusively to undesirable characteristics (feeble-mindedness, insanity, defective and criminalistic immigrants, and cancer) -- *cacogenics* not eugenics! Why not vary a little from this programme and investigate the inheritance of some desirable characteristics.

A good subject for investigation would be the family history of persons who have lived to extreme old age in full possession of their faculties. Other subjects of a desirable character will readily suggest themselves, if we aim to make eugenics instead of cacogenics the distinguishing feature of our work.

It is the fostering of desirable characteristics that will *advance* the race; whereas the cutting off of undesirable characteristics simply prevents deterioration.

Of course, in studying eugenics we deal largely with the question of marriage; and, for the above reason, it is more important to consider how to promote desirable marriages than how to prevent undesirable marriages. Both subjects are of importance, but my point is, that our endeavours should be mainly directed to the positive side of the question, rather than to the negative.

The whole subject of eugenics has been too much associated in the public mind with fantastical and impractical schemes for restricting marriage and preventing the propagation of undesirable characteristics, so that the very name "Eugenics" suggests, to the average mind, insanity, feeble-mindedness . . . an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the individual in his pursuit of happiness in marriage.



Alexander Graham Bell

If we make the promotion of desirable marriages our chief aim, and relegate interference with marriage to a subordinate position, the public will gain a truer conception of the aims and purposes of the persons engaged in eugenical work

I doubt whether the appropriateness of \$2,000 for the preliminary study of the sources of the better and the poorer strains of immigrants is sufficient to produce results of importance, more especially as it is proposed to carry on these investigations abroad. Two thousand dollars would not be too large a sum for the salary alone of a competent investigator; and surely much more would be required to cover his travelling expenses and cost of clerical help.

If the Eugenics Record Office is to be established upon a permanent basis I think it would be well to consider carefully the advisability of having a more suitable name.

A permanent institution to carry out the great ideas proposed is certainly something more than an "office." If successful in pursuing its work it would become ultimately an institution of national importance, dealing with vast problems in a broad and comprehensive way, and should be dignified by a better title

Yours sincerely,

/s/ Alexander Graham Bell

MASSIVE GERMAN PAYOFF TO WORLD JEWRY

Wars, like books, have epilogues. The epilogues of wars are treaties, boundary changes, population shifts and reparations. In the case of World War II, the reparation epilogue is still being written.

The Federal Republic of Germany did not come into being until 1949. In the years between the collapse of the Third Reich and the establishment of the Fourth, the German economy was in such ruins that there was no possibility of reparations beyond restoring confiscated property, if it still existed, to the original owners.

In 1951, as the "economic miracle" (*Wirtschaftswunder*) began to materialize, the Bonn government formally acknowledged the "immeasurable suffering" of European Jews at the hands of the Nazis and promised restitution. This promise was made into an obligation and incorporated into the 1952 treaty with Britain, France and the U.S., which restored sovereignty to the western half of the defeated nation. A year later came the Luxembourg Agreement between Bonn and Israel, which required that the party of the first part pay the party of the second 3 billion marks, plus an extra 450 million marks to various Jewish organizations.*

But that was only the opening curtain of what the Germans call *Wiedergutmachung*. The year 1956 saw the beginning of payments to individuals. As of today, a total of 4,393,365 claims have been presented to West Germany by Jews and a few non-Jews for damages incurred in the period 1933-45. Damages were defined to include physical injury, loss of freedom, loss of income, and lost opportunities for professional and financial advancement. Compensation was even made to scholars and artists whose works were banned by Nazi purists. All but 0.1% of

* The dollar value of the mark has ranged up and down in the last 30 years, but has not changed too radically. A mid-October 1985 quotation was 38¢. Because of inflation, the mark was worth considerably more two or three decades ago than it is today.

these claims were settled by January 1, 1984. At the time of payment 40% of the claimants lived in Israel, 20% in West Germany, 40% elsewhere. To date, 56.2 billion marks have been paid out in this program.

A special form of *Wiedergutmachung* was designed to reimburse owners for property lost or confiscated by the Nazis, including property that had vanished and could no longer be found. As of January 1, 1984, all but 166 of the 734,942 claims made under this agreement had been settled. Claimants who missed the 1959 deadline were later given until 1966 to seek reimbursement for household goods and precious metals and jewelry lost outside the borders of West Germany. Some 300,000 claims have been processed under this provision. The amount paid to date for lost property has been 3.9 billion marks, a figure that will probably climb to 4.25 billion marks before all of the disputed claims are resolved.

Not to be omitted are payments to concentration camp inmates who were the victims of medical experiments, to Jewish prisoners of war who fought against the Nazis as members of the Palestinian brigade, to non-Jews and to those of part-Jewish ancestry who were treated as full-blooded Jews by the Hitler regime, and to special categories of Jews whose health was impaired by persecution. Other payments went to members of the civil service who had "suffered injustice" during the Nazi interregnum. The bill for all this amounted to 5.2 billion marks.

Between 1959 and 1964 the Bonn government entered into a series of agreements with other European nations, which then received money to be distributed to victims of Nazism not eligible for such remuneration under the German laws. The eleven nations involved were given nearly 900 million marks. In addition, 102 million marks was donated to Austria, a World War II appendage of the Third Reich, to recompense its persecuted Jews.

Adding up all the above, the West German government

and West German states have paid out more than 70 billion marks in reparations. It is estimated that this figure will increase to nearly 86 billion marks (\$32.7 billion at the current exchange rate) before the books are closed.

The breakdown of payments, past, present and anticipated, is listed at right.

These figures indicate that by far the greatest amount of peacetime and wartime reparations in history has been paid by one nation, not primarily to another nation, but to a relatively small group of people who did not even have a nation at the time of their troubles. No wonder some West German taxpayers have asked, if 6 million Jews were killed and European Jewry was destroyed by the Nazis, how it is that there were 4,393,365 claimants?

When the vast amounts of German money given Jews and Israel are added to the grants, subsidies, forgiven loans and gifts from other countries, especially from the United States, the final Jewish "take" will certainly amount to more than \$100 billion.

West German War Reparations

in billion marks

I.	Expenditures thus far:		
	Compensation of Victims		56.200
	Restitution for Lost Property		3.912
	Israel Agreement		3.450
	Global Agreements with 12 nations incl. Austria		1.000
	Other (Civil Service, etc.)		5.200
	Final Restitution in Special Cases		<u>0.356</u>
			70.118
II.	Anticipated future expenditures:		
	Compensation of Victims		13.800
	Restitution for Lost Property		0.338
	Other (Civil Service, etc.)		1.400
	Final Restitution in Special Cases		<u>0.184</u>
			15.722
III.	Total (in round figures):		
	Compensation of Victims		70.000
	Restitution for Lost Property		4.250
	Israel Agreement		3.450
	Global Agreements with 12 nations incl. Austria		1.000
	Other (Civil Service, etc.)		6.600
	Final Restitution in Special Cases		<u>0.540</u>
			85.840

All figures have been taken from an article, "Restitution in Germany," which appeared in Focus On (May 1985), published by the Federal Republic of Germany and distributed by the German Information Service, 410 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022.

FACE TO FACE WITH A BLACK RACIST

Some months ago I attended a marketing management convention in Chicago. These extravagant and otherwise profligate meetings provide limited intellectual stimulation at times, generally consisting of verbal give-and-take between select groups of educated, upscale white professionals, many of whom are women. Less vocal are the white "street fighters" who have clawed their way into middle management and adapted themselves to the corporate culture. Very few, if any, Jewish marketing gurus attend such gatherings, preferring the company of their own coteries.

One firm had chosen this management convention as an opportunity to show off its young, upwardly mobile, professional black. Seldom, if ever, does a token black appear at these affairs. When he does, he is more or less isolated from the lily-white body politic, except for the mandatory hand-pumping, forced-grin introductions. The token is forced into the position of a border omega striving to become a peripheral alpha, vying for acceptance among white males (and females) in an alien social milieu. Occasionally, too much thrashing about in the vying process will result in the excommunication of the intruder. This phenomenon is known as career stagnation.

Such was the case at this particular convention. My curiosity aroused, I undertook to interview the subject and ascertain his feelings about the negative impact of his social department. This in itself was risky. To satisfy my interest it was necessary to confront the subject politely by addressing him in the center of the social arena. I resolved to chance the flashing glances of my peers

in exchange for a better understanding of this atrophied symbiosis. Gracefully easing my black interlocutor through the cocktail party onto the veranda overlooking the hotel tennis courts, I managed to escape undue observation.

I was immediately impressed with his ability to communicate. His speech was embellished with well-timed emphasis, hesitation and modulation. His vocabulary was above average and the way he handled himself quite adequate and respectable. There was no trace of *Instauration's* Willie. Mark was his name, and he had an amazingly accurate perception of the true nature of the social contract to which he was a party. Cocktails quickly moved us to the heart of the discussion.

Mark was in marketing management. A Black Muslim who was having difficulty working for his female Jewish supervisor, he was a confessed racist and remarkably well informed on matters concerning Zionism. I soon found he was not at all bothered by his inability to fit in with the white corporate culture that suffused the convention.

The conversation immediately turned to race and racism. To get the topic underway I decided to indicate that I was a confirmed anti-equalitarian. This was to take the chance of incurring Mark's athletic displeasure. Reason prevailed, however, and we had a productive discussion. We began at the point of greater difference.

I brought up the question of racial superiority. Surely one who believes in race must recognize superiority as an integral compo-

ment of biological difference? How was this handled by black racist philosophy? It was not necessary to argue or rehash the Aryan supremacy line. Mark understood that as well as anyone. It was his position that superiority was irrelevant in a proper social environment, and that under more sensible living conditions the matter need never be advanced or denied as a standard for human conduct or interrelations.

At this juncture my Instaurionist mind demanded further input to digest this curious idea. Mark explained that it was a crime for whites to rudely uproot him and his kind and transplant them into their civilization, and then have the brazen audacity to assume that they could prosper and become equals. White culture was very alien and very dissimilar. Blacks were ill equipped to function productively in such an economic and cultural environment and were more likely to pursue the criminal path as a result of the frustration of being forced to adapt to impossible standards. The obvious solution, he added, was for American blacks to be repatriated to their homeland. He then went into a long discussion on Marcus Garvey, whom he greatly admired.

I was so taken aback at the revival of this old idea by an obviously educated student of Islam that all I could do was look at him. There he stood, neatly clad in his corporate uniform, the traditional blue blazer properly buttoned, fitting tightly around his slender frame and blending nicely with the requisite grey dress slacks. His red dotted silk tie was decorously tied in a double Windsor, neatly emphasized by the silver collar bar. The scene was full of paradoxes.

Mark gazed back at me with a slight smirk, realizing that he had succeeded in blowing my mind. He knew he had an advantage in that I could never hazard such ideas to a stranger in the business community without some jeopardy to my career. I wondered at that moment how much longer he could last before the corporate politbureau exorcised him. As his eyes searched my face for affirmation or support, I tried to sum up:

So, what you're saying then, is that blacks suffer a state of economic and cultural dysfunction in white society due to racial difference, but that has nothing to do with biological superiority or inferiority. Is that it?

He bounced back with this:

Not exactly. It's a case of inferiority from a standpoint of social science only. Blacks have superior creative abilities also, but only within the context of our own subculture, and only when we are allowed to exercise our abilities measured strictly against black cultural standards. It is not necessary for blacks to create vast technocracies as a standard for civilization, for example. Nor do we require corrupt democracies as a vehicle to maintain economic independence or social order. If left to our own devices, we could do very well without the trappings of white society. It's Western civilization that won't leave us alone to create our own lifestyle in accordance with our own cultural standards. And we don't need Christianity to impose the limitations of white superstitions on us, either. Christianity is an alien religion and repugnant to the soul of the black man. Christianity has polluted the minds of millions of blacks and is largely responsible for their "cultural dysfunction," as you call it.

Mark slurped down the rest of his martini. He was on a roll.

And as for the question of equality, how can two completely dissimilar elements be measured against each other fairly? We don't care to be the equals of white Christians. White standards are absurd! Could the white ever be the equal in our ideal civilization? If measured against our standards the white man would be considered an alien, an inferior; if forced to comply socially and compete economically within our system the white man would fail and become a second-class citizen. Whites also would resort

to crime and violence as a means of expression. In fact, whites would be the first to rebel at genuine oppression. American blacks have conducted themselves rather moderately under the circumstances. And it's not that we hate whites; we don't. Hate has no place in racism. The constructive black racist strives for independence, for separation, for recognition within the world community as an equal partner in the human experience. Black Muslims have racial pride and strive for racial purity. We don't care to proselytize or subvert or subdue any other race of peoples. Isn't it fair to ask that the same courtesies be extended to us?

Pausing a moment to absorb this meaty soliloquy by my black doppleganger, I chimed in:

In other words, the question of racial equality is resolved by separation, at least from a social standpoint. And to advance the question of white biological superiority as a basis for white social supremacy is counterproductive. Conversely then, black power must also be a destructive element within an integrated society, even in a black-dominated culture where whites are in the minority?

I continued before he could reply:

I guess I don't have a problem with that. But we live in the real world. History has taught us that racially integrated societies cannot exist without one or the other elements having the upper hand. And peaceful coexistence between separate-but-equal racial states is only a racial fantasy. The Western community would be prepared to nuke us all into oblivion before allowing that to become a reality. Neither, in fact, would organized Christianity stand for it. Look at what's happening in South Africa. Separation is considered nearly synonymous with "genocide." By the standards of the system any division of the races, geographically or otherwise, is seen as the Great Satan. Do you honestly think that even one boatload of blacks would be allowed to leave for Africa? Or can you realistically imagine any chunk of the U.S. being carved out for a black homeland?

It seems to me that racial survival depends on something more fundamental. I don't have a problem with black people surviving as a race so long as they have no designs on the white race, or don't populate us into extinction in the next hundred years. Black pride, black identity, black racism: all excellent ideas, but with certain restraints and limitations. My concept of white racism stems from a track record of white superiority in white civilization. Whites are responsible for our civilization and all the technology required to maintain it. If blacks drive the whites into extinction by overbreeding, black humanity will slither back into the jungle. If black racists truly seek black survival, they must strive to inform the black population that their survival and well-being depends on white survival and prosperity.

Separate-but-equal is a splendid idea, but naive and limited in scope. First, the power structure that deprives us all of racial independence must be replaced. Second, the white population downtrend must be reversed and white culture must be reinvigorated. Lastly, after having established a healthy social and economic climate, we can afford the massive and expensive undertaking of establishing a proper black homeland. The survival of both races will not come about by stubbornly denying fundamental biological differences or courting chaos and disaster by forcing black power and white extinction.

Cocktail party dialog will seldom yield any enlightening synthesis. It is too often absorbed into an alcoholic blur. Moreover, discussions touching on race, religion and politics are considered in poor taste at such gatherings due to possible adverse impact on promotions. Diversity of social ideas or any announced philosophy of life often presumes dedication to something other than the pursuit of Mammon and safeguarding corporate well-being. Sports, sex, profits and "the market" are the appropriate and designated topics for the aspiring climber within the corporate

organism.

Mark was obviously a neophyte and had repeatedly strained his sheltered status by overstepping the boundaries of accepted social discourse. He was aware of this, but also seemed aware of his own limitations and lack of growth potential in the marketing field. But it didn't seem to bother him. It was as though his being a part of this circle was a fluke, and he pragmatically presumed his own premature demise.

He was about to reply to my long harangue when we were discovered in our secluded corner by two gin-swilling, obsequious clods. They interrupted our discussion by asking Mark about some black basketball player from UCLA. Mark tactfully filled them in and once again we were returned to the world of jovial tripe.

I soon quit the gathering, brooding to myself at the rude anticlimax and lamenting the loss of opportunity to delve further into the finer points of racism. When Mark and I made eye contact one

final time, we simultaneously raised our glasses in mutual recognition of our common enterprise. I got the feeling that he, too, wanted to say much more on the subject.

We casually met again several times during the convention, but could not chance a discussion in the mixed environment. I felt strange in knowing that among the sea of empty-headed, plastic whites surrounding me there was one not-so-white with whom I felt a closer intellectual affinity. I was struck by the optimistic possibility that honest advocates of race, even though of different races, have nothing to fear from each other.

Before the convention ended, Mark and I exchanged business cards with the mutual promise of correspondence. There remains much to resolve, especially the point of white superiority. I often contemplate, if black racists were able to concede this point, where would we go from there? One must be careful though, not to let optimism grow into naiveté.

I.Y.

Why Do the Young Heathen Rage?

Over the past generation, it has repeatedly been observed that many teenagers feel a bitter contempt for their parents. But seldom has the root of this emotion been understood. The contempt arises because parents first consign their own flesh and blood to an unspeakably dismal adolescent world which they have (at least indirectly) helped to create, and then retreat to the safe confines of Western civilization, which continues to exist (though just barely) at American society's older age levels. The parents carry on as if the cultural nightmares of the younger age groups -- the most important age groups -- does not really exist.

Take, for example, musical lyrics. The singers most favored by the 12-to-14 set just now are Prince and Madonna. The former's hit album, *Purple Rain*, includes a song called "Darling Nikki," which begins:

I knew a girl named Nikki
I guess u could say she was a sex fiend
I met her in a hotel lobby
masturbating with a magazine

Anyone can make out the words, which are accompanied by the usual driving beat and orgasmic moans and shrieks.

And when Madonna -- recently a subject of photo spreads in both *Penthouse* and *Pfayboy* -- sings "feels so good inside," she isn't describing the end of a day spent trekking in the north woods.

Blatant sexual lyrics are a dime a dozen these days. Samuel and Cynthia Janus recently surveyed today's top songs and found that 62% are blatantly sexual. They don't mean 1960s-style innuendo, but songs like "Push, Push in the Bush" and "Ten Seconds to Love" (the last about intercourse on an elevator).

A few psychiatrists are finally looking into the matter. They emphasize that pop

music has become the organizing force in most teenagers' lives, as religion was in 17th-century New England. As the music goes, say the shrinks, so goes the dress, the behavior, the interests and so on. And millions of "solidly middle-class" teens and subteens are now awakening, brushing their teeth, studying and falling asleep to endless songs about, for example, the joy of forcing a girl to commit fellatio at gunpoint ("Eat Me Alive" by Judas Priest).

America's parents have permitted the crudest fast-buck artists on planet Earth to steal precious years from their children's lives. Feelings of beauty and exaltation -- or anything remotely approaching them -- obviously cannot coexist with obsessive listening to groups like Twisted Sister, Motley Crue, Grim Reaper and Simple Minds. Peer pressure, the universal constant of early-teen existence, makes escape from this fare all but impossible.

Though it is certainly sufficient cause, none of this even begins to explain the deep contempt of many a contemporary teen for the middle-class, middle-aged adult. The real explanation is that while consigning his own children to the most degraded cultural landscape seen beyond the shores of Africa, Mr. Square Peg often becomes downright overwrought about the insensitivities and tiny "injustices" of his own domain. The United Methodist Church, for example, has just appointed a committee to revise its hymnal to accommodate new-wave multiracialism. New songs favored by blacks, Asians, Hispanics and Americans will definitely be included. The big question is whether such beautiful old WASP hymns as "This Is My Father's World" and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" will still be tolerated. (Reeks of sexism!) Metaphorical references to Christian "soldiers" doing "battle" will almost cer-

tainly be curtailed.

Meanwhile, the Episcopalians are set to banish, among other hymns, the one sung to "Recessional," Kipling's best-known poem.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine --
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget -- lest we forget!

(Reeks of colonialism!)

The prissy Methodists say they want to drop everything that "might offend or exclude some members." Meanwhile, their own children -- the state of whose souls concerns them less than those of the pagan Hottentots -- couldn't care less about the organized church or anything else white, traditional and therefore (by definition) "boring." The kids have withdrawn to their marijuana-smoke-filled rooms on sunny days, pulled the blinds, closed the doors and gyrated obsessively while groups of multiracial savages shrieked about weirder and weirder sex acts. But so what?

The precious parents -- except for the wives of some Washington bigwigs -- apparently find it beneath their dignity to listen to the lyrics or harken to the destructive, antiwhite beat. (Let the kids live half their lives under headphones if necessary.) All this misplaced "sensitivity" for others at a time when white cultural foundations are clearly collapsing on all sides breeds a limitless contempt in the knowing, street-wise youngster, a gleeful anticipation of the day when the old fogies are jungleized as forcefully as he was in the integrated schools they sent him to.



The Manchurian Zion that Never Was

When the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931, they were amazed by the intensity of the propaganda directed against them by world Jewry. Till then the Japanese had known very little about Jews, both because of their hyperbolic insularity and because of the small number of Jews who had ever visited or traded with their country. Since the Japanese government didn't like to be kept in the dark about something that was having such a negative effect on Japan's foreign relations, two Japanese officers were appointed to study the subject: a young naval officer, Koreshige Inuzuke, and a young army captain, Norihiro Yasue. Both immediately began a crash course in pro- and anti-Semitic literature. Later, Captain Yasue was sent to the Middle East where he met David Ben-Gurion and Chaim Weizmann, then busy with their schemes to turn the homeland of Palestinians into the homeland of Jews. At the same time, a Jewish Office was established within the Japanese government to collect and analyze information on Jews sent in by Japanese embassies worldwide. Special note was taken of the activity of Morris Cohen, the London-born intelligence officer of Chiang Kai-shek, China's boss and Japan's bitterest enemy.

As anti-Japanese propaganda grew more

heated (Manchuria in the meantime being transformed into the puppet state of Manchukuo), Japan's Jewish Office came up with a project to defuse it. Fifty thousand Jews would be invited to settle in this new appendage of the Japanese Empire. The money they brought with them would help develop the occupied territory and their presence would soften the hearts and blunt the pens of Jewish mediocrats in the Soviet Union and the West. After the rise of Hitler, the Japanese Foreign Office formally offered to take in 50,000 German Jews for settlement in Manchukuo. The project was called the "Fugu Plan," fugu being a highly prized Japanese fish, which could only be cooked by licensed chefs. The liver and ovaries had to be carefully, very carefully, removed, since they contained a deadly poison.

By 1934, Yasue, now a colonel, had talked to leading Jews in Manchukuo and America, promising total religious freedom and their own schools to all Jewish immigrants. The plan, however, was stymied by Rabbi Stephen Wise, the militant Jewish left-winger who wielded such an extraordinary influence in President Franklin Roosevelt's White House. At the very moment the Japanese were considering raising the ante to half a million Jews, Wise went public

and practically threatened to excommunicate any Jew who had any truck with the Empire of the Rising Sun. Had it not been for the Rabbi's opposition to the Fugu Plan, the whole course of World War II might have been radically changed. In 1939, Hitler made his Non-Aggression Pact with Russia, a resounding slap in the face to the Japanese, who had an Anti-Comintern Alliance with Germany. A little diplomatic pushing and shoving at that crucial time might have moved Japan to break with the Nazis.

In the end, Yasue's best-laid plans were dashed, and he died a bitter and defeated man in a Russian labor camp in Siberia in 1950. As for his partner, Inuzuke, he fared somewhat better. After wartime service in the Philippines, he returned to his homeland to found the Japanese Israeli Friendship League. He was forced to resign, however, when it was discovered that he had written a few "anti-Semitic" articles after he became Japan's leading authority on the Jews.

The above information was gleaned from Kempei Tai: A History of the Japanese Secret Service by Richard Deacon (Berkeley Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016).

The 197 IQ that Doomed the U-Boats

The 1985 edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* lists three men as tied for first place under "Highest IQ." Each belongs to the Mega Society, whose members make Mensans look like pinheads. Each averages 197 on the Stanford-Binet scale, on the basis of four different tests.

One of the men is Dr. Johannes Veldhuis, 35, a cell physiologist and professor at the University of Virginia, who evaluates his privacy as highly as he does his IQ. A second is Christopher P. Harding, 40, of Rockhampton, Australia, who doesn't even have a telephone. The third super-genius is Ferris E. Alger, 72, a man with bright blue eyes and bushy brows who resides in a pre-Revolutionary stone farmhouse in New Hope, PA. His loquacity compensates for the reticence of Veldhuis and Harding. Brad Lemley of the *Washington Post Magazine* paid Alger a visit last winter and found a man who takes credit for winning World War II among his other unsung achievements -- and builds a pretty strong case for it.

An only child with no children of his own, Alger had a boyhood which Lemley says "seems to have been lifted from the grimmer sections of a Dickens novel." Abandoned at age four by his father, he was sent at nine to a North Carolina orphanage by his impoverished mother. There he literally *slaved* in the cotton fields for 10 hours a day and "got a switching every night." But, like most social observers prior to the late nineteenth century, Alger feels that the "bread of adversity" improved his mind rather than stunted it. As a fan of the late sociobiologist Robert Ardrey, he attributes his IQ to good genes as well as to a "good environment."

Anything but a Horatio Alger story, the life of Ferris Alger has been mostly one hard-luck episode after another. While working as an engineer, a technical glass-blower, an aircraft designer, and so on, he has enriched others through his discoveries, but seldom himself. He "won the war" in 1942, while working as a glass-

blower in the radiation lab at Columbia University.

The Allies were taking a furious beating that year from German U-boats, and a half-starved England was pondering surrender. The only solution was an improved microwave radar system, but Allied scientists were in despair over one technical problem: their inability to develop an effective glass-to-metal vacuum seal on the side of the magnetron (a mechanical device that emits radar waves). Alger produced a wholly new shape of seal and licked the problem, shortly before Christmas 1942. He recalls that

by March, they were being used in battle. By April, things were going badly for the German subs, and by May -- well, the Germans call May 1943 Black May.

Military historians agree that the new radar system rendered German subs almost helpless. While surfaced, they could now be detected at 15 miles, allowing Allied

planes to bomb them before they could resubmerge. The Reich's naval leaders, said Alger, were soon forced to withdraw almost the entire fleet.

Alger emphasizes that many other technical innovations were required to create shortwave radar. "I didn't do it all alone, but everything hung on that seal. Without that, it could not have been done."

And how did the nation -- specifically, the Columbia University laboratory -- respond to this accomplishment?

"They fired me," says Alger. "Since I had no degree, they did not want me to get any credit. Professional jealousy, pure and simple."

And so it has gone throughout the life of this self-educated man.

Since 1968, Alger has worked for a pri-

vate school outside Philadelphia which teaches brain-damaged children. He regrets never having had any children of his own: "I have felt a certain responsibility to pass along my genes . . . [Having a family] just didn't work; we still don't know exactly why." Perhaps the problem lay with his two wives. Robert Graham's sperm-bank collectors should pay old Ferris Alger a visit and, before it's too late, give him a shot at genetic immortality.

The Samson Syndrome

Apparently only anti-Zionist Jews, an almost invisible bunch, are permitted to write and publish books that catalog the high crimes and low misdemeanors that Zionists have committed against the Palestinians for the last half century. The reason may be that a Jewish critic of Israel can rely on his genes to deflect the charge of anti-Semitism, whereas non-Jewish authors, who might entertain similar ideas about Zionism, would be damned as anti-Semites and would have great difficulty finding a publisher, not to mention finding a spot on a bookstore or library shelf for their books, if by some miracle they did get published.

Until recently the major anti-Zionist work was Alfred Lilienthal's *The Zionist Connection* (Dodd, Mead, 1978). Then Noam Chomsky, the ultraleft linguistics expert who brought down the media's wrath upon his head when he defended French Professor Robert Faurisson's right to question the Holocaust, came out with *The Fateful Triangle* (South End Press, 302 Columbus Ave., Boston, MA 02116). Chomsky's massive research and sizzling criticism puts Lilienthal's somewhat outdated work in the paper shredder.

Instaurationists have been so clued into Zionist crimes over the years that they will find little that is new in Chomsky's book, which should be a real eye-opener for those whose knowledge of Israel has been confined to the exculpatory collaborationist diet cooked up daily by the *New York Times*. Stressing that the crimes of the Zionists have been as enormous as the sufferings of their Palestinian and Lebanese victims, Chomsky pulls no punches in his litany of horrors.

Someday, someone will write a Passion Play about the Palestinians that ought to put all other tragic drama in the shade. Until that day, *The Fateful Triangle* should serve as an encyclopedic fact sheet for incipient dramatists who see the dramatic irony in those who claim they went through a Holocaust visiting a daily Holocaust on millions whose only fault was to have been born in a land coveted by the most rip-snorting ra-

cists in history. As Chomsky relates, the Palestinians have been hounded out of their country, bombed and massacred in their refugee camps and scattered in a sandstorm of blood and bullets over the entire Middle East.

In his narration of the Palestinians' trail of tears, Chomsky probes as deeply as he can into the mindset of their persecutors. One of his most bloodcurdling passages is the comments of an "educated" Israeli "farmer" on long-range Israeli policy. Israel, he enounced, should be a "mad state" so that people "will understand that we are a wild country, dangerous to our surroundings, not normal," quite capable of "burning the oilfields" or "opening World War III" with nuclear weapons, if necessary. If the world understands this, then all the nations "will act carefully around us so as not to anger the wounded animal." As to the Sabra and Shatila massacres of Palestinians, "We should have done it with our own delicate hands." The invasion of Lebanon? "We shall open another similar war, kill and destroy more and more, until they will have had enough."

The "well-educated farmer" then set an agenda for Israel. "To kill as many Arabs as

necessary, to deport them, to expel, to burn them, to make us hated by all, to make the ground unstable beneath the feet of the Jews in the Disapora, so that they will be forced to rush here crying." If, instead of writing books, Jews had come to Palestine and "killed six million Arabs, or one million," then they would now be a people of 25 million "from the Suez Canal to the oilfields."

Chomsky infers that a sizable segment of Israelis think in this lunatic fashion. Such paranoid ideas have always been stirring in a few disordered minds, but this is the first time a large body of people in a nation armed with nuclear bombs has entertained such thoughts. If such thoughts prevail, one can well imagine the outcome of the Zionist adventure. And the worst of it is that Congress, the White House and the media are directly or indirectly supporting those psychotics, whose fervent wish is that when they go down, as they surely will, they will take the Middle East and perhaps a great deal of the world down with them. After all, Samson, who pulled down the temple on the hated Philistines -- and himself in the bargain -- is one of the Israelis' most cherished role models.



Edifying Xmas Gift

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Anti-Semitic Cartoons

Today, cartoonists level their graphic spite on Nazis, Arabs, fat Republicans, fundamentalist preachers and, less frequently, Russians. Yesterday, incredible as it may seem, Jews were occasional targets. But this part of America's cultural history is pretty much of a blank because unearthing anti-Semitic cartoons would put the careers and respectability of the unearthers at great risk. Today only Jews could get away with this rash act, as they did when the American Jewish archives at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati published a handsome, 24-page booklet containing some of the fiercest anti-Semitic cartoons and postcards, many in four colors, ever to titillate the American social scene.



Mister Cohn.

HEREDITARY TYPES.

Mrs. Cohn, née O'Rourke.

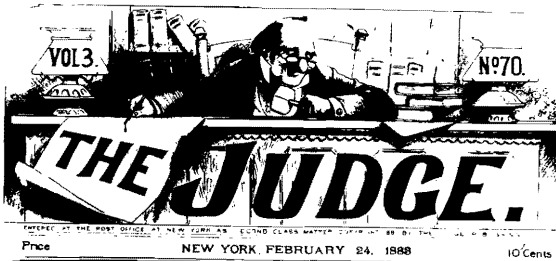
Master Cohn.

This cartoon in an 1895 issue of Judge depicted the result of a mixed marriage.



WELCOME TO OUR CITY

Already in 1907, as this cartoon in the old Life magazine showed, New York City public schools had banned Christian songs.



THE NEW SLAVE OWNER
— I FLOURISH WHERE IGNORANCE THRIVES —

A front-page Judge cartoon attacked the new cotton kings.



© FAMOSS

e53B

This early 20th-century postcard inspired the formation of anti-defamation committees.



The Spirits Are Restless

Those who lived and died before the civil rights revolution were spared the agonies of "white flight." True or false?

In the case of southern DeKalb County, Georgia, the answer is false. There, Resthaven Gardens of Memory was an all-white graveyard until a generation ago, though it was only after Alfonso Dawson, a Negro, bought the spread in 1979, that the flight of Caucasoid (we won't say white) skeletons began.

Presently, about 20 disinterments a year are occurring, which Dawson blames on "racism." The truth is that Dawson is letting the place go badly to seed, when the law requires that he provide perpetual care. The State of Georgia has filed suit, and is microfilming Resthaven's entire deed book because, says one official, "I'm afraid it's going to disappear. Those are very important records to people who have family buried out there." Meanwhile, a state auditor has all but camped out in the cemetery for the past year. With his ear to the ground, he could probably hear all the Southern ladies and gentlemen uttering ghostly racial epithets.

Artistic Populism

A poll conducted last February by Media General-Associated Press asked 1,532 adult Americans whether or not they like abstract art. The response was 35% yes, 57% no, 8% unsure or no answer. Only 42% of the nation's presumably browbeaten college graduates cared for abstract art, against 32% of the less-pressured high school grads.

The prevalence of abstract works among recent government art purchases may explain why only 35% of Americans favor the use of public funds to subsidize painters and other visual artists. Fifty percent are opposed, while 15% aren't sure. Only 10% of Americans feel "the use of public funds to subsidize artists should be a higher priority of the government than it presently is."

At about the time this poll was being taken, Chicago's modern art crowd was being treated to an exhibition -- organized in Montgomery (AL), of all places, with the intention of proving what heartless curs the American people had been back in 1946-48. That's when they massively rejected a State Department show of mostly non-figurative art, sent overseas to represent the nation.

Alan G. Artner, art critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, was indignant about the various

"conservative artists' groups" who, overlooked in the 117-work 1940s show, responded by issuing a formal complaint to the Secretary of State. This led to the Hearst newspapers complaining that eight of the artists who were chosen had "consistently followed the Communist line," and to angry members of Congress voting to cancel the tax-financed tour, which had been scheduled to last until 1951.

Naturally, Artner called the retrospective showing of the State Dept. works "sobering," and said, "No one will be able to look at the paintings and watercolors without feeling a twinge of conscience for every time contemporary art has been ridiculed or summarily dismissed." It is "another example of what can happen when irritation masquerades as education and self-righteousness gets the better of understanding."

In other words, the 57% of the American public that rejects non-figurative and non-representative art is not entitled to its views. The anti-abstract art majority is always "prejudiced," never *post*-judiced.

The same art critics who have been foisting non-art upon us are always beefing about the public's lack of interest in art and the hopeless philistinism of Joe Blow. What they never admit is that a great deal of this lack of interest can be blamed directly on the art critics themselves and their subservient stables of artists. If the public wasn't force-fed a diet of junk painting and junk sculpture, polls would almost certainly show a much more receptive attitude toward art.

Art is supposed to beautify life, not uglify. As long as the present breed of artists and their agents and mentors rule the art world, as long as their main interest is not art but smearing primitive paint blobs on canvas, so long will the public reject their works and so long will materialism and produce-and-consume, having less and less competition from the spiritual dimension of life, flourish.

Stingy Breeds

Black women in Washington, D.C., are playing a new lottery. It's called eating at Chinese restaurants. Two years ago, three such women asked why a 15% "service charge" had been "arbitrarily" added to their luncheon check. The manager replied tersely, "Because you people never tip." The words "you people" cost the Szechuan Garden Restaurant \$21,000 in an out-of-court settlement.

Then, this past June, three more black women, dining at another local Chinese restaurant, had the same 15% charge added to their check. This time it was the waiter who explained that it was "because

you all don't tip." Now the threesome is considering a lawsuit of their own, though the management insists the waiter acted on his own and without its knowledge.

Publicity about the cases has doubtless induced a yen for egg rolls in many an avaricious black matron.

The law says that a mandatory service charge must be added to all checks or to none. But, once again, the color blindness of the law has unfairly handicapped the generous races. It is simply a fact, as any waiter or hairdresser in Washington will tell you, that whites, even poor whites, tend to out-tip blacks, even rich blacks. It is also a fact that blacks in the city double-park 10 times more readily, and Hispanics five times more readily, than whites, most of whom will go round and round the block looking for a legal space so they won't inconvenience anyone. And it is a fact that nonwhites will usually try to bargain a used car salesman down to the bare-bones minimum, whereas whites more often appreciate that the salesman has to eat. But when anyone fights back with a color-coded surcharge of some sort -- wham -- they're out \$21,000.

The Day of the Catholic?

"It's all over for American Protestants," asserts journalist Richard Cowden-Guido in the right-wing Catholic publication, *The Wanderer* (Nov. 15, 1984). They dominated the first 150 years of U.S. history, but "the combination of the Scopes trial (establishing evolution), the Prohibition Amendment, and the Great Depression brought an end to the Protestant era in America, although its death throes continued for another three or four decades until it was finally destroyed altogether in the 1960s."

The exception that proves the rule, in Cowden-Guido's exegesis, is the Fundamentalists, who have survived by "retreating into faithful enclaves which ignored the intellectual and social currents of the society at large."

Since the Catholics were not strong enough to step into the vacuum which was quickly filled by the secular humanists, the downfall of Protestantism "led to a major collapse of anything resembling culture and the resulting horrors are legion."

Despite the secular humanists, Cowden-Guido posits an eventual Catholic imperium in America and sees its beginning in an alliance of the Bible Belters with "traditional Catholics" like Paul Weyrich and Richard Viguerie. If Cowden-Guido had foreseen the woeful outcome of Viguerie's recent try for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, he might have lost some of his sanguineness.

Also, before he went too far overboard in

his prognostications about the advent of a "Catholic era," Cowden-Guido might have ruminated about the history of New York City. Protestantism lost its grip there in the 1920s, if not earlier. The Catholics then had their chance and they ruled the Zoo City roost for some 50 years. Today another population group is steering the municipality and will probably hold on until the spawning nonwhites combine to vote the Jews out. It is true that Hispanics are Catholics, but they are not the kind of Catholics Cowden-Guido has in mind. Blacks are mostly Protestants, but their Protestantism is not the kind that appeals to Cowden-Guido or Jimmy Swaggart.

In sum, Cowden-Guido has been wool-gathering, rainbow-chasing and shooting his pen off.

Provocation to Riot

Punk transvestites wander around a smoke-filled "leather bar." They gyrate, snort amyl nitrate and caress one another's pubic regions. A leather girl fellates a microphone while scowling "SS men" keep the audience covered with their machines guns. No, the production isn't *Inside Harvey Milk*. It's William Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, as slightly reinterpreted by director Michael Bogdanov, the alien showbizzar who nearly caused riots in England a few years back with his scenes of simulated buggery in a play called *The Romans in Britain*.

And no, Bogdanov's grotesqueries are not enacted at some seedy gay theater in San Francisco or Provincetown, but at the Stratford Festival Theatre in bucolic Stratford, Ontario, one of the world's foremost Shakespearian millieux.

Our Jewish Literati

I'm at home only in a prison, history is my prison, the ravine of my house, only listen -- suppose it turns out that the destiny of the Jews is vast, open, eternal, and that Western Civilization is meant to dwindle, shrivel, shrink into the ghetto of the world -- what of history then? Kings, Parliaments, like insects, Presidents like vermin, their religion a row of little dolls, their art a cave smudge, their poetry a lust . . .

So the bitter old writer Edelshtein thinks to himself while furiously confronting the "liberated" young Jewess Hannah, in Cynthia Ozick's short story "Envy; or Yiddish in America." He is upset partly because he worked in a dying tongue and was never translated into English, and soon is yelling at the girl again: "You were never born, you were never created! Let me tell you, a

dead man tells you this, at least I had a life, at least I understood something!"

"Die now, all you old men," she replies.

"Forget Yiddish!" Edelshtein screams at her. "Wipe it out of your brain! Extirpate it! Go get a memory operation! You have no right to it, you have no right to an uncle, a grandfather! No one ever came before you, you were never born! A vacuum!"

And so goes (on and on and on) another Jewish intergenerationalist squabble.

In another recent story, "Puttermesser and Xanthippe," Ozick employs the fantastical mode which she and many Jewish writers favor, in telling of Ruth Puttermesser, an ordinary bureaucrat who is helped by a female *golem* (the Frankenstein's monster of Jewish folklore) and, in the words of reviewer Joseph Lowin, "becomes the first woman mayor of the City of New York -- and, for a brief moment, rehabilitates it." Now that's pure fantasy! (Reality would require the impossible: for starters, that the Scandinavians who fled Bay Ridge be persuaded to return.)



Cynthia Ozick

A while back, Ozick debated the celebrated Jewish literary critic, Harold Bloom, at the Jewish Museum in New York. "It's too bad you are so nice," she told him, "but I'm going to do such terrible things to you."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Bloom.

She pulled from her handbag what Bloom calls "a ghastly essay in which she called me an 'anti-Jewish' critic"; then, by his account, said, "I've been reading all your books for a year and in this I denounce you for the Satan you are!"

The essay, reprinted in Ozick's *Art and Ardor*, accused Bloom's criticism of crediting mere poets with having the power to "usurp the Throne of Heaven" -- a distinctly non-kosher position, according to Ozick.

Today, Ozick says, "I can't believe I ever called him a Satan; if I did it must have been with gigantic marks of irony and play." She insists she loves and respects him.

Bloom, for his part, having spent nearly 50 years plowing through English literature at up to 1,000 pages an hour, and memorizing entire poems like "The Faerie Queene," has developed a consuming interest in Judaism. Calling himself a "Jewish gnostic," he loves the mystical texts of the Kabbalah, though, like Arnold Toynbee, he finds present-day Judaism (and Christianity) "fossilized."

Total Integration

Glen Loury, professor of political science at Harvard's JFK School of Government and a big-time political activist, writing in the *Washington Post* (Aug. 13, 1985), makes a number of revealing points we should remember whenever we are smitten with the urge to cooperate with the integration crowd. In discussing the plight of blacks, Loury offers the startling opinion that his brothers are, in effect, their own worst enemy. To prove his case he points the finger at black-on-black crime, inattention to academic studies, easy acceptance of illegitimacy and the all-too-well-known attachment to public welfare checks. But there is a catch (isn't there always?). Loury indirectly puts the blame on whites by this pronunciamento, "[S]o long as there are distinct races of human beings there will be racism."

What the Harvard prof seems to be saying is that the real solution to black problems is the mattress.

The Dirtiest Trick

In the 1944 presidential election, Republican candidate Tom Dewey was asked by General Marshall not to attack FDR for the Pearl Harbor disaster because the ensuing debate might reveal to the Japs that their code had been broken. This, said Marshall, would force them to change to a new code, thereby shutting off American cryptographers from vital news about Nipponese troop movements and naval operations. Dewey, ever the good patriot, assented to the request of America's #1 soldier boy.

But some recent rummaging in the German archives has produced proof that the Nazis, after perusing secret documents seized from a captured Australian ship in 1942, had already warned Japan that its code had been broken. General Marshall must have known this when he conned Dewey out of what might have been his most effective campaign issue. And both Marshall and his boss knew very well that after the Battle of Midway, Japan, which had presumably changed its naval code sometime after Pearl Harbor, had instituted a total signals blackout, facts they felt Dewey did not deserve to know.



Cold Shoulder Inc.

Miami's Jewish business community was fit to be tied last June when "He Is Risen Ministries" of Oklahoma City brought its Christian Home and Business Show to the Tamiami Fairgrounds for three days. There were 179 booths on hand to let some 10,000 visitors know exactly which insurance agents and computer and car salesmen locally are of the Jesus persuasion.

"Non-Christians who look at this are clearly not going to feel welcome," griped Rabbi Dennis Wald, director of the American Jewish Congress's Miami office. "Why is there a need to identify businessmen by their religion? Underlying the [promotion] is the aura that for some reason it's preferable to do business with Christians."

Herb Kaplan, vice-president for the AJC's southeast region, raised the hypocrisy ante by calling the Christian fair's approach divisive in "a community attempting to overcome ethnic barriers." (Some barriers, that is.) But Kaplan had to admit that the Christian "segregationists" were doing nothing illegal.

To show what a *mensch* he was, Cliff Petillo, vice-president of He Is Risen Ministries, said that Jewish businessmen would be welcome to have their own booths -- provided they identified themselves as Jews.

License to Maim

"Boys in Ethiopia overdo it physically," says Tsehaye Tefera of Washington, D.C.'s Ethiopian lobby. "It is hard to eliminate tradition."

What Tefera had in mind was the nearly fatal stabbing and beating of 7-year-old Steven Wilson Jr. in a suburban Maryland park last July, an act perpetrated by his playmate, the 10-year-old son of a former Ethiopian diplomat.

"Attack on Boy, 7, Tied to Ethiopian Tradition," read one headline. "Violence Said to Be Part of Growing Up." Members of the local Ethiopian community began volunteering stories about their own boyhood fights. "I still have the scar from where a friend stuck a spear in my belly," said one.

The 10-year-old, who seemed to realize that American ways are not the same as those in his African wasteland, originally told police that two laughing young white men attacked him and his friend. He had gotten away; his now unconscious friend had not. Police became suspicious, however, as the young Ethiopian went on and on detailing the whites' appearances. Finally, the truth came out: carried away in "play," he had started bashing Steven with rocks, fracturing his skull in the process.

Recently, a Japanese-American woman

walked into the Pacific surf with her two young children in a culturally sanctioned act of ritual suicide-murder. The children drowned; their mother survived after being "rescued" by unwitting Americans. Now, some very broad-minded souls are arguing that she has suffered enough and should go free. But will these super-pluralists also suggest that respect for native traditions should allow young Ethiopian immigrants to crush our children's bones on the nation's playgrounds?

Triumph of the Weeds

The world is headed toward a "pest and weed" ecology. During the coming decades or centuries, perhaps one-third or more of our planet's 5 million plant and animal species will become extinct, and many more will become a lot rarer. As tropical forests, coral reefs and other rich and fragile environments are destroyed, a relatively small number of aggressive species -- rats, mice, European starlings, herring gulls and coyotes, to name a few -- will spread over vast new territories and multiply, usurping the niches once occupied by a wide range of "shyer" and more specialized life forms.

This is the ugly scenario presented by Norman Myers, a well-known journalist and conservationist, in *Natural History* (Feb. 1985). Massive extinctions have occurred several times in the past, most notably during the demise of the dinosaurs and their kin 65 million years ago and during the even greater late Permian die-off 230 million years ago, when perhaps three-fourths of all species were lost.

The normal "background rate" of extinction is about one *species* worldwide per year, and between 2 and 4.6 *families* (species, genus, family is the biological progression) per million years. By contrast, writes Myers, "in the next few decades we shall surely witness the demise of one-quarter of all plant families, or more than 50 families," together with many animal families. That seems excessive, given the remarkable resilience (for a time) of isolated pockets of survivors. But, as Myers emphasizes, so-called "intact islands of undisturbed life," such as large tropical national parks, are really an impossibility. As a very rough rule of thumb, "if 90% of an original habitat is grossly disrupted, and the remaining 10% is protected, we can expect to save no more than about half the species in that [protected] area."

More ominously, the opportunity for further evolution of the surviving half is seriously impaired under such conditions, at least in the case of animal species (weigh-

ing over a few pounds), because they "require huge ranges to maintain the size of populations on which natural selection can work." What it adds up to is an "impending upheaval in evolution's course," with a "prospective degradation of many evolutionary capacities" which "will be an impoverishing, not a creative, phenomenon."

The parallels with the human evolutionary predicament are only too obvious. But one fact concerning tropical deforestation needs to be emphasized: 70% of this is the work of baby-booming peasants who practice "slash-and-burn" (i.e., "rape-and-run") agricultural techniques. Only 15% is perpetrated by lumbermen, and another 15% by cattle ranchers. Thus, the Brazil of the future is likely to be a land of smog, siltation, weeds and underfed mestizos and mulattoes.

The Trash Speaks

Summer vacation had just commenced on that day last June when I walked through a local schoolyard. Discarded papers were blowing everywhere, as I ran around scooping them up. Litter abatement was not my concern, but rather the analysis of what students were learning these days in a nearby junior high school. As it happened, most of the papers had the same name in the upper right-hand corner, an obviously black and female name which I will call Yolanda Washington.

Many, perhaps most, of Yolanda's scattered papers had originated in her fifth-period class in "Family Life Education" -- undoubtedly a necessity for a likely baby-maker of the near future. A lengthy test on which Yolanda had scored an "80/A" caught my attention -- particularly the fact that she had not even attempted to answer eight of the 22 questions. The test was called "Adolescence Test #1," so the first question seemed appropriate: "Define the term adolescence." Yolanda, clearly no hardcore illiterate like so many black youngsters, had scrawled in response:

Is the period between childhood, and adult hood, and when the individual grows out his dependents, and into the independents of adulthood.

The first question was unusual in that it had no errors in spelling, grammar or punctuation. Unfortunately, this was true for only seven of the test's 22 questions! Most read like these specimens:

Briefly explain why adolescence usually form crushed on adults of the same sex as they are.

If you had a friend who was thinking about quitting school to get married, what advice would you give to that person [question mark missing]

Some of the teacher's mistakes were just sloppy oversights, though no less disconcerting for that, but others seemed to reveal the black dialect hard at work:

Explain by example why adolescence last longer for some teens than for others.

List four (4) secondary sex characteristics which occurs in males at puberty.

List four (4) of the secondary sex characteristics which occurs in females at puberty.

In short, there were s's present where they should have been absent, and vice versa. Nor could this pattern be attributed to a sloppy style of handwriting.

Even on the 14 questions which she answered, Yolanda's responses were none too inspiring. Asked to "list two factors which will have an affect on the age a girl will start her period," she replied:

- The girl begins to talk to the mother in a condescending tone.
- the girl pulls away and breaks her attachment to her father.

Although the English was a trifle better, this was marked wrong. Only nine of her 22 answers were marked correct. Yet Yolanda obtained her "80/A" -- in a half-black, 40%-white school in a small Eastern city. The "A" will put her in excellent competitive shape for college against the millions of bright white girls and boys who make "B's" in all-white suburban and rural schools.

Italian Sensitivities

It's been another year of tender feelings for Italian Americans. On June 4, the humor columnist of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Grady Jim Robinson, touted an "exchange program" which would introduce young suburban yuppies to the "joys, rich traditions and supposed unspeakable wonders of life in South St. Louis," an Italian working-class neighborhood. There were the usual cracks about noisy meals and barrel-shaped women standing around yelling, "Eata some mora. We cooka alla for youa." The end result was a front-page apology and Robinson's firing, even though some of the Italian callers from South St. Louis had said they enjoyed the column.

A week later, Garry Trudeau ran a series of "Doonesbury" cartoons which poked fun at the Mafia connections of that "great humanitarian" and winner of countless degrees, Dr. Francis Albert Sinatra. The humorless National Italian American Foundation charged Trudeau with "the worst kind of ethnic stereotyping imaginable."

Then, on the last day of June, the *Washington Post* printed a major exposé of the

many links between pizzerias and organized crime in the northeastern U.S. The problem is spreading fast into the once relatively clean South and Midwest, the article reported, and has completely engulfed greater Washington, D.C., where more than 100 Italian restaurants are now suspected of serving as fronts for the Mafia's heroin traffic. Commented a Virginia State Police official: "We see signs of organized crime sending an advance guard into Virginia. They are testing the waters."

Though Italian Americans as a whole obviously have nothing to do with the Mafia, it is nonetheless a fact that the rapid outward movement of this ethnic group from its former northeastern haunts is providing "protective coloration" for Mafiosi to blend in with populations like Virginia's for the first time. The massive demographic shift was brought home in an article which appeared in the *Charlotte Observer* on June 27 and described the relocation of a Manhattan firm, Royal Insurance, to Charlotte, the largest city in the Carolinas. Some 1,300 company employees and their families, most of them Jews, Sicilians, West Indian blacks and so forth, are eligible for the transfer, and at least half are expected to accept. In June, they were all busy touring Charlotte and trying to grasp the slow, deliberate Southern way of life.

Italians who don't like "wop" stereotypes should consider images which these soon-to-be transplanted New Yorkers will bring to their new home. Again and again, the newcomers asked probing questions about the Klan, the *Dukes of Hazzard*, grits, chitlins and regionally low SAT scores (which they failed to grasp were due to the large black population).

The push against New York's embattled Italians will only grow in the years ahead. Yet another significant June news item that involved Italians occurred at Staten Island's New Dorp High School, where 30 white teenagers attacked with baseball bats a bus carrying, it was thought, a black thief. The first black students arrived at New Dorp only five years ago, provoking a race riot. Now the school is 15% minority. Staten Island's Italians and other "white ethnics" are a tough lot, yet the pressures against them from swarming blacks and Hispanics are apt to become overpowering in the coming years. Thus, although few white people in Charlotte would dream of moving to Staten or Long Island (despite the higher incomes there), the movement in the WASP-ward direction is destined to become a flood.

Turncoat Solon

Once the Senate's strongest and gutsiest opponent of Israel, Jesse Helms is now one of the Zionist State's staunchest boosters. Recently he donned a yarmulke and prayed in a synagogue given to Hebrew University

in Jerusalem by the family of the millionaire kosher conservative senator from Nevada, Chic Hecht. While in Israel, Helms made a rousing Zionist speech in Tel Aviv, stating, presumably with a straight face, that Israel's "moral principles are impeccable in every way." Apparently dropping phosphorous bombs on Beirut hospitals, machine-gunning refugee camps and aiding and abetting massacres are highly moral acts to the senior senator from North Carolina. Since he prides himself on being a good Christian, Helms may actually believe that Jesus would have blessed Israel's blasting of PLO headquarters, killing 61 Palestinians and 12 Tunisians (among whom were a few women and children).



The true Helms?

Now that Helms has changed his tune and is whistling the *Hatikvah*, the record shows that in recent years no Majority conservative and only three liberals in the House and Senate -- ex-Senators Fulbright and Abourezk and ex-Representative Findley -- have had the courage, honesty and decency to speak out against the barbaric crimes Jews have been committing in the Middle East. Even more than the Democrats, the Republicans have lately been scampering on the bandwagon of the socialist racist state whose bankrupt economy is the antithesis of Reaganomics.

Ponderable Quote

You didn't have to be Jewish to be a New York intellectual -- Macdonald, William Barrett and Mary McCarthy come instantly to mind -- but it helped. Kentucky-born Elizabeth Hardwick has often claimed that she came to New York in order to be a Jewish intellectual.

N.Y. Times Magazine,
Aug. 25, 1985

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

In reviewing three books written by members of the English upper classes, my main concern is what went wrong. How was an enormous empire allowed to fall to pieces so rapidly without the ruling class doing much to prevent it? Oh yes, the minorities played their part, all right, but my contention is that only our own weaknesses made the collapse possible: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars/But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The three books were written by Diana Mosley, her eldest son Jonathan Guinness, and Oswald Mosley's eldest son, Nicholas. The least affected by weakness is Diana Mosley, whose books have been characterised as "unrepentant." Exactly what she was supposed to be repentant about was never entirely clear. Like her sister Unity, but to a much lesser extent, she knew and admired Adolf Hitler, so I suppose she was guilty by association. Also, through charm and persistence over a period of two years, she managed to get the Germans to agree to her husband setting up a medium-wave radio station in Germany, in order to make money for the cause out of purely non-political broadcasts.

But the real reason for Diana's being thrown into a filthy gaol without trial was that she was 100% behind her husband in his fight for peace, and on that issue, until the German breakthrough in 1940, he was finally gaining ground. If he was a traitor for advocating peace while a war was in progress, then so were William Pitt, the Elder, and Edmund Burke at the time of the American Revolution; so was James Fox during the French Revolution; so was Lloyd George during the Boer War.

It pleases me to record that although Diana was exposed to extremes of vituperation and threatened with disfigurement by acid (her children too), she remained as beautiful as ever and almost as right as ever. It is hard to say which of these advantages irritated her detractors more, but it is certain that a good life is the best revenge. Nor would they be pleased to see her as she is today, loved by her surviving sisters (with the notable exception of Jessica), by her children, by her grandchildren, by her servants, and by many other people as well. The moral would seem to be that if you keep your life straight, sooner or later people will rally round.

The title of her latest book, *Loved Ones* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1985), is taken from Evelyn Waugh's devastating satire on the burial customs of California (which was hailed with delight in Europe, I'm afraid, as a satire on the United States, and undoubtedly inspired Jessica's *The American Way of Death*). Waugh in fact is one of her loved ones, because she knew him well for a year in 1929-30. However, there is no suggestion of more than a friendship, the fact being that a lot of highly creative

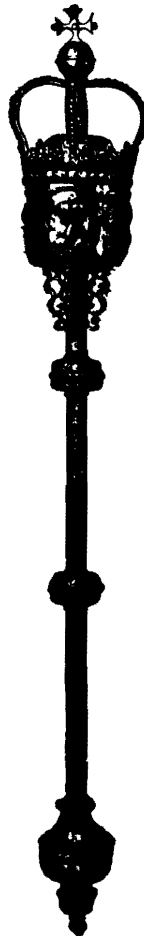
and intelligent people just enjoyed her company, and it so happens that she was the last person Evelyn Waugh wrote to before his death.

Among Diana's "loved ones" were Lytton Strachey and his platonic lady-friend Carrington. This leads me onto her only weakness -- tolerance of homosexuals. I agree that Lytton was a witty and brilliant writer. (Diana records that Bertrand Russell, when in Brixton Prison for opposing World War I, screamed with laughter over *Eminent Victorians*, and when Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, read *Queen Victoria*, about his own great-grandmother, he was similarly convulsed.) But her understanding references to Lytton's being beguiled by "a succession of seductive young men" set my teeth on edge. She would do well to remember that we are not dealing with an idiosyncratic peccadillo, but with a vicious, proselytising "alternative lifestyle." As I remarked when I found myself in a transvestite night-club in Japan recently: "What's all this in AIDS of?"

Even Oswald Mosley showed too much tolerance towards queers. Don't get me wrong. No more heterosexual man ever walked. His name for *The New Statesman*, for instance, was Cissy's Weekly. When the Reds in the 1930s used to yell, "What is Mosley fighting for? Thuggery, buggery, Fascism and war," they were wrong on three out of four counts.

Homosexuality was rife in Europe in the 1920s, probably because so many fathers had been killed. It was eventually repressed on the Continent, but not in England, where it went hand in hand with fashionable left-wing opinion and was one of the main causes of the downfall of the British Empire. Tom Driberg, the squalid leftist M.P. who solicited men in public lavatories, was a prime example of the type, and yet was tolerated as a friend by Evelyn Waugh. If there had been more social penalties for such behaviour, it would have made such people think twice.

I also find it difficult to understand why someone like Diana Mosley would wish to include Violet Hammersley and Lord Berners among her loved ones. Personally, I should have reacted to Mrs. Hammersley as to a black widow spider. A small, dark, pessimistic hypochondriac, much given to nervous breakdowns, she is described as a close friend of the Mitford family, but her behaviour indicates a parasitic relationship. As for Lord Berners, he was an unattractive little man who hated exercise and devoted his life to self-indulgence and dilettantism. We are assured that he had a sense of humour, and Jonathan Guinness, whose book I shall notice next time, provides us with an example of it. In Lord Berners' novel, *The Camel*, a bishop, expect-



ing to carve a leg of mutton, finds the rotting corpse of a small dog under the dish-cover.

Predictably, neither Mrs. Ham nor Lord Berners had any enthusiasms, political or otherwise. The fate of the British Empire would seem to have been a matter of supreme indifference to them both. Still, Lord Berners showed a proper aristocratic disregard of public opinion when he went to console Diana, after her husband's arrest and just before her own. That should be remembered in his favour. I will just quote one judgement of his before leaving him in bleak isolation: "I have never been able to summon up any great enthusiasm for the human race, and I am indifferent as to its future" (p. 124).

Diana's liking for two other loved ones is a great deal more understandable. I refer to Derek Jackson and Prince Clary. Derek Jackson was one of a pair of identical twins, who naturally shared their psychological quirks, as well as being virtually indistinguishable physically. For instance, Diana records that each, at different times, gave her a beautiful gold watch. Despite their English surnames, they were Welsh on both sides, and this goes a long way to explain Derek's flamboyant, reactive, combative character. For me, one story in particular illustrates Derek's quintessential Welshness (though he spoke standard English), and it is told more convincingly in Jonathan's rude version than in Diana's somewhat more polite one. (*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, as we say.) It was during the war, and he was disagreeing with a Marshal in the RAF, to which he himself belonged. Probably, he was airing his view that the war was a mistake, whereupon the Air Marshal said, "Come, come, Jackson. We mustn't get heated." At which Derek shouted, "What do you mean, we: the royal we, the editorial we or just you and your bloody tapeworm?"

The Jackson twins met Mosley at a night-club called the Gargoyle, where they made noisy fun of some friends of his who were fencing, and he told them to shut up. They called him out, but on the way down in a slow lift they noticed how strong he looked and how he towered over them, so they made friends with him instead. Later Derek married Diana's sister, Pamela, the second of his six wives, with whom he always remained on good terms. One of the best things about the English upper classes is that they don't find it necessary to pursue vendettas for years after divorce. The children, when there are any, benefit greatly.

Both the twins proved themselves to be brilliant, Vivian as an astrophysicist at Cambridge and Derek in various fields of physics at Oxford. When Derek was twenty-two he made the first-ever estimate of the absolute value of a nuclear magnetic moment, when working in the laboratory of Professor Lindemann, later to be Churchill's evil genius. During the war he worked with Dr. Kuhn, a Jewish refugee, interfering with enemy wireless and radar, and after the war he became a Professor of Spectroscopy at Oxford, before leaving for Ireland and France in protest against heavy taxation. His scientific services gained him a fellowship of the Royal Society, as well as the American Legion of Merit and the French Legion of Honour.

Both twins were excellent horsemen, and Derek rode several times as a jockey in the Grand National (so that Jessica referred to him as a jockey pure and simple). Vivian

died young, characteristically driving a sleigh too fast in Switzerland. During the war, Derek flew many missions as a navigator with the RAF in planes which shot down at least five enemy aircraft, and was decorated for valour several times. But he also had the rarer quality of moral courage, as well as a supreme contempt for public opinion, which Diana defines as "the opinions of a few politicians and journalists" (p. 89). He supported Mosley in his campaign for peace, expressing his open contempt of the Oxford intellectuals who were all for war but not so eager to take part in it themselves. When the Mosleys were finally released from prison, in 1943, he invited them to his country house. When Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, rang up to protest, Derek reminded him that he, Morrison, had been a conscientious objector during the first world war and told him that when he had won the DFC, the ACF and the OBE for valour as he, Jackson, had done, he could speak to him again. The press, hiding in the bushes, described his barking dachshunds as "huge dogs."

I don't deny that Derek could sometimes be a bit of a poseur. For instance, he sometimes affected a pansy pose in order to shock, although he wasn't homosexual at all. He spoke good German and rightly valued the German lyric poets, but found it necessary to downgrade English ones, referring to them as "Sheets and Kelly." Jonathan records that in Vienna before the war he introduced himself as *bildschön, steinreich und weltberühmt*. Also, he perhaps went too far in telling his brother officers during the war that when the darling Germans had won, he would go and live in a château on the Loire. Still, it would have been amusing to hear him giving directions in German as a navigator in the RAF: "Rechts! Links! Auf! Ab!"

To me, his most endearing eccentricity was stopping trains. Until after World War II, it cost only five pounds to pull the communication cord in British trains, however frivolous the pretext. Derek hated Pullman cars (nasty, stuffy, overheated transportation for the biomass, I call them) and would pull the communication cord, insisting on a proper, compartmented first-class carriage, in which one could have privacy and fresh air. What is more, he got his wish, which would not be the case now that British Rail is nationalised.

Prince Clary was the chairman of the League of Sudeten Germans before the war, though he was afflicted with amnesia on this score when he came to write his own memoirs. Still, he had some interesting reminiscences of Kaiser Wilhelm (who on one occasion struck a fat, bending Austrian Archduke across the rump with his Marshal's baton). In World War I, Prince Clary won the Goldene Tapferkeitsmedaille, the highest Hapsburg award for valour, and in the second he barely escaped torture and death when the Russians burst into his hospital room. A Ukrainian doctor had advised him to play moribund. The Clarys then escaped westwards. They were lucky enough to possess the Palazzo Clary in Venice, where the Mosleys often visited them.

But Diana's principal loved one is her husband, and this cannot be explained away as mere widow's piety. Nicholas Mosley, who does not seem to like Diana much, admits that she made a "garden of peace" for her husband. When

a female Grade A sticks to a man for fifty years (and Mosley could be difficult, as Nicholas shows), then the assumption must be that the male is Grade A as well. I find it satisfying to reflect that the wives of people of our way of thinking tend to be far above average. When this is not so, divorce soon follows because of the social pressures.

The main thing to remember is that Mosley was a rich man, having inherited a large block of ground rents in Manchester (though it is true that these were on 999-year leases) and engaged in the usual pursuits of his class: hunting and shooting. He could so easily have decided to enjoy life instead of devoting himself to solving the major problems of the day. What is more, he put £100,000 of his own money into his movement -- the equivalent of a couple of million today. Not till after the war did he make that amount back, through dealings on the stock exchange (that testing ground of the practical economist). He needed extra money too, which he appears to have got from Mussolini for a time, but that is another matter. It certainly cannot be said that Mosley was indifferent to the future of the British Empire and the destitution of his less fortunate countrymen. Nor can it be claimed that he coveted the trappings of power. He could so easily have become a Conservative or Labour prime minister, but rejected an empty title without the power to impose solutions.

Basically, Mosley was an aesthete, if that word is understood in a philosophical sense. He must have agreed with

Keats's Grecian dictum: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and he loved all the best things in life, as his wife makes clear.

Diana is clever at working in judgements and references. She writes, "Gertrude Stein, with her cropped hair and heavy tread, and her friend Alice B. Toklas, with her moustache, were more mannish than any man" (p. 115). She skewers Rebecca West's enthusiasm for the Serbs and her "equally boundless hatred of Austria and everything Austrian" (p. 149). She refers to the "hardly human noises" made by the House of Commons (p. 197). She quotes George Orwell in a letter to Herbert Read, wondering "whether Mosley will have the sense and the guts to stick out against war with the Germans" (p. 175). He had.

True, she can't spell "Houyhnhnms" and she fails to recognise a poem by W.B. Yeats (p. 51), but we can't have everything. Much more to the point, the only time she comes anywhere near making a curtsy to the Holy Caust is when she states that "millions of civilians were murdered in German and Russian camps" (p. 217). This is true to some extent, if we take into consideration that millions died in Russian camps and hundreds of thousands in German ones. Also, she follows it up with a reference to "the hell-fire hurled from aeroplanes on the civilian populations of open cities."

All in all, I think she deserves a deep bow from Instaurationists.

Chuck 'Em Out!

A recent Gallup Poll of Episcopalian clergy and laity shows that the two are completely out of step with each other. Rev. James Law of Thomasville (GA), whose conservative Prayer Book Society commissioned the 41-question poll, goes so far as to call the church "schizophrenic." "The people making [the] decisions . . . don't represent those they are making them for." For example, more than 60% of Episcopalian clergy believe it is their and their church's role to be an "agent of political change" in the United States. Yet 78% of their parishioners assert the opposite.

Unfortunately, the 13,000 clergymen, most of whom are card-carrying liberals, had more voting delegates at the triennial Episcopalian Convention in September than the 2.8 million laity, most of whom are not.

The liberal clerics have been belly-aching about the poll results, calling them "unscientific." Says the Gallup organization: "It's certainly not original that the people who disagree with a poll are the ones who don't like its results."

Early in the century, the French syndicalist thinker, Georges Sorel, promoted the political "myth" of the General Strike, in which the common people would bring a government grinding to a halt. What the entire Western world

needs today is a Great Outchucking, in which the rank-and-file members of virtually all organizations seize control and cast out the liberal insiders who have long misrepresented them.

Dramatic proof of the need for such a move appeared last year in a pamphlet of Canada's C-FAR (Citizens for Foreign Aid Reform Inc., Box 332, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5L3; \$3). Called "Immigration: Parliament Versus the People," it was written by Doug Collins, columnist for the Vancouver (British Columbia) *North Shore News*, and unarguably Canada's most courageous (and wittiest) journalist.

Collins is rightfully appalled because *not one* politician from any of Canada's three major parties has opposed the lemming rush of nonwhites and offwhites to Canada since the country opened its borders to the Third World in 1967. This

has been the case even though poll after poll has shown that most Canadians -- Anglophones, Francophones and otherwise -- are disgusted by the prospect of turning Canada into a racial bouillabaisse.

The best evidence of the fantastic gap between Canada's "leaders" and its people on this issue is reproduced in a table on page three of the Collins pamphlet. Back in 1975, the Canadian Parliament formed a Special Joint Committee on Immigration Policy. It received 1,629 briefs or letters from groups and individuals offering opinions on such policy. The individuals nearly all favored stopping immigration altogether or tightly controlling it; the organizations -- of whatever kind -- nearly all favored maintaining the current multiracial policy or opening things up still more.

	Individual Brief	Organization Brief	Witnesses Before Committee
1. Stop all immigration	765	6	21
2. Tighter Controls	288	31	46
3. Gear to Economy	38	19	42
4. Maintain Multiracial Policy	75	58	125
5. More Open Policy	24	33	58
Total	1190	147	292

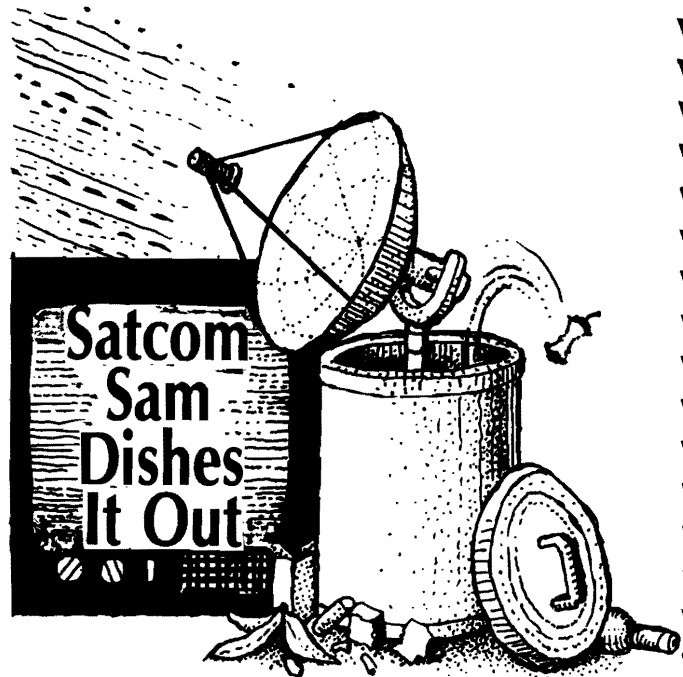
We all know how "straight news" is being distorted by the likes of Dan Rather. How much "equal time," for instance, does he give the Afrikaner side of the South African story? According to Prof. Stephen Hu of the Communications Studies Department of Virginia Tech, a more subtle form of news manipulation occurs in docudramas. In addition to the messages deliberately implanted in TV "reconstructions" of historical events by lib-min writers, directors and producers, villains can be made more villainous and heroes more heroic by the physical attractiveness or unattractiveness of the actors chosen to play the part. If the roles are over- or underplayed, this too affects the feelings and attitudes of viewers. As a result, the factual basis of the docudrama, the substrata of truth on which the TV production is supposed to rest, fades away into a mist of misshapen images and lopsided gut reactions. The guilt of the Green Beret doctor convicted of killing his family is accented by a one-dimensional performance by the actor in the leading role -- as happened in NBC's presentation of *Fatal Vision*. Actors who have played sympathetic roles in previous TV shows can arouse sympathy for the characters they play in future docudramas.

With so many possibilities of distortion open, it's a wonder that even small bites of truth can be digested from the tons of propaganda force-fed us on a daily basis by the truth-trashing tyrants of the tube.

* * *

Every once in a while as I spin my dial over the multitudinous video fare beamed down from the satellites that hang 22,600 miles over the equator -- "hang," though actually they are speeding through the heavens at 27,000 miles per hour -- I run into all-black talk shows. In most cases, they are on the Black Entertainment Network (Galaxy 1, Transponder 11) or on some black interview program on a "white" station -- "white," of course, only to the extent it is owned by whites. Most everything that is seen or heard on TV or radio these days is in the interest of everyone and everything that is not white. The anti-South African propaganda, the glorification of Japanese technology, the campaign to feed the desert-making black Africans, the black and Hispanic actors that crowd the sitcoms, are a few cases in point.

There are black radio and TV stations. There are Hispanic radio and TV stations. But there are no white stations per se. There are pro-black programs on white radio and TV stations, but no pro-white programs on any black or Hispanic radio and TV stations. The lightest wind will set the course of the heaviest sailboat if it never lets up and there is no counterwind. If black, Hispanic and other nonwhite or antiwhite racial propaganda on TV keeps blowing, blowing, blowing, and there is no pro-white or pro-Majority counterpropaganda, the brainwashing contest is bound to end, as it is now ending, in victory for nonwhites.



The current black TV sensation -- there always seems to be a black sensation in videoland -- is *The Cosby Show* on NBC. Since I have grown so tired of seeing minority racism on the Big Eye, I didn't tune in until I read how "magnificent," how "wonderful," how "incomparable" the show was and how it was the best thing to hit TV since . . . since . . . Mr. T!

I was particularly smitten by the item in *Newsweek's* panegyric of *Cosby* (Sept. 2, 1985) concerning the foot-long anti-Apartheid sign that he had ordered to be nailed over the door of one of his TV kids' rooms. When the star heard that an NBC official, who wanted to keep politics out of the show, had asked that the sign be taken down, *Cosby* staged a typical Hollywood snit. Like Henry Kissinger, who used such threats to silence his critics, he walked off the set and announced the show would not go on unless the sign remained in place. It stayed. If any white actor had dared to put on such an act, the chances are he would have been fired forthwith. But Bill *Cosby* is black, and a black these days, particularly the highest-rated black on TV, in an argument with a white is always right. It's interesting that one member of an eternally poverty-stricken race is now so rich and powerful that he can force his political and racial views on one of the world's mightiest media empires. It speaks volumes about who is really in command these days.

Bill *Cosby*, it must be admitted, is several cuts above the usual black actor. He has a Ph.D. in education, not honorary, but honestly acquired. He tries to put humor in his shows, authentic humor, based on character and not on one-liner boffo jokes, which are the stock-in-trade of Hollywood comedy writers. Moreover, *Cosby* deserves some praise for not concentrating on raunchy black jokes and antiwhite putdowns -- the meat and potatoes of black sitcoms. Some liberal critics, how-

ever, attack him on just this point. They want him to shout his blackness to the skies.

Cosby should be thankful -- though he probably isn't -- that he was born in the decadent stage of a white civilization. In the old America, where people had to produce to survive, the most successful person was generally the biggest producer. Today, the biggest successes can be people who do nothing more than strut around in front of TV cameras. Bill Cosby is clever and entertaining, but that doesn't entitle him to a private income of close to \$10 million a year (or so his press groupies allege) and to own a Mitsubishi jet, five palatial residences, a 1935 Aston Martin, a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud and 13 other cars.

* * *

Home Box Office ran a two-part series on Mussolini on Galaxy 1 (Sept. 8-9). It was par for the course -- par for TV docudramas being, as always, a negative number. Il Duce, a macho but never very handsome figure, was played by someone called Bob Hoskins, who looked more than faintly like Erich von Stroheim. If Erich, who happened to be a Jew, could play movie-dom's classic Prussian officer, I guess HBO decided a very un-Fascist-looking individual (with pointed ears yet) could double for Mussolini.

For all his faults, Il Duce was not a clod and not a vulgarized, procrastinating Hamlet. Yet that's how he came across in the HBO production. His dramatic rescue by the Germans from the heavily guarded mountain hotel where he was being held prisoner was downplayed into a minor event, perhaps because the Italians, who produced the show for HBO, didn't want to credit the Nazis with such a unique act of derring-do. All that was shown was a few German soldiers whisking Benito away from a battalion of Italians, who had been ordered not to shoot by an Italian general with a pistol pointed at his back.

The facts are much more interesting than the HBO fiction. One hundred twenty Germans belonging to a special unit headed by SS Captain Otto Skorzeny arrived in the mountainous terrain in 12 gliders. Three gliders didn't make it, and had to land short of their destination. One crashed. The Italian troops, surprised and cowed by the sight of the Germans, either surrendered or ran away. Mussolini was flown out in a Storch (a German version of a Piper Cub) and then taken to Munich to meet Hitler.

HBO's Führer was another triumph of miscasting. The actor who played him was named Raab, which in the U.S. is a rather un-Aryan name. To give history one more aesthetic whiplash, Raab looked more like a Lebanese than an Austrian.

* * *

Those who tuned in ABC's *20/20* one night in August were confronted with the hysteric rantings of Geraldo Rivera, a half-Puerto Rican, half-Jewish news-

man who seemed convinced that mid-America's farmers are about to stage an armed neo-Nazi uprising. Against footage of Christian Identity, Aryan Nations, Posse Comitatus and similar heartland groups, Rivera frothed on and on about "preachers of hate," "harvest of hate," "seeds of hate," "philosophy of hate." Even the *Washington Post* was embarrassed by the performance, and tried to steer its readers away from the program.

It's true that many American farmers, faced with foreclosure, are adopting a belief that hidden forces -- international bankers and Jews -- are out to grab their land. The demise of the family farm is a national tragedy, but it's not the only agricultural crisis facing America.

No less serious is the problem of urban sprawl, which is depriving the nation of more than 3 million acres of prime farmland each year. At the present rate of loss, there will be *no* prime farmland left in three states -- Florida, New Hampshire and Rhode Island -- within 20 years. The price of citrus products will shoot through the roof, because half the world's grapefruit and one-fourth of its oranges come from Florida, and the nearest alternative growing site is California. Other major agricultural states are being paved over almost as fast: California will lose 15% of its best farmland within 20 years, Pennsylvania 21%.

A new group called the American Farmland Trust (AFT, 1717 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) says that it "has thoroughly investigated what is causing our agricultural resources to decline so rapidly, and . . . is launching an all-out program to stem that decline. Essentially, the source of the problem is that a farmer today too often can make more money *selling* his land for nonfarming use than he can cultivating it to grow food."

While we wish the AFT well, we hope they will recognize that the *real* source of the problem is the urban sprawl which creates those unhealthy incentives for farmers, and that a major cause of urban sprawl is "white flight" from metropolitan areas overrun by blacks and unwanted Third World immigrants.

In all fairness, why should anyone throw good money at the AFT when the ongoing immigration crisis guarantees that their best efforts will never dam the flood of metro-fleeing whites? Not until whites, as such, make a united stand on the suburban or exurban fringe, and refuse to be pushed further, will America's farmlands have a chance.

* * *

They are still after Anita Bryant, the onetime showbiz personality who had the nerve to come out against faggots and dykes. A couple of months ago she was hired by WAGA-TV in Atlanta as a reporter, but was dropped after one broadcast because of a "groundswell of negative opinion," as her bosses explained it.

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 5 6 7 8 9

In the past decade, Federal District Judge Arthur Garrity has issued 414 orders to the Boston School District. In that time, in addition to racial riots and other forms of racial skirmishing, the city's public school enrollment has declined from 93,000 to 57,000. Whites now comprise 28% of the public school population, compared to 65% when Judge Garrity, illegally it might be added, seized control of Boston public education. At last count, 32,000 Boston kids are being bused, most of them whites to schools they don't want to attend and their families don't want them to attend.

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Last year 17,000 more Israelis moved out of Israel than moved into it -- a figure that may increase to 30,000 this year. Altogether, 400,000 Israeli citizens have left the country since 1948.

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10% of the approximately 1.2 million West German university students seek some form of psychiatric counseling during their college career.

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Jesse Jackson has just bought a home in Washington, D.C., for \$100,000 cash. The Reverend also owns two other homes -- in Chicago and South Carolina.

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A piece of primate jawbone some 40 to 50 million years old has been unearthed in Burma. The jaw presumably belonged to an anthropoid ape, from which species ascended monkeys, apes -- and us. Up to now Africa had been considered the birthplace of the higher primates. (*New York Times News Service*, Aug. 16, 1985)

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Of the top 10 U.S. cities, New York, L.A., Houston, Dallas, San Diego, Phoenix and San Antonio are gaining population. Chicago, Philly and Detroit are losing.

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15 to 16 million died of exhaustion or starvation in Russia between 1930 and 1953. In the year of Stalin's death (1953), 10 million were in Gulags. (*Cambridge Encyclopedia of Russia and the Soviet Union*, 1982)

#

In 1967-82, 30,000 Palestinians and Lebanese died in Israeli air, sea and land attacks. 19,085 more Lebanese and Palestinians died in the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. (*Ha'aretz*, July 1982 and Lebanese government report)

In a recent nationwide *Los Angeles Times* poll, 55% of the journalists interviewed classified themselves as liberals; 26% as middle-of-the-roaders; 17% as conservatives. 62% of the journalists opted for disinvesting in South Africa; only 32% of newspaper readers.

#

Sidney Yates, the Jewish Democrat from Illinois, was listed as the richest member of the House of Representatives (\$6,990,000 in assets). Richest Senator (\$8,316,000) was Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, the leftissimo equalitarian and Squibb heir, who gets elected under the Republican banner. Actually, Senators Kennedy and Jay Rockefeller are far more affluent than Weicker, but most of their lucre is in blind trusts, which permits them to conceal their true wealth. Rockefeller's fortune is listed on the Senate financial disclosure sheet as a piddling \$4,143,000, though it probably tops \$150 million. (*U.S. News & World Report*, June 3, 1985) It is noteworthy that the richest senators (Kennedy, Rockefeller, Pell, Danforth and Heinz) inherited their wealth and, whether Republicans or Democrats, adhere zealously to the liberal side of the political spectrum.

#

5,817,000 is the 1984 estimate for the U.S. Jewish population, says the latest edition of the *American Jewish Yearbook* -- an increase of 89,000 over 1983. Florida is the state with the fastest growing Jewish population (558,820). New York (1,879,955) still has the most Jews. The highest Jewish household income (43% earning more than \$40,000 a year) is in St. Louis.

#

Almost all the experts agree that Raul Hilberg is the leading expert on the Holocaust. In his recent expanded, horribly expensive 3-volume edition of *The Destruction of the European Jews* (Holmes & Meier, NY, \$159.50), the author put the number of Jewish dead at 5.1 million, a figure that is expected to have little effect on reducing the more highly publicized number.

#

The U.S. black population stands at 28.6 million as of July 1, 1984 -- 12.1% of the 236.7 million Americans. Hispanics now number 15.4 million. The white population rose 3.2% from 1980 to 1984 (the black 6.7%). Black median age is now 26.3; white, 32.2.

#

Chicago bail jumpers by race are: black, 69.2%; Hispanic, 20.4%; white, 8.1%.

15 million refugees, 11 million prisoners of war, 2 million soldiers, sailors and airmen missing, 2 million civilians missing or deported -- that's the WWII and post-WWII headcount for Germans, according to the German Red Cross. Since 1955, 1.1 million Germans from the East have joined relatives in West Germany, thanks largely to the GRC. An estimated 3.3 million ethnic Germans still live in the USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Romania. More than 283,000 of these have registered with the GRC in the hope of moving to the Federal Republic. (*Köln Stadt-Anzeiger*, July 1, 1985)

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Americans watch 1.5 billion hours of TV every 24 hours.

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The Israeli Defense Ministry employs 58 censors, who are authorized to open and examine every piece of mail leaving the country. (*Chicago Sentinel*, Aug. 1, 1985)

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Five years ago, when Canadian censors were looking for dirty books instead of anti-Holocaust books, Ray Evershed, an elementary school teacher, was arrested and fired from his job for smuggling European porn magazines into Canada. In July, the Court of Appeals ordered school authorities to reinstate him and pay him \$200,000 in lost wages. Will the Court of Appeals treat another teacher, James Keegstra, so liberally on his appeal?

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0.5% of Americans were estimated to be sterile in 1938. Today it's 1 in 7. (*Ladies' Home Journal*, Sept. 1985, p. 180)

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The professional politician is becoming more professional as the years wear on. Twenty-two of the first 26 U.S. Senators served only one term. None tried for a third term. On average, Congressmen served less than two terms until 1870. By 1920 the average length of a stint in Congress was less than 7 years. As late as 1949, 30% of Congress were first-termers. Today that percentage has fallen to 9.4%, and the average House member stays put in Washington for more than 12 years. 437 Representatives and Senators sought reelection in 1984 (and 67 Senators were not up for re-election). 418 won.

#

28 Jews, two of them Jewesses, graduated from the four service academies in June. That's five more than last year. 11 of the new officers attended West Point, 8 Air Force Academy, 5 Annapolis, 4 Coast Guard Academy.

Primate Watch



TONY CURTIS (né Schwartz), asked why he kicked his cocaine and heroin habit, which the 63-year-old actor confessed was driving him "to the depths of depravity," replied that dope was causing him to lose his power to attract women.

☆ ☆ ☆

ROCK HUDSON had been properly diagnosed as having AIDS a year before the news was out. During that time he had several acting jobs.

☆ ☆ ☆

In two recent tests of strength between blacks and Jews, the latter, as expected, came out on top: (1) **Mayors TOM BRADLEY** of Los Angeles and **MARION BARRY** of Washington, D.C., after trying to sidestep the issue, were forced by Jewish organizations to denounce (with many mollifying qualifications) Louis Farrakhan for making a few mildly critical remarks about Jews in speeches in their cities; (2) **THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK** denied tenure to a black professor from South Africa, Ernest Dube, who had spent four years in prison there for fighting apartheid. Although he had been a member of the faculty since 1977, Dube will have to quit his job next year. He had had the termerity to teach that Nazism, apartheid and Zionism were three pieces of the same cloth.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rep. RONALD DELLUMS (D-CA) has introduced a bill in the House ordering the Postmaster General to issue a stamp in honor of Malcolm X on the 20th anniversary of his murder by Black Muslims.

☆ ☆ ☆

Henry Marshall of the Department of Agriculture died from bullet wounds in 1961 when investigating the case of **BILLIE SOL ESTES**, the con artist who was closely associated with **LYNDON JOHNSON**. The death was officially recorded as a suicide, despite the fact that he had been shot five times in the back. Estes, when released from prison last year, said Marshall had been killed by order of LBJ, then Vice-President. In August, District Judge Peter Lowry ruled that the cause of Marshall's death be changed to murder.

☆ ☆ ☆

LEO F. SCHWEITZER, the 30-year-old president of Alchemy, Inc., Macungie (PA), was found guilty of defrauding the Defense Department of \$477,000 by selling it defective nozzles and valves for jet fighters and naval ships. Some of the water fog nozzles only worked in the closed position.

VICTOR BERGELSON and 12 associates have been charged with defrauding 4,000 investors, mostly Florida residents, of some \$40 million. When will we ever learn?

☆ ☆ ☆

DANIEL E. GOLD has been named president of Knight-Ridder Broadcasting, Inc., which owns and operates four ABC network stations in Flint, Providence, Nashville and Albany, plus a CBS affiliate in Norfolk.

☆ ☆ ☆

At present the ten non-permanent members of the UN Security Council are: Australia, **BURKINA FASO** (formerly **UPPER VOLTA**), Denmark, Egypt, India, **MADAGASCAR**, Peru, Thailand, **TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO** and the Ukrainian SSR.

☆ ☆ ☆

REED IRVINE, married to a survivor of the Nagasaki atom bombing, tries to keep the media truthful with his *AIM Report*. Unfortunately, he is extremely untruthful when he consistently refuses to criticize the agitprop put out by the Israel lobby, the kingpin of the disinformation trade. Another prominent miscegenationist is **WINSTON LORD**, a Henry Kissinger protégé and heir to the Pillsbury millions, who currently heads up the wimpish Council on Foreign Relations. Lord's wife is Chinese.

☆ ☆ ☆

The federal government is finally prosecuting its first "dial-a-porn" service. Not too surprisingly, the company indicted on 23 counts is located in New York City while the innocents at the other end were Utah schoolchildren. Charged were **CARL RUDERMAN**, **IRA KIRSCHENBAUM**, **KEVIN GOODMAN** and **SAMANTHA FOX**.

☆ ☆ ☆

LORE SEGAL's third novel, *Her First American*, is about an interracial affair in the 1950s. **JEANNE McMANUS**'s review of it in *Book World* suggests why she was recently made associate editor of the *Washington Post Magazine*. Ilka, she tells us, is a "pale blond 21-year-old Viennese [Jewish] immigrant" who, among other "endearing errors," quickly falls for a "portly, older, whiskey-drinking, intriguing" man whom she is too naive to realize is black! He teaches her to be a charming anti-American rebel like himself. Alas, "only too soon" for Jeanne McManus's tastes, Ilka becomes Americanized and suburbanized, and -- worst of all -- "marries a simple, uneccentric loving man and begins to raise a family."

In the early 1950s, young **COLEMAN DOWELL** traded the hills of Kentucky for the canyons of Manhattan, there to spend three decades writing plays and novels about black anger, white guilt, homosexual obsession and "the sinister horrors of family life." The *New York Times* said that his latest novel, *White on Black on White*, "crackled with insights." On Aug. 3, Dowell jumped from his Fifth Avenue apartment and landed 15 floors below.

☆ ☆ ☆

RICH COWLES had a sickening article in the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* last June, boasting of his multiracial family: "What I like best about adoption is that the kids don't look like the parents. When the kids hail from other countries, an added attraction is relief from European pallor at family get-togethers." To hear him tell it, Calcutta-born Annie and Korea-born Jim get all the attention when the family goes out, because of their nice "fans." Doug Cowles, the family's attractive blue-eyed blond biological son, gets ignored because he's "pink . . . like most other kids riding in grocery carts."

☆ ☆ ☆

Minnesota is swarming with adopted children from the Third World, but in Alberta, Canada, the practice is still rare. **MYRNA and ROBERT GORSALITZ** were vacationing on the West Indian island of Nevis two summers ago when they spotted a darling young Negro trotting along a jungle path. So they whisked 13-year-old Mayhue home with them to the all-white prairie town of Tilley (pop. 358), bought him a ghetto blaster (as they described it) for Christmas, and introduced him to Mr. T, Michael Jackson and the rest of high civilization. Since immigration law forbids the adoption of foreign children 13 and over, the Gorsalitzes, calling Mayhue "an asset to our society," have been pressuring the schoolchildren of Tilley to sign a petition demanding an exemption for the boy.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA** has a new requirement. All students in the College of Liberal Arts must take two courses (8 to 10 credit hours) in Afro-American, Asian-American, American Indian or Hispanic culture.

☆ ☆ ☆

At a Holocaust celebration in Brooklyn last June, Mayor **ED KOCH** asked Nazi-hunter **SIMON WIESENTHAL**, apropos of Dr. Mengele, "Simon, is the monster dead?" Not waiting for an answer, the mayor, speaking over a microphone to 5,000 people, added: "I hope he's dead. And yet, I'd like to catch him. I'd like to torture him myself . . . but we're not allowed to torture . . . But I'd like to execute him."

DR. MILTON AVOL is a neurosurgeon and slumlord who lives in Beverly Hills. In 1983, he was convicted of violating health, fire and safety codes in four of his many apartment complexes, and given 36 months to get in line. In June, an incensed Judge Veronica McBeth ordered Avol to spend 30 days in one of his leaky rat- and bug-infested flats and 30 days in a clean jail cell to see which he preferred.

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1944, **JOHN LOMELO** was arrested in his native New Jersey for assault and battery. In 1947, he was arrested in Savannah, GA, for armed robbery, but excused when he enlisted in the Navy. In 1951, he was convicted of armed robbery in Dade County, FL, and sentenced to five years, which was suspended because he was a "first offender." In 1958, as Lomelo began his political rise, Florida Governor **LeROY COLINS** pardoned him. By 1967, he was mayor of Sunrise, FL, a boomtown which held 40,000 New Yorkers by 1980. From 1980 to 1984, he served as Democratic chairman of Broward County (population 1 million). But the mug-faced Lomelo never changed his ways. In 1978, he was charged with battery and perjury; in 1981, with threatening a police officer; in 1984, with 12 federal counts of conspiracy, extortion and mail fraud. Some of the last charges finally stuck and, on June 28, Lomelo and accomplice **SPIKE LEIBOWITZ** were convicted on eight counts each.

☆ ☆ ☆

Miami-area Hispanics threatened to raise hell if they didn't get a man on the editorial board of local papers, so now **GUILLERMO MARTINEZ** has a column in the *Miami Herald*, where he bitches and whines about Anglo "discrimination." "How many of the largest local corporations don't have even one Hispanic executive?" he asks rhetorically, failing to provide an answer. "How many banks?" The truth is that Miami's Cubans own many local banks themselves, very few of which have any Anglo employees. Recently, one of their banks, with assets of \$600 million, was slapped on the wrist by the EEOC because every one of its 550+ employees was Cuban! Little has changed since then because few Anglos wish to be surrounded at work by chattering Hispanics. Now Martinez is using the growing Anglo desperation in south Florida as an argument for increased Hispanic hiring in Anglo institutions: after all, he reasons perversely, "Hispanics . . . are less prone to leave the community than the rest of the population."

☆ ☆ ☆

"This is truly a proud and happy day," crowed **RICHARD C. FAILLA** as he was sworn in as Zoo City's first self-advertised gay criminal court judge.

STEVE "HEART ATTACK" SCHUSSLER is Duddy Kravitz, the archetypical Jewish hustler, come to life. As a teenager, he earned \$300 a weekend lighting cigars and hustling drinks for the poker players in Queens nightclubs. By age 21, he was making \$65,000 a year in radio and TV advertising. Today, at 30 (he looks older), Schussler and a friend run six nostalgia nightclubs ("adult playpens for Elvis fans"). He nets half a million a year just from the Minneapolis club. Being first is important with this "fast-talking, perpetual promoter" -- first in what doesn't matter, however, so the Tootsie Roll wallpaper on his restroom walls is a real source of pride. Friends give this frenetic, "type-A" person (with "one foot in the gutter and one foot in the penthouse") five years to live if he doesn't slow down.

☆ ☆ ☆

Last October, **RUBEN ORTIZ JR.** and his friend "**JUNIOR**" **RAMOS** were ejected from the courtyard of Miami's 60-year-old Sayer Apartments. They had been breakdancing there to painfully loud music emanating from their suitcase-sized barrio blaster. Their response was to turn the radio's volume even higher, while one of them went out for the gasoline which they would slosh all over the complex that night. A lit match quickly turned the building into a "three-story, horseshoe-shaped oven." Three died, 14 were hospitalized and 29 families lost their homes. Ruben Ortiz's mom was a prostitute and mental patient back home in Puerto Rico. His dad, who is only 34, has already sired seven children by three unmarried women, and is working on some more. Ruben Sr. brought the 15-year-old Ruben Jr., still childless despite sex with 12- and 13-year-olds, a giant radio "so he could be just like everybody else."

☆ ☆ ☆

MIKA FOWLER of St. Petersburg (FL) was jealous of those photographers who have thrived most profitably by posing leading citizens of New York City in the nude. Fowler has built a better mousetrap. He will pose you nude with your favorite pet and give you a black and white 8 x 10 glossy free. All you have to do is sign a release permitting the use of your photo in a pornographic volume he intends to publish.

☆ ☆ ☆

STEPHEN ARKY, the head of ESM Government Securities, the firm which defrauded its customers of some \$320 million before it went bankrupt, committed suicide on July 23. Arky's father-in-law is **MARVIN WARNER**, who was deeply involved in ESM and whose own Home State Savings in Cincinnati had to shut down after ESM crashed, causing 70 other Ohio S&Ls also to close their doors. Services for Arky were held in Temple Beth Am in Miami.

In 1941, Mrs. Ruth Pelke, 34, moved with her husband to Glen Park in Gary, Indiana, then a neighborhood of fine, large homes and affluent whites. By 1985, the houses were still in place but Mrs. Pelke, now 78 and widowed, was surrounded by blacks. Her home had been burglarized five times in recent years, yet she insisted the neighbors "watch out for me." One of those neighbors, 15-year-old **APRIL BEVERLY**, the youngest of 11 children and seven months pregnant herself, brought three black girlfriends over one day last spring to ask about Bible classes (the white lady had taught her previously). Once inside, the girls began beating Mrs. Pelke with a vase and stabbing her some 35 times. One girl said she pushed a butcher knife through the lady's chest and out her back "to see how it would feel." The object: \$10 for soda and snacks.

☆ ☆ ☆

In matters of life and death, Jewish law supersedes California law. So pronounced Orthodox Rabbi **PINCHAS LIPNER** during a Jewish law seminar held in San Francisco last spring. In the case of the half-Jewish Bernhard Goetz, said Lipner, shooting the four black hoods was correct because white racism has caused blacks not to value their lives or those of others. A precedent was Maimonides's interpretation of the rape of Jacob's daughter. The victim's brothers, seeking "justice," had killed not only the rapist but everyone in his village. This was appropriate because the villagers, their minds presumably elsewhere, had done nothing to apprehend the rapist.

☆ ☆ ☆

In his new book, *Aborting America*, Dr. Bernard Nathanson, the born-again anti-abortionist, reveals that 10 years ago he and "feminist" **BETTY FRIEDAN** together dreamed up the figures -- since widely circulated -- on the number of American women who supposedly died each year from botched "back-alley" abortions.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Monastery is a Seattle discotheque whose teenage clientele, one-fifth of them younger than 16, openly sold and used drugs and engaged in hetero- and homosexual acts. So testified three undercover police officers at the trial of owner/operator **GEORGE FREEMAN**. Two of the cops recalled how one night Freeman had grabbed the house mike and declared to hundreds of cheering teens, "Your bodies are yours, not your parents' or the state's or the church's. I know you people are in the balconies with needles, snorting and smoking . . ." Freeman's defense is that he's the victim of a conspiracy against black homosexuals like himself.



Britain. From our London correspondent. A novel by Rosamund Fitzroy, *The Widow's Might* (Arlington Books, London), has a plot which is most surprising for any work of fiction published in the West in the 1980s. The heroine is Dame Elizabeth de Blete, a retired civil servant. The villainess is the Jewish widow, Hannah Cross (originally Kreuz), the immensely wealthy owner of a garment firm, Cross and Garter, Ltd., and chairman of a charity set up by her late husband. Her overriding ambition is to become a baroness and a member of the House of Lords. To promote her ennoblement she decides to establish a large cultural and social foundation in Mallaby, the little country town where she maintains a stately home. The foundation's headquarters, designed by a notorious modernist architect, would stand out like a sore thumb amid the town's centuries-old buildings and indubitably give the place what might be described as the architectural equivalent of AIDS.

At first nearly everyone is against the idea. But Hannah, by a combination of bribery and political pressure, silences most of the critics and even wins a few of the most vociferous ones over to her side. Soon the only remaining opponents are the local landed gentry and Dame Elizabeth, whose social position puts them beyond the reach of Semitic arm-twisting. Desperate, Hannah launches against them two carefully chosen protégées, a leftwing woman MP from urbia and the raucous lady gossip columnist of a national newspaper. The two harpies immediately launch an all-out PR campaign, complete with headlines blaring about "Feudal Privileges Versus the People."

All seems lost when Dame Elizabeth, tapping her high-level connections and recalling all she had learned about zoning laws during her civil service career, snatches victory from the jaws of defeat at the very last moment of the final meeting of the Planning Board.

Losing what little cool she possessed, Hannah shouts at Dame Elizabeth that she has not finished yet; that she too has powerful friends, only hers are in the ruling Conservative Party. Dame Elizabeth laughs. "You cannot get over the facts unless, of course, your powerful friends include Moses."

"So you're anti-Semitic as well, are you?" Widow Cross hisses -- a hiss that present-day Western fiction almost always reserves for Arabs, Nazis, Iranians and Libyans, a long snakelike hiss that can only be an admission of Hannah's failure to deface the fair town of Mallaby with her tasteless architectural monstrosity.

* * *

My Guru and His Disciple by Christopher Isherwood (Eyre Meuthen, London) consists mostly of excerpts of the author's diary that have to do with Swami Prabhavananda. Isherwood, a vehement anti-Nazi homo who conveniently became a pacifist in 1939, relates that he felt very good about having a mentor who in his earlier days was an anti-British terrorist.

In 1940 Swami sternly ordered a British female follower to get over her feelings of patriotism, a hindrance on "the way" to a higher life, at the very time he was giving chauvinistic lectures in California against British rule in India. In the Indochinese war of the 1960s, Swami was fanatically on the Red side. "I think Swami will be disappointed if the truce leads to peace," Isherwood writes. "If he was someone else I'd say it was disgusting for a minister, and at his age, demanding bloodshed. But Swami is Swami."

Isherwood praises Swami's "understanding and tolerance" of his (Isherwood's) homosexuality and stable of boy-friends, though he treated less famous disciples quite differently. When one of his female true believers left to get married, Swami tolerantly cried, "I'd like to poison her." When "someone remarked how unattractive most of the lady devotees were, Swami joked that if they had not found God they would all be murderesses."

Concerning a play ridiculing Christianity, Isherwood remarks, "This sort of joking about Jesus and Jehovah was very much to Swami's taste. Would he have liked it if Krishna and Rama had been mocked in the same way? No."

"Every day people come and tell me of their devotion to God. I don't believe them," said Swami. However, this did not bother him as long as they made donations.

* * *

Crusade -- A Life Against the Calamitous 20th Century by Sir Patrick Donner (Sherwood Press, London) is an interesting book recalling pertinent and long forgotten facts. Sir Patrick was born in Finland of a Swedish-Finnish father and a Scottish mother. The Swedish Finns were then 10% of the population of Finland (today it's 4%) and rather similar to the Irish Protestant ascendancy, which accounted for 10% of Ireland's population. Sir Patrick's grandfather was the Prime Minister of the Grand Duchy of Finland and worked diligently to enfranchise his country's Finnish speakers.

Sir Patrick's father was the first Finnish ambassador to the Court of St. James. With his widespread contacts he did much to put his new nation on its feet, until he was sacked in 1926 because he could not speak Finnish (or so he writes). Many famous Finns came from the Swedish minority and

very often had to learn the native language in school after they had grown up. Sibelius and Field Marshal Mannerheim, the Liberator of Finland, both close friends of the Donners, belonged to this category.

Sir Patrick, while in his early teens, was in Helsinki during the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. After some trying experiences, he and his family eventually got out to Sweden and Britain. In 1929 he became a British citizen.

In the early 1930s Sir Patrick, now a Tory MP, worked very closely with Churchill in the fight against the India Bill, which was enacted in 1935. He considered it to be a betrayal of treaties with the princes and a damaging change in the destiny of the Empire. Sir Patrick strongly supported Chamberlain in the Munich crisis, thereby enraging Churchill, who believed that their close cooperation in the India Defense League had made Sir Patrick a loyal follower.

Sir Patrick's book contains many facts which seem strangely forgotten now. In 1938, the author reminds us, the Labour Party voted to abolish the RAF. In 1939 it voted against conscription. When war broke out, 100 Tory MPs joined the armed forces; one Labour MP. The Labourites also refused to join the wartime government until Churchill came to power after the fall of France. In 1941, when a large group of Labour MPs conspired to overthrow the government, Churchill had to recall many MPs in military service (including Sir Patrick) to keep his job.

Knighthood in 1953, Sir Patrick left Parliament in disgust in 1955, totally out of sympathy with the way things were going in Britain. He has since concentrated on restoring his Hampshire estate, which was originally laid out by Capability Brown. However, he still keeps an eye on the world situation and is not afraid to write that a multiracial society is not a matter of capacity, but of compatibility. In regard to the latter he sees no reason to believe blacks are compatible with other races.

When in Los Angeles in 1971, I was impressed by the number of level-headed Americans who (unknown to each other) volunteered identical information. They said the race riots there had stemmed not from black hatred of whites or vice versa, but from the ever present adverts of the material goods of Western civilization. My informants said that the blacks knew they were too indolent or incapable ever to afford these. So instead they placed half a dozen men in buildings and took potshots at passersby. While police concentrated on surrounding these buildings, other blacks in much larger numbers broke shop windows and looted.

Alternately, let it be assumed that these Americans misread black thinking and underestimated their attributes. As Northcote Parkinson pointed out in 1968, "Economic measures will not appease an angry mob. To offer further ben-

efits will stimulate disorders among people who have come to realize violence pays. The grievance is not economic at all, but based on their being thought inferior. What we have to ask ourselves is the more basic question whether what we are trying to do is even possible."

No minister of the crown or leader of the opposition has ever publicly expressed why he believes that retaining dissatisfied West Indians in this country against their will is likely to turn them into law-abiding citizens rather than politically motivated subversives.

In regard to the subsidized repatriation of nonwhites, Sir Patrick writes, "At least their departure would remove one genuine case of discontentment in that no one could complain they were being economically coerced to remaining in a country in which they felt ill at ease or unhappy. It is strange that the many who earn a living in the Race Relations industry should not accept this view as one likely to reduce racial tension."

* * *

Michael Novak, student of ethnic differences, had this to say about the May 29 soccer tragedy in Brussels, where 38 died.

Possibly the most shocking fact is that the violence appears to have originated among Englishmen, attacking the Italians nearest them. Englishmen! The famed race of law and reason, in whose noble country, even waiting for a bus, citizens peacefully queue up. Englishmen! Universally respected (and taunted) for their phlegmatic, understated ways.

Englishmen! In all the world envied for their capacity for order, and for the internationalization of the common law.

Less dramatically, but more accurately, Novak, a former Democratic Party propagandist turned kosher neo-conservative, might have exclaimed, "Liverpudlians!" Some early revisionists of the incident felt it most unfair that England was being held up to international scorn because some descendants of bog-trotters attacked some Italians, who panicked, causing the inadequate masonry work of some Belgians to give way. Liverpool, by the way, has a higher percentage of Irish than any other large British city. Knowing Irish tempers and Irish combativeness, *Instauration* dares to suggest the presence of some alien corn among the British bloodletters.

Some years ago the *Sun* interviewed some leading soccer hooligans and, though the paper did not remark on it, all had Irish Christian and surnames. Last year an "English fan" was shot dead in Brussels in a brawl. He carried an Irish passport. A leading soccer brawler recently jailed in Cambridgeshire had a Turkish name. When Ipswich had a run of victories lately, the papers remarked how well behaved the team's fans were -- just like before the war. They did not mention that Ipswich is one of the

few parts of England where there has been little immigration.

One soccer fanatic named Barry wasn't about to apologize about the Brussels incident. "We hate the Italians," he said. "We think they can't fight, and they'd rather use a blade. The same thing with the Spanish, we don't like them either. I guess it's the Latins -- they won't fight you, they'd rather run." His friend Kevin added, "They were scared. They panicked. That's what killed them."

However one looks at it, there's plenty of blame left over for the unhyphenated bottom-of-the-barrel Englishman. An aging British thug of 31 named Tony admits that knives are making headway in England too these days. "I been at games where there's been axes used," he says. "But I'm more of a fist and boot lad. Y'know, the old sort of fight. I don't want know them people slashin'." The soccer rowdies often go to games dressed in Lacoste shirts, looking like preppies, so the police can't pick them out. Increasingly, the fans are locked into "pens" which only stadium officials can open, a life-endangering precaution (witness the Bradford fire) which is keeping more and more sane fans at home.

The worst European soccer violence pales when viewed in a global perspective. In Lima, Peru, for example, a 1964 match triggered a riot in which 318 people died, without the help of a collapsing wall.

* * *

Re the suggestion in *Instauration* that Americans of Northern European descent withdraw from the U.S. and establish an all-white zone, the Welsh Nationalists have been talking of something similar for a long time. They want all-Welsh speakers to move to the counties of Dyfed and Gwynedd, where they would form an overwhelming majority. Unfortunately, South Pembroke's "Little England Beyond Wales" is in Dyfed. (English and Flemings settled there in the 12th century.) Another drawback is that since the advent of bilingualism laws (especially the Welsh Language Act of 1976), a great many Welsh speakers have comfortable jobs in local government, in the media and in teaching, often with little more qualification than their knowledge of two languages. Most work in the more thickly populated east of Wales. They may talk about an all Welsh-speaking country, but they have no intention of giving up their cozy billets.

* * *

At the moment a public bill is going through Parliament. It will give the police far greater powers to prosecute Britons involved in "racial incitement." Our Jewish Home Secretary, while pushing "sensitive policing" for blacks, is anxious to make it even more dangerous and difficult for the English to speak up.

* * *

Francis Pym, the conservative ex-Cabinet Minister, has formed a "Right Centre" group to oppose Mrs. Thatcher's policies. As he is the direct descendant of John Pym, the Puritan leader of the Civil War, there have been a lot of squibs and satires in the press based on the old poem:

Kentish Sir Byng
Stood by his King
Bidding the crop-headed
Parliament swing.

The refrain goes:

God save King Charles
Pym and such carles
To the Devil who taught 'em their
treasonous parles.

Pym, however, lacks his ancestor's dynamism and determination. His group is getting nowhere at the moment.

France. Charles de Gaulle once confessed, presumably while speaking "off the record," that the vaunted "French" Resistance had consisted primarily of Jews, Communists and blacks. But the dirty little secret has been hidden from most Frenchmen for 40 years, which helps explain the furor which arose last summer over the televising of a documentary called "Terrorists in Retirement." The French Communist Party tried to ban the program because the myth of its World War II heroes being ordinary Frenchmen was among the last props sustaining its declining fortunes. For a month, the Red bid for censorship succeeded, but on July 2 the state-funded Antenne 2 network finally ran the film, which deals with "L'Affaire Manouchian."

Missak Manouchian was a young Armenian Jewish poet who led the kosher gang which carried out many of the most brutal terrorist acts against the German occupiers of Paris. Five million native Parisians had been quite content to have their city become a wartime playground for the Germans, since that is the semi-civilized way in which European nations traditionally struggled with one another. Then, along came the alien Manouchian and his band of fanatic Communists -- nearly all with un-Gallic names like Weissberg, Mitzflicker and Kojitsky -- bent on making Paris into a hellhole for the Jerries. Bombs were lobbed into groups of servicemen; German officers were shot or clubbed as they relaxed on park benches.

In the autumn of 1943, however, a captured partisan -- probably one Joseph Davidowicz -- betrayed the band. As the Nazi net closed around his men one by one, Manouchian asked his French Communist superiors to permit him to retreat to hiding places in the country. Permission was refused because the party hierarchy didn't



want its rural and small-town followers getting wind of the fact that the resistance in Paris was anything but French. As the higher-ups themselves retreated safely from Paris, Manouchian and his men, cut off from money and supplies, were rounded up. On February 21, 1944, he and 22 of his gang were legally executed, under international laws of warfare, by an SS machine-gun squad. The lowest blow of all came after the war, however, when Communist party propagandists, in their official histories of the Resistance, "Frenchified" the names of the foreigners who had given their all for anti-Nazism.

Historian Philippe Ganier-Raymond wrote the book that uncovered the French Communist Party's duplicity in the affair. This became the film "Terrorists in Retirement," narrated by the late Jewish actress Simone Signoret and shown at the Cannes Film Festival in 1983, but kept off TV while the Communist Party remained a part of François Mitterrand's ruling Socialist coalition. When the film was finally scheduled for broadcast on June 2, the Communists did all they could to stop the showing. For a month they succeeded, provoking huge headlines charging political censorship.

The film's title is derived from the content, which shows a bunch of old Jews -- the last survivors of the Manouchian gang -- running around in the streets of Paris, lobbing bombs (fake ones this time) as they did in their glory days. There are also interviews with the men, whose Yiddish accents remain so thick that subtitles were needed to make their French comprehensible to Frenchmen.

A right-wing former Minister has objected that the film "gives a historic justification to modern terrorists." His fears are groundless. The film actually shows that the terrorists of 1939-45, far from being "European heroes," were unsavory minority characters very much like the bomb throwers that are perstering the West today.

* * *

A recent Agence France Press (AFP) dispatch, published in the *Frankfurter Rundschau* (Nov. 13, 1984), reported that three of the five richest individuals in France are Jews:

- Marcel Dassault (born Bloch), owner of the aviation company that makes the Mirage.
- Edmond de Rothschild of the well-known clan.
- Georgette Deutsch, majority stockholder of Shell France Petroleum Company.
- Liliane Bettencourt, the L'Oreal cosmetics heiress. Not Jewish.
- Anne Gruner-Schlumberger, one of the oil-rich Schlumbergers. Despite the

Jewish ring to their name, the Schlumbergers are Protestants. The "Gruner," however, is troubling.

* * *

Jack Lang, the French Minister of Culture, has ordered a statue of Alfred Dreyfus, the convicted Jewish spy who was later "unconvicted" after one of history's most high-pressure press campaigns. Lang, who is Jewish despite his Anglo-Saxon name, wants the sculpture erected in the main courtyard of the French Military Academy. This, naturally, would be a constant source of irritation to the officer corps, which has never forgiven Dreyfus for tearing France in two over the question of his guilt or innocence and thereby seriously weakening the French Army.

To avoid stirring up trouble in the Armed Forces, Defense Minister Charles Hernu, recently fired for his part in the sinking of Greenpeace's *Rainbow Warrior*, wanted a less controversial site.

Lang has already commissioned a bronze, 10-foot statue of Dreyfus from the Jewish sculptor, Tim, who says that once the site has been decided on, he will have it up in six months. It is symbolic of the degeneration of late 20th-century France that a statue much bigger than those dedicated to more authentic French heroes will memorialize a Jew who may or may not have been a spy.

How soon may Americans expect to have a colossal statue of the Rosenbergs on the grounds of West Point?

West Germany. Albert Speer, who died in 1981, was one of history's great con artists. So concludes Matthias Schmidt in his new book, *Albert Speer: The End of a Myth*. A key source for his reevaluation was the daily journal kept by Speer during the Hitler years, which Schmidt succeeded in getting hold of. It shows that the chronically "uninformed" armaments minister, who never quite grasped what was going on all around him, is the postwar invention of a man set on rehabilitating himself in the victors' eyes. If there was a German extermination program, as Speer now agrees, then he, of all people, would have had to know about it. Aside from the Holocaust, Speer was active in crushing the anti-Hitler conspiracy of July 20, 1944, and also gave several "hold out to the end" speeches during the last months of the war.

Schmidt helped expose Speer's duplicity by interviewing his contemporaries, by digging deeply into Nazi archives, and by studying the hitherto unavailable diary. At Nuremberg in 1946, he argues, Speer skillfully sidestepped the issue of his personal responsibility by vaguely accepting the blame for everything that happened (or

didn't happen) in Germany. According to critic Arnold Ages,

Speer won the sympathy of his captors by denying specific knowledge but accepting general responsibility. He further disarmed his judges by telling them he could have known what was going on had he wanted to. His real crime, he said, was that he did not want to know.

At one point in his best-selling memoirs, Speer even told of his heroic attempt to poison Hitler, although the American interrogator at Nuremberg had dismissed this as self-serving fantasy.

Commenting on Speer's story in *Playboy* that Hitler and his cronies gloated over the agonies of the July 20th conspirators hanged on meat hooks, author Schmidt writes:

We can only wonder where Speer got his detailed knowledge of the executions, since not even the historian Peter Hoffmann could offer such particulars in his standard work on the resistance. In *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer claims he had never seen the film . . . Survivors of the group round Hitler at the time flatly deny such a movie was ever shown at Führer HQ. For instance, the architect Hermann Giesler, who spent that August at Führer HQ, was once looking at photographs of the executed conspirators. Hitler, waving him off, exclaimed, "Leave that alone, Giesler! I don't want to see those men!"

In 1943 Speer complained to Himmler after a visit to Mauthausen concentration camp that the SS were being too lavish with raw materials in view of the severe wartime shortages. SS Obergruppenführer Pohl in a memo to Himmler on the matter pointed out that with 160,000 prisoners, the SS were already struggling against epidemics and a high mortality rate, "because the housing for inmates, including sanitary conditions, is completely inadequate." For these reasons, the SS strongly opposed Speer's demands to divert more raw materials to the war effort.

Albert Speer, the one major Nazi who freely "confessed," has begun to look dishonorable in everyone's eyes. Unlike those colleagues of his who went down with the ship, Speer lied shamelessly to win a seat on a lifeboat.

* * *

In 1955, many of the Germans held prisoner in Russia returned home to Germany. Here are some of the humorous conversations that were printed at the time in German newspapers.

A division general captured in Stalingrad meets by chance one of his former aides. Asks the general, "How is our former commander of the submarine forces, Admiral Doenitz?" The aide is baffled and answers: "He resides [sitz] in Spandau prison." "In Spandau? That is a penitentiary?" "Indeed,

Herr General, and that's why Doenitz is there."

"And how is General Rommel's chief-of-staff, Speidel?" "He resides in Paris." "In jail?" "No, he is one of the commanders of NATO."

"And how is our famous Panzer general Meyer doing?" "Oh, until recently he lived in Canada." "With NATO?" "No, Herr General, in jail."

"And how is our former Chief of Staff Heusinger?" "Oh, he is residing in Bonn." "In jail?" asks the general. "No, in the West German Department of Defense."

The general turns to leave. "Where to, Herr General?" "To the nearest insane asylum, Herr Major!"

* * *

The *Kieler Nachrichten* (May 9, 1985) had an article on "What the man on the Moscow street thinks of Germans." According to author Peter Seidlitz, no one in Russia but a few old war vets worries about Hitler, Nazis and war anymore -- must less the Jewish Holocaust. Instead, "most Russian youngsters think of Beethoven, Nietzsche, Hegel, the economic miracle, Mercedes and Volkswagens."

German musicians, philosophers and literary figures are probably more familiar in the Soviet Union than in any other European country.

Germans often surprisingly find themselves confronted by comments on German authors with [whom] they themselves are not familiar during their visits here.

All the young sculptors and ballerinas whom Seidlitz ran into said things like: "I wouldn't dream of bearing a grudge against the Germans" [and] "My generation has had enough of the subject." Seidlitz's conclusion is that "Germans are apparently more popular in Russia than in many Western countries." Yet, by all accounts, many more Russians than Jews were killed by Germans during World War II.

Spain. Support here for membership in NATO has held steady recently at just 25%. And the generation-old agreement that gives America air bases here is backed by only 5%. The Spanish right wing is not only very weak, but bitterly factionalized by differing attitudes toward America. During his visit in May, President Reagan was treated worse than any previous head of state visiting Spain. Last year, when the bulls ran at Pamplona, the Soviet ambassador was included in the festivities while his American counterpart, Thomas Enders, was rudely left out.

The Spanish media have changed beyond recognition since Franco's death just 10 years ago. Now, according to Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, the state-owned

television "dispenses a straight left-wing regimen . . ."

Soviet Union. Anyone interested in reading an academic article which treats with respect such diverse figures as Marx, Lenin, Alfred Binet, Cyril Burt, Raymond B. Cattell and Hans J. Eysenck, may find such in the spring 1981 issue of *The Soviet Review*, an American journal which translates important scholarly works from Soviet languages into English. The article in question is "The Problem of Psychological Tests" by V.S. Avanesov, which originally appeared in *Voprosy psikhologii* in 1978.

Avanesov reminds his readers that a standardized "test mania" gripped the USSR briefly in the early-to-mid-1930s, but that testing soon fell completely out of favor, in part, it is alleged, due to the carelessness of the testers themselves (though one can guess some other reasons). Most of the literature on IQ and personality testing which Avanesov cites in his short history is therefore of either British or American origin, and he warns his countrymen of the catching up they must do.

One is repeatedly struck by how much more respect for the Western hereditarian school comes from Avanesov than from most leftist writers in the West, even those with "mainstream" publications like *Psychology Today*. At one point, for example, he passes along these observations:

R.B. Cattell, the noted foreign expert on testing and methods for studying personality, observed [in his 1950 book, *Personality*] that all the criticism regarding the suitability of tests for evaluating the psychological properties of such an "exalted entity as personality" can be divided into three groups: emotional, sentimental, and partially scientific. Among the first two he distinguishes:

- the objections of educated aesthetes against the encroachment of science in the domain of art;
- the fear of the moralist that some sort of predeterminedness will abolish moral duties;
- the indignation of a person who has been made wise by experience when he sees that all the experience, intuition, and perspicacity he has accumulated over the years are no longer the last word in personality evaluation;
- "narcissistic" objections that the uniqueness of the personality is reduced to a formula.

Avanesov, for his part, is aware of these and other "problems" with psychological testing, but sees that the efficiency of Soviet society has been badly hurt by a lack of sound testing methods. Not that he is any closet capitalist, pining for the day a Ronald Reagan would come to power in Russia. As he argues, "Attempts to link questions about the [social or economic] equality of individuals with evaluations of their abilities are purely bourgeois. In a capitalist

society, inequality is caused not by individual but by class differences, and tests, of course, are of no relevance."

Western leftists remain outside the power structure to an extent, and so can afford to indulge in anti-testing flights of fantasy. The ruling Reds of the Soviet Union, however, have seen how an anti-testing bias must handicap an industrialized society. Their new pro-testing ideal is that the Russian kid who scores 150 on an IQ test will be promoted to a lofty position where he can be of service to all the people. The reality, of course, is that the Soviet Union has long since developed a new class structure (indeed, it never really ceased to have one), so that the bright kid who minds his Marxist-Leninist p's and q's will soon belong to a specially privileged elite like Avanesov himself.

Writing in 1978, Avanesov could say that "the current [Soviet] attitude toward testing may be described as ambiguous and restrained." Scholarly papers on the subject, he added, are still "rare." The alleged chief reason for this restraint flies in the face of American stereotypes of Soviet leaders who care nothing for the feelings of their subjects. Avanesov insisted that the self-esteem of those being tested was the main reason why testing was being resisted. He even cited an American study which showed that 43% of U.S. pupils felt their own intelligence was above average and 33% believed it to be average, while only 8% considered it below average. Sometimes ignorance is bliss. The answer, Avanesov advised, is to keep test results away from the individual and his parents in most instances.

The most "orthodox" part of Avanesov's article was the list of reference footnotes at the end. Rather than proceeding in alphabetical order, or in the order which the notes came up in the text, Avanesov listed a sole reference to Karl Marx as "1." The single reference to V.I. Lenin followed as "2." Then came an alphabetical listing of other Soviet writers, followed by an alphabetical listing of Western writers.

* * *

The Youth Festival held in Moscow last summer often looked more like a police convention, so many burly Soviet guards were assigned to protect Communist jetsetters like Angela Davis. One Swedish delegate had the audacity to condemn Russia's "attempt to impose socialism with bombs, tanks and guns." The horrified hosts first tried to ban the speech, then refused to translate it.

Even more embarrassing was the presence of a large contingent of gay Reds, 40 of them from Holland, where homos seem to have taken over the Party. The gays proposed a homosexual Communist summit, where Marxists queers could mull over the relationship between faggotry and politics.



This was all very well, except that homosexuality is still a crime in Russia.

The Soviets were particularly fearful that their gay comrades might start an AIDS epidemic in Russia, which already has a few cases of the fatal disease. In the USSR, by the way, it's called SPIDS.

Israel. "Fascist chic" is sweeping the Jewish homeland -- except that the Italian fascists never spoke so crudely of their nation's minorities. What Israel needs is "bug spray on these cockroaches," declared Rabbi Meir Kahane of the Arabs. "Kahane! Kahane! *Melech Yisrael!* [King of Israel!]," roar the young working class crowds. "Kahane to power!"

Jewish moderates are aghast at Kahane's rise in the polls. They compare him to Jean-Marie Le Pen of France's Front National, conveniently ignoring that Le Pen never speaks of "spraying" human "cockroaches," and has a Jew or two among his top lieutenants.

Kahane is as "hardcore" racist as they come anywhere in the world, yet 60% of the students in Israel's religious schools now support his basic ideas. So do 50% of all young Jews from families with origins in Arab countries, according to the Dutch-based Van Leer Jerusalem Foundation, which commissioned a poll of 600 Israeli students. Eleven percent of the national student sample said it would vote for Kahane today, while 42% supported his main platform plank: the forcible deportation (*not* "repatriation") of nearly 2 million Arabs from Israel and the occupied territories.

A second poll, made by the Public Opinion Research Institute, shows that Kahane's Kach ("Thus") Party would garner 9% of the vote at all age levels, and 11 of the 120 Knesset seats, if elections were held now. As recently as last year, Kach captured only one seat.

The most interesting point about Kahane from an Instauratorist perspective is how totally he bases his arguments on demographic imperatives. The Arabs are winning the battle of the bedroom, he warns incessantly. In a generation or so, they will swamp Israel's Jews at the ballot box. Long before then, they will come to hold the balance of power between Jewish rival parties. Such thoughts sicken Kahane, who argues that democracy is a Western, not a Jewish, idea.

Israel's wimpish intellectual double-domes have been offering a wide array of arcane sociological and psychoanalytic explanations for the growing youth tilt to Kahane. Most of it is bunk. Go up to any young, blue-collar Kahane enthusiast, as William Claiborne of the *Washington Post* did recently, and he will discourse for you on differential birthrates and minority

growth trajectories almost like a Ph.D. in demography.

Kahane is Israel's "numbers man" with a "numbers plan." And, to use some old-fashioned baseball slang -- Kahane once dreamed of being a baseball announcer -- his numbers boil down not just to zero population growth but to zero population for the Palestinians, who 75 years ago outnumbered Jews about 9 to 1 in the area.

South Africa. While Oppenheimer agents and their big business buddies rush off to palaver and play the renegade game with the Red-lining African National Congress, everyone continues to forget about South Africa's blue-collar workers, who comprise about 15% of the white citizenry and 25% of the 2.5 million Afrikaners. Since they represent a large segment of the military and security forces, they could probably put up quite a row when the chips are down. Their beliefs are not limited to apartheid; they believe in *Baaskap*, white bossism. They know very well that if the black majority should take over, their jobs would be on the line.

Sanctions, UN resolutions, disinvestment, world opinion -- more than any of these, Pretoria is afraid of the Afrikaner workmen. In the event the government, the media and big business go too far, these whites may very well take matters into their own hands and spoil the well-formulated plans of the English-speaking and Jewish collaborators. Also, the white backsliders may find that the betrayed whites will get them before the blacks do.

* * *

A Norwegian salt, Capt. Arne Vassoy, told a Cape Town newspaper that he was opposed to his country's and the world's

dim view of South Africa. Having skipped a tanker around Africa for several years, he wrote,

The rest of Africa, including nations receiving substantial foreign aid from Norwegian taxpayers, flatly refuse to have anything to do with us.

On my last voyage from the Persian Gulf round Africa to Europe, I had a crew member in need of immediate medical attention. We asked Mozambique for help, but this was refused.

Capt. Vassoy describes South Africa as

an oasis for every seaman on this route. There we get all the assistance we need, including medical doctors, helicopters and hospitalization which is offered 24 hours a day. Mail is speedily forwarded to and from Norway. The transfer of crews is done speedily and we do not even have our passports stamped.

Capt. Vassoy recounted that after a Norwegian ore-carrying ship had disappeared in a storm near Tristan da Cunha, South Africa organized a massive air-sea search expedition. Nevertheless, Norway remains a signatory to the UN Arms Embargo, which prevents South Africa from acquiring the kind of maritime aircraft that would make such searches much more effective.

* * *

While American TV pumps out riot scene after riot scene, the good life in South Africa goes on as usual. Jaguars and Porsches speed over the trim highways. The cafés in Johannesburg are jammed with pleasure seekers. The posh restaurants feature fresh salmon flown in daily from Scotland and a variety of cheeses jetted in from Paris. Players flock to the golf courses, and Sotheby's auction house is doing a thriving business. In the suburbs it's sundowners by the poolside after the late afternoon dip.

Somebody's Lying

If the bodies of, say, a Negro and a European were both flayed, so that skin and hair were removed and the face obliterated, it would be impossible to tell for certain which was which. "Racial" differences, it has been said, are only skin deep.

S.H. Barnett,
The Human Species (1971)
quoted approvingly by Paul Ehrlich
and S. Shirley Feldman in
The Race Bomb (1977)

Take, for instance, one bone, one tibia. From this I can tell race [and] sex.

Dr. Tadao Furue, anthropologist
at Hawaii's Central Identification
Laboratory

Cry of the Betrayed

The White Student Union is still battling for recognition on college and university campuses throughout California, while recruitment efforts have been stepped up in Florida and Texas as well. Two dynamic WSU leaders are Greg Withrow, 24, who founded the organization in the late 1970s, and John Metzger, 18, a high-school activist in the San Diego area.

Metzger received a very lengthy and remarkably fair write-up in the San Diego *Times-Advocate* (June 12). The story told how the soft-spoken only son of veteran white rights advocate Tom Metzger (who also has five daughters) was propelled into the movement by incidents like the firebombing of his family's home. John calculates that he has "read millions of pages," everything from the local Jewish newspaper to dry Communist treatises. Henry Woessner, the principal at John's high school, recalls how, as a freshmen, John brought revisionist history books for him to examine and hopefully stock in the library. "Certainly, we did not use them," sniffs the licensed pedagogue.

Last spring, John led his first WSU rally during lunchtime at his high school. About 75 or 80 students attended, but only one or two dared to speak out in favor of starting a chapter. John reflects:

A lot of the time American kids don't take things seriously. I mean, from what I've gone through at school and what I've seen other kids go through at school, white kids should be flocking to his group saying, "At last, at last."

John also shares his father's knack for electronics, and spent the past summer installing satellite dishes for the family TV firm. But Morris Casuto of the San Diego ADL views the Metzgers' solidarity differently. "They don't even know their minds are being held hostage," he said of John and a teenage friend. "But they're young. Hopefully they'll see the reality of this world and grow out of this."

Assisting John on his enormous leafleting drives and other projects is Greg Withrow, the Sacramento-based founder and national director of the WSU. Few living Americans have fought more courageously for what they believe in. Recently, Withrow was asked why he seldom smiles for publicity photos and, indeed, seems to wear a slight scowl. It wasn't because of years of outrageous mistreatment by California's educational and "civil rights" authorities, he replied -- though that alone would have justified it. Rather, it was because of what happened on Monday, April 21, 1980.

Withrow was relaxing at home with a few buddies when a stranger knocked on the door. A friend who had been playing a board game answered, and told Greg that someone wished to see him. The WSU founder went to the door and, as he tells it, was instantly greeted with a pair of jaw-breaking brass knuckles. He crumpled to the floor as the large Jewish visitor, a Mr. Vosgerau of the Jewish "Defense" League, jumped on top of him with a large knife. Vosgerau proceeded to cut Withrow's throat.

The tide turned as the WSU founder, bleeding profusely, leaped up and hit Vosgerau. A friend rushed in with a sawed-off shotgun which he obviously had every legal right and moral obligation to use. The gun jammed. Greg then grabbed a handy weight-lifting bar and chased the intruder out the door with it. There, a small crowd gathered and someone grabbed the bar away from him. But he fought on with his fists, and soon was on top of his assailant.

At that point, an ambulance and police car arrived. Vosgerau was placed in the former, Withrow in the latter -- where, untreated, he almost bled to death. Vosgerau was never charged with any crime. Withrow, his neck nerves severely and perma-

nently damaged, was subsequently advised by his girlfriend that smiling only made him look odd.

For Withrow, this was just one of many bitter lessons in the built-in double standard of American justice. Which is why he writes today, "Rules and regulations don't apply to us . . . Society has abandoned us."

The WSU is no ladies' debating society, though Withrow candidly admits that it might have veered in that direction had he and other members been treated with respect. "We are what you made us," he writes today. The fact is that Jews, nonwhites, gay activists and militant feminists united to make life hell for WSU members wherever they tried to organize. To this day, no WSU group has been officially accepted on any campus, even though the union originally went out of its way to copy the constitutions and other symbols of the many minority student groups.

Today, working mostly underground, the WSU has perforce assumed a more revolutionary character. "We cuss," warns Withrow. "Our language is foul." And with every reason, he continues.

Have you ever walked through a modern-day school? Half the kids can't read. But they cuss, they swear . . . they're angry . . . They've been abandoned by past generations who've sold them out . . . No goals . . . just cocaine, acid, marijuana, etc.

ANGER . . . that's what the WSU expresses best . . . their anger.

The young minds of today simply need to focus that energy.

After we direct it and accomplish our goals we can worry about punctuation and vocabulary.

We've been molded, shaped -- that is why the WSU works . . . We attempt to adapt to the young mentality, not fight it . . . This is a young people's group, run by young people for young people.

I don't think anyone over 25 or 26 should have any say as to where our group goes . . . older generations haven't won this war . . . they dump their debts and problems off on us . . . it's all a big party . . . until someone young and serious comes along . . .

But things are changing . . . I've sat and watched other young people pick up the responsibility and I tell you that their language, temper, anger will be a thousand times mine . . .

We are students and young people . . . we have minds, we learn, make mistakes and come to knowledge . . . but before any of that . . . WE THINK WITH OUR BLOOD.

At 24, Withrow is already starting to look for "someone [younger] to run with the ball."

The WSU address is P.O. Box 41872, Sacramento, CA 95841.

Fields Unpurged

Since freedom of the press no longer exists in this country (try getting a book critical of blacks, Jews or Hispanics published, stocked in bookstores or advertised), it was inevitable that freedom of association would be the next Constitutional perk to go by the boards.

A few months ago, Joe Fields, a columnist for the Harbor College (Los Angeles) student newspaper, was fired "for associating with a former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan" on campus -- sacked without a hearing.

This was too much for U.S. District Judge James Ideman. "Don't you people have any concern for freedom of the press or association?" he asked the attorneys seeking to make Fields' ouster stick. The judge then wondered out loud if the American flag was still flying outside the courtroom.

Fields was reinstated in his journalistic niche, but the nationwide campaign to squelch Amendments 1-10, led principally by the same gang that demand the full protection of the Bill of Rights for themselves, recoiled hardly an inch. If they can't win in the courts, they can always win in the streets -- and in the mail! Fields is now receiving the standard quota of death threats and the Harbor College newspaper has been shut down.

Pseudo-Red No Longer Pseudo

Wilfred Burchett, an Australian journalist, died in 1983. Everyone and his brother knew he was a Communist, but that did not prevent folks like Jane Fonda and Harrison Salisbury, the former *New York Times* foreign correspondent, from spreading his Marxist hype far and wide. Salisbury actually took one of Burchett's manufactured atrocity stories and wrote it up in his dispatches as the unadulterated truth. In 1981, Salisbury wrote a sugary introduction to Burchett's memoirs, published (natch) by Times Books.

It was Burchett who presided over the torture of American prisoners of war in Korea and was the author, or at least the co-author, of the infamous "germ warfare" story. In his later years, according to Professor Robert Manne of Australia's Latrobe University, who has been examining Burchett's personal papers, the proditor took to drink. Before that he had written a batch of letters to friends and family in which he admitted he had been on the payroll of Red China and had had medals pinned on his chest by the North Koreans.

Blonde Sweep

The Miss America Contest is back on track. Majority women, mostly Southern blondes, dominated this year's pageant. Only one nonwhite, an Oriental from Washington State, showed up among the ten semi-finalists. Miss Mississippi, Susan Akin, a tall Nordic, won the crown. Miss South Carolina, a diminutive Nordic, was the runner-up. No mulattoes like the 1983 winner, Vanessa (the undresser) Williams and her successor were in sight. The after-the-coronation revelation that the new Miss America came from a family with KKK associations made hardly a splash.

But all was not such smooth sailing in the Miss Universe contest. The City of Miami, succumbing to black pressure, banned blonde and beautiful Miss South Africa, Andrea Stelzer, a leading contestant. A white can't be Miss Black America, but a black can be Miss America. A South African white can't be Miss Universe, but a South African black can. Whites can't have it both ways these days, but blacks can have it every way. The name of the game is selective apartheid.

Postponed Truth

Year after year black students have fallen far behind white students in test scores in Alexandria (VA) schools -- anywhere from 27, 37 to 48 percentage points. Until last August, however, parents and the public were never informed about these interesting statistics. James Akin explained that the information had been withheld so long because of fear that he and other school officials would be denounced as racists merely for admitting to the truth. "It was a high public relations risk," he said. "Finally, we have let the black underachievement out of the closet."

Hayden's Comeuppance

It's a futile gesture, but it's fun. A group calling itself the Young Conservative Foundation (1326 G Street, N.E., Washington, DC 20002) has launched something called STOP, an acronym for Save the Oppressed People. STOP's current project is to urge disinvestment, not in South Africa but in the Soviet Union -- an idea whose time has definitely not come in the judgment of such business-with-communism-as-usual magnates as Armand Hammer and David Rockefeller.

STOP staged a sit-in at the office of Tom Hayden, the ex-Weatherman basher, who spent \$1 million of wifey Jane Fonda's money getting elected to the California State Assembly. Mr. Fonda, of course, is all for hitting South Africa where it hurts (he got the

State Assembly to force the University of California to disinvest), but still has a warm place in his nihilistic heart for the Kremlin gremlins.

Outspoken Principal

Like practically every high school in America, Shelby County High in Kentucky has been plagued with interracial dating. As principal, Sam Chandler had to deal with multiple complaints from parents of both races, and with the social shunning practiced by racially loyal students. In his written message to the graduating class of 1985, Chandler, who is white, very temperately advised: "I don't feel that God meant for the white and black races to mix in dating or in marriage. Some will disagree with me on this point. Nevertheless, I just feel very firmly that we should accept one another in many areas, but not totally as one would accept one in marriage." Louis Coleman, a local black preacher, went into orbit when he read this and has since been campaigning to have Chandler fired so that he can "think about what he's said." All Coleman's achieved so far is a reprimand of Chandler from the wimpish county school board.

Phyllis Strikes Again

The nemesis of liberal educationists, Phyllis Schlafly, has written a book, *Child Abuse in the Classroom*, the title of which is a little confusing because it deals with psychological abuse, not a flagrant wielding of the hickory switch. Nonetheless, it packs a solid punch as it catalogs the various outrages that the teaching establishment, spearheaded by the thoroughly totalitarian National Education Association, is perpetuating in the public schools, where 88% of American kids still go. Such outrages as ordering students to:

- Compose suicide notes.
- Write diaries revealing intimate information about their parents.
- Fill out obscene sex questionnaires.
- State their preference in regard to alcoholism, homosexuality, unwanted pregnancy and coming down with herpes.
- Dramatize before the class such themes as child-parent conflicts and pregnancy options. A favorite is to act out student reactions to the discovery that a boy- or girlfriend has syphilis or gonorrhea.

Pretty heady stuff for school children. It's the kind of material that tends to coarsen susceptible young minds and get them interested in subjects and activities it would be wiser and safer for them to stay away from.

Anyway, it's all pretty frightening, and learning what goes on in some public schools today is certainly worth the \$20 that Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Foundation is charging for the book. The profit, if any, goes to the Foundation, which is dedicated to the debarbarization of contemporary school curricula. Obviously, all teachers do not engage in such filth. But enough do to make books like *Child Abuse in the Classroom* necessary. Order from the Pere Marquette Press, Alton, IL 62002. \$20 per volume; 20 volumes for \$85; 40 for \$160.

Phyllis Schlafly, whose confrontations with Betty Friedan often seem like updated versions of *Beauty and the Beast*, is a little too goody-goody for *Instauration*. But you have to hand it to the gal. When the media were giving her a particularly hard time, she was told her statements were not credible because she was not a lawyer. So in her 50s (with her three children grown and gone), she went to law school and not only came out with a degree, but was in the upper 10% of her class.